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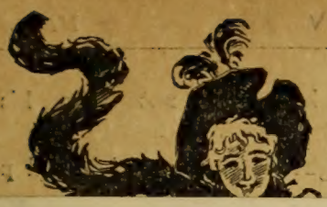

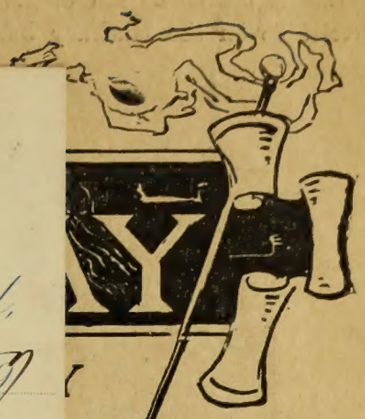

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To Day
A Weekly Magazine-Journal.
Edited by JEROME K. JEROME.

Howard House,
Arundel St., Strand,
London, Mar 10 1897

Dear Sirs,

We are sorry to inform you the Indexes to Vols 1/7 & 8 are out of print, and we herewith enclose penny stamp sent for same.

Yours truly

"TO-DAY" LIMITED
Publishers.

Messrs Gowans & Gray
22 Ann St
Glasgow

NE-JOURNAL
EROME.

1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

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There lay the core of discontent. But for domestic unhappiness, his mind, in all likelihood, would never have expanded to that larger view of personal nullity. The man had strong domestic affections. To his sweetheart he had humbled himself; as now, to his wife. The three children grew at his heart-strings. Through the long day of automatic toil he thought constantly of home; yet, in the true sense, home he had none. As soon as he crossed the threshold Mrs. Potter's voice fell upon his ear, and he quailed and shrank into smallness.

"It isn't as though she didn't mean well." Thus to

Suffering in silence, yet obviously suffering, he incurred the charge of sullenness. "Oh, you've a nasty temper, you have!" Mrs. Potter would then exclaim. She knew herself secure from retort, being not only conscious of a sweet disposition, but well assured by experience that Potter would never dare to justify himself.

His defence was uttered *in foro conscientiæ*, as he rode on the 'bus to his mill. Denying himself a news-

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VII.—No. 79. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

NOBODIES AT HOME.

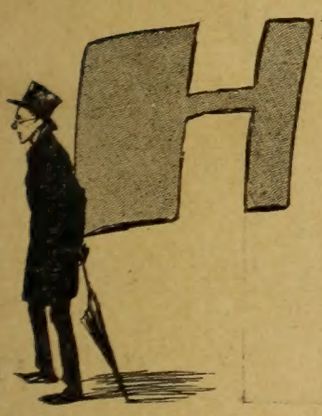
BY

GEORGE GISSING.

Illustrated by L. BAUMER.

II.

A DRUG IN THE MARKET.



HE read one day in the paper that "no man is indispensable," and the dictum, with its comment, affected him as a vague solace, akin to his more pronounced emotion, when some City speculator, lord of many clerks, fell to the *Gazette* or the Assizes; for in his meditative moments (commonly after the wholemeal scone and glass of milk at mid-day) he felt himself the least regarded of mortals. Viewed as a calculating machine, he was the veriest drug in the market. Were his place at the desk vacated, fifty men would rush to compete for it. "The Firm" cared not a finger-snap whether he stayed or went. As householder, husband, father of a family, he seemed of but little more account; he lived in subjection to his wife, and had no voice in the ruling of his offsprings.

There lay the core of discontent. But for domestic unhappiness, his mind, in all likelihood, would never have expanded to that larger view of personal nullity. The man had strong domestic affections. To his sweetheart he had humbled himself; as now, to his wife. The three children grew at his heart-strings. Through the long day of automatic toil he thought constantly of home; yet, in the true sense, home he had none. As soon as he crossed the threshold Mrs. Potter's voice fell upon his ear, and he quailed and shrank into smallness.

"It isn't as though she didn't mean well." Thus to his crony, the fellow-clerk to whom alone he unbosomed himself. "There are men that have beasts of wives, yet live a happier life than I do. She can't cook a meal, but I'd overlook that; she does her best. It's her domineering spirit! She won't let me call my soul my own. You should see her look when I take home the money! She always seems to expect more; and when she's counted it, why, it's like you'd look at a shoeblack if he tried to cheat you in the change. There's just so much, and only so much, and there'll never be more, and she knows it; and she seems to say, 'Yes, that's the kind of fellow you are—a common stick-in-the-mud clerk. I could have had my choice of a score like *you*.' And she talks about the young 'uns and what's going to become of them. As if I didn't lay thinking about it long after she's asleep! She means well. She never spends on herself if she can help it. But what do you s'pose the children think of their father, hearing her talk as she does, and seeing me of no more account in my own house than the door-mat?"

The defect lightly touched upon, his wife's infamous cookery, was more to Potter than to most men of his standing, for he made a hobby of hygiene. From obscurely popular prints devoted to this topic he had gathered much technical information; he would fain have ruled the diet of his household on certain principles, more or less rational. For such refinements Mrs. Potter had the scorn of her kind. She flung upon the table masses of food, vitiated in pot, frying-pan, or oven, and her husband forced his appetite, lest, by showing distaste, he should give occasion for indignant reproof. It was his misfortune to have a delicate stomach, and his digestion suffered lamentably.

Suffering in silence, yet obviously suffering, he incurred the charge of sullenness. "Oh, you've a nasty temper, you have!" Mrs. Potter would then exclaim. She knew herself secure from retort, being not only conscious of a sweet disposition, but well assured by experience that Potter would never dare to justify himself.

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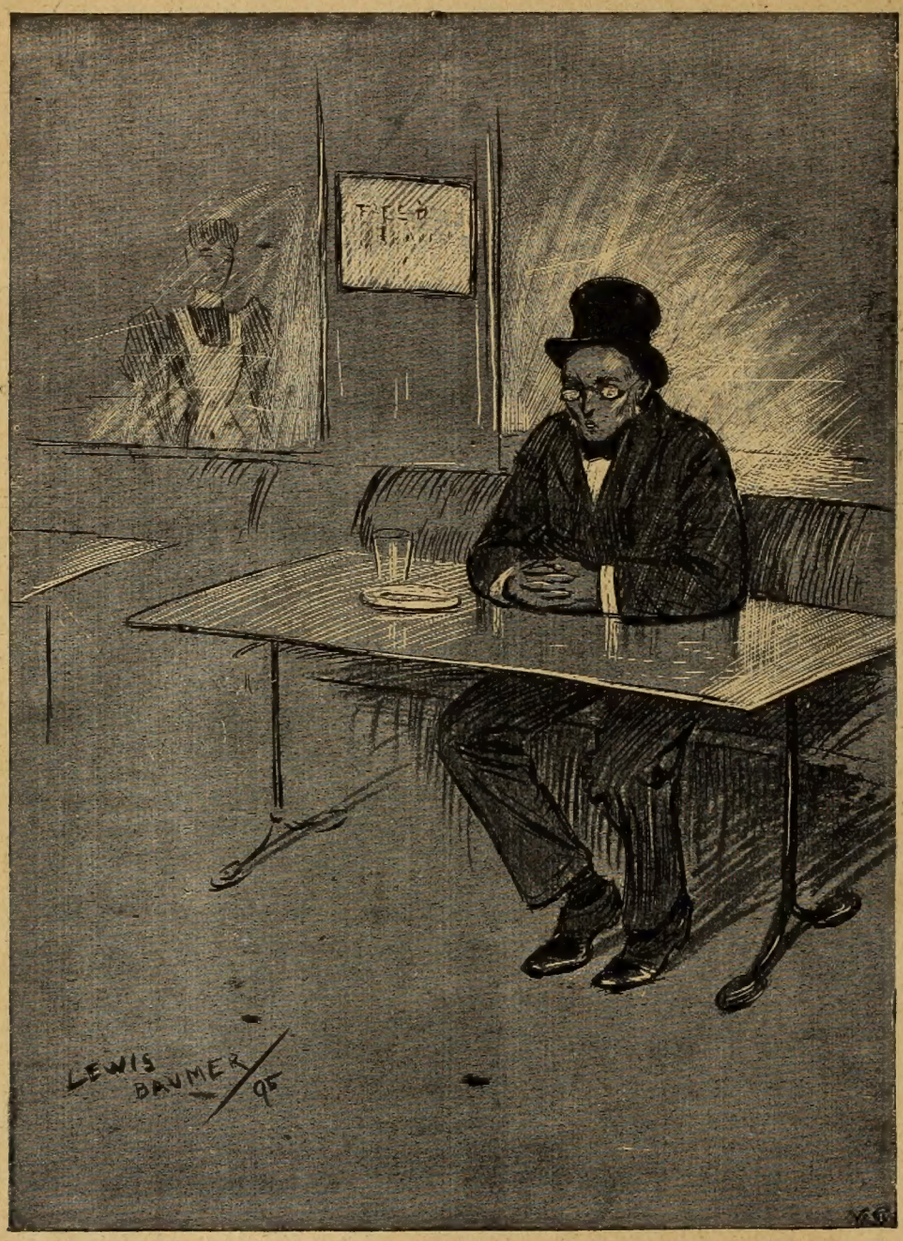
paper, he folded his arms, drooped his head, and mutely delivered vehement orations. An observer (were such a being conceivable on the Hackney 'bus) would have felt surprise—even alarm—in beholding the man's countenance. His eyebrows rose and fell with tragic rhythm; his eyes glared or plaintively softened; his lips worked in the passion of voiceless speech. It was seldom that he saw or heard anything on his way to the City. The clap of the horses' hoofs, the rumble of the wheels, made long-familiar accompaniment, which exalted the recitative of his fervid thought. Stoppages brought him to a period; the clatter of the pulled brake set him going again.

He would soon be forty, and it depressed him to reflect upon his age. In the early time of marriage he had encouraged himself with the thought that, as he grew older, an increase of virile dignity would impose respect. On the contrary, his wife seemed to despise him only the more. His eldest boy was nine, and Potter tried to inspire him with feelings of affectionate reverence as they walked together on a Sunday morning; but the lad would give no ear to moral and instructive talk; he would not take his father seriously.

Of late, in the night watches, a vision had possessed him. He was incapable of desiring his wife's death, and yet—suppose his wife were to die? Suppose her annual bronchitis were to carry her off this coming winter? It was possible, and every possibility of his narrow life had a thousand times revolved before him. This one, resisted yet recurrent, threatened to become his nightly familiar. If his wife died, why, then he would at once emerge from insignificance, and enter upon a life of comparative dignity.

He saw himself living alone with his children. He saw himself grown more studious of personal appearance: grave, yet ever kindly of aspect; the three youngsters looking up to him when he spoke. He would break them of bad habits; he would teach them the properties of food, the principles of hygiene, their loved voices would respond to him with dutiful accent. Hand in hand with the little one, and the two elder walking before, he would go forth on Sunday mornings, visible to all neighbour-folk, as a man of claims and responsibilities.



HE FELT HIMSELF THE LEAST REGARDED OF MORTALS

ONE OF THE MISSING.*

BY

AMBROSE BIERCE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

Jerome Searing, a private soldier of General Sherman's army, then confronting the enemy at and about Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, turned his back upon a small group of officers, with whom he had been talking in low tones, stepped across a light line of earthworks, and disappeared in a forest. None of the men in line behind the works had said a word to him, nor had he so much as nodded to them in passing, but all who saw understood that this brave man had been entrusted with some perilous duty. Jerome Searing, though a private, did not serve in the ranks; he was detailed for service at division headquarters, being borne upon the rolls as an orderly. "Orderly" is a word covering a multitude of duties. An orderly may be a messenger, a clerk, an officer's servant—anything. He may perform services for which no provision is made in orders and army regulations. Their nature may depend upon his aptitude, upon favour, upon accident. Private Searing, an incomparable marksman, young—it is surprising how young we all were in those days—hardy, intelligent, and insensible to fear, was a scout. The general commanding his division was not content to obey orders blindly without knowing what was in his front, even when his command was not on detached service, but formed a fraction of the line of the army; nor was he satisfied to receive his knowledge of his *vis-à-vis* through the customary channels; he wanted to know more than he was apprised of by the corps commander and the collisions of pickets and skirmishers. Hence Jerome Searing, with his extraordinary daring, his woodcraft, his sharp eyes and truthful tongue. On this occasion his instructions were simply to get as near the enemy's lines as possible and learn all that he could.

HE CREPT STEALTHILY FORWARD ON HANDS AND KNEES.

In a few moments he had arrived at the picket line, the men on duty there lying in groups of from two to four behind little banks of earth scooped out of the slight depression in which they lay, their rifles protruding from the green boughs with which they had masked their small defences. The forest extended without a break toward the front, so solemn and silent that only by an effort of the imagination could it be conceived as populous with armed men, alert and vigilant, a forest formidable with possibilities of battle. Pausing a moment in one of the rifle-pits to apprise the men of his intention, Searing crept stealthily forward on his hands and knees, and was soon lost to view in a dense thicket of underbrush.

"That is the last of him," said one of the men. "I wish I had his rifle; those fellows will hurt some of us with it."

Searing crept on, taking advantage of every accident of ground and growth to give himself better cover. His eyes penetrated everywhere, his ears took note of every sound. He stilled his breathing, and at the cracking of a twig beneath his knee stopped his progress and hugged the earth. It was slow work, but not tedious; the danger made it exciting, but by no physical signs was the excitement manifest. His pulse was as regular, his nerves were as steady, as if he were trying to trap a sparrow.

"It seems a long time," he thought, "but I cannot have come very far. I am still alive."

He smiled at his own method of estimating distance, and crept forward. A moment later he suddenly flattened himself upon the earth, and lay motionless minute after minute. Through a narrow opening in the bushes he had caught sight of a small mound of yellow clay—one of the enemy's rifle-pits. After some little time he cautiously raised his head, inch by inch, then his body upon his hands, spread out on each side of him, all the while intently regarding the hillock of clay. In another moment he was upon his feet, rifle in hand, striding rapidly forward with little attempt at concealment. He had rightly interpreted the signs, whatever they were; the enemy was gone.

To assure himself beyond a doubt, before going back to report upon so important a matter, Searing pushed forward across the line of abandoned pits, running from cover to cover in more open forest, his eyes vigilant to discover possible stragglers. He came to the edge of a plantation—one of those forlorn, deserted homesteads of the last years of the war, upgrown with brambles, ugly with broken fences, and desolate with vacant buildings, having blank apertures in place of doors and windows. After a keen reconnaissance from the safe seclusion of a clump of young pines, Searing ran lightly across a field and through an orchard to a small structure which stood apart from the other farm-buildings, on a slight elevation, which he thought would enable him to overlook a large scope of country in the direction that he supposed the enemy to have taken in withdrawing. This building, which had originally consisted of a single room, elevated upon four posts about ten feet high, was now little more than a roof; the floor had fallen away, the joists and planks loosely piled on the ground below, or resting on end at various angles not wholly torn from their fastenings above. The supporting posts were themselves no longer vertical. It looked as if the whole edifice would go down at the touch of a finger. Concealing himself in the *débris* of joists and flooring Searing looked across the open ground between his point of view and a spur of Kenesaw Mountain, a half-mile away. A road leading up and across this spur was crowded with troops—the rearguard of the retiring enemy, their gun-barrels gleaming in the morning sunlight.

Searing had now learned all that he could hope to know. It was his duty to return to his own command with all possible speed and report his discovery. But the grey column of infantry toiling up the mountain road was singularly tempting. His rifle—an ordinary "Springfield," but fitted with a globe sight and hair trigger—would easily send its ounce and a quarter of

* From "In The Midst of Life." (Chatto and Windus.)

lead hissing into their midst. That would probably not affect the duration and result of the war, but it is the business of a soldier to kill. It is also his pleasure, if he is a good soldier. Searing cocked his rifle and "set" the trigger.

But it was decreed from the beginning of time that Private Searing was not to murder anybody that bright summer morning, nor was the Confederate retreat to be announced by him. For countless ages events had been so matching themselves together in that wondrous mosaic, to some parts of which, dimly discernible, we give the name of history, that the acts which he had in will would have marred the harmony of the pattern.

Some twenty-five years previously the Power charged with the execution of the work according to the design had provided against that mischance by causing the birth of a certain male child in a little village at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, had carefully reared it, supervised its education, directed its desires into a military channel, and in due time made it an officer of artillery. By the concurrence of an infinite number of favouring influences and their preponderance over an infinite number of opposing ones, this officer of artillery had been made to commit a breach of discipline, and fly from his native country to avoid punishment. He had been directed to New Orleans (instead of New York), where a recruiting officer awaited him on the wharf. He was enlisted and promoted, and things were so ordered that he now commanded a Confederate battery some three miles along the line from where Jerome Searing, the Federal scout, stood cocking his rifle. Nothing had been neglected—at every step in the progress of both these men's lives, and in the lives of their ancestors and contemporaries, and in the lives of the contemporaries of their ancestors—the right thing had been done to bring about the desired result. Had anything in all this vast concatenation been overlooked Private Searing might have fired on the retreating Confederates that morning, and would, perhaps have missed. As it fell out, a captain of artillery, having nothing better to do while awaiting his turn to pull out and be off, amused himself by sighting a field piece obliquely to his right at what he took to be some Federal officers on the crest of a hill, and discharged it. The shot flew high of its mark.

As Jerome Searing drew back the hammer of his rifle, and, with his eyes upon the distant Confederates, considered where he could plant his shot with the best hope of making a widow, or an orphan, or a childless mother—perhaps all three, for Private Searing, although he had repeatedly refused promotion, was not without a certain kind of ambition—he heard a rushing sound in the air, like that made by the wings of a great bird swooping down upon its prey. More quickly than he could apprehend the gradation it increased to a hoarse and horrible roar, as the missile that made it sprang at him out of the sky, striking with a deafening impact one of the posts supporting the confusion of timbers above him, smashing it into matchwood, and bringing down the crazy edifice with a loud clatter, in clouds of blinding dust.

Lieutenant Adrian Searing, in command of the picket guard on that part of the line through which his brother Jerome had passed on his mission, sat with attentive ears in his breastwork behind the line. Not the faintest sound escaped him; the cry of a bird, the barking of a squirrel, the noise of the wind among the pines—all were anxiously noted by his overstrained sense. Suddenly, directly in front of his line, he heard a faint, confused rumble, like the clatter of a falling building, translated by distance. At the same moment an officer approached him on foot from the rear and saluted.

"Lieutenant," said the aide, "the colonel directs you to move forward your line and feel the enemy, if you find him. If not, continue the advance until directed to halt. There is reason to think that the enemy has retreated."

The lieutenant nodded and said nothing; the other officer retired. In a moment the men, apprised of their duty by the non-commissioned officers in low tones, had deployed from their rifle-pits and were moving forward in skirmishing order, with set teeth and beating hearts. The lieutenant mechanically looked at his watch. Six o'clock and eighteen minutes.

When Jerome Searing recovered consciousness he did not at once understand what had occurred. It was, indeed, some time before he opened his eyes. For a while he believed that he had died and been buried, and he tried to recall some portion of the burial service. He thought that his wife was kneeling upon his grave, adding her weight to that of the earth upon his breast. The two of them, widow and earth, had crushed his coffin. Unless the children should persuade her to go home, he would not much longer be able to breathe. He felt a sense of wrong. "I cannot speak to her," he thought; "the dead have no voice; and if I open my eyes I shall get them full of earth."

He opened his eyes—a great expanse of blue sky, rising from a fringe of the tops of trees. In the foreground, shutting out some of the trees, a high, dun mound, angular in outline and crossed by an intricate, patternless system of straight lines; in the centre a bright ring of metal—the whole an immeasurable distance away—a distance so inconceivably great that it fatigued him, and he closed his eyes. The moment that he did so he was conscious of an insufferable light. A sound was in his ears like the low, rhythmic thunder of a distant sea breaking in successive waves upon the beach, and out of this noise, seeming a part of it, or possibly coming from beyond it, and intermingled with its ceaseless undertone, came the articulate words: "Jerome Searing, you are caught like a rat in a trap—in a trap, trap, trap."

Suddenly there fell a great silence, a black darkness—an infinite tranquility, and Jerome Searing, perfectly conscious of his rathood, and well assured of the trap that he was in, remembered all, and, nowise alarmed, again opened his eyes to reconnoitre, to note the strength of his enemy, to plan his defence.

He was caught in a reclining posture, his back firmly supported by a solid beam. Another lay across his breast, but he had been able to shrink a little way from it so that it no longer oppressed him, though it was immovable. A brace joining it at an angle, wedged him against a pile of boards on his left, fastening the arm on that side. His legs, slightly parted and straight along the ground, were covered upward to the knees with a mass of *débris*, which towered above his narrow horizon. His head was as rigidly fixed as in a vice; he could move his eyes, his chin—no more. Only his right arm was partly free. "You must help us out of this," he said to it. But he could not get it from under the heavy timber athwart his chest, nor move it outward more than six inches at the elbow.

Searing was not seriously injured, nor did he suffer pain. A smart rap on the head from a flying fragment of the splintered post, incurred simultaneously with the frightfully sudden shock to the nervous system, had momentarily dazed him. His term of unconsciousness, including the period of recovery, during which he had had the strange fancies, had probably not exceeded a few seconds, for the dust of the wreck had not wholly cleared away as he began an intelligent survey of the situation.

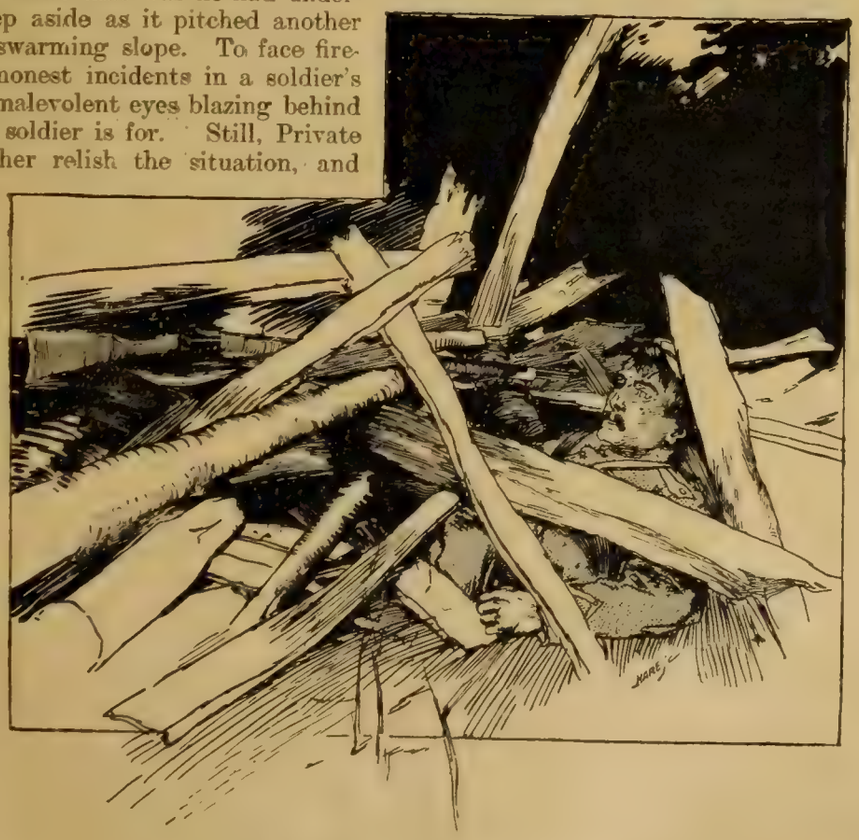
With his partly free right hand he now tried to get hold of the beam which lay across, but not quite against, his breast. In no way could he do so. He was unable to depress the shoulder so as to push the elbow beyond that edge of the timber which was nearest his knees; failing in that, he could not raise the forearm and hand to grasp the beam. The brace that made an angle with it downward and backward prevented him from doing anything in that direction, and between it and his body the space was not half as wide as the length

of his forearm. Obviously he could not get his hand under the beam nor over it; he could not, in fact, touch it at all. Having demonstrated his inability, he desisted, and began to think if he could reach any of the *débris* piled upon his legs.

In surveying the mass with a view to determining that point, his attention was arrested by what seemed to be a ring of shining metal immediately in front of his eyes. It appeared to him at first to surround some perfectly black substance, and it was somewhat more than a half-inch in diameter. It suddenly occurred to his mind that the blackness was simply shadow, and that the ring was, in fact, the muzzle of his rifle protruding from the pile of *débris*. He was not long in satisfying himself that this was so—if it was a satisfaction. By closing either eye he could look a little way along the barrel—to the point where it was hidden by the rubbish that held it. He could see the one side, with the corresponding eye, at apparently the same angle as the other side with the other eye. Looking with the right eye the weapon seemed to be directed at a point to the left of his head, and *vice versâ*. He was unable to see the upper surface of the barrel, but could see the under surface of the stock at a slight angle. The piece was, in fact, aimed at the exact centre of his forehead.

In the perception of this circumstance, in the recollection that just previously to the mischance of which this uncomfortable situation was the result, he had cocked the gun and set the trigger so that a touch would discharge it, Private Searing was affected with a feeling of uneasiness. But that was as far as possible from fear; he was a brave man, somewhat familiar with the aspect of rifles from that point of view, and of cannon, too; and now he recalled, with something like amusement, an incident of his experience at the storming of Missionary Ridge, where, walking up to one of the enemy's embrasures, from which he had seen a heavy gun throw charge after charge of grape among the assailants, he thought for a moment that the piece had been withdrawn; he could see nothing in the opening but a brazen circle. What that was he had understood just in time to step aside as it pitched another pack of iron down that swarming slope. To face firearms is one of the commonest incidents in a soldier's life—firearms, too, with malevolent eyes blazing behind them. That is what a soldier is for. Still, Private Searing did not altogether relish the situation, and turned away his eyes.

After groping, aimlessly with his right hand for a time, he made an ineffectual attempt to release his left. Then he tried to disengage his head, the fixity of which was the more annoying from his ignorance of what held it. Next he tried to free his feet, but while exerting the powerful muscles of his legs for that purpose, it occurred to him that a disturbance of the rubbish which held them might discharge the rifle; how it could have endured what had already befallen it he could not understand, although memory assisted him with various instances in point. One in particular he recalled, in which, in a moment of mental abstraction, he had clubbed his rifle and beaten out another gentleman's brains, observing afterwards that the weapon which he had been diligently swinging by the muzzle was loaded, capped, and at full cock—knowledge of which circumstance would doubtless have cheered his antagonist to longer endurance. He had always smiled in recalling that blunder of his "green and salad days" as a soldier, but now he did not smile. He turned his eyes again to the muzzle of the gun, and for a moment fancied that it had moved—it seemed somewhat nearer.



HE WAS CAUGHT IN A RECLINING POSTURE.

Again he looked away. The tops of the distant trees beyond the bounds of the plantation interested him; he had not observed before how light and feathery they seemed, nor how darkly blue the sky was, even among the branches, where they somewhat paled it with their green; above him it appeared almost black. "It will be uncomfortably hot here," he thought, "as the day advances. I wonder which way I am looking?"

Judging by such shadows as he could see, he decided that his face was due north; he would, at least, not have the sun in his eyes, and north—well, that was toward his wife and children.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, aloud, "what have they to do with it?"

He closed his eyes. "As I can't get out, I may as well go to sleep. The rebels are gone, and some of our fellows are sure to stray out here foraging. They'll find me."

But he did not sleep. Gradually he became sensible of a pain in his forehead—a dull ache, hardly perceptible at first, but growing more and more uncomfortable. He opened his eyes and it was gone—closed them, and it returned. "The devil!" he said, irrelevantly, and stared again at the sky. He heard the singing of birds, the strange, metallic note of the meadow lark, suggesting the clash of vibrant blades. He fell into pleasant memories of his childhood, played again with his brother and sister, raced across the field, shouting to alarm the sedentary larks, entered the sombre forest beyond, and with timid steps followed the faint path to the Ghost Rock, standing at last, with audible heart-throbs, before the Dead Man's Cave and seeking to penetrate its awful mystery. For the first time he observed that the opening of the haunted cavern was encircled by a ring of metal. Then all vanished and left him gazing into the barrel of his rifle as before. But whereas before it had seemed nearer, it now seemed an inconceivable distance away, and all the more sinister for that. He cried out, and startled by something in his own voice—the note of fear—lied to himself in denial.

"If I don't sing out I may stay here till I die."

He now made no further attempt to evade the menacing stare of the gun barrel. If he turned away his eyes an instant it was to look for assistance (although

he could not see the ground on either side the ruin), and he permitted them to return, obedient to the imperative fascination. If he closed them, it was from weariness, and instantly the poignant pain in his forehead—the prophecy and menace of the bullet—forced him to reopen them.

The tension of nerve and brain was too severe; nature came to his relief with intervals of unconsciousness. Reviving from one of these, he became sensible of a sharp smarting pain in his right hand, and when he worked his fingers together, or rubbed his palm with them, he could feel that they were wet and slippery. He could not see the hand, but he knew the sensation—it was running blood. In his delirium he had beaten it against the jagged fragments of the wreck, had clutched it full of splinters. He resolved that he would meet his fate more manly. He was a plain, common soldier, had no religion and not much philosophy; he could not die like a hero, with great and wise words, even if there were someone to hear them, but he could die "game," and he would. If he could only know when to expect the shot!

Some rats which had probably inhabited the shed came sneaking and scampering about. One of them mounted the pile of *débris* that held the rifle; another followed, and another. Searing regarded them at first with indifference, then with friendly interest; then, as the thought flashed into his bewildered mind that they might touch the trigger of the rifle, he screamed at them to go away. "It's no business of yours," he cried.

The creatures left; they would return later, attack his face, gnaw away his nose, cut his throat—he knew that, but he hoped by that time to be dead.

Nothing could now unfix his gaze from the little ring of metal with its black interior. The pain in his forehead was fierce and constant. He felt it gradually penetrating the brain more and more deeply, until at last its progress was arrested by the wood at the back of his head. It grew momentarily more insufferable; he began wantonly beating his lacerated hand against the splinters again to counteract that horrible ache. It seemed to throb with a slow, regular, recurrence, each pulsation sharper than the preceding, and sometimes he cried out, thinking he felt the fatal bullet. No thought of home, of wife and children, of country, of glory. The whole record of memory was effaced. The world had passed away—not a vestige remained. Here, in this confusion of timbers and boards, is the sole universe. Here is immortality in time—each pain an everlasting life. The throbs tick off eternities.

Jerome Searing, the man of courage, the formidable enemy, the strong, resolute warrior, was as pale as a ghost. His jaw was fallen; his eyes protruded; he trembled in every fibre; a cold sweat bathed his entire body; he screamed with fear. He was not insane—he was terrified.

In groping about with his torn and bleeding hand he seized at last a strip of board, and, pulling, felt it gave way. It lay parallel with his body, and by bending his elbow as much as the contracted space would permit, he could draw it a few inches at a time. Finally it was altogether loosened from the wreckage covering his legs, he could lift it clear of the ground its whole length. A great hope came into his mind; perhaps he could work it upward, that is to say, backward, far enough to lift the end and push aside the rifle; or, if that were too tightly wedged, so hold the strip of board as to deflect the bullet. With this object he passed it backward inch by inch, hardly daring to breathe, lest that act would somehow defeat his intent; and more than ever unable to remove his eyes from the rifle, which might perhaps now hasten to improve its waning opportunity. Something at least had been gained; in the occupation of his mind in this attempt at self-defence he was less sensible of the pain in his head, and had ceased to scream. But he was still dreadfully frightened, and his teeth rattled like castanets.

The strip of board ceased to move to the suasion of his hand. He tugged at it with all his strength, changing the direction of its length all he could, but it had met some extended obstruction behind him, and the end in front was still too far away to clear the pile of *débris* and reach the muzzle of the gun. It extended, indeed, nearly as far as the trigger-guard, which, uncovered by the rubbish he could imperfectly see with his right eye. He tried to break the strip with his hand, but had no leverage. Perceiving his defeat, all his terror returned, augmented tenfold. The black aperture of the rifle appeared to threaten a sharper and more imminent death in punishment of his rebellion. The track of the bullet through his head ached with an intenser anguish. He began to tremble again.

HE CAST HIS EYES CURIOUSLY UPON THE RUIN.

Suddenly he became composed. His tremor subsided. He clinched his teeth, and drew down his eyebrows. He had not exhausted his means of defence; a new design had shaped itself in his mind—another plan of battle. Raising the front end of the strip of board, he carefully pushed it through the wreckage at the side of the rifle until it pressed against the trigger-guard. Then he moved the end slowly outward until he could feel that it had cleared it, then, closing his eyes, thrust it against the trigger with all his strength! There was no explosion; the rifle had been discharged as it dropped from his hand when the building fell. But Jerome Searing was dead.

* * * * *

A line of Federal skirmishers swept across the plantation toward the mountain. They passed on both sides of the wrecked building, observing nothing. At a short distance in their rear came their commander, Lieutenant Adrian Searing. He cast his eyes curiously upon the ruin and sees a dead body, half-buried in boards and timbers. It is so covered with dust that its clothing is Confederate grey. Its face is yellowish white; the cheeks are fallen in, the temples sunken, too, with sharp ridges about them, making the forehead forbiddingly narrow; the upper lip, slightly clinched. The hair is heavy with moisture, the face as wet as the dewy grass all about. From his point of view the officer does not observe the rifle; the man was apparently killed by the fall of the building.

"Dead a week," said the officer, curtly, moving on, mechanically pulling out his watch as if to verify his estimate of time—six o'clock and forty minutes.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Not many of my customers have the Victoria Cross, like the Engineer General Macleod Innes, whose "Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny: A Narrative and a Study," has just been brought out by his namesake, Mr. A. D. Innes. This is not General Innes's first appearance as an author, for he published at Calcutta, in the year of the Mutiny, "A Rough Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow." He was formerly Inspector-General of Military Works at Simla.

* * * *

It was the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland himself, I think, that tall Life Guardish, most un-Home-Rulerish looking man, who so oddly represents our separatist Government in Ireland, that first brought dainty little Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—into my shop. I can't be sure of this, because she has patronised the shop so frequently. One of Mrs. Craigie's hobbies is philosophy, and I see from their faces how the other people in the shop wonder who the pretty, smart-looking, smartly-dressed woman is, dipping into formidable-looking five hundred-page library octavos, compared with which Mr. Balfour's recent book is almost as frivolous as Max O'Rell's.

* * * *

Then someone who knows her will come and the whole face lights up into animation and brilliance, especially the large, luminous dark eyes. The dainty style of Mrs. Craigie's books is an index to the entire woman—she is dainty, her dress is dainty, and her miniature, very masculine-looking handwriting is the daintiest of all, very much the handwriting of a great Oxford scholar like Professor Robinson Ellis, who has pored over the beautiful miniature texts of mediæval manuscripts until he has caught the spirit of their lettering. "John Oliver Hobbes" is, of course, an American, though she lives in one of the big houses overlooking Hyde Park. I expect to do great things with "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham." I have sold hundreds of her "Sinner's Comedy," and "Some Emotions and a Moral."

* * * *

If "Mr. J. H. Millar" of the *New Review* had been at the Authors' Club the other night I do not think, from what I hear from my patrons—and I believe more than half the members of the Club are among them—that he would have written as he did about the Rev. John Maclaren Watson (the Ian Maclaren, who gave us "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," now in its fortieth thousand at 6s.). I have seldom heard of a man making such a good impression. This minister of the most important Presbyterian church in England, was described to me as a tall, dark, clean-shaven man, with a very quiet, dignified manner, at the back of which is a fund of humour. The Authors' Club were giving him a dinner in honour of his literary success—he being without doubt the most successful new writer of the year.

* * * *

Mr. Hall Caine, who, like "Ian Maclaren," hails from Liverpool, took the chair, and Mr. Douglas Sladen, the vice-chair, in a very representative assemblage. Mr. Louis Parker, the well-known dramatist, gave an "Uncut Leaf," in the shape of a scene he had adapted from Maeterlinck's "Twelve Blind Men," and Messrs. Murray Carson and Orlando Barnet gave recitations. Mr. Hall Caine made one of his admirable speeches, admirable alike in the charm of delivery, and in its high literary quality and importance. The principal points in his speech, proposing the guest's health, were Liverpool's little group of well-known literary men, and the importance of the provincial element in literature.

* * * *

Ian Maclaren, who speaks very quietly, as if his speech was not going to amount to anything, and then suddenly makes an amazingly good point, which takes the audience by storm, made one of the best speeches ever delivered in the Club, where so many good speeches have been made. This is how he introduced his sense of inadequacy to address a meeting of his fellow authors: "I am haunted with the recollection of a recent dinner party, not quite so select in its composition, at which the lady who sat next to me was talking of her husband's health. She took liberties with our tongue, upon which you and I would not venture, for she told me that her husband was much better 'since the polyglot had been removed from his nose.' I told her that I for one should be very glad to have a polyglot in my throat. 'You wouldn't,' she retorted very sharply—quite tartly—'if you knew what a man suffers who has a polyglot in his nose.' I, who have been preaching and speaking so many years in my professional work, should be glad if I had another tongue in my throat to-night."

* * * *

He was very amusing, too, when he told his audience what his boys thought of his suddenly turning author:

> Your boy comes home from a public school, and complains that he is being called "A Young Pseudonym." He has done his best to be respectable at school, and it is hard for him to have to blush for a member of the family of whom he previously entertained a high opinion. He calls his brothers into a kind of council of war. They are at a preparatory school and intimate with the highest works of literature, they feel that the thing may occur again, and must be put on a proper footing.
>
> "If you are going to write books, why can't you write like this?"
>
> If this is not plain enough, they open a chapter of the right sort, they say—
>
> "Here is a ghost, that's all right; there is a cliff and eagle's eggs; there's nothing like that in yours. Here's a big book swimming with blood. You can't calculate the number of human beings who have to die. If you could write a thing like that we'd not only read it ourselves, but lend it to fellows in other houses."

* * * *

I am sorry to hear that my old customer Mr. William Black is away in Scotland, very far from well. Last time he came into the shop I noticed that, though his thick fibrous hair—so characteristic of the working power of the man—showed no signs of baldness, it was getting very grey, and that the bright kindly brown eyes behind the glasses had a tired look. But I hope soon to hear better reports of him now that the summer is coming on.

* * * *

Among books of *belles lettres* there is none with which I have done so well in sales this year as Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch's Elizabethan anthology, "The Golden Pomp" (Methuen). It is on beautiful paper, beautifully printed, and beautifully bound. No such delightful anthology as Q.'s has been published for years. Q., as those behind the scenes know, spends hardly any time in London, and lives at the beautiful old Cornish town of Fowey, a tiny seaport nestling close to her big sister Plymouth, which stands on the south-westernmost point of Devonshire. Only in the quiet and leisure of such a place could a man make such an anthology as "The Golden Pomp," with a thing of beauty on almost every page, with hardly one inclusion which one would like to reject, and full of lovely little pieces never included before in an anthology which had the least chance of becoming popular. "The Golden Pomp" will take its place beside Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave's, "The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of Poetry" in the library of every genuine appreciator of poetry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. E. (Burnley).—"The Singing of the Magnificat," by E. Nesbit, is in "Voice, Speech, and Gesture," published by C. W. Deacon and Co. at 7s. 6d. Mr. Clifford Harrison's music cannot be obtained by the general public.

E. P.—See reply to J. M. E.

Newsagent (Shelton).—The whole edition of "Told after Supper" was withdrawn from publication at the special request of the author. It is therefore out of print.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Do not forget that you must have a dainty little hanging pocket-bag made of a bit of each of your new gowns. This hangs on the left wrist by silken cords, and is more than useful, being almost indispensable in these times, when tailors and dressmakers refuse to allow us to have accessible pockets. An odd piece of brocade, plush, or velvet makes a nice one for evening use.

I notice that the new evening cloaks are made with a long fan pocket on one side, in addition to the short one for handkerchief and opera-glasses on the other side. Fashion seems to study our comfort more than it used. Don't you think so?

I am very much in love with the pretty little Puritan collars and cuffs I wrote you about a few weeks ago, though I do not think them so generally becoming as the frilled neckbands of coloured velvet or chiffon. But the white muslin, with its little frill of yellow lace, makes a very neat finish to the costume; and the price is not very deadly, so long as one carefully avoids the cheap ones, that are only thrown together, and ravel out if you even look very hard at them. It is far better, and cheaper, to pay a good price in the beginning. Then they will wash, and do up over and over again.

Do you remember the day we bought cheap gloves? They were 1s. 6¾d. a pair, and we vowed we would neve again buy gloves with a farthing in the price of them. And yet it was a good shop. I can see now your face of disgust when your pink thumb burst through yours; a catastrophe that was immediately followed by my fourth finger suddenly ventilating itself by bursting up one seam. Cheapness is dearness, isn't it?

There are billions of blouses to be seen in the shops now, and I feel, as Dr. Johnson said he did about peaches—that he had never had enough. Sounds greedy, doesn't it? But some of them are so temptingly pretty that one cannot help wishing to have *carte blanche* in the matter. Fancy a pink glacé silk one, dotted over with a sort of intermittent watermark in black or very dark grey, which subdues the bright pink to a very pleasing tone. The sleeves are full and wide, and over them falls a double frill of wide, cream-coloured lace, from a yoke of open-work guipure. Another is made of tartan silk, grey and pale blue, with a narrow line of bright scarlet running through the check. It is very full in the chest, but fits almost plain, like a bodice, at the waist, where a belt of scarlet velvet ribbon confines it, ending in a point and a buckle. Folds of scarlet velvet hide the neckband.

I saw a lovely teagown the other day, made of shrimp pink crêpon, with a silk stripe in it. The sleeves were made of accordeon-kilted chiffon in the same tone of pink, and the neck was cut away square, and gathered into a square of guipure in a deep biscuit colour. Knots of white satin ribbon were on the shoulders and in the centre of the back, where a long Wätteau pleat began. Another lovely teagown had two Wätteau pleats, each floating out from the yoke, while the centre of the gown was gathered in at the centre of the waist with a broad buckle.

WALKING COSTUME AT JAY'S.

Flowers are used as trimmings on everything, not only hats and bonnets, but dresses, mantles, capes, ruffles, and sunshades. There is a tremendous rage for them, and the larger they are the smarter they are considered. In a pretty little black satin cape, the neck of which was finished with a chiffon ruffle, a cluster of blue roses was tucked.

Here is a garment to dream of! I saw it in the trousseau of a bride. It was a long cloak of black satin, made with large, full sleeves, and fitted into the figure at the sides, but hanging in straight folds from the yoke both in front and at the back. It was lined with white satin, and down each of the fronts was a band of very handsome guipure. A square collar, which hung in points over the tops of the sleeves, was bordered all round with similar guipure. The broad collar was lined with black ostrich feather and a cluster of poppies was fastened just under it at the left side.

How do you like the sketch I give you in this?

It is in brown canvas, with a bodice of Oriental figured glacé in shades of brown, green, and heliotrope. A drapery in the form of a collar is arranged on the shoulders, and relieved at the neck with Holland embroidery. The hat is made in

With the Japanese Troops

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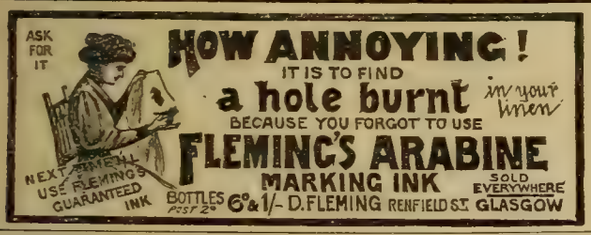

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jet, with large jet wings in front, and a cluster of pale pink roses coming on the hair at the back.

The prettiest sunshades are made of silk muslin fulled in frills all over them, and finished round the edge with a thick ruche. I saw a gown going out to India that was in silver grey brocade, patterned with small blue stars. The cape, very short indeed, was in grey satin, completely covered with black silk muslin, and the sunshade matched it. A large cluster of forget-me-nots trimmed the sunshade, and another was tucked in the ruche that covered the collar of the cape.

It was sweet!

Yours affectionately,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Censoria.—Get a sanitary sink basket, and make your cook empty it every day. It is a very simple contrivance for putting in a corner of the sink; tea leaves, coffee grounds, and all the usual mixed refuse from washing-up water is thrown into it, the basket serving the purpose of straining the water away from the solids, thus keeping the wastepipe always clean and always clear. It costs only eighteenpence, and you will find it worth its price over and over again. And while you are about it, you should get the "Octopus" anti-incrustator. It is a round piece of metal, and something that looks like horsehair, and when placed in a kettle it prevents the "fur" from collecting. We tried one, and have found it serve the purpose admirably. There are various sizes, some being used for boilers. Those for kettles must be boiled once and the water thrown away before being settled permanently in their kettle-home.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Helen seems puzzled about the way to cook tinned peas, but there is no difficulty. When the tin or bottle is opened, strain the water away into a clean saucepan, adding a saltspoonful of salt to every half pint of peas, and about half that quantity of moist sugar. When the water boils throw in the peas. They will be cooked in fifteen minutes. Drain away the water, and then put in among the peas a piece of butter in the proportion of half an ounce to a pint, adding a saltspoonful of pepper. Put the saucepan on the fire again, shake it every two or three minutes, and when the butter is quite dissolved the peas are ready for dishing. It may be imagined that with so little water as that in which they are bottled or tinned there would be an insufficiency, but it must be remembered that the more water there is the more the flavour of the peas is dissipated and dispensed. One's object should be to condense and centralise it.

Has "Helen" ever tried them dressed French fashion with green onions and parsley? If not, she will find the recipe in Mrs. Beeton's "Family Cookery and Housekeeping Book," published by Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Ho yus, so 'Ankin were allard ter 'ave 'is little sye lawst week, was 'e? Ho, very well, I don't keer—as long as it were mide pline as it were 'im talkin' an' not me. 'E 'on't be quite so 'andy with 'is jaw this week. 'Cos why? 'Cos another man plugged 'im one in the marth lawst Sunday when 'e were a-demonstritin' promiscus-like in the Pawk. And that shows 'ow a man's talinks mye bring 'im inter trouble. 'Ankin were gassin' awye, when this other man struck in. "I'm a free-born Hinglishman," 'e says, "and I ain't ter be dictited to." "Ho?" says 'Ankin. "Yus," says the man, "and why cawn't I wuk twelve ars or sixteen ars a dye if I wornt to?" Then 'Ankin gort on the spot. "Why cawn't yer?" 'e says; "I'll tell yer why yer cawn't. 'Cos nobody 'ud emply such a silly-lookin', cross-eyed, mutton'-eaded beggar as you are if they was pide ter do it. Your only chawnce fur wuk is in 'Ollerwye, wheer yar're jest bin doin' time 'cos yer bloomin' ugly fice storped the traffic. You keep yer marth shut or they'll tike yer fur the post-offus," Nar, regarded as a awgyment, thet shows talinks. Leastwise the other man 'adn't gort nutthink ter awnser beck to it. But, as I remawked, 'e plugged 'Ankin one in the marth, and afore 'Ankin cud git one in by wye o' returnin' the compliment, hup comes a young copper an' stops the barney altogither.

* * * *

'Ad the lumbager? Yas, I *'ave* 'ad the lumbager Brought on through cornductin' of a damp 'bus in a east wind withart my overcoat. These spring dyes is treach-'rus. Yer don't know wheer yer awe with 'em. When it ain't too 'ot it's too cold, and it goes choppin' abart from one tu the other like a boy in a bun-shop. Thet's the sort o' thing ter give yer a chill, thet is—wus nor two winters rolled inter one. I'm rid of the lumbager nar. Ole rum did it, took hexternul and hinternul, but more pertic'larly hinternul. It's a wunnerful med'sun, yoosed joodishus. I've knowed three pennuth of it sive a 'ooming life. Bein' ill don't soot me at all. The lumbager tikes me in two plices — in the back and in the temper, and tikes me wust in the temper. But I've knowed women as sim'd ter reg'lar enjy bein' in bad 'ealth. I 'ad a aunt as suffered shockin' in 'er 'ealth at times; one dorctor said it was the nerves and another said it was the innuds; but be thet as it mye, ev'ry nar and agin 'er agernies was crool; and she took a pleshur in it. That woman worn't 'appy unless she were tryin' of a noo med'sun or tellin' yer wheer she felt it most. I dunno 'ow it was, but if it did so 'appen as she had nutthink the matter with 'er fur a dye or two, she yossed tu git that disappinted an' low-sperritid as yer wouldn't 'awdly believe. She'd gort nutthink left tu talk abart, and nutthink ter do; she couldn't go tikin' of egspensive pills when there was no cause fur it, 'er means nort allarin' of any sich extravygawnce. She'd gort yoosed ter bein' ill, an' she liked it. My old fawther yoosed ter sye that if ever she recovered 'erself entirely, and was took with robust 'ealth, 'e berlieved she'd die of it.

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Indian Silver Dessert Forks...	9d.	„ 4s. 3d.	„	
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Sample Tablespoon or Fork sent to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 13 Stamps.
☞ None genuine unless Stamped "Indian Silver—C. L. Reis & Co., Glasgow."

Sole Manufacturers—C. L. REIS & CO., 37, JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

Misforchuns never come singler. I 'adn't awdly got over the lumbager afore I broke my ole clay pipe. Thet were a pipe as I've had fur years—black as your 'at and as sweet as a new pertiter. I'd left it on a cheer in the kitching and I set on it, so I 'adn't no one ter sweer at fer it egsep' myself, which were another misforchun, and I couldn't even sweer at myself, because my missus's uncle, what we 'as egspectishuns from, was in the kitching at the time, and 'e 'as objections ter langwidge. Thet was the lawst straw, so art I went and puts 'awf a dollar on a 'orse. And that bloomin' 'orse never stawtid.

Ho! I gives it up!

AN INTERVIEW WITH A LADY BOOKBINDER.

In a tiny workshop built at the end of a garden, in one of those pleasant streets in Old Kensington that artists inhabit, I found Miss Birkenruth. The atmosphere of the room as one entered from the open air was impregnated with the curious, faint odour of paste, gas-stove, and leather, unmistakably professional; but the neatness and order (although the visit was a chance one) showed that binding as a fine art, and not binding for ordinary commercial purposes, was practised therein.

"What do you think of book-binding as a craft for women?" I began. "Does it promise a good income?"

"That depends," replied Miss Birkenruth, smiling, "somewhat on the skill of the worker, does it not? No; it would hardly be wise to look on it, at first, at all events, for one's whole income, but it can certainly be made profitable."

"How soon do you suppose that a novice could begin to earn money by her work?" I asked.

"It depends, of course, on the class of binding she attempted and her natural aptitude. Here is a book bound by a lady pupil after six months' practice. It is, as you see, good and substantial work; still, you could not say that it was quite equal to this," and Miss Birkenruth passed over to me a most dainty little volume, clad in blue morocco, with delightful gold decoration, which, as one who knows the points of fine binding, such as collectors affect, could see at a glance was a most creditable piece of work.

"No," I replied laughingly, "I have bound a book myself, right through from start to finish, and it was so hopelessly bad that I can quite realise what you say is true. How long have you been at work?"

"I have been working for five years," said Miss Birkenruth; "but the first two must be reckoned as spent in learning the rudiments of the craft. Do I take pupils? I have done so; but at present I am obliged to refuse all applicants."

"That looks as if many girls were turning their attention to this craft," I said.

"As no doubt you know," she replied, "many women are already practising it as a serious undertaking. You have doubtless seen examples by Miss Irene Nicholls, Miss McColl, and others, at the Arts and Crafts'."

"Is the outfit very costly?" I went on.

"No; for £20 to £30 you might obtain all the essential appliances. Of course, new tools must be added from time to time. But as you perhaps may discover from a study of modern book-binding, it is rather a point of honour to use as few tools as possible, even in most elaborate designs."

"Does the routine of the 'new' bookbinding, such as we see in exhibitions, differ from the old?"

"No; to all intents and purposes the craft employs the same appliances, and it is carried out exactly on the same lines as it was a century or two ago. Of course I am speaking of genuine binding in leather, not of the so-called cloth cover, which is not binding at all, but merely a slight portfolio, stuck on to sheets stitched together. Genuine binding has each page firmly sewn to stout twines or bands, which are fastened securely to the covers of the volume. The routine is just the same for the cheapest half-bound roan, or the most elaborate "full morocco." The only difference is the quality of the materials employed, and the care expended on each detail. The modern craftsman—who is an artist—is as much concerned with this so-called "forwarding" as with the decoration finally added. It is the taste and skill bestowed upon every item in the actual stitching, pasting, cutting, and building up the volume which connoisseurs prize."

"You really do all this yourself?" I asked.

"Certainly. I will show you some books in various stages. Here is one being picked to pieces—as you see, the slightest pull removes the cloth covers. The sheets are then pressed. Afterwards they are sewn on this press (which is exactly the same as that employed in the earliest days, and is still in use in every binding establishment). Then the edges are cut with this instrument, a plough. Then the back is rounded, the covers added, the edges are gilded, and, finally, the book is covered with leather, and is ready to receive its lettering and decoration."

"You design your own covers?"

"Yes! All the patterns, as you see, are built up from a few curves, straight lines, leaves, and flowers. Each letter of the title is impressed separately."

"That must demand great accuracy of eye and hand?" I said.

"It does, and that is why some people never make good finishers; but that need not deter amateurs from the craft—as good plain bindings are always in demand."

"May I see some of your own work?"

"Here is a specimen, just back from the World's Fair at Chicago, where it won a medal."

And Miss Birkenruth handed me a copy of a monograph on Rembrandt, sumptuously bound in chestnut-brown morocco, with a singularly graceful design in gold completely covering the back and side.

"What would this cost to bind?" I enquired.

"About three guineas," Miss Birkenruth replied. "This, a cookery-book in pale blue morocco, has also taken a silver medal at Frankfort; it would cost about five guineas."

"Do people really pay as much as that," I said, with more surprise than tact, "for a single volume?"

"As much?" said Miss Birkenruth. "Why, £20—or £30—is by no means an unheard-of price for a volume that size by —— or ——," and she named two well-known English binders.

"It ought, then, to be a very profitable craft, surely," I said, hastening to turn the subject. "How long would such a volume as this take in binding?"

"About three weeks. Not, of course, employing all one's time, as it must be left for awhile in many stages. Of course it takes longer to do each process one's self. But that is the point we insist upon, so that the book preserves complete unity of purpose. Then the colour of the leather, head-bands, end papers, book-marks (if any), and the rest are duly chosen with relation to each other; in fact, the book is thought out as carefully as an artist thinks out his picture or carving."

"Some of the processes must be fatiguing," I said.

"I do not think any needed for an average size volume are at all beyond the powers of the average girl," Miss Birkenruth replied. "Beating the sheets with a heavy hammer, once in use, is now replaced by pressing, or rolling, so that all stages are well within a woman's power. By the way, it does not follow that the art is only applicable to books. Here is a case for a miniature I have just finished. Blotting books, card cases, and all sorts of leather work, come quite easy to an accomplished binder. In fact, at present, one need not fear that there is no market for good handiwork."

"Is any of your work on view?"

"Yes! Miss Firth, 18, Fulham Road, generally has some examples on view. Good-morning!"

And I left, feeling that of all the crafts invaded lately, none seems more promising for gentlewomen than this charming art of the binder. One only hopes that it may not attract too many recruits and so become a business, with all the disadvantages of competition and cutting prices. It is a craft that requires time and care freely given, and at present for good work, good prices are readily obtained, but only for really good and artistic work. Second-rate work fetches merely commercial prices.

A DISCUSSION AT A DRAMATIC CLUB.

Present Mr. Suaviter, Mr. Fortiter, Mr. Plausible.

Suaviter. Surely you'll grant that Beerbohm Tree has been very severely treated. He lends the services of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to his friend John Hare, on the condition that she is to be returned when called for. She creates *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and wins fresh laurels. Tree comes home, and asks for a return of his loan, and he is regarded as a selfish fellow who is stopping the run of a successful play.

Plausible. Let us be accurate to start with. There may be a trifle of sentiment in the matter, but a great deal more commerce. When Hare took Mrs. Campbell off Tree's hands he saved the Haymarket manager the responsibility of paying a heavy weekly salary; when he returned home, and found that he could replace the original Kate Cloud with one quite as good—Mrs. Beerbohm Tree—he cordially allowed the original Mrs. Ebbsmith to remain where she was, and accepted from Mr. John Hare a compensation of so many pounds a week, on a sliding scale, the compensation increasing week by week, so long as Mrs. Patrick Campbell remained away from the Haymarket.

Fortiter. I don't believe these managers understand their business the least little bit. They talk of the "box-office value" of an artist, but forget that the box-office value is determined the day after a play is produced and set, or the day before. What was the box-office value of Mrs. Patrick Campbell the day before *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was produced? Zero. What, the day after? Anything you like to mention. What was the box-office value of Mrs. Campbell when she had comparatively failed in *The Masqueraders* and *John-a'-Dreams*. A seriously discounted value. *Mrs. Ebbsmith* was a second triumph. Up went the box-office value for the best advertised actress of the day.

Plausible. But Bancroft, who is a shrewd judge, and one of the most successful managers of our time, believes implicitly in what you call the box-office value. Did he not boom Mrs. Langtry when she was a mere society beauty and a pretty amateur. Did he not invest in Modjeska at the right time? Does he not now remove all his goods and chattels from the Garrick—metaphorically— and play on the Patrick Campbell boom, forcing the *Fédora* card, allowing his wife to resume a very silly character in still sillier scenes, and going in neck or nothing for the actress that is talked about?

Fortiter. I grant Bancroft's shrewdness, but the cleverest men may make mistakes. My contention is that the box-office value of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Fédora will be determined the night *Fédora* is produced, and not one minute before. She has to fight against the recollection of Sarah Bernhardt, and a very excellent copy in Mrs. Bernard Beere; she has to revives an interest in an old French play which everybody knows by heart; and she has to prove the possession of that tragic force and abandon in love-making, in which she failed so conspicuously in *The Masqueraders*.

Suaviter. Unquestionably the actor all round has been hasty, ill-advised, and impetuous. I don't believe in disturbing a success. *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, as originally produced, and with Mrs. Campbell in the original character, should have been retained at the Garrick at all hazards. Do you know what I should have done if I had been in Hare's place?

Plausible. What?

Suaviter. I should have gone to Tree and said, "Look here, I have got a successful show at the Garrick. You can sustain it or mar it. Come and be my partner. You are on velvet. I have run the risk. You will sweep in the money. To take away Mrs. Campbell means shutting up the shop. To keep her means a nice little fortune for both."

Plausible. Ah! very pretty, but I keep on telling you that Tree has nothing to fall back upon, and that without Mrs. Pat he was on his beam ends. *John-a'-Dreams* was played out. *Trilby* could not be produced before the autumn. *Fédora*, with the Bancroft-Campbell influence, was his only hope. He was in a hole.

Fortiter. I never heard such rubbish in my life. What grounds have you for supposing that Mrs. Pat will be a better Fédora than was Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Bernard Beere? It is a part foreign to her style and nature. What argument can you use to convince me that Olga Nethersole will enter into the spirit of *Mrs. Ebbsmith?* The whole thing is wrong. The original Mrs. Ebbsmith should have remained where she was undisturbed, and if there were any immediate or imperative necessity of producing *Fédora* this season, I maintain that it would have suited the temperament of Olga Nethersole far better than the temperament of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But we shall see when the box-office pronounces its verdict.

Suaviter. I go further than Fortiter, and maintain that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is better suited to Mrs. Ebbsmith than Olga Nethersole, and would have been more at home as Fédora than Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Plausible. Then you are a staunch believer in Mrs. Tree?

Suaviter. I cordially own that I am. I agree with America. When I go to the play I like to hear every word of the text, clean, sharp and distinct. Even in *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, your new divinity gabbles or slurs over important words and sentences. It is not the poor lady's fault; she has never been taught. She has been started at the top of the ladder instead of at the bottom of it. I hold that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is the most intellectual actress on the stage. Her Ophelia is the very best I have ever seen, and my list starts with Miss Heath and Kate Terry, and includes Ellen Terry and Florence Gerard.

Fortiter. This Fédora business makes me rather angry. We have seen many a Loris Sparoff—Burton and Charles Coghlan, and even Bancroft, as the passionate lover, but I don't just see Tree in the love-scene any more than I do Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Shall you ever forget the first night of Merivale's English version at the Haymarket? Coghlan, for some reason or other, took a dislike to her Fédora, and showed it unmistakably. But Mrs. Bernard-Beere was not to be beaten off in this fashion. She clung to her ungracious lover, and dragged him to victory with her. Any *contretemps* between the Loris Sparoff and Fédora on this occasion would not be likely to be settled on the same amicable terms.

Plausible. Then I gather you attach great weight to temperament and idiosyncrasy in the choice of character?

Fortiter. Unquestionably I do. I seem to see in advance. For years I have said that Irving would make an ideal Don Quixote, and he has proved to be the very Don we wanted, in spite of a wretched, paltry, amateurish play that a schoolgirl might have constructed.

Plausible. But it was not Wills' fault. He wrote a long play, and it was cut down into two silly scenes. Such a burlesque was enough to make the author of Charles I. turn in his grave.

Fortiter. I don't care whose fault it was, and to me the new play is immaterial, so long as I can get such acting as the Don Quixote of Henry Irving, the very living embodiment of the hero of our fantastic boyhood. It was not a living picture, but a living man. If anyone doubts Henry Irving's extraordinary talent, tact, observation, and versatility, let them see him on the same evening as Don Quixote and old Gregory Webster, the Waterloo octogenarian. I do not believe that any actor of the century has ever more faithfully portrayed the second childhood of a decaying old man. The queer treble of the old fellow when he has broken his pipe and the laughter of excitement when it is supplanted by a new one; in fact, the sunshine after rain are absolutely poignant in their pathos.

Plausible. You are enthusiastic.

Fortiter. And so ought everyone to be who sees two such magnificent performances as these. We talk so much about Irving's manner and method, his extravagance and eccentricities, that we forget he is one of the great actors of the century. I do not believe that any actor in this or any other country can give a picture of senility so faultless as that painted by Henry Irving as the Waterloo veteran.

Fortiter. And there is this to be said in addition. It is a sad but it is a sweet lesson and wholesome play. There is a dash of patriotism in it most welcome just now, and clever Conan Doyle has turned a current of sweet fresh air upon the close and ill-ventilated drama. It has opened the windows, and we breathe again.

Fortiter. Would that such a ready writer would give us some plays.

Omnes: Here's his jolly good health and good luck to him.

TRAMPS I HAVE MET.

As soon as he saw me he quickened his pace until he reached my gate, when he stopped suddenly and made the usual application for assistance. I gave him a trifle and a cigar, and we got into conversation.

"Out of work long?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Can't get no work, sir, but that ain't the worst on it. I'm dreffu ill with my liver, sir," and he rubbed his waistcoat vigorously.

"But my good man," I protested, "your liver isn't there, it's nearer here," and I pointed to the place in my own back where I'm told my liver exists.

"Is it, sir? Well, some people say one thing and some people say another; you never know what to believe nowadays."

After a time he seemed to forget his liver, and he came and leaned up against my gate. We were getting on very well when he spied the helmet of the village policeman.

"I must be off," he said quickly, gathering up his bundle.

"No hurry," I said. "That policeman shan't hurt you, don't go."

He turned round quickly.

"What are yer keepin' me 'ere for—not to give me in charge for beggin'? For Gawd's sake, sir, don't do it—I wouldn't care if I was well, but now I'm ill, s'elp me I couldn't stand it." The man was a powerful actor.

"No, I won't give you in charge."

As soon as he saw he was safe his manner changed abruptly.

"Then, sir, would yer tell me—axin' yer pardon—why yer're talkin' to me 'ere?"

"I told him an untruth, got down from my gate, and walked along the road with him. A very thin horse, dragging a heavy load, passed by. Our conversation drifted round to cruelty to animals.

"Ah, sir," he said, shaking his head solemnly, "many's the time as I'm walking along the roads do I see horses go by—er—I see horses go by, sir—er—I see horses go by what ought not to go by!"

I left him in a public house, which is the tramp's earthly paradise.

Bible quoting tramps are a very common species, and I have only met one with professed atheistical views. His chief delight seemed to be to tell blasphemous stories, and I had some little difficulty in getting him on to another subject. He was an old soldier, and had served many years in India. When he was sent home invalided he was placed in a ward in which there was a man who had won the Victoria Cross.

"Yes, sir, I seed it all. They brought it in on a cushion, and the Queen, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and a lot of other gents and ladies come in. The chap what 'ad won it 'ad a regler beano, for the doctors let 'im 'ave all the whiskey 'e wanted. 'E was in the next bed to me, and while the Queen was a-pinning it on to his night shirt a lady come up to me as I was a-layin' in bed, and she sez nice an' kind, 'Would it hurt you if I sat on the edge of your bed?' 'No, it wouldn't,' sez I, though I was in middlin' agony at the time. Well, sir, when they'd all gone I found out who the lady was—the Princess o' Wales. The Princess o' Wales—has sat on my bed!"

A tramp once told me what I believe is an unpublished story about Dickens. The man was a travelling shoemaker. He was passing Dickens' house at Gad's Hill one day, not knowing to whom it belonged, and noticed the gardener and his son—who was a cripple—at work. The cripple's boot had collapsed in some way, and my friend the tramp offered to patch it up. He had to kneel down to his work.

"When I'd finished there was a gentleman standing close to us looking on. He told me to go into his kitchen and have some dinner, and then to come and see him. When I got into the kitchen the gals told me he was Mr. Charles Dickens. According to instructions I went in to see him after I'd had my grub. He seemed as though he'd forgot who I was, and so I told him. Then he says: 'Oh, yes, if you'll excuse me a minute, I have something to see to.' He slips out through some curtains, and then through a door. I couldn't see rightly how he did get out, and after waiting half an hour I thought he'd forgot me, and I tried to get out myself. But I'm blest if I could! Not one of them doors would open, and I didn't like to holler nor nothin', so I just sat down again. Well, he come back in about three hours time, and he looks up at me, and says: 'You've been in the lock-up, and I've come to bail you out, here's your bail,' and he gives me half a sov'rin'. Then he let me out, and as I was a-going down the road I see him a-standing on his lawn laughing fit to bust hisself."

One hot day I met a tramp with a very bald head, of which he seemed to be quite proud. I suggested various remedies, but he wouldn't hear of them.

"No, sir, thankye. There ain't no cure for it. My fawther was bald, I'm bald, and my son's bald. In fact, sir, our 'eads is perfect skatin' rinks for flies!"

It is not often that one meets with an original tramp, but I came across one the other morning. He was a fine, handsome fellow; his clothes were not ragged, nor his cheeks sunken, but he was a genius in his way. Without any cringing, without any of the usual preamble about the poor wife and the starving children, he raised his hat politely, and said, "Good morning, sir. It's a beautiful morning, isn't it? Would you kindly give me half-a-crown?"

After I had passed him I looked round. He did the same thing. There was a merry but wicked twinkle in his eye, and he glanced almost reproachfully at the bulldog at my heels.

W. P.

IN THE CITY.

"REASONABLE CARE."

The case of *Baty* v. *Whitehead and Others* deserves the attention of directors and shareholders. It was an action brought under the Directors' Liability Act, 1890, to recover the sum of £100, subscribed by the plaintiff, on the strength of prospectus statements, to the Art Stone Veneering Syndicate, Limited. The Act of 1890 makes directors liable for prospectus statements unless it can be proved that they had reasonable ground for believing such statements to be true. In the present case the jury found that there was no such reasonable ground, and the plaintiff recovered his £100.

This case is one of the first, if not the first, to be decided under the Act of 1890, and the judgment is, therefore, of considerable importance. It seems to us to apply to cases like that of the Londonderry Company, and if we are right, the directors of that concern are liable to the shareholders for the amount of their subscriptions. There can be no doubt that the public were induced to find the portion of the £700,000 capital they subscribed by the statements of the prospectus as to the enormous richness of the property. The prospectus affirmed that out of a small hole immense quantities of gold had been obtained, and everything was done the framers of the prospectus could do to persuade the public that there was much more gold remaining in the hole than had been taken out of it. But if there had been "reasonable care" in probing this hole, if the further work had been done which the most ordinary prudence required to be done, it would have been found that there was no more gold in the hole, and it would have been impossible to raise the capital that was subscribed. Surely here there was that lack of "reasonable care" which must be shown if directors are to be relieved from the responsibility for prospectus statements.

Or let us take the case of Lord Dudley's Colliery Company to which we have recently given some attention. Lord Dudley induced the public to subscribe on the faith of estimates which showed a certain profit upon workings. But, if "reasonable care" had been exercised in the preparation of these estimates, the figures submitted to the public would have been very different, and they might have been saved from the loss that has fallen upon them.

Directors are likely to find that this doctrine of "reasonable care" will put them in some very awkward corners if the judges can be relied upon to interpret the Act of 1890 in the spirit intended by Parliament. It is not necessary to prove that directors have been guilty of fraud, that they knowingly deceived the public. It is for them to satisfy the Court that in fathering the statements of the prospectus they have done all it was possible to do—at any rate, that they have taken "reasonable care" to verify those statements. If this was more generally the practice of directors we should hear a good deal less of company failures and consequent loss to shareholders.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

We recommend persons interested in this Association, or who think they have a grievance against it because at the end of five years they cannot get back all the subscriptions they have paid, to study the report of the case of "*Flight* v. *The Provident Association of London (Limited)*," reported in the *Times* of May 6th. Put briefly, Mr. Flight sued the Association to recover £26 10s. 10d., subscriptions paid by him in respect of a bond issued to him by the Association. It was alleged by the plaintiff that one of the collectors of the Association told him, among other things, that at the end of five years, if he (plaintiff) so wished, he could get all the subscriptions and premiums he had paid refunded to him by the company. It was not denied that this representation was made by the agent—nothing was said about it one way or the other—but it was contended for the Association that if any such statement was made, it was made without the authority and knowledge of the Head Office, and was in direct contradiction to the printed conditions upon the proposal form to which the attention of the plaintiff was specially directed, and which he signed before the bond was issued to him. The plaintiff was requested, as all applicants are requested, to "read the notice on the other side"—that upon the face of the proposal form. The notice ran :—

> This application is made subject to the terms of the company's prospectus. The prospectus contains the only terms of business with the Association, and the Association will accept no responsibility for any verbal, written, or printed statement at variance with, or not comprised in the rules, conditions, and terms therein set forth.

Moreover :—

> The plaintiff—we are quoting from the special case prepared for the opinion of the Court—admits that he knew that there were conditions printed on the back of the bond, which conditions contained the terms of the contract made between himself and the defendant company, but alleges that he did not read them.

The case, as briefly set out above, is in exact accordance with hundreds of similar cases which have been submitted to the present writer during the last six years, and the decision of the Court is also in exact accordance with the view taken by To-Day when consulted by correspondents who think the association has treated them unfairly because it stands by its printed conditions rather than by the unauthorised statements of canvassers. Really there must be some limit to the toleration of human imbecility. "If," said Mr. Justice Wills, in giving the judgment of the Court in the case under discussion, "the plaintiff had read the conditions to which his attention was directed, the impression upon his mind which was made by the statement of the collector would have been corrected." The plaintiff saw the conditions, but he would not read them. He was content to accept the verbal statements of the canvasser. How could the plaintiff reasonably look to the Courts to save him from the consequences of his carelessness? If you do not take reasonable care to avoid misapprehension you must not complain if you suffer in pocket. As to the statements of the canvasser, most canvassers lie for their own benefit, as ambassadors are said to lie for the benefit of their country. Who would be safe if every random or interested statement of a canvasser was made binding upon his principal? All that can be fairly asked of the Association, as of other companies, firms, or individuals, is that it shall do all in its power to make the conditions under which it issues bonds clear to applicants, and abide by those conditions, as expressed upon its forms. This the Association does. As Mr. Justice Wills put it, "the matter seems to be too clear for serious argument."

SPIRITS v. BEER.

Much nonsense is to be found in some of the newspapers about the determination of the Government to drop the additional spirit duty and continue the additional beer duty. The decision of the Chancellor is perfectly defensible whether we look at the matter from the point of view of the economist, or the statesman. When due allowance is made for the general expectation that the additional spirit duty would not be continued, it is still pretty plain that the spirit duty has reached the limit of profitable increase. The additional sixpence gave no increase at all upon foreign spirits, and only a very small increase upon home-made spirits. It seems therefore useless to continue it.

As to the cry that the Irishman's whisky has been favoured at the expense of the Englishman's beer, we are surprised to find that even our usually well-informed contemporary the *Spectator*, does not disdain to join in it. There would have to be a good many remissions before Englishmen had much cause of complaint in this direction. For more than forty years Ireland has contributed much more than her fair share to the Imperial revenue. In his Budget proposals of 1853, Mr. Gladstone went on the assumption that identity of imposts on articles consumed in Great Britain and Ireland is equivalent to equality of taxation in the two countries. It is a fallacy for which Ireland has had to pay dearly. The duty on Irish spirits in 1853 was levied at the rate of 2s. 8d. per proof gallon. Mr. Gladstone raised it to 10s. 6d. But whilst in 1853 we English paid for our beer more than 10s. on the alcoholic equivalent of each proof gallon of spirits contained therein, we now pay less than 2s. The duty on the national drink of England has been enormously reduced; the duty on the national drink of Ireland has been as largely increased.

THE WATCH-SELLING TRICKS.

We have before us printed matter sent out by a Mr. H. C. Dean, of 36, Great Portland Street, W., who offers a "Beautiful Watch without Money," and proceeds—

> Cut out this advertisement, mention this paper, and send me your address. Then I will send you one "X X X," and one free sample "X X" watch, *before any money is paid*. If the watches are satisfactory to you after examination, then pay 16s. to my agent. If not pleased the watches will be returned without expense to you.

A Newcastle man thought this fair enough, and asked for one of these "beautiful" watches, whereupon he received a letter from Mr. Dean in which he was informed that :—

> Every honest man knows it would be unbusinesslike for me to send watches to perfect strangers, unless money was paid in advance.

Maybe, but why promise to send it?

And here is an advertisement taken from a London paper :—

> American Pocket Timepiece. Handsome metal case, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, glass dome, warranted two years, one shilling, post free fifteen stamps. Size of ordinary watch:

This article was a tiny sundial affixed to a magnetic compass enclosed in a very rude brass case about the size of a two-shilling piece, postage one penny, the cost of the whole probably being about threepence.

THE CLERICAL AND MEDICAL BANK.

A BATH clergyman sends us what is described as a prospectus of this "bank," and asks, "May not a word of warning do good?" Well, perhaps it may. This "bank," which dates from 6, St. Stephen's Avenue, Bristol, has the advantage of the services of Mr. A. B. T. Stone as manager, and appeals, as may be gathered from its title, more particularly to clergymen and medical men. We take the following from the prospectus :—

> Whereas it is unusual for ordinary banking firms to grant advances or permit overdrafts without ample cover or security, which to the client may often be inconvenient, or even if it be waived, then without vexatious explanation, even more undesirable; the above-named Bank is prepared to lend to gentlemen of assured and established position any sum from £50 to £1,000 on note of hand alone, and that without objectional inquiry or delay.

Apparently the manager of this so-called Clerical and Medical Bank does not consider it "objectional" to ask customers for a written declaration as to "the value of your furniture," etc. Our Bath and Bristol and other friends will do well to take Mr. Stone's statements, as to the Bank being "fitted above all other competitors" to assist gentlemen temporarily pressed for money, with a grain—indeed a good many grains—of salt.

MR. JABEZ BALFOUR.

MR. BALFOUR is in a London jail awaiting trial. Never before has an accused person cost the Government of this country so much in time and trouble to bring him into the dock. Now he is within sight of it let us hope that the Government will be as determined to give him a fair trial as they have been to bring him to trial. Upon his guilt or innocence of the charges upon which he will be arraigned we say nothing pending trial, but we do say that he ought not, unless he wishes it, to be tried by a jury. If he prefers a jury, then there is no more to be said as to the method of his trial, but if he prefers a Commission of Judges, his request ought not to be refused. Judges may be trusted to put aside prejudice, and to decide upon the merits of the case. We doubt very much if any jury that can be empanelled will be equally certain to think of nothing but the merits.

EXIT, NELSON AND CO.

WE learn from the *Birmingham Daily Post* that the persons trading as Nelson and Co., to whose doings we have repeatedly directed attention, have closed their premises in Birmingham, and that "their disappearance has caused no little consternation among their numerous customers in the city, and the immediate district." We can well believe it. "It goes without saying," continues our contemporary, "that the sudden and unnotified closing of the establishment has caused the greatest anxiety to those who held the original bond notes, many of which are now two years old." No doubt; but if only the public would exercise a little common-sense how much loss and worry would be avoided!

THE Johannesburg papers have been making merry over the report that Mr. F. J. Dormer was presented in company with Mr. Barney Barnato to President Faure at a ball at the Elysée. Time was when Mr. Dormer's opinion of Mr. Barnato was very frankly expressed, and it was not complimentary. In a letter written by Mr. Dormer to the *Johannesburg Star*, under date September 6th, 1890, he says of Mr. Barnato :—

> Mr. Barnato abused the confidence that was placed in him, and used the columns of the *Star* for the purpose of propagating statements that were absolutely false. . . . I have never participated to the extent of one farthing in any of Mr. Barnato's promotions or his swindles in any shape or form . . .

But times have changed, and Mr. Dormer is no longer unwilling to work with Mr. Barney Barnato.

WE have received several letters from chemists endorsing the opinions expressed in our article of last week upon the issue of Lewis and Burrow's Drug Stores, Limited. By the way, we are informed that the company has just bought a business in the City for which the chemist who sold it gave £500, which covered everything. He is said to have sold it to the company for £900.

IN confirmation of what we said about the smallness of chemists' profits in these days, a chemist of standing in the town from which he writes tells us that he sells patent medicines at the price they cost him, and he is obliged to do so because the grocers, and even drapers, of his town have taken to selling these articles at cost price. Like Whiteley, who sells Pears' soap at the price he pays the manufacturers, and has sold at less than the best export terms given by the manufacturers, they make "leading articles" of these things in the expectation that their low price will bring general business.

WE recently directed attention to the opinion of correspondents, who contended that Van den Bergh's Margarine Company cannot be a commercial success with its present immense capital because good Colonial butter will soon be selling at such low rates that the public will not buy margarine. Our correspondents are right as to the fall in price. One of the leading buttermen in London has the following announcement upon his windows :—

> Colonial butter, pure and good, 8d. per lb.

If this is good wholesome butter, as we are assured it is, and if the supply becomes very large, as we are informed it is certain to do, there will not be much demand for margarine at anything like the prices upon which Van den Bergh's estimates of profits were based.

THE season-tickets at the Empire of India Exhibition "entitle each holder to a chance in the drawing of valuable prizes costing from £50 to 10s. 6d. each." Surely that is sailing a little near the wind—eh, Mr. President Bryce?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company. J. T. (Workington).—The date of the issue in which the observations to which you allude appeared was December 8, 1894. We regret that we have not a copy that we can send you. **Shropshire Railway Company.** R. H. D. (Staindrop).—We do not think it suitable for your purpose. **Spratts, Limited.** H. R. (Manchester).—It is a very sound investment. **Moore and Burgess.** J. H. (Sheffield).—The purchase would be a very speculative one. **Safe Investment.** ASH (Aylesbury).—Put it into Colonial Government Stock. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** PROVINCIAL.—(1) Better hold on the chance of improvement. You could only sell at present at a heavy loss. (2) We advise you to take the small profit. (3) They are all very speculative. **Uruguay Stock.** B. L. (Liverpool).—It is quite possible that it may go to 50 again, and over, but you can never tell what will happen in these wretched South American Republics. **Ottoman Bonds.** H. L. B. (Glasgow).—You could not do better than go to Messrs. Gerald Quinn, Cope and Co., 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. **Balkis - Esterlings.** ARGOL (Pontypridd).—Better not touch them. Austins are said to be good for a rise. **Glencairns.** W. M. (Glasgow.)—We think them high enough, but we expect to see the quotation higher. **Sundry Shares.** CLARENDON. (Bristol).—You must have a little mercy on our space. Anyway, we cannot answer in detail as you wish. Speaking generally, we advise you to be content with a smaller profit than you name. **African Coal and Exploration Company.** ALPHA (Magherafelt).—(1) We do not look for much improvement in the quotation. (2) The other shares would be a very speculative purchase.

INSURANCE.

Sceptre Life Association. W. SUADEN.—This office is strong and well managed. You will do best by insuring under Table III., and have the profits added. Taking into account the regularity of saving, the bonuses, and the uncertainty of life, you will not do better with £3 14s. 6d. a year. The *Christian Million* is not quite accurate. Teetotal clients do not make the fortunes of Life Offices, but a with-profit policy in the Sceptre is a fortune to its teetotal clients. Ask the agent for more literature. **Endowment Policy.** J. H. C. (Glasgow). — Of the offices you mention, the Marine and General will, in any given number of years, yield the best return for premiums paid. Your specific question as to that society is answered emphatically in the affirmative. **Prudential and British Legal.** SOUTAR.—We prefer the Prudential policy, and it is a good investment. Speaking generally no kind of enterprise is safer or better managed than that of insurance. **Mutual Life Assurance Society.** J. BEAUCHAMP.—This is a good and safe office for life assurance. **Lion Fire Insurance Company.** D. and W.—This office is thoroughly sound, and pays just claims fully and promptly. **£500 Life Policy.** SURGEON.—Of the companies mentioned we recommend you to choose between the Economic and the Scottish Provident. The rates of premiums differ somewhat, but ignore that, and determine by the system you prefer, that of each office differing considerably from the other. Both are excellent offices. **Endowment Assurance.** J. S.—You are a wise man, for your course is the best anybody could take. **Annuity.** ANNUITY.—Female annuitants have the reputation of living longer than male annuitants, therefore the former get a less annuity for their purchase-money than do the latter. Thus for £100 cash down, at age fifty, a male would receive £7 9s. 8d., whilst a female would receive only £6 15s. 6d. a year. Write with respect to your own wants to the North British and Mercantile, the Prudential, and the Star Life Offices, all of which are thoroughly sound. **Mutual of New York.** PERPLEXED.—We have small faith in estimates. We have not heard of one estimate made ten or fifteen years ago by any American office which has been realised. It seems to us that the agent of the New York is a smarter man than the agent of the Mutual. **Scottish Imperial** (Glasgow).—If you want to assure your life, we think you can get better value for your premiums from several other life offices.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gardiner and Company. T. W. C. (London).—We dealt with this matter fully in our issue of December 8, 1894, to which we refer you. **Batey and Company, Limited.** J. H. (Sheffield).—We will make some enquiries, and may refer to the matter in a future issue. **Empire Economic Steam Producer, Limited.** J. A. A. (Derby).—You have been misinformed. **The Komer Kocha.** SUBSCRIBER. (Tenbury).—It would be a very speculative investment. **B. and E. McHugh and Company, Limited.** R. A. S. (Twickenham).—We have your letter with its enclosure. We do not see what you can do, except sell when you can get a purchaser. The company appears to be paying substantial dividends, and the reason given by Mr. McHugh for parting with some of his shares—to facilitate getting a quotation—seems sound enough. **Van Dieman's Land Bank Lottery.** HYDRO. (Shandon).—We do not know the number of shares taken up. The drawing is, we think, over. You could get information as to that from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Company, the Agents, 10, Place de la Bourse, Paris. **Mining Engineer.** GRANVILLE. (Sheffield).—We will enquire and answer your question in our next issue.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.
Nobodies at Home. II. A Drug in the Market. By George Gissing. Illustrated by L. Baumer 1
One of the Missing. By Ambrose Bierce. Illustrated by H. R. Millar 3
The Diary of a Bookseller 7
Feminine Affairs 8
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 10
An Interview with a Lady Bookbinder 11
A Discussion at a Dramatic Club 12
Tramps I Have Met 13
In the City 14
To-Day. By J. K. J. 17
The Ruminations of Randolph 20
Club Chatter 21
The Foundlings of Paris 25
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville 26
The Keep Affair. By W. L. Alden. Illustrated by Penryn Stanley 30

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Sir William Harcourt has been well advised—we always hold that people have been "well-advised" when they act according to the advice we ourselves should have given them—in not trying any further experiments in taxation. The Budget that annoys a man is not the Budget that consumes the taxes to which he has been accustomed, but the Budget that imposes fresh ones. We hardly notice that there is a tax on tea, tobacco, wines, and spirits. Indeed, we know that there are taxes on many other commodities, but no man of my acquaintance seems to know what these other commodities are, from which it may be gathered that the duty charged upon them does not give much trouble to the community. Occasionally some callow youth brings us back, after an Easter holiday, some halfpenny cigars from Belgium, which he tells us are equal to anything we can get in London for sixpence; and a man will sometimes smuggle a bottle of exceedingly bad brandy over from Jersey, and persuade us in weak moments to join him in a glass.

But after one or two experiments of this kind we generally come to the conclusion that honesty is the best policy, and decide to support the Revenue. There is no crying need for any man or woman to demand more tea, coffee, spirits, or tobacco. Doctors tell us that there is too much tea drunk as it is, especially among the poor, and that excessive tea drinking is already developing new diseases. Nor, were the duty lessened, is it likely that the consumer would benefit by any rebate of duty, though the mere suggestion of an increase is always sufficient to send an article up fifty per cent. in price, and to retain it there for all time. I remember, some years ago, there was talk of an increased duty on sugar. The next morning sugar went up in price twenty-five per cent. The duty has never been put on. A scream of indignation went up from the country that such an increase would ruin the poor man, but I notice that the twenty-five per cent. has never come off, and that the poor man pays the increased price to this day notwithstanding.

It is highly undesirable, from a Government point of view, to lessen any indirect taxation to which the nation has become accustomed. Somehow or another a certain amount of revenue has to be found. If it is not made up from one source it must be from another. Every halfpenny deducted from indirect taxation has to be added to direct taxation, and it is direct taxation that irritates a free citizen. Taxation should be made up as far as possible from duty upon every article that is not an absolute necessity of bare existence. This would be practically taxing the well-to-do and the rich, and leaving the very poor quite untouched, which is only fair and right. People do not feel taxation in this shape. Whether he pay eight or ten shillings for a bottle of champagne is unimportant to the man who can afford champagne at all. Whether shag shall be four shillings or four-and-fourpence a pound does not trouble the poorest smoker who comes into the shop for his modest half-ounce. When he has not got the coppers he will go without, and his enjoyment of a smoke when he has will be all the keener.

It is such taxes as the income-tax and the house duty that excite resentment. Had Chancellors of the Exchequer been wise, the income-tax might have disappeared altogether by now, and householders would not be annoyed and encouraged to lie by a series of inquisitorial questions. The talk about a free breakfast table is mere clap-trap, and is only uttered by ministers who think more of a temporary and spurious popularity than they do of the sound financial position of the country. The only people who ever benefit by duty reductions are the middle-men. For all practical purposes the price to each housekeeper remains the same, or the difference is so infinitesimal as to bring no benefit to any one individual. Increased taxation of luxuries would improve the position of the country. Mankind in the bulk is an animal who is spurred on to work in the hope of obtaining creature comforts. The more difficult it became to obtain luxuries, the harder would people work. The income-tax, on the other hand, is a continual deterrent to enterprise and energy.

It is so seldom that I find myself in agreement with Lady Henry Somerset that I welcome the opportunity of thanking her for an admirable article, lately appearing in an American magazine, on the subject of large and small families. I cannot presume that Lady Henry Somerset wishes at this age of the world's history to alter the fundamental scheme of human nature, so I will assume that when she speaks of the necessity for regulating the population she means what every practical person does mean when they speak upon the matter. Lady Henry Somerset very clearly points out the wretched result to the woman of compelling her to become a mother against her wishes, and the injustice to what the article aptly calls "the unwelcome child." In England we condemn the poor and ignorant to rear large families, which they cannot maintain and do not want, and for which civilisation has no use, while among the upper and middle-classes the regulation of families is almost a universal custom.

How happy could many a working-class home be made, bright with one or two neatly-dressed, well-fed

children; whereas now every cellar swarms with a tribe of unhealthy, under-nourished, ragged children, a curse to their unhappy parents, a misery to themselves, and a needless burden to the State. This overproduction of the working-classes is becoming a danger to the nation. It is at the root of the whole question of the unemployed. In a new country every child is a source of wealth to the Government. In a country like England, where the population already exceeds the requirements of the land, every new mouth helps to swell the tide of pauperism. With a small family the working-man could live decently and healthily, enjoying such small luxuries as make life worth the living, and bringing up his children to become happy citizens. Crushed down with this burden of infant life now inflicted upon him, the existence of himself and of his wife is one long and, too often, hopeless struggle against starvation. These wretched homes reduce the woman to little better than an overworked animal, and drive the man to the public-house.

Mr. Bradlaugh attempted to lessen the sad evil by giving to the poor the medical knowledge that is acted upon by five-sixths of the well-to-do. For so doing he suffered persecution, and was tried and judged as a criminal by a court, every member of which, in all probability, practised in his own home the very teaching that he condemned Mr. Bradlaugh for inculcating. In France large families are unknown, and the peasant home is in consequence bright and cheerful. It is absurd attempting to live under a highly artificial civilisation according to laws that were made to govern an earlier and more natural state, and to follow in overcrowded cities rules applicable to virgin plains. For good or evil, the world has changed much since our ancestors roamed through solitary wastes, slowly peopling the untrodden land. In Europe we have already reached the point where the resources of nature are becoming unable to provide for the people. The spirit of the sword no longer devours its victims, and the race, unchecked by nature and aided by science, continues to increase. It is mere folly to shut one's eyes to the necessities of the age. We have surely no right to bring useless and unneeded life into the world in this manner. The poor should, in this matter at all events, be put upon a level with the rich.

Fate did not temper the north-east wind to the eight hours' demonstration in the Park last Sunday. The beautiful banners waved—waved so strongly that the banner-bearers waved as well. However, the sun shone brightly, and it can hardly be supposed that the sturdy sons of toil stopped at home because the wind was cold. There was a certain amount of opposition to Mr. John Burns, but in most respects the demonstration was very much as usual. The pink and official programme was on sale for a penny. The bands struggled, more or less ineffectively, with the "Marseillaise"; when you are intending to be English and progressive, what can be more appropriate than to be second-hand and French? Some of the crowd listened to some of the speeches. Others preferred to lie out on the grass at a respectful distance and enjoy themselves. The police were everywhere, and—so far as I could see—were not required. In fact, things were very much as usual.

Now, I am not going to attempt to estimate the number of people who were present in the Park for the sake of demonstration. Nor do I propose to settle the questions of universal suffrage and the eight-hours day in one paragraph. But one point I will notice. If these questions were really vital to the interests of working-men, and were believed to be so by the working-men themselves—if English working-men believed them to be of serious and immediate importance—Hyde Park would hardly be big enough for the demonstration. At present the demonstration is merely a crowd in one little corner of the Park. And the consequence is that it has practically no effect; money and time are wasted in a useless parade that year after year leads to nothing. What the people want, the people will have. What only a fraction of the people wants, may remain for years the subject of barren discussions and ineffective demonstrations.

The other day a man broke a couple of windows in an infirmary, because he had a grievance against the medical officer, and wanted to see him in the witness-box. The notorious Mrs. Thompson is a lady who also has a grievance; she wants judges to do impossible things, and uses very, very bad language when they refuse. Similar instances might be multiplied. They are to be found in the papers every day—people of whose sanity there might be some reasonable doubt, who have an imaginary grievance, and try to obtain redress in an idiotic way. They break windows because they want to see a doctor in the witness-box, or they complain that money (to which they are never entitled) has been kept from them by the Government, or that they are being followed in the street by detectives, or that they are the "rightful heirs," and are being kept out of their property by a conspiracy among the judges.

The general result of this is rather unfortunate. So frequent are these idiotic grievances, and so ridiculous is the manner in which they are prosecuted, that a real and legitimate grievance has no chance. Because imaginary grievances are so often brought forward by cranks or madmen, the conclusion is at once jumped at by the public that no grievance can be anything but imaginary, and that the possession of a grievance is inconsistent with common sense. I have been told by those who had fair grounds for complaint that they refused to obtain any redress for this very reason; the public makes up its mind as soon as it hears the word "grievance"; it says at once, "Here's another lunatic." It would be no bad thing if the Press discouraged these eccentric people with fancied grievances by never reporting their cases; it would deprive them of the publicity that they love; and it would prevent the possession of a legitimate grievance from being considered as a delusion and a disgrace.

When will our London publishers copy the good example set them by their Paris brethren, and cease from troubling the lover of books with hideous tawdry bindings? A London publisher of experience once told me that the public buy books merely by weight. They take a book in their hands, and if it seems good weight for the money they purchase it; if it seems light for the price they lay it down again. Therefore, he always issued his books on very thick and heavy paper. But

most of his fellows hold that the public buy books by reason of their covers, so the great race is for glaring, ghastly bindings that will catch the eye. Of late we have had some hideous specimens—books half red and half yellow, books with glaring reds upon pink grounds, and books daubed with all the colours of the rainbow in the wrong order. In France they do not go to the expense of binding books at all; they issue them in paper covers, leaving the buyer to have them bound according to his taste. The English bookbuyer has to sacrifice the cover given to him and to have the book re-bound for himself, which is a waste of money and an irritation.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

W. S.—Will you kindly communicate with Mr. F. Scott, Temple Chambers, 33, Brazennose Street, Manchester, and Mr. T. F. Wovenden, 85, Victoria Road, New Brighton?

J. C. W. asks me what I think concerning the alleged elopement of the Rev. Mr. Pearson, a married gentleman, with a Selby lady. I think that human nature is very much the same among us all. I am not any more surprised at a minister kicking over the traces than I should be at a tradesman or an actor doing so. The incident might teach some of our friends not to declaim against the wickedness of any particular class. Rich and poor, godly and worldly, new women and old men—the seed of the ancient Adam runs through us all.

M. A. and T. L. I.—I thank you for your kind expressions concerning To-Day, and I can feel a good deal of sympathy for the case you mention, as far as the woman is concerned; the man certainly seems to have behaved somewhat shadily. I am unfortunately unable to be of any assistance myself. You know the parties and speak highly of the woman, although you seem to have suffered a good deal yourselves in consequence of her husband's curious behaviour; but to a stranger the circumstances surrounding the family's appearance in England are not such as to induce much trust, and one would feel a nervousness about a recommendation. Is the husband quite unable to do any work? From your letter he appears to be quite content to sit down and live upon other people's charity, which he does not deserve.

Flake writes me a very interesting letter on the subject of the nude in art:—"I am much puzzled to know the sensations one *ought* to feel in viewing sculpture, engravings, paintings, and works of art generally *in the nude*. I am a young man of vigorous health—not immoral—but with passions like others of my age, which require firm control, and which cannot in any way be allowed awakening and encouragement such as the subjects of art alluded to afford them. My private opinion is that no person of average vigour can view these things without a sense of sensual feeling creeping over them, however disgusted with themselves they may be. This is my experience as regards myself, and I may say without egotism or vanity that sensuality and kindred vices I never encourage; but on the contrary, am continually at war with myself to keep it under and ignore it, the more especially as my ideal of womanhood is a high one, and I am moreover engaged to a young lady whom I adore as purity herself. I am, therefore, not idly wasting your time. I believe and know from conversation that there are other young men in the same undecided condition. I, therefore, beg to ask you what should be the feelings and frame of mind of one of them viewing these works of art. I cannot deny that men of finer mould than myself have formed them, that men of higher and loftier ideas admire them, but I cannot or do not care to admit that it is entirely my own animal nature which is at fault. Probably your own ideas on the point may help me to enjoy and be benefited by my future visits to art galleries, etc. I think you very truly remark that there is a great deal of false modesty about, and young men of enquiring disposition can obtain but meagre information on these subjects—and consequently frequently sin before they are aware of their danger, and then it is too late." It is a question of education and culture. I have spoken with artists who told me that they themselves, when very young men, and beginning their career, felt shocked at the nude, but that now the artist in them has outgrown the animal, and they regard a woman's figure merely as the most beautiful product of form and colour that God has made, and the contemplation of it brings to them no other sense than that of an artistic enjoyment. Speaking personally, I know that as a young man the idea of a ballet was horrible to me. I saw nothing in it but the animal side. Now, it is to me simply graceful and beautiful. If a picture of the nude excites in a man any other feelings than those legitimate to art, let him, in heaven's name, turn away from it quickly. There will perhaps come a time when he will know that man is capable of finer feelings than those of a mere animal; but this is only gained by education.

H. A. B. writes criticising the utility of the proposed Queensberry Vigilance Association. I am not greatly in favour of vigilance associations of any kind myself, and I quite agree that such societies generally accomplish more harm than good. In this case what is needed is strong public opinion, and in forming such the Queensberry Association might possibly be useful.

"Brackley" wishes to know the best means of cleaning oil paintings. If the picture is bone dry a little pure soap and cold water will clean it. Do not put the water on, but rub very lightly with a wet cloth. Then take a clean cloth, and only water to remove the soap. Dry softly with a cloth which will not leave fibre on the picture. If the "dirt" is hard, old varnish send the picture to a restorer.

Meshutte.—I cannot gather from the report whether £60 a year was the full salary paid to the young man by Mr. Jones, or whether it was salary in addition to board and lodging.

Heather.—In order to join the London Scottish Volunteers you must be connected with Scotland by birth, descent, or landed property. The entrance-fees amount to £2, and you must sign an agreement to serve for four years. Write for fuller information to the Sergeant-Major, London Scottish R.V., James Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

J. W. (Didsbury).—The juxtaposition was certainly unfortunate. Cardiffian.—I agree with some of the speakers at the meeting you refer to, when they argue that if the public-houses are closed so ought all the clubs to be. E. C. W.—The Rev. Job Miles denies the accuracy of the report you enclosed from the *Devon and Exeter Gazette*. F. M. wishes for a movable cycle house, perfectly watertight, and well floored. I have never seen such things on sale. The simplest way would be to have one made. Donovan.—This is a legal question, and can only be answered direct through our solicitors, and that only if you are an annual subscriber to the paper. We have been obliged to make this rule. H. S.—See reply to "Donovan." Sulphite of Soda.—Do not read books; consult your doctor. T. G.—I replied again to this matter last week. The spirit of professionalism is eating like a cancer into English sport. F. Eycott wants to know if any reader can tell him the derivation of his name. For the rest of his letter will he kindly see the answer to "A. F. W." in last week's issue. Searcher.—The only course is to send your MS. to a good publisher, and it will be considered by their readers, and in due time you will hear from them declining it or making an offer. Somebody writes me from Alexandria traversing the statement made by a former correspondent who greatly praised the doings of the Salvation Army in Egypt. G. A. P.—I do not mind other papers borrowing from To-Day, so long as they acknowledge the debt. J. D. K.—I am making enquiries, and will let you know later. Artist of no Account.—There is logic in your argument. I congratulate you on your success.

Distracted.—It would be impossible for a stranger, unacquainted with the parties, to advise in such a matter. The thing is not a cut-and-dried argument; your own feelings have to be taken into consideration; your affection—or absence of affection—for your wife. The one might prompt you to forgive and take all risks. Some women sin because they are prone to sin; others yield to one temptation, and repent of it all their lives. It depends upon the individual.

G. F. T. and others want me to speak with reference to the interrupted marriage at St. Mark's. It is a difficult point. The Church of Rome objects to the marriage of divorced persons. It is surely a question for the Church of Rome to decide for itself, and while it does so object it seems to me foolish for people to insist upon getting married by the church. The registry-office is always open. Many of the ministers of the Church of England, I know, object to marry divorced people, and especially those who have been the respondents. The church marriage is purely a religious function, and from the religious point of view there is certainly something to be said in favour of the objection.

H. E. C. writes for my opinion on Smiles' "Self-Help." His opinion is that such works tend towards a gospel of selfishness. Perhaps they do, but a little selfishness is not out of place in a man's character, which is a mixture needing many ingredients. Any doctrine can be pushed too far, and the doctrine of unselfishness pushed to a logical conclusion would end by destroying all human progress and stopping the development of character. A healthy balance is what is required. The best man is the one who pushes forward to his own ends, but who regulates his progress by consideration for and sympathy with others.

G. M. N. sends me a cutting from the *Western Morning News*, giving the report of the baby-farming case in which a woman was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for neglecting a child almost to the point of manslaughter. A Dr. Cormack, of 31, Flora Street, Plymouth, seems to have come out very badly in the case, if the report be at all true. His evident readiness to give certificates of death, without examining at all into the case, might easily make him an accomplice of a very grave crime. One hopes that Dr. Cormack is only careless, and would even suggest that he should learn to be a little more careful.

E. Y.—Many thanks for your letter. Our circulation is so large that we are obliged to have the annual subscribers' copies addressed outside the office, and I expect the firm who is responsible for the work has supplied our subscribers' addresses to the paper you mention. We can only grin and bear it.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—The hon. secretary of the Queensberry Association called on me this morning, and he explained to me at length the views of his Committee. I confess that they are not quite sympathetic to me. I do not like underground work, though no doubt in some cases it is necessary. But this is not the proper moment to discuss the matter at all. It is obviously unfair to argue things that may influence opinion until a case now pending is decided. To this the hon. secretary entirely agrees, and he expresses a wish that nothing more be said until the end of the month. And I am very glad to oblige him.

I suppose that you have noticed the various inspired paragraphs that have been flying round all the week concerning the reputed connection of the Bancrofts with the Garrick. The *Weekly Sun* went so far as to say that Bancroft had joined Hare in the management of the Garrick. Both Hare and Bancroft have written to the journal in question denying the accuracy of the statement. The facts are, I imagine, what I stated them to be last week: Hare is the absolute manager of the Garrick in every sense. His word is law in the selection of the plays, direction of business, and everything else. But I believe that his old friends and former managers, the Bancrofts, have a definite interest in the financial success of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*. Hare always got on very well with his one acting-manager, Mr. Compton, until recently. Now Captain G. Bashford is also "in front." Bashford, who married Mrs. Bancroft's sister Augusta, has been the Bancrofts' business-manager for years. It seems reasonable to presume that his presence at the Garrick is due to the interest that the Bancrofts have in the success of the play now running at that theatre. The syndicating or sharing of particular plays is a common custom in theatrical circles, though nothing much is known of it outside. It would be the most natural thing in the world for Hare to dispose of a share in *Mrs. Ebbsmith* if he felt inclined to do so; and, finally, I cannot for the life of me see why there should be any fuss about it.

I can, however, quite understand that Hare should feel annoyed at aspersions being cast on his "charming" Forbes Robertson from Irving. I feel no doubt that when Hare lent Forbes Robertson to the Lyceum he explained quite fully to Irving his plans regarding *Mrs. Ebbsmith* and the date he proposed for the production of Pinero's play. There could not possibly have been anything distantly approaching jealousy or sharp practice about his conduct. And, equally, Hare may have regretted, but cannot have resented, Tree's action in claiming Mrs. Campbell when he wanted her. Mrs. Campbell, you must remember, was engaged by Tree in the height of her success as "Paula Tanqueray." But before she came to him her value was in a measure discounted by her somewhat unsatisfactory performance as "Dulcie Larondie" in *The Masqueraders*. Even when he got her in *John-a-Dreams* she hardly rose to the level that had been expected. Now, Tree returning from America, finds that she has scored a huge success, and she is the star of the hour. Very naturally he wants to profit by the occasion, and he wishes the star to shed its radiance on the Haymarket instead of Charing Cross Road. What Hare did in a perfectly honourable and straightforward way with regard to Forbes Robertson, Tree does in an equally honourable manner with regard to Mrs. Campbell. Enthusiastic playgoers may wish that other arrangements could have been made all round, but I doubt if they will suffer much after all. You cannot keep on going to *Mrs. Ebbsmith* for ever, and it will be both interesting and exciting to observe how Mrs. Campbell gets on in *Fédora*, specially when the cast includes Tree himself and Mrs. Bancroft. It will also be curious to compare with Mrs. Campbell's performance in *Mrs. Ebbsmith* that of her successor, Miss Olga Nethersole. It was freely stated on the best authority before the play was produced that Miss Calhoun would ultimately appear in the lead. Miss Calhoun has, however, made the very difficult part she played originally so much her own that the management exercise a very wise discretion in leaving her still in it. To have found a successor for her would have been almost as difficult as to find one for Mrs. Campbell, and, in any case, one change in the cast is better than two.

Miss Olga Nethersole, by the way, has settled her differences with Augustin Daly, and she will go to America in August under the management of the Brothers Frohman. She takes with her a very powerful dramatic version of *Carmen*, written especially for her by Henry Hamilton.

There is some chance of Mrs. Campbell eventually enlisting under the banner of Forbes Robertson, who will commence his campaign at the Lyceum with an original play by Henry Arthur Jones.

The days, or rather nights, of *Delia Harding* are numbered at the Comedy, but I have not heard yet what Carr means to do. There has been some talk of an immediate season under the direction of Wyndham and Hawtrey, with a view of producing one or more of the many excellent farces that Wyndham has got locked up in his desk.

There is a good deal of illness still knocking round the theatres. Pattie Browne, who, you remember, played so admirably in *The Derby Winner*, is now appearing in *The Artist's Model*, having taken up the part of Lottie Venne, who I regret to say is severely indisposed. Marie Tempest is still far from well. Alma Stanley has gone for a sea voyage to Naples and back. Her part in *Fanny* at the Strand is taken over by Mrs. Raleigh, who, when Alma collapsed after two performances in Liverpool, played "Mrs. O'Brien" so satisfactorily that she was presented by Johnny Shine with a very pretty diamond brooch as a souvenir of the occasion. Katie Lee is now also in the same programme—and very admirable she is too. Last week *Fanny* was played no less than nine times in six days, there having been two *matinées* in London, and one, which was a bumper, in Brighton. Shine will send out two companies into the provinces with this very successful farce in the autumn.

May Yohé, I am sorry to hear, is still on the sick list, and has to consult her doctor daily.

To turn to happier things. Miss Maude Millet is engaged to marry a young officer in the Artillery; and pretty little Miss Annie Hughes will shortly be led to the altar by Edmund Maurice of the Haymarket.

It is, I believe, settled that *The Artist's Model* will migrate to the Lyric, when Daly's is wanted for Daly's company and for Sarah Bernhardt. That dreary Italian woman, Duse, is also coming to town this season. I should have thought that Metropolitan playgoers had had quite enough of her.

The music-halls are doing very well just now, as is always the way when trade at the theatres is slack—and somehow it is slack in many directions. This is due, I imagine, to the after-effects of the influenza epidemic. Any number of people are still away enjoying the early spring sunshine in the country and by the sea. In a week or two things will probably be very much better.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt.

CLUB CHATTER.

I HEAR on authority that has rarely misled me, that we have heard the last of the Wilde case, so far as the principal character is concerned. No doubt, it is best. Rightly or wrongly, honoured names were banded about, and although rumour generally lies, there is sometimes a little of the truth in its tongue. The evil is bad, but after the past few weeks one wonders whether the remedy is not as bad, until such cases are heard with closed doors.

I HAVE just read with the deepest interest the diary of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, and more particularly the account of "The Ebb Tide," which he wrote for To-Day. The article is supplied by his friend, Mr. Charles Baxter, and appears in the *San Francisco Examiner*. Writing on May 14th, 1893, he says:—"We call it 'The Ebb Tide; a Trio and Quartet,' but that secondary name you may strike out if it seems dull to you. The book, however, falls in two halves, when the fourth character appears. I am on p. 82, if you want to know, and expect to finish on, I suppose, 110 or so; but it goes slowly, as you may judge from the fact that this three weeks past I have only struggled from p. 58 to p. 82: twenty-four pages, *et encore* sure to be re-written, in twenty-one days. This is no prize-taker; not much Waverley Novels about this!"

WRITING on May 29th, when evidently in indifferent health, he says:—"The deuce fly away with literature, for the basest sport in creation," and on June 2nd there is a certain gaiety of sadness in the entry: "I am nearly dead with dyspepsia over smoking and unremunerated overwork. Last night I went to bed by seven; woke up again about ten for a minute to find myself lightheaded and altogether off my legs; went to sleep again and woke this morning fairly fit. I have crippled on to p. 101, but I haven't read it yet, so do not boast. What kills me is the frame of mind of one of the characters; I cannot get it through.

A MONTH later he finishes the work and writes:—"Well, it's done. Those tragic 16 pp. are at last finished, and have put away thirty-two pages of chips, and have spent thirteen days about as nearly in hell as a man could expect to live through. It's done, and of course, it ain't worth while, and who cares? There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy and as hateful.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
J. G. HUISH,
Born 1856, at Hackney, London. Accidentally killed upon this island 10th September, 1889. He was lovely and pleasant in his life, and of death he was not disappointed."

THE correspondence dated August 23rd is specially interesting, because more than one critic has suggested that Stevenson merely put his name to the book to aid Mr. Lloyd Osborne. "I propose," he says, "if it be not too late, to delete Lloyd's name. He has nothing to do with the last half. The first we wrote together as the beginning of a long yarn. The second is entirely mine; and I think it rather unfair on the young man to couple his name with so infamous a work. Above all, as you had not read the two last chapters, which seemed to me the most ugly and cynical of all."

THE reply of his friend, Mr. Colvin, to this letter, induces him to alter his views, and he next writes:—"Since you rather revise your views of 'The Ebb Tide' I think Lloyd's name might stick, but I leave it to you. I'll tell you just how it stands: Up to the discovery of the champagne the tale was all planned between us, and drafted by Lloyd. From that moment he has had nothing to do with it except talking it over, for we changed our plan, gave up the projected Monte Cristo, and cut it down for a short story. My impression—I beg your pardon, this is a local joke; a firm here had on its beer labels, 'Sole Importers'—is that it will never be popular, but might make a little *success de scandale*. However, I'm done with it now, and not sorry, and the crowd may rave and mumble its bones for what I care."

HIS final opinion of this work, and his reference to Mr. Crockett, form an interesting conclusion:—"Did you see a man who wrote 'The Stickit Minister,' and dedicated it to me in words that brought tears to my eyes every time that I looked at them? *His* heart remembers now. Ah, by God, it does! Singular that I should fulfil the Scot's destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile and have my head filled with the blessed beastly place all the time. Hi! Stop! You say 'The Ebb Tide' is the 'working out of an artistic problem of a kind.' Well, I should just bet it was. You don't like Atwater; say he's 'done from the outside.' Very likely. But look at my three rogues; they're all there, I'll go bail. Three types of the bad man, the weak man, and strong man with a weakness, that are gone through and lived out."

THERE is a sadness in the part of his diary, written in 1892, and headed "After I am dead":—"It came over me the other day suddenly that this diary of mine to you (Mr. Colvin) would make good picking after I am dead, and a man could make some kind of a book out of it without much trouble. So, for God's sake, don't lose them, and they will prove a piece of provision for my poor old family, as Simlé calls it."

A WEALTH of interest lies in a letter, dated as late as October, 1894, when he concludes:—"It is the proof of intelligence, the proof of not being a barbarian, to be able to enter into something outside of one's self, something that does not touch one's next neighbour in the city omnibus."

WELL-DRESSED men have evidently not decided yet what is to be the fashionable coat this season. At the Private View on Friday there were about an equal number of morning and frock coats—all cut very long and fitting close to the figure. As for ties, I think the small butteryfly made-up bow was in the majority.

I NOTICED a very few coloured shirts, and the gay coloured ties that one sees so often in the shop windows have evidently caught on. Black was the prevailing colour. With regard to gloves, there seemed to be a good many in tan dogskin about, and far less suède than there were last season. In spite of the efforts made by West-end hosiers to run the high turned-down collar, I did not see one at the Academy.

I MADE a point of examining all the dog pictures I could find. In "Besieged," by John Charlton, the fox has apparently gone to ground, and a terrier is being handed up the bank by a huntsman. Judging from the expression on the dog's face, one would be inclined to believe that he didn't care about the job. The markings of the hounds are very faint and poor. Mr. Charlton is much more successful with his portrait of Colonel John A. Cowen, who is seated on his hunter, surrounded by his pack. In this picture the hound markings are very deep and rich, and the dogs are wonderfully lifelike.

MR. LUKE FILDES has painted two dogs in two of his portrait pictures. The collie included in the portrait of Mrs. Arthur James is unusually good. He is a collie all over, and the expression is excellent. No less successful is the Scottish terrier in the portrait of Mr. Robert Yerburgh, M.P. "The Run of the Season" is a foolish picture. Some hounds are chasing a donkey-cart con-

taining a load of live hens. I don't fancy any hounds would ever have the chance of doing anything of the sort. At any rate, the huntsman in charge would not sport the idiotic grin that he is here credited with. Miss Lucy A. Leavers has painted two capital fox terriers in her picture "An Anxious Moment." "During the Sermon" is a picture of the choirmaster's terrier asleep beside the choirmaster's fiddle. I could not help thinking that the terrier was of far too modern a type for the old-world subject of the picture.

Our American racing friends are proving that they have not come over here on a fool's errand. The victory of Eau Gallie—I was almost writing Oh Golly—caused a mild sensation, but although a goodly pile of coins of the realm found its way to the pockets of Messrs. Croker and Company, a considerable outlay was necessary, for the commission was not entrusted to any professional.

On the afternoon Banquet II. was slipped a different policy was pursued. Not only was the commission laid out by skilled hands, but it was withheld until the very last moment, and the rapidity with which it was worked was a marvel. Hundreds of pounds, too, went on whilst the race was being run, for Simms, contrary to his usual custom, laid back, and thus the pencillers were thrown off their guard. Some even offered 20 to 1 against "America's greatest campaigner."

After the sweets of victory came the bitters of defeat. Banquet II., according to the stable estimate, was good, but Montauk, to whom was to belong the honour of being the first two-year-old to carry the colours of the syndicate, was voted a certainty. Everyone at Newmarket shouted the merits of the colt from the housetops, and, therefore, great must have been the surprise of the colt's connections when Mr. "Red Hot" Fry peppered Simms' mount right and left. Of course the rest of the ringmen played the game of "follow my leader," and, as is generally the case when Mr. Fry opposes a hot favourite, Montauk went down.

The doings of the American horses are being watched with enormous interest in the States. Mr. Croker, who is reported to be the head of the syndicate, is very well known in New York. He was for some time Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall. Of course Mr. Croker has many enemies, and several of these people would dearly like to know how Mr. C. amassed such an immense fortune as he now possesses.

Mr. Croker at eighteen was a machinist, but when once he went into the political business his rise was surely phenomenal. That Mr. Croker is a remarkably 'cute man was proved by the fact that he retired from business at a short time before the reformers made such a fierce attack on Tammany.

Advance Kirkconnel! The manner in which Sir J. B. Maple's 5,000 guineas purchase cut down Raconteur, Speedwell and Co., in the Two Thousand Guineas, suggests that he is a wonderfully improved colt, and one that must go very close in the Derby, on May 29th. However, one who carefully watched the race tells me that Laveno and Sir Visto are sure to turn the tables at Epsom, for they can be got much fitter, whereas Kirkconnel was wound up to concert pitch.

Sir J. B. Maple seems to take a keener interest in racing year by year. It was in 1883 that he won his first race, and he then endeavoured to hide his identity under the assumed name of Mr. Childwick. His stud of racers is, at the present time, one of the finest in the country, and his breeding establishment at Childwickbury is without an equal.

By the time these notes appear in print the majority of Mr. Stoddart's team, who so distinguished themselves in Australia, will be amongst us again, and the air is full of rumours of receptions and banquets to various members of the eleven. Brown, of Driffield, it seems, is to be fêted in his native town of Driffield, and is also to be given dinners at Hull and Halifax, the Yorkshire people evidently being very anxious to express their appreciation of the splendid services he has rendered; while the Hampstead Club, with which organisation Mr. Stoddart has been most honourably connected for years past, have arranged to give him a welcome in the shape of a dinner at the Café Monico, on May 18th. Such expressions of public appreciation will naturally be more than welcome to the members of the side after their strenuous labours for the cricket honour of the old country, and they show clearly that the English people do not readily forget the good work that has been done. In connection with the return of the Englishmen, it is also very satisfactory to find that the Stock Exchange organised an impromptu subscription, with the result that £100 was realised, and the sum will be equally divided between Brown, Albert Ward, Peel, and Richardson, the four professionals who had most to do with England winning the rubber against Australia.

The appointment of Lord Harris as the new president of the Marylebone Club cannot fail to meet with the approval of all classes of cricketers, and it would have been difficult to imagine anything more thoroughly opportune, as Lord Harris had only just returned from occupying a distinguished position as Governor-General of Bombay. Though he has been five years absent from county cricket in England he has never lost his interest, and it may be taken for granted that he will throw himself heart and soul into the new duties that have involved upon him. The governing body of the game could not wish for a more logical and worthy leader, and with Lord Harris at the head, the cricket public may look forward with every confidence to all controversial matters receiving a patient hearing and just and logical treatment at the hands of the Marylebone Club.

In the opening match of the season at Lord's between the M.C.C. and Notts, it seemed a great pity that Mr. C. W. Wright, acting as captain of Notts in Mr. Dixon's absence, did not give more chances to Handford and Wilkinson, the more especially so as the Midland county just now are sadly in need of new blood. In neither innings was Handford put on first, while Wilkinson was not given a single ball to bowl. That the Notts committee must have thought a great deal of Handford was proved by the fact that they arranged a professional engagement for him at Lord's to ensure his being always available for the county when needed, and in a match where so little depended upon the actual result, it is to be regretted that no greater opportunity was afforded him of distinguishing himself.

I should have thought that if there was one branch of Britain's glorious sport that would never be modernised, it was the "three-card trick." We all know the whole thing. The elderly gentleman with the *Times* under his arm enters, followed at intervals by others, dressed to represent farmers, clergymen (I remember one) and then, to wind up with, the actual player, generally of a Semitic cast of features. In the old days, the venerable gentleman protested, the clergyman was shocked, and then by their own action they tempted the unwary youth to follow their example, and gamble.

But at Hurst Park, on Saturday, they varied the proceedings. We were almost on the point of starting when a disgraceful fight in the first-class compartment adjoining ours led to two gentlemanly-looking men jumping on to the platform, shockingly cut and bruised. Forthwith the gambling crowd jumped from that compartment, and opening our door with their own key,

rushed in. It was no use protesting, because the London and South Western people never seem to care to interfere with any blackguard, so long as he pays his fare.

So we sat and waited for the inevitable, but we got it in a new form. "'Ad a splendid day," started one man, speaking to no one in particular. "Indeed," said the venerable gentleman, peering over the top of the *Times*, with a guileless look, suggesting that he thought the man had been picking daisies. "Yes, 'ad a 'pony' on the three last winners." Nobody spoke, and he continued, "But it seems a bit 'awd after this to have to go down to the Aquarium, and play for four hours to-night." "Billiards?" said the venerable man. "Well, yes, in a way. We play it on a billiard-table, the size of the English, but made, like the French, without pockets." "A new game?" haphazarded the old gentleman, apparently deeply interested.

"WELL, not exactly. It came out in Paris three years ago, and was a big hit. I was always reckoned the English champion. They called me 'Honest Joe.' I may say I'm a member of the 'Travellers' Club' in

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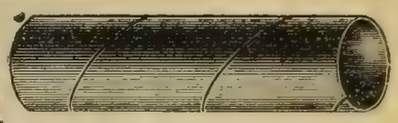

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THE FOUNDLINGS OF PARIS.

While the recent terrible and unusual cold was making so many victims among the young children of the poor, we thought it would be a curious if sad sight to see, at the office of public charity known as the Assistance Publique, the bureau where the mothers of the poor little abandoned ones go to ask news about their babies, for all are, happily, not willing to leave them on some church steps or on benches in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées or Bois de Boulogne.

There are numberless mothers of illegitimate children, and of married women also, alas! who are obliged, through poverty, to separate themselves from their *petit mignon*, but who keep, nevertheless, an imperishable love in their hearts for them, and have only confided them to public charity with the hope and belief that when the slack season or the strike is over, they will be able to take them to their homes again. For these latter every three months—think of it! *only* every three months—a bureau of information is opened, where mothers can learn the fate of their little ones.

It is up three flights of stairs, sorrowful to climb with the fear in their hearts of bad news, and then on the landing is a written notice "Nouvelles"—news—and an arrow pointing to a door marked Number 2. Along the corridor are two lines of wooden benches, worn and shiny, on which the women are crowded together in a compact mass.

There are all kinds here, from the *drôlesse*, with banged hair falling over her forehead and decked out in gaudy rags, which proclaim their purchase at third-rate old-clothes shops, to the bread-carrier, who has stopped on her way between two houses, and whose apron and over-sleeves powder with flour the grimy benches.

Here is a peasant girl—not yet polished by city life—with red cheeks and sun-burned face; she has come to Paris, having gone wrong in her village. There, perhaps, she would have thrown the *ch'quiot* in the river; here in the great city she has taken it to the "Assistance." She looks smiling, knowing her shame is well hidden, and she waits till she has laid aside a few francs to take the child back again. Do they throw stones in the capital at mothers without husbands?

Nearer to us is a young girl, perhaps sixteen years of age, a true Parisian *gamine*, slight, pretty, a little dressmaker's apprentice, probably. Her eyes are bright, her smile cunning, bold, not exactly audacious. She does not keep still a moment, gossips with everybody, and, with her Faubourg slang, explains the workings of the institution to her neighbours: "The *mômes* are very well off here, you know. I was here myself when I was a baby. That is the way it is with us. We come from the street and we return to it, the little ones as well. We make a *bêtise;* the papa goes off to his military service before we have had time to economise enough for the *conjungo*, and we are obliged to leave the *moucheron* at the Assistance until the day of the *petit grillage*. We earn so little at the shop." The *petit grillage*—the little wire fence—is, in popular parlance, the small wire-covered frame under which are placed the publications of marriage banns at the doors of the different town halls of Paris.

In a corner sits a worn, emaciated woman, whose age it would be difficult to divine; she might be a grandmother as well as a mother. She has evidently been abandoned. The husband is doubtless a drunkard, perhaps is working out a penalty at the Central Prison House. Her eyes are full of anxiety. Three months ago the news was not good—who knows what may have happened?

All these forlorn creatures and castaways call each other "madame," as respectfully as any group of good *bourgeoises*. Many of them wear a wedding-ring in imitation, which the Sisters give them to save their reputation. They hold in their hands a small yellow ticket, on one side of which is printed the date of the visit, on the other a number.

The door opens. "Come in!" shouts out a clerk. The women rise with a bound and hurry, struggling through the door like sheep at a pasture gate. "Have patience! have patience! Pay attention to your numbers," calls out the clerk.

A little order is established; one by one the questioners present their tickets at the desk, where on a long table are laid in a line enormous registers resembling huge account-books. An employee verifies the number printed on the card, and while the woman waits with a hungry, anxious face, he consults one of the registers.

"Number one?" he calls out. "The child is well. There is no particular indication," he finishes, with the monotonous tone of a bureau official accomplishing a wearying task, always the same.

"But?" insists the mother.

"There is nothing more. The next?"

"Here!"

"Number two? The child is not very well——"

"What is the matter with my baby?" interrupts the mother, with anguish in her face and voice.

"Don't know!" returns the official, accentuating his answer with a dubious shrug of his shoulders. "The next! We are in a hurry to-day." And so it continues, with alternatives of joy and pain. And then they go away slowly, talking together, bitterly denouncing the quill-driver's laconism. But are the clerks so much to blame after all, and how is it possible for them to say more than what is written opposite to the name of the child?

Finally a young and pretty blonde woman approaches, holds out her ticket with a confident smile, the clerk gives her a friendly nod—she is an *habitué*—and then goes to consult the register. He returns to the woman, and, stammering a little—

"You have not received the letter?"

"No," she replies; "it's not surprising; they turned me out of my room because I couldn't pay. Sewing is very hard to find in these bad days."

"Give me your new address. They will write to you again."

"But you can tell me," begins the unhappy creature, who has turned pale.

"No, no! Go away!" murmurs the employee, with unusual gentleness.

Suddenly the woman lets her arms fall, stares in a half frantic way, then a long, strident cry, like that of a wounded dog, escapes her; she has understood.

While the clerk bites his lips, and, feigning indifference, holds out his hand for another ticket, the woman rushes away, her head covered with her apron, giving utterance to hoarse sobs. She has not left her new address, what is the use now?

A shiver of alarm has passed over the other women, who hesitate to show their numbered tickets. It seems to them that they have felt the brush of the wings of the great reaper of souls. And, while in the distance the sound of the stumbling feet and broken sobs of the poor mother grow fainter, the monotonous chant continues: "Number 7? The child is better. Number 8? There is nothing new."

We, too, leave with a lump in our throat, and wonder to ourselves why the Assistance Publique cannot with more humanity send to the desolate women, at least once a month, "tickets of life," instead of sending to them only "tickets of death."—*The Argonaut.*

In this world there are few words and many echoes.

The pedant speaks to children as if they were grown men, and to grown men as if they were children.

Antiquity is one of the best schools of youth, because it is the youth of humanity.

THE RED COCKADE.

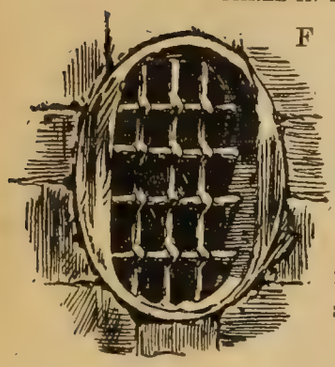
BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE IN A CARRIAGE.



"Of course, if Madame—if Madame knows nothing of the monk," he said, looking vacantly about the dirty room, "there has been a mistake."

"And only one thing remains to be done," I persisted.

"But—but," he continued, with a resumption of his former importance, "there is still one point unexplained—that of the red cockade, Monsieur? What of that, M. le Vicomte?"

"The red cockade?" I said.

"Ay, what of that?" he asked, briskly.

I had not expected this, and I looked desperately at Madame. Surely her woman's wit would find a way, whatever the cockade meant. "Have you asked Madame Corréas?" I said at last, feebly shifting the burden. "Have you asked her to explain it?"

"No," he answered.

"Then I would ask her," I said.

"Nay, do not ask me; ask M. le Vicomte," she answered, lightly. "Ask him of what colour are the facings of the National Guards of Quercy?"

"Red," I cried, in a burst of relief. "Red!" I knew, for had I not seen Buton's coat lying by the forge? But how Madame de St. Alais knew I have no idea.

"Ah!" M. Flandre said, with the air of one still a little doubtful. "And Madame wears the cockade for that reason?"

"No, M. le Maire," she answered, with a roguish smile; I saw that it was her plan to humour him. "I do not—my daughter does. If you wish to ask farther, or the reason, you must ask her."

M. Flandre had the curiosity of the true bourgeois, and the love of the sex. He simpered. "If Mademoiselle would be so good," he said.

She had remained up to this point hidden behind her mother, but at the word she crept out, and reluctantly and like a prisoner brought to the bar, stood before us. It was only when she spoke, however, nay, it was not until she had spoken some words that I understood the change that I saw in her; or why, instead of the picture of pallid weariness which she had presented a few minutes before, she now showed, as she stood forward, a face, covered with blushes, and eyes shining and suffused.

"It is simple, Monsieur," she said, in a low voice. "My fiancé, M. le Maire, is in that regiment."

"And you wear it for that reason?" the Mayor cried, delighted.

"I love him," she said, softly. And for a moment—for a moment her eyes met mine.

Then I knew not which was the redder, she or I; or which found that vile and filthy room more like a palace, its tobacco-laden air more sweet! I had not dreamed what she was going to say, least of all had I dreamed what her eyes said, as for that instant they met mine and turned my blood to fire! I lost the Mayor's blunt answer and his chuckling laugh; and only returned to a sense of the present when Mademoiselle slipped back to hide her burning face behind her mother, and I saw in her place Madame, facing me, with her finger to her lip, and a glance of warning in her eyes.

It was a warning not superfluous, for in the flush of my first enthusiasm I might have said anything. And the Mayor was in better hands than mine. The little touch of romance and sentiment which Mademoiselle's avowal had imported into the matter, had removed his last suspicion and won his heart. He ogled Madame, he beamed on the girl with fatherly gallantry. He made a jest of the monk.

"A mistake, and yet one I cannot deplore, Madame," he protested, with clumsy civility. "For it has given me the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, M. le Maire!" Madame simpered.

"But the state of the country is really such," he continued, "that for the beautiful sex to be travelling alone is not safe. It exposes them——"

"To worse rencontres than this, I fear," Madame said, darting a look from her fine eyes. "If this were the worst we poor women had to fear!" And she looked at him again.

"Ah, Madame!" he said delighted.

"But, alas, we have no escort."

The fat Mayor sighed. I think that he was going to offer himself. Then a thought struck him. "Perhaps this gentleman," and he turned to me. "You go to Nîmes, M. le Vicomte?"

"Yes," I said. "And, of course, if Madame Corréas——"

"Oh, it would be troubling M. le Vicomte," Madame said; and she went a step farther from me and a step nearer to M. Flandre, as if he must understand her hesitation.

"I am sure it could be no trouble to anyone!" he answered stoutly. "But for the matter of that, if M. le Vicomte perceives any difficulty," and he laid his hand on his heart, "I will find someone——"

"Someone?" Madame said archly.

"Myself," the Mayor answered.

"Ah!" she cried, "if you——"

But I thought that now I might safely step in. "No, no," I said. "M. le Maire is taking all against me. I can assure you, Madame, I shall be glad to be of service to you. And our roads lie together. If, therefore——"

"I shall be grateful—that is, if M. le Maire will let out his poor prisoners," Madame answered with a delightful little courtesy. "Who, as he now knows, have done nothing worse than sympathise with National Guards."

"I will take it on myself, Madame," M. Flandre said, with vast importance. He had been brought to the desired point. "The case is quite clear. But——" he paused and coughed slightly, "to avoid complications, you had better leave early, I think. When you are gone, I shall know what explanations to give. And if you would not object to spending the night

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here," he continued, looking round him, with a touch of sheepishness, "I think that——"

"We shall mind it less than before," Madame said, with a look and a sigh. "I feel safe since you have been to see us." And she held out a hand that was still white and plump.

The Mayor kissed it.

* * * * *

As I walked, a few minutes later, across the square, picking my steps by the yellow light of M. Flandre's lanthorn, and at times enveloped in the flying skirt of his cloak—for the good man had his own visions and for a hundred yards together forgot his company—I could have thought all that had passed a dream; so unreal seemed the squalid prison-lodging I had just left, so marvellous the ladies' presence in it, so incredible Mademoiselle's blushing avowal made to my face. But a wheezing clock overhead struck the hour before midnight, and I counted the strokes; a watchman, not far from me, cried, after the old fashion, that it was eleven o'clock and a fine night; and I stumbled over a stone. No, I was not dreaming.

But if I had to stumble then, to persuade myself that I was awake, how was it with me next morning, when, with the first glimmer of light I walked beside the carriage from the inn to the prison, and saw, before I reached the gloomy door, Madame and Mademoiselle standing shivering under the wall beside it? How was it with me when I held Mademoiselle's hand in mine, as she sprang in, and then followed her in and sat opposite to her—sat opposite to her with the knowledge that I was so to sit for days, that I was to be her fellow-traveller, that we were to go to Nîmes together?

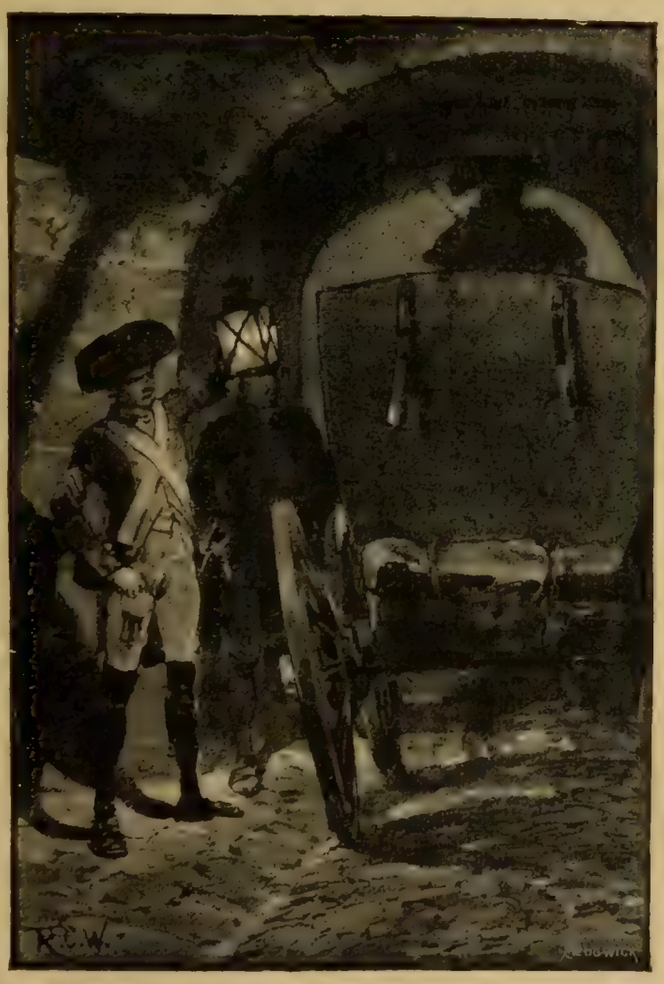
Ah, how was it, indeed? But there is nothing quite perfect; there is no hour in which a man says that he is quite happy; and a shadow of fear and stealth lay across my bliss that morning. The Mayor was there to see us start, and I fancy that it was his face of apprehension that lay at the bottom of this feeling. A moment, however, and the face was gone from the window; another, and the carriage began to roll quickly through the dim streets, while we lay back, each in a corner, hidden by the darkness even from one another. Still, we had the gates to pass, and the guard; or the watch might stop us, or some early-rising townsman, or any one of a hundred accidents. My heart beat fast.

But all went well. Within five minutes we had passed the gates and left them behind us, and were rolling in safety along the road. The dawn was no more than grey, the trees showed black against the sky, as we crossed the Tarn by the great bridge, and began to climb the valley of the Dourbie.

I have said that we could not see one another. But on a sudden Madame laughed out of the darkness of her corner. "Oh, Richard, O mon Roi!" she hummed. Then "The fat fool!" she cried; and she laughed again.

I thought her cruel, and almost an ingrate, but she was Mademoiselle's mother, and I said nothing. Mademoiselle was opposite to me, and I was happy. I was happy, thinking what she would say to me, and how she would look at me, when the day came and she could no longer escape my eyes; when the dainty, half-shrouded face that already began to glimmer in the roomy corner of the old berlin should be mine to look on, to feast my eyes on, to question and read through long days and hours of a journey, a journey through heaven!

Already it was growing light; I had but a little longer to wait. A rosy flush began to tinge one half the sky; the other half, pale blue and flecked with golden clouds, lay behind us. A few seconds, and the mountain tips caught the first rays of the sun, and floated far over us, in golden ether. I cast one greedy glance at Mademoiselle's face, saw there the dawn out-blushed, I met for one second her eyes and saw the glory of the ether outshone—and then I looked away, trembling. It seemed sacrilege to look longer.



"THE MAYOR WAS THERE TO SEE US START."

Suddenly Madame laughed again, out of her corner; a laugh that made me wince, and grow hot. "She is not made for a nun, M. le Vicomte, is she?" she said.

I bounced in my seat. The speaker's tone, gay, insulting, flicked, not me but the girl, like a whip.

"You really, Denise, must have had practice," Madame continued smoothly. "I love, you love, we love—you are quite perfect. Did you practice with M. le Directeur? Or with the big boys over the wall?"

"Madame!" I cried. The girl had drawn her hood over her face, but I could fancy her shame.

But Madame was inexorable. "Really, Denise, I do not know that I ever told even your father 'I love you'" she said. "At any rate, until he had kissed me on the lips. But I suppose that you reverse the order——"

"Madame," I stammered. "This is infamous!"

"What, Monsieur?" she answered, this time heeding me. "May I not punish my daughter in my own way?"

"Not before me," I retorted, full of wrath. "It is cruel! It is——"

"Oh, before you, M. le Vicomte?" Madame answered, mocking me. "And why not before you? I cannot degrade her lower than she has herself stooped!"

"It is false!" I cried, in hot rage. "It is a cruel falsehood!"

"Oh, I can? Then if I please, I shall!" Madame answered, with ruthless pleasantry. "And you, Monsieur, will sit by and listen, if I please. Though, make no mistake, M. le Vicomte," she continued leaning forward, and gazing keenly into my face. "Because I punish her before you, do not think that you are, or ever shall be, of the family. Or that this unmaidenly, immodest——"

Mademoiselle uttered a cry of pain, and shrank lower in her corner.

"Little fool," Madame continued coolly, "who, when she was primed with a cock-and-bull story about the cockade, must needs add 'I love him'—I love him, and she a maiden!—will ever be anything to you! That link was broken long ago. It was broken when your friends burned our house at St. Alais; it was broken when they sacked our house in Cahors, when they made our King a prisoner, when they murdered our friends, when they dragged our Church a slave at the chariot wheels of their triumph; and broken once for all, beyond mending by mock heroics! Understand that fully, M. le Vicomte," Madame continued pitilessly. "But as you saw her stoop, you shall see her punished. She is the first St. Alais that ever wooed a lover!"

I knew that of the family which would have given the lie to that statement; but it was not a tale for Mademoiselle's ears, and instead I rose. "At least, Madame," I said, bowing, "I can free Mademoiselle from the embarrassment of my presence. And I shall do so."

"No, you will not do even that," Madame answered unmoved. "If you will sit down, I will tell you why."

I sat down, compelled by her tone.

"You will not do it," Madame continued, "because I am bound to admit, though I no longer like you, that you are a gentleman."

"And therefore should leave you."

"On the contrary, you will continue to travel with us."

"Outside," I said.

"No, inside," she answered quietly. "We have no passport nor papers; and without your company should be stopped in each town through which we pass. It is unfortunate," Madame continued, shrugging her shoulders; "—I did not know that the country was in so bad a state, or I would have taken precautions—it is unfortunate. But as it is we must put up with it and travel together."

I felt a warm rush of joy, of triumph, of coming vengeance. "Thank you, Madame," I said, and I bowed to her, "for telling me that. It seems, then, that you are in my power."

"Ah?"

"And that to requite you for the pain you have just caused Mademoiselle, I have only to leave you."

"Well?"

"I see even now a little town before us; in three minutes we shall enter it. Very well, Madame. If you say another word to your daughter, if you insult her again in my presence by so much as a syllable, I leave you and go my way."

To my surprise Madame St. Alais broke into a silvery laugh. "You will not, Monsieur," she said. "And yet I shall treat my daughter as I please."

"I shall do so!"

"You will not."

"Why, then? Why shall I not?" I cried.

"Because," she answered, laughing softly, "you are a gentleman, M. le Vicomte, and can neither leave us nor endanger us. That is all."

I sank back in my seat, and glared at her in speechless indignation; seeing in a flash my impotence and her power. The cushions burned me; but I could not leave them.

She laughed again, well pleased. "Now I have told you what you will not do," she said. "I am going to tell you what you will do. In front, I am told, they are very suspicious. The story of Madame Corvas, even if backed by your word, may not suffice. You will say, therefore, that I am your mother and that Mademoiselle is your sister. She would prefer, I daresay," Madame continued, with a cutting glance at her daughter, "to pass for your wife. But that does not suit me."

I breathed hard; but I was helpless as any prisoner, closely bound to obedience as any slave. I could not denounce them, and I could not leave them; honour and love were alike concerned. Yet I foresaw that I must listen, hour by hour, and mile by mile, to gibes at the girl's expense, to sneers at her modesty, to words that cut like whip-lashes. That was Madame's plan. The girl must travel with me, must breathe the same air with me, must sit for hours with the hem of her skirt touching my boot. It was necessary for the safety of all. But, after this, after what we had both heard, if her eye met mine, it could only fall; if her hand touched mine, she must shrink in shame. Henceforth there was a barrier between us.

As a fact, Mademoiselle's pride came to her and she sat, neither weeping nor protesting, nor seeking to join her forces to mine by a glance; but bearing all with steadfast patience, she looked out of the window when I pretended to sleep, and looked towards her mother when I sat erect. Possibly she found her compensations, and bore her punishment quietly for their sake. But I did not think of that. And possibly, too, she suffered less than I fancied; but I doubt if she would admit that, even to-day.

At any rate she had heard me fight her battle; but she did not speak to me nor I to her; and under these strange conditions we began and pursued the strangest journey man ever made. We drove through pleasant valleys growing green, over sterile passes, where winter still fringed the rocks with snow, through sunshine, and in the teeth of cold mountain winds; but we scarcely heeded any of these things. Our hearts and thoughts lay inside the carriage, where Madame sat smiling, and we two kept grim silence.

About noon we halted to rest and eat at a little village inn, high up. It seemed to me a place almost at the end of the world, with a chaos of mountains rising tier on tier above it, and only slopes of shale below. But the frenzy of the time had reached even this barren nook. Before we had taken two mouthfuls, the Syndic called to see our papers; and—God knows I had no choice—Madame passed for my mother, and Denise for my sister. And then, while the Syndic still stood bowing over my commission, and striving to learn from me what news there was below, a horse halted at the door, and I heard a man's voice, and in a breath M. le Baron de Géol walked in. There

was a single decent room in the inn—that in which we sat—and he came into it.

He uncovered, seeing ladies; and recognised me with a start and smiled, but a trifle sourly, I thought. "You set off early?" he said. "I waited at the east gate, but you did not come, Monsieur."

"Yes," I muttered. Politeness required that I should introduce him. But I dared not.

However, at that, he at last took the hint; and he retired with the Syndic. The moment they were over the threshold Madame flashed out at me, all anger. "Fool!" she said, without cere-

"YOU HAVE MET FRIENDS?"

I coloured, conscience-stricken, and begged a thousand pardons. As a fact, I had clean forgotten him. I had not once thought of the appointment I had made with him.

"You are not riding?" he said, looking at my companions a little strangely.

"No," I said. And I could not find another word to say. The Syndic still stood smiling and bowing beside me: and on a sudden I saw the pit on the edge of which I tottered; and my face burned.

"You have met friends?" M. le Baron persisted, looking, hat in hand, at Madame.

mony, "why did you not present him? Don't you know that that is the way to arouse suspicion, and ruin us? A child could see that you had something to hide. If you had presented him at once to your mother——"

"Yes, Madame?"

"He would have gone away satisfied."

"I doubt it, Madame, and for a very good reason," I answered. "Seeing that yesterday I told him, with the utmost particularity, that I had neither mother nor sister."

That afforded me a little revenge. Madame St. Alais

went white and red in the same instant, and sat a moment with her lips pressed together, and her eyes on the table. "Who is he? What do you know of him?" she said at last.

"He is a poor gentleman and a bigoted Protestant," I answered, dryly.

She bit her lip. "Bon Dieu!" she muttered. "Who could have foreseen such an accident? Do you think that he suspects anything?"

"Doubtless. To begin, I left early this morning, in breach of an agreement to travel with him. When he learns, in addition, that I am travelling with my mother and sister, whom yesterday I did not possess——"

Madame looked at me, as if she could have struck me. "What will you do?" she cried.

"It is for my mother to say," I answered, politely. And I helped myself very indifferently to cheese. "She dictated this policy."

She was white with rage, and perhaps alarm; and I chuckled secretly, seeing her. But rage availed her little; she had to humble herself. "What do you advise?" she said at last.

"There is only one course open," I answered. "We must brazen it out."

She agreed. But this, though a very easy course to advise, was one anything but easy to pursue. I discovered that, a few minutes later, when I went out to see if the carriage was ready, and found De Géol in the doorway with a face as hard as his own hills. "You are starting?" he said.

I muttered that I was.

"I find that I have to congratulate you," he continued, with an unpleasant smile.

"On what, Monsieur?"

"On finding your family," he answered, looking at me with a bitter sort of humour. "To discover both a mother and a sister in twenty-four hours must be great happiness. But—may I give you a hint, M. le Vicomte?"

"If you please," I said, with desperate coolness.

"Then if—being so happy in making discoveries—you happen to light next on M. Froment—on M. Fro- traitor!—do not adopt him also! That is all."

"I am not acquainted with him," I said coldly. He had spoken with passion and fire.

"Do not become so," he answered.

I shrugged my shoulders, and he said no more; and in a moment Madame and Mademoiselle came out, and took their seats, and I set out to walk up the hill beside the horses.

ment, the firebrand of Nîmes, false Capuchin, and false

The ascent was steep and long and toilsome, and a dozen times as we climbed out of the valley we had to halt to breathe the cattle; a dozen times also I looked back at the grey mountain inn lying on the desolate grey plateau at our feet. But always I found the Baron looking up at us, stern and gaunt and motionless as the house before which he stood. And I shivered.

(To be continued.)

THE KEEP AFFAIR.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

Illustrated by PENRYN STANLEY.

THE facts in the case of Mr. Henry Keep, the well-known proprietor of the King's Arms public-house, which stands on one of the high roads leading out of Liverpool, and at some distance from the city, fully exonerate him. The blame rests wholly upon young Robinson, who undertook to play a silly practical joke. Of course, Robinson did not know that Mr. Keep was loaded, but that does not excuse his conduct. He took Mr. Keep up and pointed him at a crowd of people. Of course, Mr. Keep was loaded, and, of course, he exploded, killing and wounding half a dozen unoffending people. That is the sort of thing which usually follows the sort of practical joke which young Robinson played, and there are few disinterested persons who will not concede that Robinson deserves the severest punishment.

When a man is attacked by a highwayman, probably the best thing for him to do is to tie the villain's hands behind his back with a stout cord, and to lead him quietly to the police-station. This plan is, however, sometimes difficult of execution in consequence of the ill-natured unwillingness of the highwayman to facilitate the operation of tying his hands. In case there are two or more highwaymen, they are very apt to come to an agreement not to be tied. In fact, very little reliance can be placed upon a highwayman's sense of duty or courtesy, and hence the plan of tying his hands behind his back often fails.

For a long time Mr. Keep was of the opinion

THERE WAS MUCH POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

that the best instrument for dealing with a highwayman was a club. He always carried a very heavy one, made of Irish blackthorn, and warranted to have convinced five distinct tenants of the impropriety of ever paying any rent in any circumstances. Armed

with this club Mr. Keep feared no highwayman, and was accustomed to say, "If a highwayman should attack me I should just punch him in the stomach with the end of this club—not attempt to hit him over the head, you understand, but just punch him. When he doubles

HE IS NOTED FOR BOISTEROUS BEHAVIOUR.

up and begins to howl I should take him by the back of the neck and lead him down to the police-station. That's the way to deal with highwaymen, and you can be sure that none of them will ever tackle me." But one day a highwayman did "tackle" Mr. Keep, and in less than two minutes had taken his money and watch, broken his club, and kicked him some ten rods along the road. The consequence was that Mr. Keep suddenly lost his faith in clubs and pinned it to revolvers. "A good revolver," he was accustomed to say, "is the thing after all. Whenever I see a man who looks to me like a robber I just draw this pistol and tell him to leave. If he don't leave I put a bullet into him. Nobody will ever tackle me now that they know I carry a revolver, and can shoot as well as the next man. Why, I've been practising for the last week, and I can hit the side of the house twenty feet away every time!"

Mr. Keep either never could, or never would, explain how it was that early last March he was robbed by a highwayman, who took his pistol as well as the rest of his portable property. The incident, however, led him to change his mind in regard to pistols. "A pistol," he remarked to his friends who usually gathered together on Saturday night in the tap-room, "isn't any use when a fellow steals up behind you in goloshes and fetches you one over the head with a sand-bag before you hear him. But I've invented something that will fetch any robber in England, and I've got a patent for it, too. When I get ready to show it to you you'll admit that it is about the best thing that has been invented since stout." This was the substance of a discourse delivered by Mr. Keep about two months ago, and that he kept his word in regard to his threatened invention the sequel lamentably shows.

The remedy for robbers invented by Mr. Keep had very obvious merits. It consisted of forty-seven short pistol barrels fastened to a belt in such a way that they protruded from it like the spikes of a dog-collar. When this belt was placed about the inventor's waist the pistol barrels commanded, as artillerists would say, the entire surrounding country. By merely pressing a spring all the forty-seven pistols could be fired simultaneously, and as the bullets would radiate in every direction, any highwayman who might happen to be within pistol shot would infallibly be hit. The trouble of taking aim was entirely dispensed with by Mr. Keep's ingenious invention, and a blind woman armed with "Keep's Centrifugal Pistol Belt" would be able to shoot highwaymen as well as if she were an expert shot, and accustomed to hunt highwaymen during the whole summer season.

Mr. Keep intended to wear his pistol belt out of sight under his clothing, and to permit the bullets to pierce their way through any garment that might be in their path. This would add the element of surprise to the robber's appreciation of the belt, and Mr. Keep was quite ready to do anything in his power to give innocent pleasure, even to a robber. How to fire the pistols at the right moment was a problem which gave the inventor many anxious moments, but he finally solved it by connecting them—the pistols—with a small galvanic battery, carried in his right waistcoat pocket. When a spring, concealed under the third waistcoat button, was pressed, the connection between the battery and the pistols was completed, and the forty-seven expected explosions at once followed. The whole apparatus was undoubtedly a most valuable and ingenious one, and Mr. Keep, when he had brought it to perfection, was naturally delighted with it.

Last Saturday night Mr. Keep put on his pistol belt, since he thought it quite probable that he might be called upon to visit a neighbour whose house was nearly a mile from the King's Arms, and situated on a lonely road. Thus arrayed, he received his friends in the tap-room, and, as was usually the case on Saturday nights, there was much political discussion of a profound and friendly nature. There were nine men present, including young Robinson, Mr. Betts, the livery stable keeper, and Mr. Hilton, the baker. Mr. Hilton generously ordered beer for the entire company, and under its genial influence a tendency to practical joking soon developed itself. An unavailing effort was made to induce Mr. Betts to sit down on the end point of a crooked pin, and when this failed, Mr. Hilton rolled out a barrel, the head of which he knew to be defective, and lured young Robinson into sitting down on the head of it, whereby the latter was suddenly shut together as though he had been a jack-knife. It was then that young Robinson, who is noted for boisterous and reckless behaviour, loudly asserted that if he had a gun he would proceed to blow Mr. Hilton's head off. This he said, not with any murderous intention, but solely in order to add to the hilarity of the occasion. A mischievous person—said by some to be Mr. Betts, and by others to be Harmsword, the cheesemonger—suggested that Mr. Keep was "always going off at half cock, and perhaps would do as a substitute for a gun." At this young Robinson, remarking that he would fire off Mr. Keep, and totally forgetting the existence of the "Keep Centrifugal Pistol Belt," seized the innocent wearer of that valuable invention by the back of the neck and the waistband of the trousers and pointed him directly at

MR. KEEP WENT OFF.

the unfortunate Hilton. What always happens when a man points a gun, which he believes to be unloaded, at another man, of course, took place. Mr. Keep was fully loaded, and as Robinson accidentally touched the spring which connected the pistols with the battery, he went off with forty-seven simultaneous explosions.

Mr. Hilton and Mr. Betts were killed outright; Mr. Harmsword was fatally wounded, and young Robinson lost two fingers of his right hand. Thirteen bottles of spirits and three kegs of beer were also perforated by bullets, and an entire tray full of glasses was irretrievably smashed.

Robinson is now under arrest, and his trial will be postponed until the death of Mr. Harmsword, which is momentarily expected. Mr. Keep, however, has been discharged with an order from the Court to throw his pistol belt into the well, and to refrain from manufacturing or causing to be manufactured any duplicate of that invention. This seems rather hard, in view of the fact that the Court decided that no blame whatever attached to Mr. Keep. The story, however, is a terrible warning against playing practical jokes with men under the supposition that they are not loaded. Such jokes are the height of folly, and now that the "Keep Centrifugal Belt" has been brought to the knowledge of the public, and reckless men may manufacture it in spite of the order of the Court, one can never be sure, when pointing a man at another man, that the former is not the wearer of a Keep belt, which may explode with the most deadly effect.

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NOBODIES AT HOME.

BY

GEORGE GISSING.

Illustrated by L. Baumer.

III.

Of Good Address.

THERE is no severer test of personal vanity than to view oneself in the great mirrors of a pretentious shop. The day had been when Mr. Benjamin Borrows shrank from this ordeal, like any common man; now he was grown so accustomed to the experience, and so thoroughly satisfied with its results, that he could scarce have recalled the time when his five foot six of diagonal frock-coat and grey trousers, set against whatever background, seemed less than the type of perfect man. His head did not count; he had never been known to speak with complacency of his features; he regarded the head, if at all, as a graceful culmination to the statuesque scheme of frock-coat and trousers. He would maintain, perhaps with a little self-consciousness, that in a shop-walker face mattered little or nothing. In this walk through life the requisites for notable success were two: a perfect figure—Nature's free gift to her favourites—and a good address, also largely a native endowment, but in its completeness the result of art.

Never was man more satisfied with himself. In his unemphasised thought, his natural, everyday view of things, he, Benjamin Borrows, simply represented the great establishment which for some years he had adorned. The firm was nothing—a mere name on the tongue of the public or a signature on cheques. When the doors swung open it was he who moved gracefully forward; he, who, like an urbane host, welcomed the guests to his counters. To be sure, he did not literally stand alone in his function; practically the other shop-walkers had no existence for him. His was the department of most importance. When fashionable ladies thought of the shop, must it not undoubtedly be *his* figure that rose before their mental eyes?

He could afford to look upon rivals with tolerance, with magnanimity. His progress had been smooth; step after step of advancement—what more natural?—from raw boyhood to his present pinnacle at the age of thirty-five. No miseries to look back upon, for he started with the advantage of parents comfortably off, and had not to lament a single indiscretion, such as often retard or wreck the aspiring shopman. Not one? Ah, well, it *might* have proved a rather awkward incident, but, as usual, fortune favoured him.

The story was this. Some six or seven years ago, ere yet his wisdom had matured, a less noble form of vanity took possession of him; he, the most cold-blooded and least extravagant of young men, began to pose before his fellows as a brilliant example of immorality. At that time, there shone in the London music-halls a star whose name was Miss Effie Dover; her portraits illumined the windows of public-houses; her songs echoed from a million lips. Lovely she was not, but her figure, displayed with fine audacity, obscured defects of visage. The rumour ran that a certain notorious young peer took a special interest in her virtue. Now Benjamin Borrows, in expansive mood, one day confided to a friend that he knew Miss Dover; that he knew her very well indeed; that, in point of fact, he occasionally called upon her at unconventional hours. When this was deemed incredible, and made a subject of mockery, Mr. Borrows smiled. So confident was the smile, so supremely fatuous, that his friend's scepticism suffered a shock.

"Look here," said the doubter, at length. "I'll bet you a quid to a halfpenny that if you send in your card when she's singing at the Oxford she won't see you."

"Done, my boy," returned Borrows quietly

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And that very evening the two repaired together to the doors of the music-hall, where Mr. Borrows, in his friend's sight scribbled on a visiting-card: "Let me see you for a moment after your turn." The card was sent in, and after a brief delay Mr. Borrows, by special summons, followed it. More than that, presently he came forth again escorting Miss Dover, led her to the waiting brougham, chatted with friendly smiles at the door of the vehicle, and, as it drove off, turned to his gasping acquaintance—

"A quid, if you please, my dear fellow."

The loser remarked that it was a rummy go, and, though under pledge of secrecy, told everything to other young men of the shop. Mr. Borrows enjoyed a singular fame, very sweet to his mind at that stage of development. Yet he rejoiced with trembling. Should this matter reach the ears of his employers they might not improbably regard it as unbusinesslike, they might feel called upon to speak with him on the subject. In which case, he would suffer peculiar ignominy.

Shortly after, Miss Effie Dover left England to fulfil a foreign engagement, and from abroad came the news of her sudden death. Benjamin Borrows could never again be induced to speak of her—perhaps a natural reserve, seeing that the girl was his sister.

The sole indiscretion with which his memory charged itself.

Nowadays, as for some years past, he lived with his aged mother in a little house at Stamford Hill, fulfilling many filial duties, and in secret contemplating matrimony. To what brilliant alliance did he aspire?

For a long time he had been intimate with a humble family named Rocket, small tradespeople in a northern suburb; about once a month he paid them a Sunday visit, condescended to sit at their tea-table, and occasionally to share their supper. It by no means appeared that the cause of this assiduity was admiration for the only daughter, a young woman now midway in her twenties; yet Borrows was all but resolved to honour the family by marrying Jane Rocket. He never entertained a doubt of his success if, and whenever, he bowed to the proposal; he firmly believed that Miss Rocket regarded him with tenderness only equalled by her admiration. She would not dare to think of him as a possible husband; in her view, no doubt, he kept up his acquaintance with the family out of mere goodness, the loyalty of a man who will not forsake his old friends merely because he has risen in the world. The fact was that in this society Mr. Borrows felt himself entirely at ease; he had homely tastes, enjoyed a domestic atmosphere, and would never have dreamt of marrying any woman who was likely to waste his money or in any way regard herself as his superior. Jane Rocket he observed with close though marked scrutiny; saw and approved her economic disposition, her skill in simple cooking, her quiet taste in dress. She would make him an admirable wife—when it suited him to begin housekeeping. Little fear, it seemed to him, that another wooer might intervene. Presently, in a few months' time perhaps, he would permit himself the satisfaction of letting fall a significant word when he chanced to be alone with Jane; the timid joy with which she was bound to hear him would prove a pleasant flattery. It seem to him that she had shown a certain nervousness when even in an off-hand way he alluded to ladies of fashion, of title, with whom his distinguished position brought him into contact. Poor little Jane doubtless imagined that his life concealed many a romance; she probably pictured him with his ambitious thoughts fixed upon some highly ornamental person. Very gently would he break the truth to her—with every regard for her nerves.

NEVER WAS MAN MORE SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF.

Few men knew in such perfect combination the delights of self-importance and of a conscience thoroughly at rest.

RATS AND ORANGES.

The orange gardens of the South of France and Italy have not only suffered from a very wet year, but from a worse plague than the long-continued rains—from rats. The rats destroy whole groves of orange-trees, and, unfortunately show a decided preference for the finer sorts, such as blood oranges. The animals jump from bough to bough like squirrels, and suck out the whole of the pulp from the fruit. They first make a small hole in the skin with their teeth and claws, through which they suck the juice and the pulp; they then scrape out with their paws the white pith, and leave nothing but the yellow rind hanging on the branches. Unfortunately no method has yet been invented to effectually rid the orange-groves of these four-footed thieves.

Luxurious.—Isaac Levi (*to booking clerk*): "Vot vash der virsht-glash vare to Lifferbool?" Clerk: "First-class, eighteen-and-six. (*Eyes passenger curiously from head to foot.*) But you don't mean to say you're going anything but third?" Isaac L. "Dat vosh zo. But der Isaac can alvaysh bermit himshelf der luxury of ashking der brice vor der virsht-glash!"

A CHAT WITH MR. CHARLES SAINTON.

Some little time since I found Mr. Charles Sainton at the moment of inaction which comes to the artist soon after his "one-man" exhibition had opened to the Press and public. The labour of months or years, as the case may be, is finally accomplished; the difficulties of procuring frames, the arduous task of hanging each picture in a position that suits it best without detracting from the effect of its neighbours, has been overcome at last, and the first period of absolute rest he has known for a long time falls to him. These are the times which mark off the epochs of an artist's career, and it seemed cruel to break into the peace of one of them. Yet knowing Mr. Sainton's courteous reception of a bore—from former experience—I ventured, and after a few of the ordinary colloquialisms said—

"Some years ago you dropped colour entirely for silver-point, did you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "silver-point took all my time and tempted me—perhaps to overwork—for, unlike colours, you can accomplish it by artificial light."

"The very fine detail must be trying, all the same," I said. "You cannot, I believe, erase or alter any touch when working with the silver-point, can you?"

"No," he said, "it is a definite and unalterable line that you set down." And he went on to explain the preparation of the paper (similar to that used in certain memorandum books) which is coated with an oxide that is chemically changed by the touch of metal. This process was an absolute novelty to most people when Mr. Sainton revived it, despite some exquisite studies by Sir E. Burne-Jones and others, which were mistaken by most people for fine pencil drawings.

"Are you not glad to return to colour, Mr. Sainton?"

"Very glad," he replied. "I do it, however, not quite voluntarily; the strain upon my eyes was becoming serious. After three or four years constant production of delicately finished drawings, it was beginning to tell upon my sight."

Then we walked into a room—charmingly decorated with hangings of the daintiest fabric—a soft *écru* colour, on which the exquisitely graceful water-colours, in white frames for the most part, were most temptingly displayed. At the end hung a long decorative panel in red chalk—apparently—on a luminous white ground, set in a wide white frame, with refined rococo scrolls encircling the glass.

"That is not in water-colour, surely?" I asked, when close enough to see that it was not in chalk.

"Yes," Mr. Sainton replied, "but it is line work all the same, not wash. There are, as you see, no tints in it; every detail is wrought by fine lines drawn with the brush instead of a crayon. The ground is a preparation of gesso."

"It must have been a very anxious task to keep so large a panel absolutely spotless while working on it."

"It was a terrible difficulty, for in this medium, as in silver-point, any alteration or erasure was practically impossible; had I made any serious blunder, there would have been no way of correcting it; even if the panel had been close to completion, it must have been destroyed. Fortunately nothing did happen, but I do not feel very anxious to repeat the experiment."

Then, as Mr. Sainton turned away to speak to another visitor, I remembered a eulogy by an admirer of his work that runs:—"Lovely indeed they are, these 'Daughters of the Gods,' taking their immortal ease among billowy clouds, lovely in face, in figure, exquisitely graceful in every movement and turn of limb, and characterised by a certain expression of lazy indifference, of aloofness from the world below, which harmonises admirably with the title of the work."

As Mr. Sainton rejoined me, and we walked round the room together, I asked him which was his favourite style of work. Without a moment's hesitation he pointed to the "Spirit of the Loch." This is a figure, nude save for drifting drapery, which suggests the mist itself blown over the still pool, poised in mid-air, with such a sense of aerial specific gravity that you forget the model, and feel that Mr. Sainton has idealised the nude figure to a degree that Mrs. Grundy herself would hold to be exquisitely free from reproach.

Then Mr. Sainton showed me a very clever etching from one of his pictures, which reflects the highest credit on the young artist, who has accomplished the really difficult enterprise with peculiar felicity. "Evening" is, I believe, the title of this graceful composition of two slightly-draped figures arranged in a long peaceful landscape.

"Several others have been reproduced in coloured facsimile. I think they have come out well," said Mr. Sainton.

"By Goupilgravure?" I asked.

"Yes. They include 'Folly,' 'Flower of the Ballet.' 'Pierrette,' and 'Carmen.'"

Those studies are certainly most delightful examples of the art of the bonbon-box and the fan, raised—as Wätteau raised it—by artistic accomplishment to become beautiful, instead of merely "pretty."

"Your first paintings were surely the very antithesis of these," I said. "I remember bold, daring landscapes and figures in oils, where strength and vigour were as conspicuous as fragility and evanescent grace are here."

"I studied under Legros," Mr. Sainton said, with an explanatory smile, as if to account for his early manner, "then in Paris under Boulanger and Le Fevre, and afterwards in Florence under Gordigiani."

Looking further at examples of Mr. Sainton's work, one agreed with the author of the preface to one of his catalogues when she sums it up—as a woman is most fitted to do—in these words:—"A charming poetic fancy, an imagination which idealises woman's beauty and entrances her seductions, a firm hand in drawing and a delightful feeling for tender colour harmonies, these are Mr. Sainton's chief characteristics as an artist. He has chosen feminine beauty as his theme and guide. Who will deny that he has, like many, chosen the better part, leaving the task of much serving to the Marthas of Realism? Certainly not the lovers of Mr. Sainton's work, who are lucky in being able to obtain reproductions of many of his dainty figures which have the alluring charm of subject presented in a way that makes them admissible with the most refined surroundings. To have redeemed pictures of the ballet, and the fanciful nude, to have purged them of suggestiveness, and kept their sensuousness free of sensuality, is itself a triumph."

It seemed cruel to keep on asking Mr. Sainton questions, which were superfluous, for the work on the walls spoke for itself. So I left him with a feeling that the limited domain he has chosen and fully mastered must henceforth be deemed his own unapproachable territory. Certainly no other Englishman could do the thing better. The tendency of inherited genius to break out in new directions is clearly seen here. The son of the famous violinist, and the still more widely-known contralto, will preserve the high artistic reputation of his parents in a sister art. To be amusing and trifling in a perfectly accomplished way, is not easy or general, and Mr. Sainton should be proud of having undertaken a task perilously near to inanity and inability, and carried it out successfully on lines approved by Art and justified by precedent.

High schools may manufacture professors of philosophy. The school of life alone can turn out philosophers.

An old society is an edifice from which a single stone cannot be removed without all the others requiring remodelling.

GRAMIGNA'S SWEETHEART.

BY

GIOVANNI VERGA.

Translation of Elvira Tarney-Archer.

Some years ago there was a hunt after a brigand, who was called Gramigna. He was cursed like the grass of which he bore the name.* He had terrorised the country. Policemen and soldiers had chased him for months without having succeeded in laying their clutches upon him; he was alone, but as brave as ten men. The harvest time was near, the hay lay flat on the ground, the ears of corn bent their heads as if to say "Yes" to the reapers, who had their scythes ready in hand, and yet no farmer dared to show his nose above the hedges of his fields, fearing to find Gramigna crouched in the furrows, with his rifle, ready to blow out the brains of the first who would come to interfere with his doings. Everybody complained. Then the magistrate placed soldiers and sentinels everywhere, in every ditch, and behind every wall. They hunted Gramigna over a whole province, by day and by night, on foot, on horseback, by telegraph. But Gramigna slipped through their fingers, and answered with bullets those who were too near his heels. In the country, in the villages, at the farms, at every inn, and at every place of meeting nothing else was talked of excepting the dogged tenacity of the hunters and the desperate flight of Gramigna. The horses died with fatigue, the soldiers fell exhausted, the sentinels slept whilst standing; Gramigna alone was never tired, never sleepy, always running away, climbing precipices, creeping in the cornfields. He glided through thickets, he slipped away like a wolf in the dry beds of torrents. The chief argument of the villagers' talk, as they stood in circles close to their house-doors, was the burning thirst from which that persecuted being was sure to suffer in the large arid plain under the blazing June sun.

At that time Peppa, one of the loveliest girls in Licodia, was engaged to be married to "Tallow Candle," as Finu was called. He owned some land and a bay mule; he was a big fellow, as handsome as the sun. He was so strong he could carry the banner on Saint Margaret's Day without bending his back, which was as straight as a pillar.

Peppa's mother wept with joy at the good fortune of her daughter, and spent her days in admiration before the white garments of the bride, the long ear-drops which fell down to the shoulders, and the many rings which covered her ten fingers. Her Peppa had as much gold as the image of Saint Margaret in the little church, and the young couple were to be married just on saint Margaret's Day, which falls in June, after the hay is mown. Every evening, when Tallow Candle returned from his work he pulled up the bay mule at the door of Peppa's cottage. He told her what a grand harvest he was sure to reap, provided Gramigna did not set fire to his cornfields; and he would repeat that he longed to take his bride home on the back of the bay mule. But one fine day Peppa said to him: "Let the bay mule alone; I do not want to marry you."

Poor Tallow Candle was bewildered, and the old mother tore her white hair when she heard that her daughter refused the best match in the village. "I am in love with Gramigna," said the girl, "and I will marry no one else."

"Alas!" moaned the poor old woman, as she paced the room in despair, her hair flowing like that of a witch, "Alas! that demon Gramigna has come even here to tempt my daughter!"

"No," answered Peppa, with a steely look in her eyes, "he has not been here."

"Then where, oh where, have you seen him?"

"I have never seen him; I always heard of him. Mother, feel my heart—it burns for him!"

The thing was kept quiet, but the villagers got to hear of it. The gossips who had envied Peppa the fields, the bay mule, and the fine young man who carried the banner without bending his back, began to whisper that Gramigna visited her at night. The poor mother lighted a lamp to the Souls in Purgatory, and even the curate went to Peppa's house and touched her heart with the Sacred Stole to frighten away that devil of Gramigna who had taken possession of it. Peppa persisted in saying that she did not know Gramigna, even by sight, but that she was always dreaming of him, and that in the morning she woke up with parched lips as if she also were consumed by that thirst from which he must be suffering.

Then the old mother locked up her daughter in the cottage that she might not hear people talk about Gramigna; and she stopped all the crevices of the door with paper images of Saints. Peppa listened to what was said from behind the blessed images, and turned pale

FOR AN INSTANT HE HESITATED.

* "Gramigna" in Italian means dog's grass, and is in that language often spoken of figuratively. Thus it stands for anything which is low, also for any evil which grows easily and is difficult to extirpate.

and red as if the devil were breathing hell in her face.

At last one day she heard that Gramigna had been discovered close by. He had fired on his assailants for two hours; he had killed one soldier and wounded three. They had aimed well at Gramigna this time; they had found a pool of blood where he stood.

That night Peppa, standing by the bed of her sleeping mother, made the sign of the Cross, and then ran away, jumping out of the window.

At dawn Gramigna, feverish, pale with starvation, had his rifle still levelled when she resolutely walked up to him in the thicket. For an instant he hesitated whether to fire or not, then——

"What do you want?" he asked. "What do you come here for?"

"I have come to live with you," she said, looking straight into his face. "Are you Gramigna?"

"Yes, I am Gramigna. If you have come here in the hope of getting the reward by selling my head you have made a mistake."

"No; I have come to live with you," she repeated.

"Go away," he said. "You cannot stop with me, and I do not want anyone. If you have come for the sake of money you will not get any. Look at me; I have not had a morsel of bread for two days."

"I cannot go home now," said Peppa. "The road is full of soldiers."

"Go away. What do I care?"

As she was turning away, like a dog that has been kicked, Gramigna called her back. "Listen to me," he said. "Go and fetch me some water down there by the torrent; if you wish to live with me you will have to risk your life."

Peppa went without answering a word, and when Gramigna heard the soldiers firing he chuckled and said to himself, "That was meant for me."

She came back bleeding; he made a rush at the bottle she was carrying, and drank its contents in one gulp. Then he said: "You are safe! How did you manage it?"

"The soldiers were on the other side of the torrent, and on my side the wood was thick."

"Yet they have wounded you. You have blood on your dress."

"Yes."

"Where are you wounded?"

"In the shoulder."

"That's nothing. You can walk.

Thus he allowed her to remain with him. She followed him, feverish from the wound, bare-footed. She would fetch bread and water for him, and whenever she returned with empty hands, under the soldiers' fire, her lover, devoured by hunger and thirst, beat her. One moonlit night Gramigna said to her: "They are coming!" And he hid her behind a rock whilst he went to the other side of it.

Then reports of guns came from the thicket, and the dark part of it was lighted up by their fire. Suddenly Peppa heard a rustling noise close to her. It was Gramigna coming back, walking with difficulty, shot through the leg. He was trying to reload his rifle.

"It's all over," he said. "They will have me now." And what made her blood go cold was the glaring look in his eyes, similar to that of a madman. Then he fell like a log. The soldiers were upon him the next moment.

The day after Gramigna, in rags, was led through the village. The people who crowded to see him laughed. Was it for that ugly, pale little man that Peppa had jilted Master Finu "Tallow Candle? Poor Tallow Candle hid himself those days as if the shame were his. Peppa was brought back by the soldiers, handcuffed like a thief—she who had as much gold as the image of Saint Margaret! The old mother was obliged to sell the white garments of the bride, the long ear-drops, and the rings for the ten fingers to pay the lawyers for defending her daughter who returned home poor, ill, dishonoured, as ugly as Gramigna, and with Gramigna's child in her arms. Yet when they gave Peppa back to her the good old soul recited an "Ave Maria" of thanksgiving, and she cried like a fountain with happiness. Peppa did not shed tears, nor did she speak. Nobody in the village saw her again. The people said that she had learnt to be a thief, and that she went out at night to steal. The truth is, that she hid herself in a corner of the kitchen. She only left it when her mother died of starvation, and she had to sell the house.

Tallow Candle, who still loved her, would shake his head and say to her in sad tones: "You see what you have done to yourself and to others?"

"I know it," Peppa answered, "but it was the will of God!"

The house sold, she left the village at night-time without even turning round to look at the roof which had sheltered her for so long. She went into the town with her child and lived close to the jail where Gramigna was locked up. She could see nothing except the dark windows of the penitentiary, and the sentinels drove her away when she stopped to look up at the bleak walls of it, wondering in which part of them he might be. At last they told her that he had been taken far away over the sea. She did not say anything. She did not go away from there because she had no other place to go to, and nobody was waiting for her anywhere.

SHE LEFT THE VILLAGE.

She lived by charing for the jailers, as if she too formed part of that large silent building. For the soldiers who had taken Gramigna from her, and had shattered his leg with their guns, she felt a kind of respectable tenderness, something like a brute admiration for their strength. She swept their rooms, and shined their boots, till at last she was nick-named "The Soldier's Duster."

Only at night-time, when the patrol started, armed with their revolvers, mounting their horses under the lamp-posts, the lights of which made their rifles glitter, and she heard the sound of the hoofs grow dimmer in the distance, she would suddenly turn white.

Also, when her brat played in front of the prison, if the other urchins called out "Gramigna's boy! Gramigna's boy!" she would get angry and throw stones at them.

CASTLEREAGH AND THE YELLOW BOY.

Lord Castlereagh, the same who afterwards cut his own throat, was once visiting the late Lord Lytton's father at their family seat, Knebsworth. Without any warning to the visitor, he was given the bed chamber called the "Yellow Boy's Room." Next morning Castlereagh told Mr. Bulwer he had been very seriously alarmed in the night. "I woke suddenly," he said, "and saw the figure of a boy sitting in front of the fire, with his back to me, and long, yellow hair streaming down it. As I woke, it turned, rose, came to my bedside, and drawing back the curtain with one hand, with the other passed its finger across its throat." Mr. Bulwer did not tell Lord Castlereagh that the boy always appeared to anyone about to die a violent death, and foretold the manner of it.—*From "Frith's Autobiography."*

WEATHER PERMITTING.

(Forecast — Light, variable winds; some rain.)

A RUSTLE of silk petticoats, a perfume in the air,
A clip-clip-clap of Louis heels upon the polished stair.

A shady hat
Brim wide and flat
Where scarlet poppies quiver,
And Mistress Nance,
With eyes a-dance,
Is ready for the river.

Before her fancied vision grows the stream serenely blue,
And swift by bulrush banks the boat bears on a careless crew.

Bend snowy sail!
A gentle gale
The captain's heart rejoices—
While idly some
The banjos strum
To chant of chorused voices.

Excitement pales Miss Nancy's cheek, each breath becomes a sigh,
She puts her head within the door and calmly says "Good-bye."

Her throbbing heart
Is wild to start
Her unconcern's but feigning—
Till on her ear
There sounds "My dear,
I hope you know it's raining!"

"Another day," "This dreadful moon!" the cheery voices chime—
Pray how can Nancy's breaking heart conceive another time?

Blue fades away
All turns to grey
Thus dies expectant fancy,
While on her bed,
With arms outspread,
Oh! how she sobs—poor Nancy!

JESSIE POPE.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, who, it appears, is the author of that remarkable book published anonymously by William Blackwood and Sons, "The Curse of Intellect," is a daughter of Lord Salisbury, and is about thirty-five years old. She has often been in my shop, which is only about half a mile as the crow flies from the great family mansion in Arlington Street.

* * * *

I have added several copies to my library of Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's big book, "A Year of Sport" (Chapman and Hall, 21s.). If any American wishes to get a complete view of English sport—I use "sport" in its most popular sense of killing something or other—he cannot do better than buy this book. It ran through *Black and White* for a year, giving each week the sport which was uppermost in men's minds. Or it would be equally useful to an Englishman living in town, who wished his children to have correct ideas of fishing, shooting, hunting, etc. The book is beautifully printed, and illustrated and written by men who both know the sports they describe thoroughly and how to describe them to an untechnical audience. Some of the best chapters in the book are by the editor himself, and Mr. G. Herbert Thring, the well-known secretary of the Society of Authors.

* * * *

Mr. Crawfurd also edits *Chapman's Magazine*, which may be described as the *Fortnightly* confined to fiction and reduced to sixpence. Only the vast number of advertisements could make it possible to issue at sixpence such a large and sumptuous magazine, with such contributors—I give the full list of the first number: Bret Harte, Stanley J. Weyman, Anthony Hope, James Payn, Frankfort Moore, Violet Hunt, John Davidson, and George Brett.

* * * *

There is already a brisk demand among my library subscribers for "The Holy Estate," by Mr. W. H. Wilkins and Captain Thatcher. The book itself is so brilliantly clever, so novel, so interesting, and, of course, everybody is reading it as a Roman à clef, seeing that Mr. Wilkins was one of the joint authors of "The Green Bay Tree," the cleverest Roman à clef since "Lothair." The Anglo-Indian matter was supplied by Capt. Thatcher, who was formerly on the Vice-regal staff in India, and consequently has Indian society at his finger-ends. Mr. Wilkins, a tall, handsome, singularly well-dressed man, is a constant visitor to my shop. He was formerly secretary to Lord Dunraven, and now edits a well-known magazine.

* * * *

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne dropped into my shop yesterday for the first time since he has been back from America, though he landed two or three weeks ago. He was only in America five days—just long enough to arrange about his lectures with the great American impressario. Since his return he has been laid up with asthma at Birkenhead, and has only just returned to London. Mr. Lane is still detained in America by the magnitude of his business with American publishers of *belles lettres*.

* * * *

My old customer, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, whose "Peter Steele, the Cricketer," will be published by my friendly rival, Mr. Arrowsmith, this week, is not only a famous writer on golf, but a famous golfer, who might quite probably win the amateur championship this or any year.

* * * *

I have served Mr. Holman Hunt, the great artist, who is to give the Romanes lecture at Oxford, for many, many years. In appearance he always reminds me of the late Professor Darwin and the bust of Socrates, which stands on the top of the tall bookcase opposite the door of my shop.

* * * *

I have had a tremendous run, both in my library and in sales, on Mr. Zangwill's new novel, "The Master" (Heinemann, 6s.), which was written for To-Day. It seems to be taking the position occupied last year by Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman."

* * * *

Talking of Mr. Hall Caine, he was the guest of the evening at the last New Vagabonds' dinner. I am told by my customers who were present that Mr. Caine's speech was even beyond his wont in grace of delivery, and eloquence, and interest of matter. He told some most interesting anecdotes of the late Philip Bourke Marston, the founder of the club, and of Rossetti, who died in his arms. Perhaps the most interesting anecdote he told was that of the death of James Thompson, the really great poet, who wrote "The City of the Dreadful Night." He was calling on Philip Marston when he was taken with his mortal agony. When he said how ill he felt Mr. Marston said, "Go and lie on my bed." There was no one else in the house that night except Mr. Thompson and the blind poet. All of a sudden Mr. Thompson's fearful groans and sighs ceased. Mr. Marston, frightened by the silence, went to see if he could tell by listening what had happened. Thompson was dead. But until his father came in Philip Marston could not tell what had happened beyond the fact that Thompson was too ill to speak.

* * * *

On the chairman's left sat Mr. William Appleton, the head of the great American firm who published the "Manxman" over the other side—a tall, dark man, with curly dark hair, and singularly refined, clear-cut, handsome features. I have met Mr. Appleton in business; he is a very distingué-looking man.

* * * *

There has been a great demand at my library for books on Holland since the pretty, fair-haired, fifteen-year-old Queen of the Netherlands—a niece of our own gracious Duchess of Albany—came over to England.

* * * *

Among guide books I know of none so good as Murray. There is so much more solid and interesting information in his guide books than any others. Among books of travel I certainly prefer that of De Amicis, the Italian traveller; he is so bright and gossipy. But I hope the new edition of Murray will have the map of Holland divided up into sections, like the map in Murray's Scotland and Murray's Rome. The new editions of Murray's guides are simply admirable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bruno.—Your book is worth from five to ten shillings, according to its condition.

J. H. F.—A bookseller would give you about fifteen shillings for the book. It was originally published at £4; but there has been a new edition since.

J. C. G.—The best complete set of Swinburne's works is published by Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, at £8. But this edition does not include all Swinburne's works, some of them being out of print, and therefore rare.

S. G. P.—Messrs. Phillip and Son, 32, Fleet Street, publish the reduced Ordnance maps. You would find Black's "Guide to Wales" quite reliable.

Bookworm.—Croxall's "Fables" are of no value. It is impossible to tell what the postcards are worth without seeing them. Your best plan would be to send them to a respectable stamp dealer.

Dora.—I think Pratt's "Wild Flowers" would suit you. It is published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in two pocket volumes, at twelve shillings.

B. S. (Belgium).—You will find what you are seeking in "Acton on the Reproductive Organs," published by Churchill at twelve shillings.

F. M. C.—Your edition of "Poor Jack" is worth about ten shillings if in good condition.

C. R. H. (Burnley).—"Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," by F. de Bourrienne, and published by Lockwood at three-and-six, would give you all the information you require.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—You know those pretty sweet dishes that are ornamented with spun sugar, forming a cloud about them? Well, that is exactly how the fashionably dressed girls look just now A cloud of chiffon or net is hung all over their heads, and bodices and capes, and so obscuring is it, not only to outlines but to features, that it is quite a puzzle to "find the girl" sometimes. First there is the hat veil, a voluminous article that comes down well under the chin, goes back in folds over the ears and hair, and very often is puffed out like a giant mushroom, where it is fastened upon the hat at the back. Then there is the neck-ruff, with its long kilted ends, and these hang over the cape, itself veiled with chiffon, and often frilled with it. The sleeves, too, are so loose and puffy that they add to the blurring effect of all this looseness. I am thankful when I see a tight, well-fitting bodice, without any of these ginger-bread fallals. It makes a similar agreeable impression to that conveyed by the society of a sincere, accurate, and truthful person after a few days' association with a born liar.

Summer gowns are going to be perfectly sweet; the skirt all in loose, straight folds from the waist; nothing unnatural or exaggerated about them; no irrelevant trimmings, no tablier, and no frills. As to bodices, they are to be more than ever elaborate. There is a splendid chance for girls with good figures to go in for rather simple ones. But then they must be fitted to perfection; and there's the rub!

Such numbers of people in mourning, Nell! One meets them in shoals. So terrible has this spring been for illness and loss. I was in Jay's the other morning, and the place was crowded with people buying mourning. A few were choosing coloured gowns, for, as you know, customers who were turned out smartly with black dresses, immaculately fitted and thoroughly satisfied in every respect, did not care to go anywhere else for their coloured gowns. I saw a blue crêpon being shown on one of the pretty assistants; such a sweet frock! The skirt was plain; the bodice all blue chiffon and red roses, black satin ribbons, and exquisite embroidery. The mourning gowns were chiefly in crape-cloth I found, but there were many in fancy materials, of which Jay has a greater variety than anyone else in the world, I should think. The beautiful, finely-cut jet with which the bodices were trimmed is a costly ornament, but very effective. There is such a marvellous difference between good jet and indifferent!

I noticed that in many cases the crape-cloth skirt has a bodice of dull silk with the crape applied as trimming only, a much preferable style to that of having the bodice entirely made of crape-cloth. One of the ways of applying the latter is with a pleat up the front and one at either side, ending on the shoulders. Another, and one that is very becoming to slight figures, has the crape sewn into the seams under the arms and drawn upwards in a large bow on the chest. But to my mind the nicest way is also the simplest, with a well-made and well-cut bodice of the silk, and a full band of crape round the neck and wrists. A few folds down the front caught tightly in at the waist with dull ribbons, completes a style that is very becoming to a good figure.

VISITING DRESS IN "VANITY FAIR."

How very dainty and pretty the plain white lawn collars and cuffs are on a mourning dress. They are much more of a relief than on a coloured one. I am sending you some pretty sets, as you asked me to do, trimmed with the yellow lace that is so very much used this spring.

I felt like Nerissa the other day, when she said, "My little body is aweary of this great world." I saw a cabman killed in Oxford Street; and I saw a dead woman being carried along on a stretcher, followed by a curious crowd. Things like these seem to drag away the merciful veil that hides the terrible side of life from us. One shivers for hours afterwards at the visible presence of the great tragedy. I felt that the only safe thing would be to be out of the world; and I almost wished I was. But very soon I changed my mind on

With the Japanese Troops

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his dispatch to New York, dated PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24, 1894, writes:

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the subject: Life is sweet. But I fervently hope I shall not see any more dreadful things.

It did not seem like the same world when we all sat at dinner yesterday evening at the Henrys. I wish you could have seen their table. Down the centre were arranged, in irregular drifts, some twenty yards of pale green chiffon, some heaped high and others in small hillocks. In each of the depressions between there was placed a white and gold vase, no two of the same shape, filled with pink and tea-roses and maidenhair fern. The green of this latter was so much darker than the chiffon that it had quite a beautiful effect. And never were roses more exquisitely set off. The candelabra had pink and gold shades, and at each corner of the table stood a small silver lamp with a shade of pink and gold.

The salmon trout was such a pretty dish, being dressed in fillets each in the form of a tiny pink salmon, and laid on a circle of aspic jelly, the centre of which was filled with lettuce hearts cut small, and dressed with a delicious cream sauce. It was one of Mrs. A. B. Marshall's lovely dishes, that look as pretty as they taste nice. The champagne was Laurent-Perrier, *sans sucre*, a new dry wine that it appears everyone is raving about.

The pretty visiting dress shown in the illustration is sketched from that worn by Miss Granville in the first act of "Vanity Fair," at the Court Theatre. The material is white crepon, over green silk, the shoulder capes being lined with pale green silk, on which is an applique design in cerise silk. Cerise velvet trims the collar and cuffs, and the hanging ornaments are in crystal beads and sequins. The green straw hat is trimmed with geraniums and green leaves, wings, and lace. The costume is by Russell and Allen.—Your affectionate

SUSIE.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

IT'S feerly astonishin' the wye people leaves theer proputty in kebs an' rilewye kerridges. Them as knows enough ter sive theer money by takin' of the 'umble 'bus gen'rally knows enough ter stick on ter any pawcils as they mye 'appen ter 'ave with 'em. But occishanally we finds queer things left in the 'bus. One night I came on a bottle o' mixed pickles and some lyedy's false 'air done up tergether in a piper bag. The other dye I came on a book, as was called the "Hettikit of the Hupper Clawses." Well, I read a bit on it, afore I 'anded of it in, and it feerly knocked me. It's by wye of showin' yer 'ow ter be'ive yerself in sersyaty, and sich nonsense I never read in hall my born dyes. 'Ere's a thing nar. This book tells yer that when yer meets a lyedy friend in the street yer ought ter tike yer 'at off. Ho yus, them hupper clawses is pretty free with their 'ats, I can tell yer. My wud, it wouldn't do darn ar street. Hev'ry mornin' I meets a lydy friend o' mine—a gel of the nime of Lizer 'Arris. She's goin' to 'er wuk jest when I'm goin' ter mine, and we meets each other. Do I tike my 'at off? Gar'n, do I bloomin' fly? Nort much. I says, "Mornin' Lizer," or "'Ow's yerself, Lizer?" and she says, "Whort cheer!" or words to that effec'. Why, if I took my 'at off to 'er, she'd wornt ter know whort I was gettin' at. No, I don't like them stiff an' formil wyes o' doin' things. As for whort them hupper clawses 'as ter go throo when they wants anyone ter peck a bit with 'em it's feerly amizin'. Sendin' of written hinvitishuns, and requestin' of the honner, and leaving of cawds auterwuds, and all manner o' business. Whort I wornt ter know is, why cawnt them hupper clawses go easy a bit? Whort 'ud be the good of my writin' ter 'Ankin and his ole missus ter 'ave a bit o' supper along of us, when one or other of 'em's suttun ter be pawsin' durin' the dye, and yer kin 'oller to 'em art of winder? Them hupper clawses tikes things too serous and solim, and just mikes trouble fur themselves. The wust bit as I read was this. If yer meets a man yer know walkin' art with a woman yer don't know, yer 'as ter tike off your 'at to the man. That is ter sye, if I meets 'Ankin art with a gel as I don't know, I'm ter tike off my 'at to 'Ankin. Ho! Ham I? Ham I, indeed? It's so bloomin' likely, ain't it? Touchin' my 'at to a director is a thing as I egspecks, and only right. But when yer awsts me ter tike my 'at off to 'Ankin, it strikes me as it's spreading it a bit too thick. Would 'Ankin do it ter me? Nort likely, 'an if 'e did I'd plug 'im one fur mikin' gime o' me. Whort 'Ankin says is that the hupper clawses is thet idle and unoccupied that they 'as ter invent this 'ere hettikit just ter fill in time. I don't know 'ow that mye be, but if they'll tike the tip from me they'll drop it; it ain't wuth it. My principil and motter is ter go easy. I shouldn't wonder, yer know, if they never invented this hettikit at all; if they jest 'ad it plyed off on to 'em by the 'at-mikers and the stitioners, which sims ter me ter be the only two trides as mikes anythink art of it. If they likes ter stick ter it now they've gort it, Hingland's a free country.

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HOW TO SING A SONG.

A CHAT WITH MADEMOISELLE YVETTE GUILBERT.

Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert, notwithstanding what many people would style her extreme ugliness, possesses off the stage a singularly winning personality. She speaks the pure well-chosen French which seems a monopoly of the Paris stage, and those fortunate enough to see her "at home" in her pretty sitting-room at the Savoy Hotel, find no trace of the reckless satirist, and somewhat Rabelaisian wit evoked to many by the mere mention of her name.

"I should like to ask you, mademoiselle, who writes the strange weird words of your songs?"

"Well, the verses are actually put together by Jules Jouy, Bruant, and various other poets well known in France for their literary work; but I always inspire the subjects, and give an outline of what I wish each song to express; indeed, to tell you the truth, I often write the actual verses, more or less badly, before leaving them to be put into proper shape by either one or other of those I have mentioned to you."

"And what inspires you with your subjects?"

"Anything and everything. *La Soularde*, my greatest success, and as you probably know a permanent favourite with all my audiences, was the outcome of a visit to the Gingerbread Fair, for there I happened to see a poor old drunken woman being followed by a number of boys, who reviled her and threw stones at her. There was in her whole figure an indescribable air of suffering and distress; and," concluded Mdlle. Guilbert, abruptly, "I went home and wrote out *La Soularde*."

"*Morphinée*," continued my hostess, after a pause, "was suggested to me by the sight of an old comrade whom I had once known as a beautiful, successful actress, and whom I now saw thin, broken down with suffering, and a morphine maniac. I asked her what had brought her to this sad pass. She told me that her sweetheart had deserted her, and that she had taken to the fatal drug in order to deaden memory and pain. Before singing *Morphinée* I made an elaborate study of the effects of morphine, for I always like to be very thorough in everything I do."

"And does it take you long to learn a new song?"

"The actual learning is nothing, but I study my effects from a period varying from a week to three months. I try to make of each song as I am singing it a dramatic episode or one-act play. That does not mean, however, that I gesticulate much, such verses as *La Soularde* must be more or less acted; but this is not the case with many of my songs. You must understand," she added, smiling, "that I do not pretend to have a fine voice. I try to sing with my brains, with my heart, and with my mind. This is, I think, why I succeed in moving those who come to see me."

"And what made you first take up this speciality, Mademoiselle?"

"I began by being an actress," she answered simply, "and spent some time first in one and then another Paris theatre, notably at the Varieties; but I found that I only earned something like twelve pounds a month, and my clothes cost me at least four times as much. One day I happened to go to the El Dorado, one of the large Paris music-halls. I was struck by the dulness and the stupidity of the performance. 'Surely,' I thought to myself, 'I could do as well and better than that?' I went home and wrote out the words and composed the music of *Pocherde*, an absurd little trifle, a transcript from life which proved an immediate success. I made my *début*, by the way, at the El Dorado, where I am now once more singing."

"I believe you attach very little importance to dress and such like accessories?"

"That depends," she replied hesitatingly. "In one sense I am quite indifferent to what I wear when I am singing; but the long straight skirts which have been so criticised, my black gloves, and so on, are worn by me in order to accentuate what I consider my best points. I should tell you that when I was an actress all my friends candidly told me that I was extremely ugly, but artists invariably admired my appearance, and I have even now numberless sketches done of me at various times before I became at all known. Accordingly, when I made my *début* as a singer, I determined to accentuate my picturesque peculiarities, and then, as now, my first aim was to be myself. I pay no heed to the fashions, and so far from wishing to be like other people, my aim is rather to produce a totally different impression."

"I notice, Mademoiselle, that you do not confine yourself to modern songs?"

"Certainly not. I adore Béranger—the Robert Burns of France. It is my aim to keep his memory green. You know how delighted people were with *La Grandmere?* This year I am singing his *Lisette*, and shall go on to *La Mere Bontemps* and through the whole series."

"Do you find that your audiences differ in what they like?"

The great singer laughed. "Yes, indeed, to an extraordinary extent. For instance, in artistic and cultured circles dramatic and satirical songs are preferred; but the general public at music-halls, whether in France or England, like something broad and witty, easily understood and quickly appreciated, tunes that linger in the memory and with catching refrains. By the way, I am delighted with my London public, and now feel completely at home with them; they are extremely sympathetic, and seem to understand all my gestures without the slightest difficulty. But I do not mind confiding to you," she added, with a very sincere ring of alarm in her voice, "that I dread the thought of my American tour. I do not know whether they will care for my style, and one or two of the American papers have already said rather unkind things about me. I do not object to criticism," she continued, plaintively, "but it is hard to be pre-judged. The success of the Duse cheers me up very much, however, for I know that, if they can understand the sense of her Italian, they will be able to gather the general drift of my French."

"I understand, Mademoiselle, that you are going to obtain what will be, even in America, a record salary?"

"Well, I hope to make just under £5,000 during my month's visit; but you know that, although we artists make a good deal of money, we spend it too. People consider me mean because I do not throw my hardly-won earnings out of the window, yet I spend something like three thousand a year, and am ambitious to retire early. Not but what I am devoted to my profession; but still a little rest is sometimes good. You must remember that in Paris I never have a night off, and though touring is very pleasant, a railway carriage makes scarcely an ideal home!"

M. A. B.

There is no end of a century for those who are one-and-twenty.

We should be silent unless we have something to say of more value than silence.

If history has to be constantly rewritten it is not only because it has been badly written, but because it is constantly forgotten.

Our age is equally distinguished by intelligent principles and the facility with which they are violated.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt.

SOME OF THE MAY PICTURES.

For years it has been considered almost as "bad form" to admire the Academy as Mr. Lewis Morris's poems. Yet both have kept extremely popular with the classes who do not heed the jeers or exhortations of superfine critics. Now a reaction is beginning. Even Mr. George Moore believes that the Academy contains more fine art than either of the Paris Salons which he has not yet seen. I, who have seen all three, agree with him.

But—and it is a very big but—in itself it is not a very memorable display. Because Paris is losing ground, we must not assume too readily that London is distancing her. There was a very long way to make up. Still, if one takes the whole output of this year, including the good work far better hung at the New English, the New Gallery, and the Grafton, it is a very promising total.

The average person, however, displays no vital interest in these things; nor is it needful that he should do so. There is too much yearning to-day for technical knowledge of other men's pursuits. As a rule the man who knows nothing of the toils of production enjoys the result far more, be it sport or painting, than the man who thinks he knows a little, for your amateur critic is chiefly anxious to display his knowledge by fault-finding.

The charm of a picture-gallery is surely in finding certain paintings fair to look upon, and agreeable in the emotions they arouse. The one thing to learn is to doubt the finality of our own judgment. Different people demand different qualities. Take a painting of a fox-terrier for instance, one likes it for its technique and good drawing, another only if it brings out the points, a third because of the anecdote it depicts, a fourth because it reminds him of a dog he once had; all excellent reasons for being pleased; but all absolutely antagonistic in their essence.

If an ideal picture like Sir Frederic Leighton's "Flaming June" is agreeable to you, it is obviously not because it represents a familiar object; one rarely sees young ladies swathed in flame-colour Liberty silk, in most complex attitudes, slumbering on marble seats by the sea; nor do we find luminous maidens with semi-transparent flesh and bare limbs on the promenade of any watering-place. But do not thereby say rashly nobody really cares for it, or any other picture of the impossible—the great race between Tritons and mermaids, for example, at the New Gallery. A picture of the inside of a Bayswater 'bus, by Mr. G. W. Joy, is just as impossible. Try, in an omnibus, to get a complete view of all your opposite neighbours from top to toe, and you will see that short of removing one side of the vehicle, and looking in from a distance of, say, ten feet, you could not see the scene Mr. Joy has painted. The 'bus is apparently moving. You can feel the jolt when the "lidy" has just passed the conductor to stagger to her seat. Now, half a 'bus in motion is as impossible as mermaids, or as Mr. Briton Riviere's "Phœbus Apollo," and more so. In this last picture a youth, with draperies sustained in an unreal fashion of pictured myth, is standing upright on a little carriage as big as an old-fashioned perambulator, which is being drawn by a frisky team of young lions across a grassy down. If you imagine a cross-country journey under these circumstances you will see that a disaster is imminent.

These impossibilities are all of facts obvious to anybody, and they are only quoted by way of argument to introduce the real objection to so many R.A. pictures—namely, that the less obvious facts of light and atmosphere, colour, and aërial effects are ignored in many paintings, that to an unobservant eye look just like nature.

If you want to see nature depicted as she is go to Mr. Tuke's "Swimmer's Pool," and forget you are not looking through a hole in the wall at the actual scene. But that the figures are motionless, the impression is as vivid and exact as the real thing. The odour of the sea, the tremulous play of light in the salt-laden air, the plash of the water, and the curious springing movement of the swimmers, are all faithfully set down. You remember that a swimmer moves with pauses between his progress, like a stage stride, and a hundred other details true in themselves and true altogether. Each of Mr. Joy's facts are no doubt true, but apart from the fact that nobody could see them by reason of the confined space; you know also that the shadow of the lower part of the omnibus would obscure details, that the lighting admirably contrived for the effect is not true, for although the door is barred by a figure, the frock of the nurse by it is in as full light as though it were not thus shadowed.

This is not intended as a reproach to Mr. Joy, who has painted a good picture of its sort, but as an attempt to show that the much-vaunted imitation of separate facts (prized by many people) is really not more true, as a whole, than the portrayal of purely imaginary subjects.

Supposing anyone has read so far down the column as this sentence he will possibly be inclined to say, that this is taking much too serious a view of things. The Academy is really only a place to praise what you like and laugh at the rest. If you knew the weariness and sheer hard work, the anxiety and thought bestowed on these pictures, if you realised what they meant to their authors—even as a source of income, not to mention the fame they hope to acquire through these paintings or sculptures—you would feel that the usual flippant dismissal of the labour of months in a hasty, half-considered sentence, is not quite fair treatment.

What becomes of the failures, the unpopular unnoticed canvasses that make up at least half the show? That is a mystery. Certain works are destined to honourable places in private and public collections—as long as picture-galleries are part of the treasures of our country. Mr. Watts' "Charity," in the New Gallery, is a noble treatment of a theme painted a thousand times, but never better. At the Royal Academy, Mr. Sargent's portraits—albeit (except the admirable likeness of Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet) they represent people who are not in "Men of the Time, including the Women;" Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Smithy," a most life-like representation of a subject that attracts painters no less than children coming home from school; and others, especially by Sir John Millais, Mr. Waterhouse, and Mr. Bramley, that would make a very presentable list, which might prove, however, quite dull reading; such as these will not be forgotten with the closing of the doors of Burlington House.

It is a sign of popular taste than fairy story and fable are more frequent than either historical subjects or domestic scenes this year. Pictures of babies, once dotted at intervals of a couple of yards throughout the show, are not more numerous in proportion to adults than in the population of an average terrace. One baby, in the silver bust by Mr. Frampton, in a "Mother and Child," is not merely a most natural and fascinating one, but a notable example of the sculptor's art, which is not unworthy of a place among the masterpieces of early Italian Art.

The visitors are quite up to the average this year, but not above it, therefore they are less interesting than the show, which is increased. It is a curious assemblage day by day—respectability stamps them all as with a hall mark. The ladies divide into two groups, according to age: either that of schoolgirls, or else of district visitors, who by some unexplained natural law all seem to have been born within a couple of years of each other.

No book published is more carefully read and annotated than the familiar little blue catalogue of the Royal Academy, which each weary gazer holds open in her hand. It is a sign of superior culture, evidently, to note one's impressions of pictures therein. Economic

families borrow them, and doubtless the second and third readers find annotated editions helpful—in their explorations. Rash visitors who wait early at the doors on the first days are doubtless the pioneers of local taste. Curates, who appear daily in large numbers, seem less bent on selecting popular pictures for discreet indirect reference in future sermons, than on imparting their ignorance of art to their relatives (presumably) who accompany them.

To a listener, the amount of mis-statement of facts, and misunderstanding of motives, that goes on before these pictures, would be a source of endless amusement could one but remember the futile remarks.

The curious thing is that nobody looks, or attempts to look, as if the annual pilgrimage were a pleasure. It is undertaken as a duty—to whom is not so clear—but obviously as something that comes between helping the vicar and going to a scientific lecture. The only purpose that animates all alike is a conscientious desire not to miss a single painting, while the black and white, architecture, and sculpture rooms are looked on merely as places to rest with your backs to the exhibits.

It is odd to find how very few of the names seem familiar to most visitors. Names like Sargent, Swan, and Carolus Duran—familiar to painters, as those of Gladstone, Chamberlain, John Burns and the Kaiser Wilhelm to politicians—are not known to the mob. Frith and Leader they knew. Leighton and Alma-Tadema (with many varieties of pronounciation in each case) are not quite strange to a large number; but the younger men are as little recognised as if they were minor poets.

Indeed, nothing impresses one more, either the English indifference to Art—the real supreme Art that is neither parochial nor swayed by fashion—than its behaviour at the Academy. Nor is there any hidden sneer in such a statement; it is not essential to be technically informed upon Art, any more than about chemistry, electricity, or bi-metallism. Such themes are best left to experts; but it is not a bad thing to confess that these are subjects upon which only the opinion of experts is of value, and so to avoid taking the opinion of the man in the street as worth anything more than an interesting, if unconscious betrayal of his own mental attitude.

THE DANGER OF ORIENTAL CARPETS.

THE French Council of Hygiene is at present occupied with the question of infection by means of carpets imported from the East in a dangerous condition. According to numerous complaints that have been addressed to that body, it seems that the goods in question are manufactured by natives who are entirely ignorant of even the most elementary precepts of salubrity, and who inhabit wretched huts, insufficiently ventilated, reeking with filth, in fact, veritable centres of infection. When the carpets reach Europe they are consequently often impregnated with noxious germs, and several fatal cases originating in this manner, are said to have occurred recently. The Council is desirous of finding an effectual and practical scheme for combating this evil; and, by way of commencement, has in contemplation the establishment of a rigorous system of inspection at the various frontiers.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST OPENS to-day (Tuesday) and CLOSES on Wednesday for London, and on Thursday for the Country.

Professor NICHOLAS, of Melbourne and Ballarat, in his recent book "The Coolgardie Gold Field," published in Melbourne, makes very extended and special reference to Bardoc and The Bank of England Mine, and states that the Main Reef is quite 3½ feet in width—carries Gold from hanging to foot wall, and that the ironstone in it is phenomenally rich in Gold.

The *Financial News* of the 1st May, 1895 (quoting from the *Coolgardie Miner*) says:—"A parcel of specimens brought in from the Bank of England Mine at Bardoc, taken from a rich shoot recently struck, shows lumps of pure gold 4 ozs. and 5 ozs. in weight, which came out of the lode. One specimen shows gold in cubes or crystals, a very rare occurrence. The last shot put in blew out magnificent specimens containing pieces of pure gold ranging from 1 oz. to 1 lb. in weight."

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OFFICES.—43, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire the lease of the mine known as The Bank of England and of the adjoining property to the south, situate at Bardoc, ten miles north of Broad Arrow on the East Coolgardie Gold Field, and containing together an area of 27 acres or thereabouts.

Before agreeing to introduce The Bank of England Mine on the English Market, Mr. R. Ogleby Davies had it inspected on his own behalf by Professor Nicholas, F.G.S., London, Lecturer on Mining to the Melbourne University and Ballarat School of Mines, who is admittedly one of the leading authorities on mining in Australia, and before agreeing to buy the property, Mr. John McDonald, the Promoter of and Vendor to the Company, had the Mine inspected and reported on at his own expense by Mr. G. R. Fearby, M.E., whose experience and reliability are well known in London.

The following are extracts from the Reports:—

MAIN REEF.—Prof. Nicholas says:—There is a length of 1,050 feet. At about 150 feet from the north boundary is the principal shaft, sunk on the underlie, which is at an angle to the horizontal of 90 degrees. The strike is north and south.

GOLD VALUE.—Prof. Nicholas says:—In many places in the reef in the shaft gold was showing right down to the bottom. The quartz contains galena, zinc blende and iron pyrites, all of which will, undoubtedly, increase in quantity below water level. These sulphides I have found to be rich in gold right throughout the goldfield, and more particularly the iron pyrites. The ironstone which, in the reef, is so phenomenally rich in gold, is derived from the decomposition of the iron pyrites. The formation or channel of country rock, enclosing the reef, is over 4 feet in thickness, and I think it will probably be found that the whole of this width (that is, the 3 feet reef and the 4 feet formation) will pay to put through the battery.

Mr. Fearby says: There is a drive or level 20 feet in from the shaft to the south on the line of reef. The walls are well defined in this drive, and the stone is 4 feet wide. I think this is a continuation of the rich chute of gold 30 feet up in the shaft. At 54 feet level in the north end, samples taken all across this reef, 2 lbs of stone gave a return of 4 ozs. 13 dwts. to the ton from 4 feet wide of stone. At 60 feet level I took a sample in the south end of the shaft, from which I got 2 oz. 6 dwts. to the ton from 2 lbs. of stone. Forty feet to the south of the main shaft the cap of the reef has been opened 10 feet in length and 5 feet deep. Here the stone will give 5 ozs. to the ton. This, I think, is the cap of another rich chute of gold dipping to the south, and there is not the least doubt but that there will be other rich chutes found as the reef is developed in depth.

OTHER REEFS.—Prof. Nicholas refers favourably to three other reefs on the property, the first of which he advises should be immediately prospected, and the second of which he mentions as having an out-crop visible for 90 feet.

CONCLUSION.—Prof. Nicholas says:—I feel convinced that The Bank of England Gold Mine will justify it being placed before the public as a genuine Gold Mine, and that in all probability it will prove to be one of the many rich mines of these Gold Fields.

Mr. Fearby says:—I think this Mine when developed will give some wonderful returns.

Since Prof. Nicholas's visit, the Manager reports the opening of the first of these three other reefs, and the unearthing of some very rich stone impregnated with gold, the reef being fully five feet wide. Mr. Fearby confirms this.

The *Australian Mail* of the 28th February, 1895, gives the following as the rate of the dividends which have been paid during 1894 by various West Australian Mining Companies—

The Day Dawn Gold Mining Association, Limited (Coolgardie and Murchison)	65 per cent.
The Central Gold Mining Company	58 "
The Bayley's Reward Claim Gold Mining Co., Ltd.	20 "
The Star of the East Gold Mining Company ..	50 "
Trenton Gold Mining Company	40 "

The statements in this Prospectus are based upon the foregoing Reports of experienced and reliable experts, and from the fact that the greater portion of the purchase price is to be taken in shares of the Company, the Directors have no hesitation in recommending this undertaking as a genuine mining investment.

The Directors propose at the earliest possible moment to order the necessary hauling and crushing machinery.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendor to the Company at £75,000, payable as to £65,000 in fully paid-up shares at par, and as to the balance in cash. This will leave £25,000 cash for working capital.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.:—(1) dated 2nd May, 1895, between Joseph George Walsh and Ralph Ogleby Davies of the one part and John McDonald of the other part. (2) dated 11th May, 1895, and made between the said John McDonald of the one part and T. F. Thorne as Trustee on behalf of the Company of the other part for the re-sale of the properties acquired under Contract (1) above-described at a profit. All charges and expenses in connection with the formation of the Company up to date of allotment will be paid by the Vendor to the Company.

Agreements or arrangements have been made with third parties for guaranteeing the subscription of the Capital and with reference to the promotion of the Company. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had sufficient notice of their nature and contents, and to have waived their right (if any) to any particulars, whether under Section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867, or otherwise as to such agreements or arrangements.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, Contracts, and the originals of the Reports can be inspected by intending Subscribers at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for Shares must be made on or written out according to the form accompanying the Prospectus, and sent to the Bankers of the Company or to the Secretary, together with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and at the Company's Offices.

IN THE CITY.

BOGUS ADVERTISEMENTS AND NEWSPAPER MANAGERS.

We have received a letter from a Nottingham correspondent, in which he says :—

> I venture to forward you the enclosed advertisement and circulars, in the hope that you will think it worth while to give the publicity which your valuable paper affords to what must be a very dangerous swindle. The advertisement is from the ———, where it has regularly appeared during the last week or two.

And here is the advertisement :—

> A boon to small investors.—Particulars will be sent on application of a genuine investment, by which a certain weekly income of 25s. for every £10 invested may be realised. Capital under your own control. No stocks or gambling transactions.—Monopolist, 20, Eaton-terrace, Eaton-square, S.W.

The "genuine investment" means handing one Gerald Radcliffe, who dates from Circus Chambers, 217, Piccadilly, moneys with which to bet upon horses. The "certain weekly income" is to be obtained by a system that is "practically infallible," and which consists of backing the first and second favourites, and continuing to back them in successive races, doubling each time, until they win.

Accompanying a good deal of printed matter, our correspondent received a letter from Mr. Gerald Radcliffe, in which he observes—

> I am aware that there is a large amount of prejudice against any form of speculation connected with the Turf; but this is not horseracing or even gambling, but really *a business* conducted on systematic principles, and dealing in a recognised financial market, the Turf merely offering the readiest means of turning the money over and over rapidly. We deal only with the market, not the horses.

Was there ever more impudent trash? And yet—such is human gullibility—there may be "small investors" silly enough to send their savings to this man, who has "worked the system now for over four years, and paid to clients on each £100 share profits of over £400."

We are quite sure that now their attention has been directed to the real character of the advertisement, the managers of the —— will take care that it does not again appear in their columns. It is extremely difficult — perhaps impossible— for the managers of a great daily newspaper to exclude from their columns pernicious advertisements when outwardly unobjectionable. But the advertisement under consideration has its character stamped upon its face. The promise of "a certain weekly income of 25s. for every £10 invested" brands the thing as a fraud. The advertising columns of newspapers work great mischief by the publication of objectionable advertisements. Brothel keepers advertising as masseurs; the most villainous of the money-lending sharks promising loans upon personal security, and without publicity; quacks promising to cure incurable diseases; men like this man Radcliffe, hiding the racing tout under the pretence of honest business; these and other knaves utilise the great dailies for their base purposes. Not many newspaper proprietors seek to justify their acceptance of such advertisements by the Passmore Edwards' plea that they charge a higher rate for their insertion. In the case of the journal from whose columns we take Radcliffe's advertisement, we are sure that no consideration of money would induce its proprietors to play the game of the rogues. Such advertisements are inserted because nobody on the staff is acquainted with their character. What the daily newspapers want is an advertisement editor, and until they have such an officer upon their staff—a man whose business it would be to exclude, as far as human care and shrewdness can exclude, such advertisements as those we have indicated—advertisements which, as matters stand, are to be found in almost every daily paper—these advertisements will continue to appear, to the loss and misery of the readers of the journals which give them publicity.

LIBEL, DYNAMITE, AND THE VOLKSRAAD.

In a recent issue we directed attention to the prosecution of a Johannesburg newspaper man—the editor of the *Critic*—for alleged libel upon one of the Transvaal judges, a prosecution that resulted in a sentence of two months' imprisonment for the accused. We now learn that Mr. Hess has succeeded in quashing the sentence, on the gronnd that the Act under which it was passed is invalid. It appears that Mr. Hess was charged under an Act recently passed by the Volksraad. Prior to this Act the maximum penalty for libel was a fine of £50, or six weeks' imprisonment. But the constitution of the Republic requires that every Act shall lie on the table of the House for three months. This provision was not complied with in the case of the Libel Act under which Mr. Hess was convicted, and the irregularity has enabled him to quash the conviction.

The incident recalls another which has never until now been mentioned in print. Some three or four years ago there was a bitter feud between the Lipperts and Nobels over the dynamite concession in the Transvaal. The Volksraad had granted a monopoly of dynamite manufacture to the Lipperts, and the Nobels were doing their utmost, in conjunction with other dynamite people, and assisted by some of the strongest financiers on the Randt, to get the concession quashed. Public meetings were held, lawyers were busy, newspapers were dealt with. In one way and another the Nobels calculated that they would have to incur an expenditure of something like £180,000 to get the concession upset.

It was during the heat of the struggle that a gentleman called one day upon Mr. Grant, Nobel's Johannesburg agent. The visitor told Mr. Grant that he could upset the concession in five minutes. Mr. Grant was sceptical, but wanted to know the price demanded for this service. £10,000 was the reply. The visitor did not want the money until he had upset the concession, but he would not say how he proposed to do it. Mr. Grant said he would communicate with his principals. Whether he did or not we do not know. Anyway, terms could not be arranged, and the visitor left. Since then Lipperts and Nobels have patched up a working arrangement. Probably Mr. Grant has long since forgotten the visitor who offered to upset the concession. If he remembers the incident it is only to deride the boast. But the visitor promised no more than he could have performed. *The Act giving the dynamite concession to the Lipperts was faulty, as the Libel Act under which Mr. Hess was tried was faulty. It had never been properly tabled*, and public opinion in the Transvaal at that time was so much opposed to the concession that it is very doubtful whether, if the Bill had been re-introduced, it would have passed into law.

DRAPERS AND DRAPERS.

The eagerness with which the public has subscribed the capital asked for by Drapery Companies brought out during the last few months, made it certain that other drapery companies, much less deserving of public support, would be put upon the market. And last week saw the issue of one such—Evans and Allen, Limited.

Evans and Allen run a drapery business at Newport, Monmouth, for which they ask the public to give them £45,000. For this £45,000 shareholders are to get goodwill and stock-in-trade, but there is no attempt to indicate the value of the latter. As for the goodwill, Messrs. Viney, Price and Goodyear certify that, taking the last four years, the profits have averaged £3,824 per annum. But the company will have to pay £550 per annum over and above what the firm paid for the leases, which are not included in the sale, and directors' fees and management expenses will have to be added. If we put £400 for the one and £600 for the other, we shall hardly err on the side of excess, so that, allowing nothing for reserve, we must take £1,550 from the average net profit, which, assuming that average to be maintained, leaves £2,274. Now to pay the 7 per cent. promised on the £50,000 capital—and it will not be maintained that that is an excessive interest upon the money risked—would require £3,500, so that it is only by assuming that the company will do as well as the firm is said to have done for the last year of its existence, that you get at the possibility of this 7 per cent. being paid. Of course we have the usual prediction of expanding profits consequent upon the conversion, but this is mere sanguine supposition.

We observe that Mr. Allen—there does not seem to be any Evans—sold the business to the Trade Syndicate, Limited. It would be interesting to know what the Trade Syndicate gave for it. But whatever they gave, the £45,000 asked from the public seems to us to be about twice as much as the concern is worth.

THE GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY COMPANY.

As mentioned in our issue of April 27th, we have been in communication with Mr. Greathead with respect to the article upon this company which appeared in our issue of April 20th, and to which Mr. Greathead takes exception in so far as it applies to him. Mr. Greathead's chief objection is to the statement that it was owing to his influence that the late Mr.

Willians got an order for castings for the City and Southwark Subway. Perhaps it will be best to quote the exact words :—

> Seeing that ironfounders were themselves most anxious to supply the contractor with castings, it is not unreasonable to assume that Mr. Willians was assisted in this matter, more or less, by his friend, Mr. James Henry Greathead, who financed and carried out the subway. Be that as it may, etc.

It will be seen that the language was not very positive, but Mr. Greathead assures us that he used no influence on behalf of Mr. Willians, who at that time was a stranger to him. We accept without reserve Mr. Greathead's repudiation, and we regret that we were misled. Mr. Greathead also takes exception to the statement that he financed the subway. This word was used only in the earlier copies of the issue, "engineered" being substituted for it in the larger portion of the edition. Mr. Greathead assures us that he had nothing whatever to do with the financing of the company.

We are also assured by Mr. Greathead that he was in no way concerned with the promotion of the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway, or the Great Northern and City. His connection with these enterprises is simply that of engineer. Under these circumstances we express regret to Mr. Greathead for having on very positive, and, as we had reason to think, trustworthy, information, commented, as we did in our issue of April 20th, upon his connection with these various enterprises.

ORNAMENTAL BOARDS.

SOME three years ago the Stamp Distribution (Parent) Company was brought out with a capital of £150,000. It was formed to acquire the patents of a system for the automatic delivery of postage stamps, and it is undoubtedly an invention of much convenience to the public. The Board was a very strong one. Here it is :—

J. H. Heaton, M.P.	C. Furness, M.P.
Theodore Fry, M.P.	Sir W. G. Hunter, K.C.M.G.
R. Scrafton.	J. Woodhead.

Here we have no fewer than three Members of Parliament, and the chairman, Mr. Henniker Heaton, has identified himself with postal reform. And yet not only did the company fail to make a profit—that might have happened to any company working a new invention—its business was conducted so unwisely that the official liquidator in his report—the company went into liquidation last year—was constrained to say :—

> "The insolvancy is directly attributable to gross mismanagement of the company's business by its earlier directors, more particularly by the first directors."

It is another proof that big names upon a prospectus ought to have very little weight with the investor.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON INDIA.

THE composition of the Royal Commission that is to inquire into the administration and management of the military and civil expenditure of India, cannot be said to be satisfactory from the point of view of those who believe that the ever-growing expenditure of India is an ever-increasing menace to the stability of British rule in India. Sir William Wedderburn may be trusted to do his best to expose the waste and extravagance of Indian administration; and Mr. Caine is, we believe, on the same side. But they are hardly front rank men. Mr. Courtney is an extremely able man, but we do not know that he has given any special attention to Indian affairs. What was wanted to counterbalance the official view was the appointment of men like Lord Cromer and Sir Henry Norman. Of course neither of these gentlemen was available; but we should have thought there were others of hardly less weight who might have been asked to serve.

THE BARNATO BANQUET.

IN speaking of the Criterion dinner to Mr. Barnato, the *Financial Times* observes that that worthy's "popularity is independent alike of company business and his association with African development. It is due to the singular felicity with which he blends a genial character with weighty cares." We are not quite sure that we know what that means. Nor are we quite as certain about the "popularity" as our contemporary seems to be. According to Sir Joseph Renals "the secret of so much success was not to be found entirely in their friend's own prosperity, but was largely due to the confidence he inspired by his honour and integrity." Integrity? Humph!

REFERENCE is made in another part of TO-DAY to the intention of Mr. Carl Hanan and Mr. Schwabacher to start a racing stable here. Mr. Hanan was the first to draw attention to the potentialites of deep-level mining on the Rand, and has always identified himself with the thorough and honest there.

JUST a word of warning about Great Boulders. The ten-ounce crushing of which we have heard so much means very little. It is picked stone and will not last.

NEW ISSUES.

Peek Brothers and Winch, Limited. Capital £600,000, divided into 60,000 5½ Cumulative Preference shares, and 60,000 Ordinary shares of £5 each. The preference shares rank in priority to the ordinary shares as to both capital and dividend. The vendor takes all the ordinary shares as fully paid up.

The business of Peek Brothers and Company is a great one, but it is possible to pay too much for it, and we think the public is asked to pay too much. It is to be observed that the combined profits of the two firms for the three years covered by the report of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, shows very serious fluctuations and diminution. Thus :—

1892	1893	1894
£55,879	£32,342	£43,859

The vendors are to be commended for giving these particulars, but we do not find any explanation of the shrinkage. Under the circumstances we consider that the price asked for the premises, £406,000, is too high, but the preferred shares are fairly secured. There is the objectionable waiver clause.

Lavington, Evans and Co., Limited. Capital, 60,000 in £1 shares. Issue of £10,000 Five Per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures and 25,000 Ordinary Shares.—This is a leather-tanning business carried on at Sittingbourne, for which the vendors want £33,000, with the stock-in-trade taken over at the firm's valuation, £25,000, being for s "patented aud secret" process, said to very materially increase the proffts of tanning. The information as to the proffts made by Evans Brothers is of a very meagre character. The "secret process" may or may not be as valuable as its owners say it is. The data available for forming an opinion is of the scantiest and being so, and since the future of the company must very largely depend upon the value of this process, we cannot recommend our readers to invest in the shares of Lavington, Evans and Co., Limited. There is the objectionable waiver clause.

The Tokatea of Hauraki, Limited. Capital, £150,000 in 6s. shares. —If the land to be taken over by this company is one-tenth part as rich as the reports attached to the prospectus say it is, the shareholders should do well. But we have not much liking for New Zealand mines, and we think the sum asked for this property, £125,000, is in any case excessive. There is the objectionable waiver clause.

The Bardoc Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to acquire and work a mining property of about 27 acres on the East Coolgardie Gold Field. The Bank of England Mine, which is part of the property taken over by the Company, has been spoken very highly of by Professor Nicholas and others. The purchase price has been fixed at £75,000, of which £65,000 is to be in shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The Belle of the West Mining Company. M. M. (Monmouthshire).—There is no quotation. **Van den Bergh's Margarine Company.** G. H. D. (Newcastle).—No, we do not think them a desirable investment. **The Equitable Securities Company.** H. A. Z. Kensington).—We have been unable to get any information. **The North American Trust Company.** C. D. (South Hackney).—Your friend had better do so. **Canadian Pacifics.** J. H. T. (Bridgend).—Yes, we think so. **Louise, Limited.** G. L. (Birmingham).—You have no ground for complaint. The issue was subscribed many times over, so that it was impossible for you or others to get anything like a full allotment.

INSURANCE.

Gresham Life Office. W. O. H. (Hampstead).—Yes, perfectly safe **A Good Insurance Office.** NORWOOD AMATEUR.—The Friends'. Provident is so very strong and pays such high bonuses, we cannot imagine why you should want to insure elsewhere, but if you must and will submit the names of a few offices we will give you our opinion of them. With respect to the Pioneer, if the policy you have is on the Pioneer plan we recommend you to drop it. WILMOT DERBY.—The Atlas Assurance Company has a system which we think would suit you.—**Endowment Assurance for £500.** S. B.—The Sun of Canada would suit your requirements. The Independent Order of Foresters is the embodiment of an insurance humbug. F. D. (Nantyglo).—Of about eighty British life offices, your observation as to slowness in paying is true of only two or three at the most. Tell us which you most incline to, and we will give you our opinion of the office. **Twenty Payments.** MANUFACTURER. Only in very exceptional circumstances do we feel justified in specifying offices. If you will tell us which you have under consideration, we shall be happy to offer you an opinion of them. **University and Universal.** T. C. D. Both offices stand exceedingly high both for strength of reserves and bonus power. You are not eligible for the former, unless you are a University man. The bonuses of the latter office, though good, are not quite equal to those of the University, and we have reason to believe they will decline a little. **Position of Insurance Company.** BRONZE (Bradford).—We do not think the company will be able to carry out its engagements. **Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada.** W. H. H. (MIDDLESBRO').—It is an excellent office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alexandra Theatre of Varieties. W. G. S. (Edgbastou).—We cannot help you. Try the secretary. **Cardiff Finance.** A. C. D. (Cardiff).—Many thanks. The matter shall have our attention by-and-bye. **Patentees' Association, Limited.** J. M. (Glasgow).—The money is gone, and we fear there is no hope of recovery. **Coffee Warrant.** WARRANT (South Shields).—We have written you under cover. **Ben Evans and Co.** ANSWERS (Newcastle).—

Safe Deposit. S. R. (Brighton).—Better keep the £25 in the Post Office Savings Bank. You will know it to be safe there, and it is only a question of about a sovereign on the year difference in the matter of interest. **Anglo-Chilian Nitrate Company.** R. W. (Darlington).—Yes, perfectly safe. This company is very respectable. **Purchase of Shares.** F. K. (Brighton).—The bankers can only debit you with the cost of the 100 shares at the price they paid for them, the current price on the day of purchase. When they buy the other fifty shares they will debit you with their cost, and if, meantime, the price has gone down you will, of course, be the gainer in the sense that you will get the fifty shares cheaper proportionately than you got the 100. You must have mistaken your bankers' meaning.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.
ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES.
For Full Particulars see Daily Papers.
Box Office now open.

LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, and for a limited number of nights, at 9 o'clock, A STORY OF WATERLOO, a play in one act, by A. Conan Doyle: Corporal Brewster, Mr. Irving; after which DON QUIXOTE, by the late W. G. Wills; Don Quixote, Mr. Irving. Preceded at 8, by BY-GONES, by A. W. Pinero. MATINEES of KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr, Wednesdays, May 15, 22, Saturdays, May 18, 25, and June 1, and Thursdays, May 30, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION.—Crystal Palace opening on Saturday, May 18th. The African Loan Exhibition, embracing curios and articles of interest from all parts of the African Continent.

EAST AFRICAN (Somali) Village in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, opening on Saturday, May 18th, under the direction of Herr Carl Hagenbeck, Great African Native display by 66 natives of Somaliland, and 350 African Animals, first time Somalis have ever visited England. Imposing and astonishing spectacle, Mimic Battle, Peace Festivities, Native Sports, Native Dances, Native Racing and formation and starting of the Caravan.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—CRYSTAL PALACE, 24 African Lions, 20 Racing Dromedaries, 25 Somali Racing Ponies, 25 Ostriches, 11 Elephants, and 250 Somali Sheep, Goats, Cheetahs or Hunting Panthers, Zebras, Leopards, Hyenas, Gazelles, Antelopes, Giant Pythons, Wild Dogs, Wild Donkeys, Monkeys, Baboons, &c. The East African Somali Village will open on Saturday, May 18th.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Enormous Success of the brilliant and delightful New Holiday Programme.
Nightly at 8.0, and Matinees on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 2.30.
The Most Charming Entertainment in London.
The whole tone of the entertainment is that of the good, old-fashioned Minstrels, whom everybody delighted to hear.—*Dispatch*, April 14th.
Prices, 5s., 3s., 2s. and 1s. Bookings at Tree's, the Hall.
General Manager, MR. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Free Entertainments, 10.45 a.m. At no place in the World can so many Sights be seen.—Wet or Fine. THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS the MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES, at 2.30 and 7.30.—ROD v. MAN. THE GREAT DIVES. COLORADO GOLD MINE. BILLIARDS. SIX WEEKS' HOLIDAY CARNIVAL.

NIAGARA HALL—ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION.
[UNSOLD'S PATENT, most successful in the world.]
REAL ICE SKATING. Ice always in perfect condition.
Daily, 9.30 to 1.0, 3s.; 3.0 to 6.30, 5s.; 8.0 to 11.30, 3s.
EXCELLENT ORCHESTRA. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT OPEN ALL DAY.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
INCORPORATED 1865.
CHIEF OFFICE FOR UNITED KINGDOM: 42, POULTRY, E.C.
FUNDS £822,283. INCOME £254,984.
ANNUITIES. INVESTMENT POLICIES. COUPON ENDOWMENTS.
For Prospectus, &c., write to S. J. EYRE-HARTLEY, General Manager.

6D. NOW READY (In Handsome Gold and Green Cover)— "TO-DAY" Spring Number. 6D.
Order at once of all Agents and Bookstalls, as the entire first issue has been bespoke by the trade.
HOWARD HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

UNION LINE. FOR
South African GOLD FIELDS, MASHONALAND, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, NATAL, & EAST AFRICAN Ports to ZANZIBAR.
Departures from SOUTHAMPTON every SATURDAY.
The MAIL Steamers call at MADEIRA.
The INTERMEDIATE Steamers call at LISBON and TENERIFE.
Union Line Express from Waterloo every Saturday.
Free Rail Tickets London and Plymouth to Southampton. Cheap Tickets for Passengers' Friends.
For all information apply to the UNION STEAMSHIP Co., Ltd., Canute Road, SOUTHAMPTON; 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and South African House, 94 to 96, Bishopsgate Street Within, LONDON, E.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
FOUNDED 1848.
Invested Funds ... £20,000,000

THE STRAND MAGAZINE. NOW READY—MAY, 1895.
CONTENTS:
Frontispiece: "Jeanne Saw a Man Close Within Her Reach."
The Convent of Sinners Point. By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick (Pleydell North). Illustrations by Sidney Paget.
Tobogganing in the Engadine. By Celia Lovejoy. Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches.
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. II.—How the King Held the Brigadier. By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrations by W. B. Wollen, R.I.
From behind the Speaker's Chair.—XXI. By Henry W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P."). Illustrations by F. C. Gould.
Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives. Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Justice Mathew, the late Mr. Waller H. Paton, R.S.A., Sir Edward Frederick Du Cane
Illustrated Interviews.—XL. Sarah Bernhardt. By Edward John Hart. Illustrations from Photographs by Nadar, Paris; Reutlinger, Paris; and La Photographic Neuvelle, Paris.
Anno Domini 1795. By Alfred Whitman. Illustrated from Old Prints and a Painting by Wheatley.
Stories from the Diary of a Doctor. Second Series. V.—The Red Bracelet. By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D. Illustrations by Gordon Browne, R.B.A.
The Census Up to Date. Written and Illustrated by John Holt Schooling.
The Second Violin. From the French of Auguste Vitu. By Alys Hallard. Illustrated by Paul Hardy
Some Popular Hymns and How They Were Written. By Francis Arthur Jones. Illustrations from Photographs, with Facsimiles of the Autograph Manuscripts, and Portraits of the Writers.
The Strange Case at St. Alban's. By Winifred Smith. Illustrations by A. Pearse.
Fables. IX.—The Parrot, the Cards, and the Beak. Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.
The Golden Bees of Mythia; A story for Children. By Horace Murreigh. Illustrations by H. R. Millar.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.
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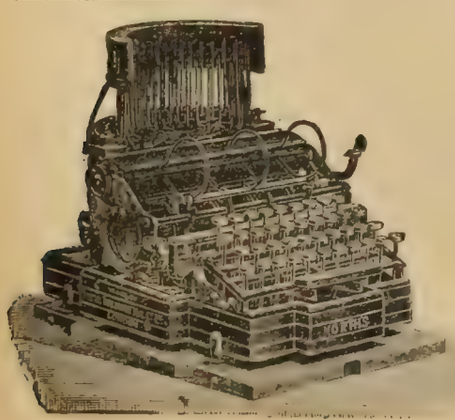

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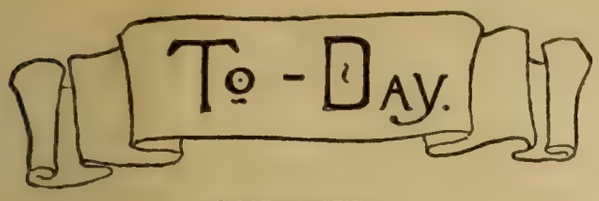

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
NOBODIES AT HOME. III. OF GOOD ADDRESS. BY GEORGE GISSING. ILLUSTRATED BY L. BAUMER 33
A CHAT WITH MR. CHARLES SAINTON 35
GRAMIGNA'S SWEETHEART. BY GIOVANNI VERGA. TRANSLATION OF ELVIRA TARNEY-ARCHER 36
WEATHER PERMITTING. BY JESSIE POPE 38
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 39
FEMININE AFFAIRS 40
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 42
HOW TO SING A SONG 43
SOME OF THE MAY PICTURES 44
IN THE CITY 46
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 49
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 52
"THE HOME SECRETARY." BY AN EXPERT 53
CLUB CHATTER 54
A CHAMPAGNE CELLAR 57
THE RED COCKADE. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE 58
A MINOR AUTHOR. BY W. PETT RIDGE 63

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

OUR anti-opium friends are casting discredit upon the members of the late Opium Commission. The anti-opiumists were enthusiastic for this Commission to sit; they greatly approved of the members when they were appointed, expecting them to condemn the drinking of opium as a deadly sin. The Committee, by a large majority, came to the conclusion that opium, taken in moderation, was a good thing, and of benefit to the people of India. This opinion was arrived at after hearing all the evidence that could be collected and carefully sifting it. But the anti-opiumists did not want evidence and facts, unless such evidence and facts fitted in with their preconceived prejudices.

I AM afraid that there are a good many of us who seek the truth after this popular method. We all pretend to ourselves that we are anxious for facts; that our only object is to arrive at the truth. But when we do get to the truth and find that it completely refutes all the arguments that we have been using, then we attack the truth and call it lies. Nothing must be more amusing from a philosopher's point of view than this desperate anxiety on the part of all mankind to dodge facts. A religion never existed yet that allowed thorough inquiry into its tenets. For hundreds of years the reading of the Bible by Christians was punished with death, and even nowadays any examination of the facts of nature is dubbed blasphemous. We are fixed up with a certain amount of prejudice in early life; part of it is hereditary, part of it we imbibe from parents and guardians and friends, and after that the great object of our existence is to avoid seeing or hearing anything that can prove to us that our prejudices are utterly false.

THE good Conservative carefully avoids reading the Radical papers; the good Liberal shuns the *Times* like poison. When a member of Parliament ventures on an opinion contrary to that of his party, nobody dreams of attempting to inquire whether the opinion be correct or incorrect. He is howled at and shouted down. The noble person, in our minds, is the stage hero, who at once knocks down the man who tells him that his wife has killed the villain. "You lie," says the hero, and out goes the informer through the window. We applaud the scene to the echo. We feel that for him to attempt to satisfy his mind as to whether the statement was true or false would be utterly contrary to heroic precedent. When a man tells you a thing that you do not want to believe, always call him a liar. In that way lies consistency.

IT seems to me sometimes that humanity is divided into many armies, and the truth carefully kept from all of them. A flag of prejudice is given to every group, and round that flag they fight and die. Their struggles are directed by the unseen hand of nature for some purpose of her own, and, perhaps, this plan is better than that each man should really think for himself. Perhaps if we looked facts squarely in the face we should none of us do anything. It is necessary that excessive drinking should be checked; therefore a band of men is sent into the world to attack drink and drinkers. If they looked into the case in its full bearings with broad-minded eyes they would see so much for and against that they would stand all their lives undecided. So nature arranges that they shall not think about the matter at all; they shall shut their eyes to all the facts that work against them, and merely look at the question from one point of view. When these teetotallers become too active for nature's purpose then another band of men is arranged for, to attack the teetotallers, and to advocate the moderate use of alcohol.

THERE is danger that the world might settle down into a rut, so Socialists and Anarchists are sent down—or up, I am not prepared to say where they come from—to buzz round, and sting us into activity. When they grow too audacious a certain section of humanity is told off to repress them. Robespierre and his crew were necessary to society; when they had reached the end of their work Napoleon was hurried up from Corsica to sweep them out of the way. And when Napoleon had finished what he was sent to do in Europe, arrangements were made by the Director of the Universe for having him transported to Elba. We all think that we are fighting for our opinions; we are simply puppets who have been given those opinions for a certain purpose, of which we ourselves know nothing whatever. If there ever comes a day when men think for themselves there will be no opinions whatever, for opinions are impossible where actual knowledge exists. Nobody has any opinion as to whether two and two make four; it is in such matters as religion and politics and sociology that we hold opinions. As a boy I remember possessing strong opinions concerning the rule of three, but they were knocked out of me, and now, upon the subject of arithmetic, I have ceased to hold views. Still opinions are interesting, and they keep us amused.

I AM glad that Mr. Gosse has brought up the question of high prices in literature. I am enabled myself to take a very broad-minded and unprejudiced view of the case, for I happen to be two persons rolled into one—both author and editor. As author I like to get, and I like to see other men getting, the highest possible figure for their work. As editor I am bound to endorse Mr. Gosse's opinion. Authors are asking impossible sums both for serial and book rights. I do not say for a moment that it is greediness on their part; they merely ask what they know their brethren are asking, and

what editors and publishers are willing to give them. They would be very foolish if they did otherwise. It is the fault of the editors and the publishers who, in the race for big names, are willing to give a price, and pay royalties upon which they undoubtedly, in many cases, lose largely, and the consequence is that the smaller author is squeezed down to pay the fee necessary to secure the larger.

In magazines and newspapers no work is ever worth the price asked by the leading men. I can put a story in To-Day, the mere serial rights of which cost me £100, and it does not sell one extra copy of the paper. The truth is that any paper or magazine with a circulation of anything over fifty thousand is immovable by any mere name. Its readers already number the whole of the public to whom authors' names convey any meaning. The big name is only useful to a new venture. Editors are beginning to see that after the first two years matter is of more importance than label, and these inflated prices will disappear. Meanwhile, it is absurd to blame the authors. It would not be in human nature for them to refuse money that they can easily get, simply because they know that their goods do not represent in value the actual amount paid.

A blackguardly case of magisterial connivance with crime reaches me from Dorsetshire. A Mr. A. B. Sheridan, described as a gentleman—ye gods, what the title has come to mean!—of Frampton Court, after a terrible day's hunting, in which he rode his horse almost to death, flogged it to get it home till it fell dead, and for this piece of vile brutality his friends upon the bench fined him £5! The story is a disgrace to the hunting field, a disgrace to the gentlemen of Dorsetshire who will ride side by side with such a man, and a disgrace to English justice. The Sporting League is never tired of telling us that sport takes care to divorce itself from cruelty. A good sportsman is a kind, considerate man; but if sporting men are not prepared to kick out from amongst them such men as this Mr. A. B. Sheridan, they must be content to be looked upon as an organisation of cads. In war-time, and in cases where life and death hang in the balance, it is legitimate to kill your horse in this way, but the man who, in cold blood, can flog to death a gallant animal that has strained every muscle in his service the whole day, is a creature so unutterable that one does not know by what name to call it. There is not a brute that God made who would not repudiate association with such a being. If Dorsetshire society has a grain of man or womanhood left in it Mr. A. B. Sheridan, "gentleman," of Frampton Court, should have a peaceful existence.

A whisper is passing through society circles to the effect that mourning is doomed. The news seems almost too good to be true. It is an unutterably silly custom, and therefore one that fashion might be expected to cling to so long as the world lasted. Anyhow, in spite of rumour, until I see I shall not believe. Up to the present sensible people have been compelled to fall in line with the folly by mere force of public opinion, but the necessity must have been sadly galling to them. To turn the mourning for our dead into a fashion, and regulate our grief according to the views of a Paris milliner is pathetic in its littleness. What has real grief to do with Jay or Peter Robinson? Why, because I have lost the thing I love best in the world, am I to tie a band of crape about my arm that the people who pass me in the street may know that I am sorrowing? Does it matter to the woman, thinking of the dead man that she clung to, that her degree of grief is considered satisfactory by Mrs. Jones next door or by Mrs. Smith over the way?

Mourning has come to be an affectation, and grief an acted lie. We draw on our black gloves and sigh as we step into the dead man's shoes, saying to ourselves, "Ah, well, it is a good thing for me that he is gone." And the man relieved from a lifelong burden and the man whose heart is broken dress each in solemn broadcloth for the period of one year. And the child creeping with wild eyes through the empty rooms, and the church-blessed prostitute, thanking her stars she is quit of the old fool she married for his money, are decked alike in orthodox black, cut as becoming as may be. To those who have feeling this mourning is a ghastly mockery, and they despise themselves for wearing it. Real grief seeks to hide itself from the world; the affected sympathy of strangers is only an insult to it. Let mourning be for those who think they look well in black. Let Mrs. Grundy and her friends tell each other that they mourn in the proper worldly way, as it is expected of them, but for the others let them be. Do not insist upon it that we all advertise our pain.

M. Daudet has been giving his impressions of England to the interviewers. He owns that he started with a prejudice against the English, but this prejudice has been much modified by a nearer acquaintance. As M. Daudet spent seven hours of one day in a cab, inspecting London, it must be allowed that he prosecuted his studies of London with considerable ardour. His prejudice and its subsequent modifications are alike reasonable; the former was founded on the Englishman as he is seen abroad, and the latter on the Englishman as he is seen at home. The greatness, energy, and activity of London never fail to impress an intelligent and observant foreigner; and what he sees of our behaviour here always corrects the opinions that he has formed from our behaviour abroad; it has not only happened in M. Daudet's case, but in countless others.

It is probable that the faults of our behaviour abroad are chiefly due to the fact that we do not know how to take a holiday. I have on other occasions alluded to the senseless system of bank-holidays, by which business is absolutely disorganised without any adequate return in pleasure. From all that one hears the behaviour of the Englishman abroad is very much on a level with the behaviour of Henry at Hampstead, on a summer bank-holiday. The Englishman abroad dresses as he would not dare to dress at home; defies the habits and customs of the country that is offering him hospitality, as he would not dare to defy the customs of London; and, although he would not venture in London to make rude personal comments in French on people around him, he yet thinks it perfectly safe when in Paris to be offensive in English. And, as it is very far from being perfectly safe, he gets himself disliked.

The Englishman can work; it may also be said, as a

historical fact, and without any undue jingoism, that he can fight. But it does not seem as if he would ever learn how to play; he is not naturally light-hearted; gaiety without excess is a secret that he has never learned. Neither in work nor in battle is a scrupulous regard for the feelings of others essential; on the contrary, it would stand in the way slightly. You could not sell your shares in a gold-mine (which you knew had burst) to a man who was not possessed of the information, because you would be sorry to disappoint him. You could not even kill your man in battle, unless you were assured that his death would not cause him any grave inconvenience. But this regard for the feelings of others, however unsuited to the daily business of life, might with advantage be assumed during holidays. It would go far to improve the reputation of the Englishman abroad.

I SHOULD not much care to meet a Liverpool charwoman with her blood up. Six of these spirited ladies were in the dock at the assizes for having assaulted a lad who had given evidence against the husband of one of them. Various terms of imprisonment were meted out to them. United they stood; united they fell. As soon as they heard their sentences they flung themselves down on the floor of the dock, and (still united) they shrieked. Let the new woman take a lesson from her humbler sisters of Liverpool. As long as one woman will stand by another, and if necessary, fall with her, and, in any case, shriek with her, the cause of woman must progress, and great things may happen. What happened in this case was merely a frantic struggle with the warders. But though the result, materially considered, may be but slight, the principle is noble and potent. It is just possible that these Liverpool heroines carried it a little too far, however.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lady Henry Somerset and the Convalescent Home.

In reply to Lady Henry Somerset's letter I have received the following communication from the Secretary of the Convalescent Home:—

SIR,—In January last you noticed some correspondence which had taken place between Lady Henry Somerset and myself with reference to the removal of a patient, by the British Women's Temperance Association, from our Home at Southend, under extraordinary circumstances. I had strongly protested against certain charges made against the management of the home by the Tunbridge Wells Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, and Lady Henry, writing from America on September 17th said, "*I will make a thorough investigation of this matter, and will write you again on the subject.*" After waiting eight months for the promised reply, I find in your issue of the 4th inst. a long letter from Lady Henry, in which, however, there is no attempt to defend the statements complained of by me, but rather an admission that she had been grievously misinformed of the circumstances by the Tunbridge Wells Temperance Association. It is now clear:—

1. That Lady Henry Somerset withdrew her patronage from the Convalescent Home upon information which was not truthful.

2. That drink was *not* given or offered to Miss Waghorn while at our home.

3. That this woman was removed from our home against her expressed wishes. Lady Henry admits the girl said "she was sorry, as she was happy there," and that "The girl shed a few tears," when the missionary from Tunbridge Wells, "spoke somewhat sharply to her."

4. That notwithstanding Lady Henry Somerset's statement to the contrary, in September last, Miss Waghorn has not "returned to her former habits of drunkenness in consequence of the drink given to her at our Home."

This much being admitted, surely some communication should have been addressed to my committee in accordance with the promise given. Instead of this, however, other charges not previously hinted at have been recklessly made; as an instance, Lady Henry Somerset says:—

"The girls were in the habit of driving out together, and that she" (Miss Waghorn) "had accompanied a party in this way; that they had stopped at several public-houses, although she herself had drank nothing but lemonade." I have had an opportunity of questioning a respectable tradesman's daughter, a total abstainer, who was residing at our home at the time, and who, at the request of the matron, was Miss Waghorn's constant companion, and I find that on one occasion the two young women agreed to join three or four respectable elderly ladies, whom we know and can produce, for a drive in the ordinary pleasure brake to Rochford Castle—a pretty drive for five or six miles on a July afternoon.

I have driven this road more than once, and know of no wayside inn at which a pleasure brake is likely to pull up. I have no doubt the driver watered his horses at Rochford, and I see no harm in the bottle of lemonade, which seems to be the head and front of our offence. But, says Lady Henry:—

"Some of the girls had come home the worse for drink."

This I say at once, and deliberately, is a LIE, unmitigated and without foundation; such a thing never happened in the history of the association, and our rules provide for immediate expulsion should anything of the kind occur at any time. Lady Henry should not require me to demand that this statement should either be substantiated or withdrawn.

St. Olave's, Southend, is not a home for inebriates, but for respectable women and girls, who, with the fewest possible restrictions, are encouraged to feel that they are visitors in the house of friends; and not one of the six hundred and six residents during the past three years has abused the privileges of the institution.

With reference to the statement by the Tunbridge Wells total abstainers, that Miss Waghorn was placed in this particular home at *their expense*, this is *another fiction*. We have received NO PAYMENT, either directly or indirectly, towards the maintenance of this woman at our Home.—Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours obediently, ROBERT FREWER, Hon. Secretary.

Each side having now had a good deal of my space, I must beg that any further correspondence be made as short as possible.

W. S., who wrote me some weeks ago with reference to three orphan children, is requested to send me his name and address at once. A correspondent living at Kirkwall has very kindly offered to adopt the eldest of the three, under certain conditions.

A. J. H. very properly complains of Press comments on the Wilde case while it is still *sub judice*, and he adds that if he were an innocent man charged wrongfully he should prefer to stand his trial before a judge alone.

W. J. L. calls my attention to the plucky speech of the curate of St. Saviour's, Southwark, who, although a total abstainer himself, has not hesitated to denounce the Local Veto Bill as a tyrannical interference with the rights of man.

M. E. M. tells me that the Eastbourne clergyman who denounced the battle of flowers is not a Church of England man, and with generous kindness adds:—"I appreciate your manly, honest paper, which I regularly send to my son in America, who much values it; yours is the only paper I know that gives plenty of interesting information, and denounces vice and dishonest practices with the outspoken scorn they deserve. Long may your paper flourish."

F. S. I.—Escalibur was the magic sword of King Arthur. BIMETALLIST.—Write to the Secretary of the Bimetallic League, 26, Lombard Street, E.C., who will send you pamphlets on the subject.

J. W. H. (Newcastle).—Many thanks for your letter. I believe you would get all the information you desire from the Principal, the Royal Veterinary College, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W. R. F.—You and I disagree with this class of paper, of course, but unfortunately there is a large public for such, and therefore they will be sold. H. B. P.—I, anyhow, have read Mr. Hatch's lecture.

H. J. E.—Mr. Crossley's address is 24a, Nassau Street, Dublin. I know he will be most happy to give you all the assistance in his power.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.—WILLIE.—Come back to your wife and child; they and all the family forgive you everything. Ruin must come without you.—TOTS.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—You must do what seems good in your eyes, I will not advise you, but I shall not buy Gaiety shares myself. In less than two weeks the shares have jumped up from five to seventeen shillings—indeed, I know of one deal made at eighteen and sixpence.

Now you know what this is supposed to mean, of course. It is assumed that the affairs of the Company have so improved that, instead of no dividend, or a bare five per cent., there will be a big profit, and consequently a dividend of fifteen or twenty per cent.

This seems to me quite out of the question, when I consider what has happened at the Gaiety in the past. *The Shop Girl* may be, and possibly is, doing well just now, but it is by no means a phenomenal success. Just before Easter it was not drawing enormously, and I see no reason why it should ever come to be regarded as more than a good average paying play. I am inclined to believe that other plays at the Gaiety, such as *Carmen Up-to-Data*, for example, have done as well, or better, on the whole. Yet there have been no big dividends at the Gaiety. Why should they commence now?

Of course it is just possible that a new element enters into the calculation this year. At the last general meeting of the Gaiety Theatre Company, George Edwardes announced that in response to the suggestion of several influential shareholders he intended to let the Gaiety people participate in all his other undertakings to the extent of one-third. I never did quite understand what this meant, and I don't understand it still. It may mean that the Gaiety shareholders are to take a third both of George Edwardes' losses and profits away from their own theatre; but if this is so they will be practically shareholders in a variety of concerns over which they have no control, and in the conduct of which they have no voice. It may mean that George Edwardes will put the result of all his undertakings together, and after striking a profit and loss balance, he will present the Gaiety Company with one third of his net profits; or finally it may mean that he will deal with his enterprises separately, and that whenever he makes a loss he will bear it himself, while whenever he makes a profit he will give one-third of it to the Gaiety.

Suppose this last and most favourable arrangement to be the one that really exists, how do matters stand even then? Let us assume that a twenty per cent. dividend is what the purchasers of shares at seventeen shillings are expecting; let us assume that at the end of their year's trading at the Gaiety itself the managing director is paid his salary, the directors are paid their fees, and a five per cent. dividend remains. I do not believe that any rational being can hope for more. It is obvious, therefore, that the remaining fifteen per cent. is expected from the Gaiety's third share in the other enterprises of Edwardes. What are they? Edwardes had an interest in *His Excellency*, but so had Lowenfeldt and Sedger. When you remember the cost of production and the five thousand paid to Gilbert, I do not suppose that, as the piece ran but a short time, the profit amounted to three thousand. But granted it did, Edwardes may have made one thousand out of it. The *Gaiety Girl* in America certainly did splendidly to begin with in New York. Then came the small-pox for Harry Monkhouse, illness amongst the other members of the company, the secession of Cissy FitzGerald, and the return of Juliet Nesville. This was all very unfortunate; still a large profit ought to be credited to the *Gaiety Girl* American account. The initial cost of such an enterprise is very large, however, and the extra cost entailed by the circumstances to which I have alluded must be considered. I should doubt the profit exceeding six thousand pounds, but I may be wrong. The *Artist's Model* I should feel inclined to leave out of my calculations. The cost of production must have been very heavy. The salary list is long and large. Even allowing for the big Library "deal," I should hesitate before putting down any appreciable profit to the *Artist's Model* at all. What Edwardes will make out of *Gentleman Joe* is quite another matter. At present the business runs up to fourteen hundred per week, but in view of the fact that the cast includes Arthur Roberts I do not suppose the expenses are under eight hundred per week. The piece may run for a year or more, but equally it is of the ephemeral order that sometimes burns itself out in the first blaze. Remembering that the summer is before us we may split the difference and say that it may run for thirty weeks at an average of twelve hundred per week. That is a profit of, say, four hundred per week, or a gross profit of twelve thousand pounds. If, as I suppose, Edwardes gets four thousand out of this, it would bring his profits all told up to about eleven thousand pounds. If he handed to the Gaiety Company one-third of this—roughly, three thousand six hundred—they could, in addition to their original five per cent., pay another six per cent., or eleven per cent. altogether.

If, however, it finally appears that they pay twenty per cent., they will according to my calculation have to receive nine thousand from Edwards to do it with, and this would mean that out of the concerns I have mentioned he had made a profit of *twenty-seven thousand pounds!*

Gentleman Joe is obviously the crux of the situation. It may be a gold mine—and it may not. Time alone will tell. In the interval I prefer my own modest estimate, and consequently I shall not buy Gaiety shares at seventeen, or even fifteen shillings, for I do not think that they are worth it.

There was a tremendously fashionable audience at the Criterion on the first night of *The Home Secretary*. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha were in one box, Prince Teck and Princess Mary in another, and a fine variety of society folks in the stalls. It was my proud privilege to sit immediately behind the Licenser of Plays, who, unlike his predecessor, is rapidly becoming a regular first-nighter. I am told that he felt some qualms about licensing Claude Carton's play; but I am sure he need not have done so. Probably he feels equally convinced now, for, when the big Socialistic speech came in the fourth act, he turned deliberately round and evidently watched with care its effect on the audience. They sat unmoved, in stolid indifference. A slight smile flickered across the face of our Censor as he turned once more to the stage, evidently quite satisfied with the harmlessness of a theatrical propaganda in matters political.

Curiously enough, the audience at the St. James's on Saturday was much less smart than usual. No Royalties were present, the box usually set apart for them being occupied by Joe Posno and "the Long 'un"; but Henry Arthur Jones imitated Carton in the matter of his call, which they both took, surrounded by manager and company. This is hardly playing fair. Carton has the excuse of being an intensely shy and nervous man, but Jones has faced the music so often that he need not have feared a hostile verdict. As it was those who dissented on Saturday seemed to redouble their efforts when they saw Jones with the company, and the adverse opinion was expressed with greater emphasis as each second flew by.

As I told you, the new Pinero play for the Comedy will not be ready until the autumn, when Leonard Boyne will join Carr's company. Gilbert will also join the serious dramatists in the autumn, he having undertaken to write a play for Willard.

Business at the theatres, taken all round, is fair, but not great. The music-halls are doing well, but the directors of Olympia are, I am sorry to say, calling the shareholders together to consider the situation.—Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph

"THE HOME SECRETARY."

BY AN EXPERT.

I don't think I ever sat out a more tantalising play than the one recently presented to the Criterion by Mr. Carton. As a rule, he has been a soothing and satisfying dramatist, with a judicious blend of Charles Dickens and Thomas Robertson. I have made it hitherto a rule to go to a play by Mr. Carton with an extra pocket-handkerchief, for I don't mind owning that I am accustomed to "make a fool of myself" at the theatre. Dear me, what tears we have all shed over *Sunshine and Shadow* and *Liberty Hall*, and if you promise me faithfully that you will not whisper a word of it to William Archer, Edward Rose, Bernard Shaw, or any of the flinty division, I went again to the new military melodrama at the Adelphi, and the acting of Miss Millward, William Terriss, and, I think, most of all, Charles Fulton—what an admirable and unrecognised artist he is—worked wonders with my lachrymal glands, and I was not surprised to hear a young girl in the gallery, when Miss Millward was reciting the burial service, give a wild hysterical sob that startled the audience to sympathy. And is this not the very purpose of playing to make the people laugh or cry—to cry most of all? "*Oh, le bon temps quand j'etais malheureux!*" says the French cynic. But how true it is of nights at the play. I would sooner come out of the theatre with my eyes red, or my sides aching, than with an acid taste in my mouth, as if I had swallowed a file, whereas I had only been listening to the cheap drivel of the modern cynic.

But I return to this weak-kneed Home Secretary, one of the feeblest, who has held office since Walpole shut up the gates of Hyde Park, and the mob at the command of Edmond Beales, M.P., promptly pulled four square miles of iron railings and rushed in to claim their own. It is my firm and fixed opinion that Mr. Carton altered the whole scheme of his play at the last minute. I don't believe that his sham lover-hero and Anarchist, with whom Mr. Lewis Waller can do nothing, was originally an Anarchist, or Socialist, or propagandist at all. It is clear to my mind that he was originally designed as a fashionable and well-bred burglar, who has the cheek to force himself into society, and fall in love with the Home Secretary's wife. I can see it all from the burglar's point of view. And then, of course, somebody came up to Mr. Carton and said: "My dear boy, the public will not stand any more Spiders out of the *Silver King* or second-hand Captain Swifts, so you must turn the President of the Burglars' Association into an Anarchist, and make him spout revolutionary stuff with a sincere air!" Behold the dire result. Not a soul in the audience understands if the Anarchist is sincere or laughing in his sleeve, not a human being can comprehend what attraction such a self-satisfied spouter can have for the Home Secretary's wife, and the whole play, from first to last, is a mysterious puzzle. The great art of the dramatist is to catch hold of an audience and interest it on the instant. There should be no hesitation and no delay. Every moment wasted in superfluous and dilatory conversation when the curtain has risen, makes a bad start.

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

I don't care what you say, with your expert notions, but for my own part I would sit out *The Home Secretary* again, for the sake of the last act, which you owned redeemed the play, and also, more than all else, for the acting of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Julia Neilson, as the estranged husband and wife. I will own that the wife of the Home Secretary puzzled me a bit at the start. Her arguments with her husband were so very feeble, and his so remarkably strong and unanswerable. But from the end of the third act, when, in the beautiful scene, where Julia Neilson seems to say, "Go, lovely Rose! tell him that wastes his time and me!" down to the self-examination of the half-guilty woman, guilty in thought, never in deed, to the exquisite confession and the incomparable charm of the reconciliation, I was fairly delighted. Say what you like about the sentimental Carton, he has never, to my knowledge, been more subtle than this, or so deeply probed into a woman's heart and nature. As good luck would have it, author and artist were both in accord here. Surely Julia Neilson, from the luckless days of Brantinghame Hall—when the indignant Gilbert swore by his gods that he would write no more serious plays until the accursed critics were gagged, douched or closured—until now has been told enough how beautiful she is, but oh, how cold, how supremely beautiful she is, but, alas! how chiselled in marble; how transcendently lovely she is, but seemingly so unimaginative that some of us can afford to give credit where credit is due. No one can say who has seen Julia Neilson in the last act of *The Home Secretary*, that she is cold, heartless, or indifferent any more. The situation seemed to attract her, the scene fascinated her. You could see her mind working in her troubled face. It was all very noble, very sweet, and very natural, and now that the ice has been broken, now that the marble has been warmed to life, let us claim this beautiful lady, who has borne her inevitable punishment so bravely, as a new recruit in the school of nature. Perhaps it is not wholly her fault. I don't honestly think that her first pastors and masters quite understood her nature. They chilled her. They sent her into her shell instead of allowing her to bask in the sun. Look at the difference when she comes under the sway of an instructor like Charles Wyndham. The actress is transformed, and she has acted as she has never acted before. There are two kinds of hypnotists in their relation to women. The hypnotist who frightens and awes; the hypnotist who soothes. Julia Neilson has been frightened too long, and now she has been awakened from her Mary Anderson dream and become a veritable Terry. Charles Wyndham was at his best in the last act, better, I think, than in the famous last act of *David Garrick*. It was strange that up to the end of the third act all the interest was centred in the minor characters. Nobody cared a snap of the fingers about principals. Mr. Alfred Bishop is one of the most distinguished old men of the stage, Mr. Sydney Brough one of the best of the boys, and if pretty Maud Millett could, by the exercise of art or imagination, conceive an English girl different from the one she has given us, week in, week out, year after year, so long as any of us can remember her, I am sure it would be a source of gratification to her many admirers. Miss Mary Moore blossomed out into a new style, and delighted everybody. She dropped girlish sentimentality, and became the smart little woman of fashion, alert and careless as a butterfly.

Mr. Expert speaks. I was discussing just now the art of the dramatist in instantly starting interest. It is the most difficult of arts. But if I am not very much mistaken, it is possessed in a striking manner by Mr. Zangwill. I saw a little play, a mere dualogue of his the other day at a matinée which delighted me immensely. It is called *Threepenny Bits*, and in the short space of half an hour we have true humour, cynicism, an up-to-date story, and mock tragedy of the wildest kind. The scene in this playlet, in which Zangwill burlesques Ibsen and his style, is the best thing of its kind that has been done for many a long day. There is nothing forced about it, no effort. Mr. Burnand and Mr. Anstey, who, to my mind, are masters of parody, must yield here the palm to Mr. Zangwill. I am convinced he will write a notable one some day if he is careful enough to close his ears against "the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," that silly charmer who will tell him that conventionality is played out. Rubbish! *The Tanqueray* tempest has blown itself out, the vessel built by the new school has foundered, and the rats are hurrying to leave the sinking ship. All this [illegible] inevitable.

CLUB CHATTER.

My notes last week on ruffianism on the London and South Western Railway have brought me a letter from a gentleman, who was apparently one of the victims of the attack at Hampton Court station after the Hurst Park races. He says: "My brother and I had to fight for our lives against five pickpockets in a first-class carriage for quite ten minutes before a single policeman could be found. I think it is about time the railway was shown up. I have written direct to the chairman of the company, informing him that I intend taking proceedings against the company, claiming £50 damages for my brother, and the same for myself. I do not expect them to pay, but if they do not it will put me in a very good position for exposing them."

May my correspondent succeed, and he will have done good work for every sportsman. It is not pleasant—indeed, it is desperately unpleasant—to feel on a racecourse that your life is in danger if you happen to win a few pounds. These ruffians will follow a man on whom fortune has smiled for hours, and once in the railway carriage, he is at their mercy. They suggest gambling. He refuses. Without much difficulty they construe his words into an insinuation that they are cheating. Then the crowd set upon their victim, and it is little use a man struggling against a flock of the foulest carrion of Stamford Street and the Borough.

Many months ago it was suggested in To-Day that the use of the revolver was humanising. It protected the weak man from the bully. I am disposed to entirely agree with this. These fellows would have been hiding in a turnip field to this day if they had thought there was a chance of a little promiscuous firing. But as it is quite certain the Legislature will not allow this, it would be as well if they clearly laid down the law relating to the responsibility of a railway company for the protection of its passengers. The London and South Western are fortunate in being able to feed the most popular race meetings, and it is their duty to see that every one of these notorious scoundrels are debarred from using their trains. They could do it. Why don't they?

The other day I got into a Great Western Railway smoking carriage. So far as I could see it was the only reserved carriage of the kind on the train. There were in it, beside myself and some other male passengers, two women and three babies. One of the children I am glad to say ate the whole of a box of Tandsticker matches, and so is probably now gone to "where beyond these voices there is peace." Of that baby I wish to say nothing harsh. But of the other two who were merely sick, and of the two women who were entirely unnecessary, I think I have some cause for complaint. I saw men intending to smoke walk up and turn away sadly. Can the women be made to understand that one of the chief reasons that men travel in a smoking carriage is to avoid women and babies. In the interest of the infantile death-rate I think that smoking compartments should be reserved for smokers.

And while I am on the subject of railway travelling, I have another ground for complaint. When automatic machines were introduced I thought them very handy contrivances for buying matches. Now at almost every railway station I find that the automatic supply anything except matches. I can get chocolate creams and caramels, needles and thread, a photograph of Miss Minnie Palmer or the Prince of Wales, but no wax vestas. Caramels make me ill. I have no use for the needle and thread. I can even travel long distances without a photograph of Miss Minnie Palmer in my possession, but I cannot travel without smoking, or smoke without a light. It may seem a curious paradox that these automatic machines will never be perfect so long as they are matchless.

There is a popular belief that in order to present a pretty foot it is necessary to encase it in as small a boot as comfort will allow. But this is an entirely erroneous idea. A foot to be pretty must be symmetrical, and a tight boot destroys this effect. Apart from personal convenience, a boot that does not pinch is always to be recommended, because it is much more likely to keep its shape than a boot which is only partially comfortable.

The reason for this is quite apparent. When wearing tight boots you naturally try to give as much ease as possible to your tortured feet. In doing this you are compelled to put your feet down in an unnatural position, and the consequence is that your feet are soon forced into a cramped and deformed shape. This is often seen in enlarged toe-joints, which are nearly always the result of pointed-toed boots. As a matter of fact, everyone's feet are deformed, but no man or woman who wishes to present a fashionable exterior ever thinks of wearing anything else but the ordinary boot of commerce, with its V-shaped, pointed toe.

If you look at a baby's foot you will see what a man's natural foot should be like. The inner side should be almost straight, and the outer should curve round and form a perfect bow. But as soon as the fashionable bootmaker comes along the child's foot is forced into a pointed-toe shoe; the natural consequence of this is that the toe-joint is forced outwards, and the child grows up with ugly, uncomfortable feet.

The moral of this is: Buy pretty boots, by all means; but don't sacrifice your comfort, for in so doing you sacrifice your appearance as well. By the way, talking of comfortable feet reminds me of walking tours. Most men who spend their holidays in this healthy fashion are often obliged to stop before they would otherwise wish, because they wear their feet into holes. A good remedy for this is dry soap rubbed on the outside of the sock before the day's march is commenced. This remedy is a very old one, but I don't fancy it is generally known. The dry soap makes the foot work easily in the boot, and blisters are thereby avoided.

Before I leave the subject of boots let me give you the latest tip, and that is, when buying boots this year buy button ones. They are to be the thing, whatever form of foot wear you affect. The very newest thing is a button boot in Russian leather. Mr. Forbes Robertson has set the fashion by wearing a pair in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and I quite expect to find them all the rage at the seaside this year.

Straw hats are everywhere. You have three selections—the Alpine hat, the average flat brim, and last of all the French straw, with its narrow turned-up brim bound with silk. It reminds one largely of the youngsters' seaside headgear, but I should not be at all surprised if it became generally fashionable before the summer was over. But out and away the most comfortable hat for summer wear is the Alpine straw. It is light, the crown is ample, and the brim is just the proper width, and most important of all it has a very smart appearance. Meanwhile anyone who sticks to the flat brim should get a tri-coloured band in dull colours, with a large bow.

The English turf has two new recruits in Mr. Carl Hanan and Mr. Schwabacher, their first purchase being made on Saturday at Kempton, when they secured that smart filly, Flora Dance. They hail from South Africa, and enjoy the reputation of being two of the best fellows

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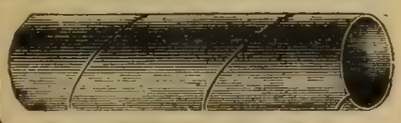

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that have ever trod Johannesburg—good sportsmen, good hosts, generous and honourable. They have their eye on several smart two-year-olds, and I wish all luck to their colours.

There are very few who use London's streets who have not met the man who distributes tracts, and whispers in your ear that you are going There; or the other who sells wax matches and wears a silk hat, and assures you that he was formerly the editor of a well-known fashion journal. The latest of this quaint colony breaks new ground. He walked behind me in Oxford Street the other day, and asked me to buy matches. I took no notice. Then he followed me. "You have destroyed my home," he said. "You —— Cadogan. I had a house at Chelsea, and you pulled it down to make a home for the toffs." After this his language drifted into undiluted expletives, and I put him under the notice of a constable. The officer sent him adrift, and then told me that since the Cadogan family had started pulling down the slums of Chelsea, more than a dozen of the old tenants had come up West, and cursed and swore at every man who wore anything but corduroy. It is not pleasant, and I wish the Earl of Cadogan would have a really good photograph taken and liberally displayed.

Last week's cricket was so full of sensational incidents that the interest of the public has been at once centred upon the great summer pastime, and there is every reason to expect that during the next few months the cares of a long winter's football will be entirely forgotten, and the county matches and the other various first-class engagements will be watched with even closer attention than in previous years. Though the many partisans of Surrey will regret the early downfall of the team, there can be no doubt that the brilliant but altogether unexpected victory of Leicestershire by four wickets will give a great impetus to the game in all parts of the country. This was the first time that a match of Leicestershire reckoned in the struggle for the county championship, and the Midland team have every reason to feel proud of their performance. For about a day and a half the chances were all against them, and the manner in which they pulled the game out of the fire will always reflect to their credit.

The heroes of the game were unquestionably Woodcock and Tomlin, the former taking no fewer than six wickets with his splendid fast bowling in Surrey's second innings, and Tomlin playing in really magnificent form for 106 not out. It can safely be said that neither professional had ever before done so well in first-class cricket. Tomlin had always been highly thought of by his intimate associates, but up to last week he had somewhat disappointed his friends. However, his performance against Surrey atones for many shortcomings, and his doings for Leicestershire in the future will be watched with more than ordinary attention.

At last Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville has attained the height of his ambition, and become amateur golf champion. He thoroughly deserves his triumph, for no better all-round sportsman can be found in Scotland. To beat Mr. Ball is indeed a feat to be proud of, and seeing that he is likely to improve, I fancy Mr. Melville will hold his own for some time to come. Mr. Ball, the ex-champion, has now figured in the final on six occasions, and has won four times.

The Major.

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A CHAMPAGNE CELLAR.

People go to Rheims to see two things—the cathedral and the champagne cellars. Which of these two sights is the more interesting is a matter of individual taste. In either case, you go to the cathedral first. If you prefer it, you go for that reason. If you do not, you go to get it over and be done with it.

Rheims is a very dull town, evidently very industrious, evidently very intent on its own business. Champagne is its business, and it is rather strange that its light and sparkling nature should fail to impart any light or sparkle to the city which is its headquarters. Crowning the Kings of France used to be the business of Rheims; perhaps it feels it has its dignity to keep up, and refuses to be made frivolous even by champagne. Some of the streets are old and some are new; but the old ones have none of the charm of antiquity, and the new ones none of the brightness of youth. The hotel, which bears an old name and an honourable reputation, is dirty and dingy. The only two agreeable points about it are the very engaging black poodle, who resides in it, and the view from its windows of the beautiful façade of the cathedral, with its lovely elaboration of stone carvings and hundreds of statues, which make its contemplation a continual wonder and delight.

The champagne cellar we are to visit is Pommery and Greno's, and to get there we have a good half-hour's drive along a wide boulevard, flanked with big houses and villas and gardens, all supported by champagne. At last we arrive. It is an immense building—grey, curiously striped with red—set on a hill, quite on the outskirts of the town. The entrance looks like a cross between that of a hotel and a penitentiary. We are very politely received, and handed over to a man in a blue blouse and a black moustache, who is to guide us over the place, and begins by conducting us to the top of a long, straight flight of stairs which go down and down, apparently into the very centre of the earth. However, we don't quite get there, though we descend 218 steps, which seem a thousand, towards it. Strangely enough, going down is much more tiring than coming up again.

The cellars are hollowed out of the chalk rock, and are so deep down that they have a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of about 11 degrees centigrade (about 53 deg. Fahrenheit). Heat or cold above makes no difference down here; in winter it strikes warm and in summer cold. The cellars consist of innumerable long tunnels, crossing and recrossing, and leading in and out of each other in the most puzzling fashion. They are all lit up with electric light. It is very nice, but seems, somehow, incongruous, down there in the bowels of the earth. Torches, or candles stuck in your hat, for instance, would not be so agreeable, but more harmonious and more in artistic keeping with the long, mysterious passages in the rock. The extent of the cellars is 13 kilometres (just over eight miles), and the guide informs us, with pride, that it takes five hours to walk all over them.

The tunnels are flanked on each side with high stacks of bottles—hundreds and thousands of them—all full of the precious liquid. When our guide thinks we are sufficiently impressed he turns us back, through more tunnels, lined with huge casks. These casks are the cradle of the champagne. It is in the beginning simply white wine, which is poured into the casks and allowed to remain there for a year. Nothing is added to it. But, on the other hand, nothing is taken away from it, as is the case with still wines. Still wine is poured off, three or four times, into other casks, to free it from the sediment which always forms in wine. It is just this sediment which develops sugar and carbonic acid gas, that, remaining in the wine, makes it champagne. The champagne, then, lies in its cask for a year, or sometimes two years. Sometimes it is mixed with some of the next year's wine of the same character, sometimes not. Finally, sediment and all, it is bottled, and the bottles are stacked, lying on their sides, in great frames. The upper side of each bottle is marked with a dab of white paint, and the bottles are turned a little way round every few days. It can be easily seen, by the white mark, when a complete revolution has been made. This is done so that the sediment may not all collect in one place. There is also another, and a more drastic, process for shaking the sediment about. We hear a loud, hollow, rhythmical, reverberating noise. Our guide takes us round a corner, and there we see a row of six men, their faces covered with black wire masks, a bottle held by the neck in each of their hands. With military precision they follow their leader. "One," he cries, and bang, bang, bang, bang, they all hammer their bottles on the board in front of them. "Two," and all the bottles are raised in the air, and waved backwards and forwards. "Three," and the men change their hold from the neck to the body of the bottle, and bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, go the other ends on the board. It looks, and sounds, as if every bottle must be smashed to pieces. As a matter of fact, few break. The wire masks are to prevent these from flying in the men's faces.

When the wine has been lying long enough, and all the thick part has gathered against the cork (for the bottles are tipped a little to allow of this), the cork is taken out and the wine in the neck of the bottle, containing the sediment, flies out. The bottles are then handed on to a man, who, with a very ingenious machine, by which several bottles can be worked at once, adds to the wine a little sweet liqueur, to replace the sugar which has shot out in the sediment. For the driest champagne only 1 per cent. of liqueur is added; for the sweetest, 12 per cent. The bottles then go to the corker, who, with another ingenious little machine, drives in tremendous corks as large round as a child's fist. He then passes them to the wirer, who, with a third machine, wires down the corks at the rate of one hundred an hour. The bottles are then provided with a necklace of gold or silver foil, and the champagne is finished.

Florence Marshall.

ART IN COREA.

A young Englishman visiting Corea was induced to paint the portrait of the commander-in-chief of the Corean land forces, Prince Min Yomy Huan. Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed upon for the sitting; at 6.30 the prince, having been unable to sleep for excitement, arrived at the place of appointment, and the artist was forced to hop out of bed and begin work. "As I posed him," says the artist, "he did not utter a word nor wink an eye. And during the whole of a sitting of nearly three hours he sat motionless and speechless like a statue. 'It is finished,' I finally said, and he sprang up in a childish fashion and came over to look at the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and shook it at intervals for nearly half an hour; after which he suddenly became grave, stared at the canvas, and then looked at the back of it. He seemed horrified. 'What is it?' I inquired. 'You have not put in my jade ornament,' he said, almost in despair. I had painted his portrait full-face, and, as the Coreans have the strange notion of wearing their decorations in the shape of a small button of gold, silver, jade, or amber behind the left ear, this did not appear thereon. I then tried to remonstrate, saying that it is impossible to show back and front at once; but as he seemed distressed at what was, to him, a great defect, I compromised the matter by making another large but rapid sketch of him from a side point of view, so as to include the decoration and the rest rather magnified in size. 'You will find no fault with this one,' I remarked, with confidence. Alas! My Corean sitter advanced to the portrait, scrutinised it carefully, and turned to me aggrievedly. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'you have painted my decoration well, but—where is my other eye?" — *The Argonaut.*

THE RED COCKADE.

BY
STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROMENT OF NÎMES.

I encounter served neither to raise raise my spirits nor to remove the apprehensions with which I looked forward to our arrival in places more populous; places where suspicion, once roused, might be less easily allayed. True, Géol had not betrayed me, but he might have his reasons for that; nor did the fact reconcile me to having on our trail this grim stalking-horse in whose person a fanaticism I had deemed dead lurked behind modern doctrines, and sought under the cloak of a new party to avenge old injuries. The barren slopes and rugged peaks that rose above us, as we plodded toilsomely onward, the wind-swept passes over which the horses scarce dragged the empty carriage, the melancholy fields of snow that lay to right and left all tended to deepen the impression made on my mind; so that feeling him one with his native hills, I longed to escape from them, I longed passionately to be clear of this desolation and to see before me the olive slopes sweep down to the southern sea.

Yet even here there was a counter poise. The peril which had startled me had not been lost on Madame St. Alais, but had sensibly lowered her tone, and damped the triumph with which she had been disposed to treat me. She was more quiet; and sitting in her place, or walking beside the labouring carriage, as it slowly wound its way round shoulders, or wearily climbed long lacets, she left me to myself. Nay, it did not escape me that distance, far from relieving seemed to aggravate her anxiety; so that the farther we left the uncouth Baron behind, the more restless she grew, the more keenly she scanned the road behind us, and the less regard she paid to me.

This left me at liberty to use my eyes as I would; and I remember to this day that hour spent under the shoulder of Mont Aigoual. Mademoiselle, worn out by days and nights of exertion, had fallen asleep in her corner, and shaken by the jolting of the coach had let the cloak slip from her face. A faint flush warmed her cheeks, as if even in her sleep she felt my eyes upon her; and though a tear presently stole from under her long lashes, a smile almost naïve—a smile that remained while the tear passed—seemed to say that the joys of that strange day surpassed the pains, and that in her sleep Mademoiselle found nothing to regret. God, how I watched that smile! How I hoped that it was for me, how I prayed for her! Never before had it been my happiness to gaze on her uncontrolled, as I did now; to trace the shadow where the first tendrils of her hair stole up from the smooth, white forehead, to learn the curves of lips and chin, and the dainty ear half-hidden; to gaze at the blue-veined eyelids half in fear, half in hope that they might rise and discover me!

Denise, my Denise! I breathed the word softly, in my heart and was happy. In spite of all, the cold, the heart, and was happy. In spite of all—the cold, the journey, Géol, Madame, I was happy. And then in a moment I fell to earth at sound of a voice saying, "Is that he?"

It was Madame's voice, and I turned to her, as if I had been pricked, my face on fire. I had forgotten her. I was relieved to find that she was not looking my way, but was on her feet, gazing back the way we had come. And in a moment, whether she gave an order or the driver halted on his own motion, the carriage came to a stand; in a mountain pass, where rocks lay huddled on either side.

"What is it?" I said, in wonder.

She did not answer, but on the silence of the road rose the thin strain of a whistled air. The air was "O Richard O mon roi!" In that solitude of rock and fell it piped high and thin, and had a weird startling effect. I thrust out my head on the other side, and saw a man walking after us at his leisure; as if we had passed him, and then stood to wait for him. He was tall and stout, and wore boots and a common-looking cloak; but for all that he had not the air of a man of the country.

"You are going to Ganges?" Madame cried to him, without preface.

"Yes, Madame," he answered, as he came quietly up, and saluted her.

"We can take you on," she said.

"A thousand thanks," he answered, his eyes twinkling. "You are too good. If the gentleman does not object?" And he looked at me, smiling without disguise.

"Oh, no!" Madame said, with a touch of contempt in her voice, "the gentleman will not object."

But that gave me, in the middle of my astonishment, the fillip that I needed. The device of the meeting was so transparent, the appearance of this man, in cloak and boots, on the desolate road far from any habitation, was so clearly a part of an arranged plan, that I could not swallow it, must either fall in with it, be dupe, and play my rôle with my eyes open, or act at once. I awoke from my astonishment. "One moment, Madame," I said. "I do not know who this gentleman is."

She had resumed her seat, and the stranger had come up to the window on her side, and was looking in. He had a face of striking power, large-sized and coarse, but not unpleasant; with quick, bright eyes, and mobile lips that smiled easily. The hand he laid on the carriage door was immense.

The moment I spoke, Madame flashed round on me. "Nonsense," she cried, imperiously. And to him, "Get in, Monsieur."

"No," I retorted, half-rising. "Stay, if you please, where you are, until——"

Madame turned to me, furious. "This is my carriage," she said.

"Absolutely," I answered. "But if this gentleman enters it, I leave it."

For an instant we looked at one another. Then she saw that I was determined, and knowing my position, she lowered her tone. "Why?" she said, breathing quickly. "Why, because he enters it, should you leave it?"

"Because, Madame," I answered, "I see no reason for taking in a stranger whom we do not know. This gentleman may be everything that is upright——"

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"He is no stranger!" she snapped. "I know him. Will that satisfy you?"

"If he will give me his name," I said.

The man had stood unmoved during the discussion, looking with a smile from one to the other of us; but at this he struck in. "With pleasure, Monsieur," he said. "My name is Alibon, and I am an advocate of Montauban, who last week had the good fortune to——"

"No," I said, interrupting him brusquely. "I think not. Not Alibon of Montauban. Froment of Nîmes, I think, Monsieur."

A little tract of snow flushed by the sunset lay behind him, and by contrast darkened his face; so that I could not see how he took my words. And a few seconds elapsed before he answered. When he did he spoke calmly, and I fancied I detected as much vanity as chagrin in his tone. "Well, Monsieur," he said, "and if I am? What then?"

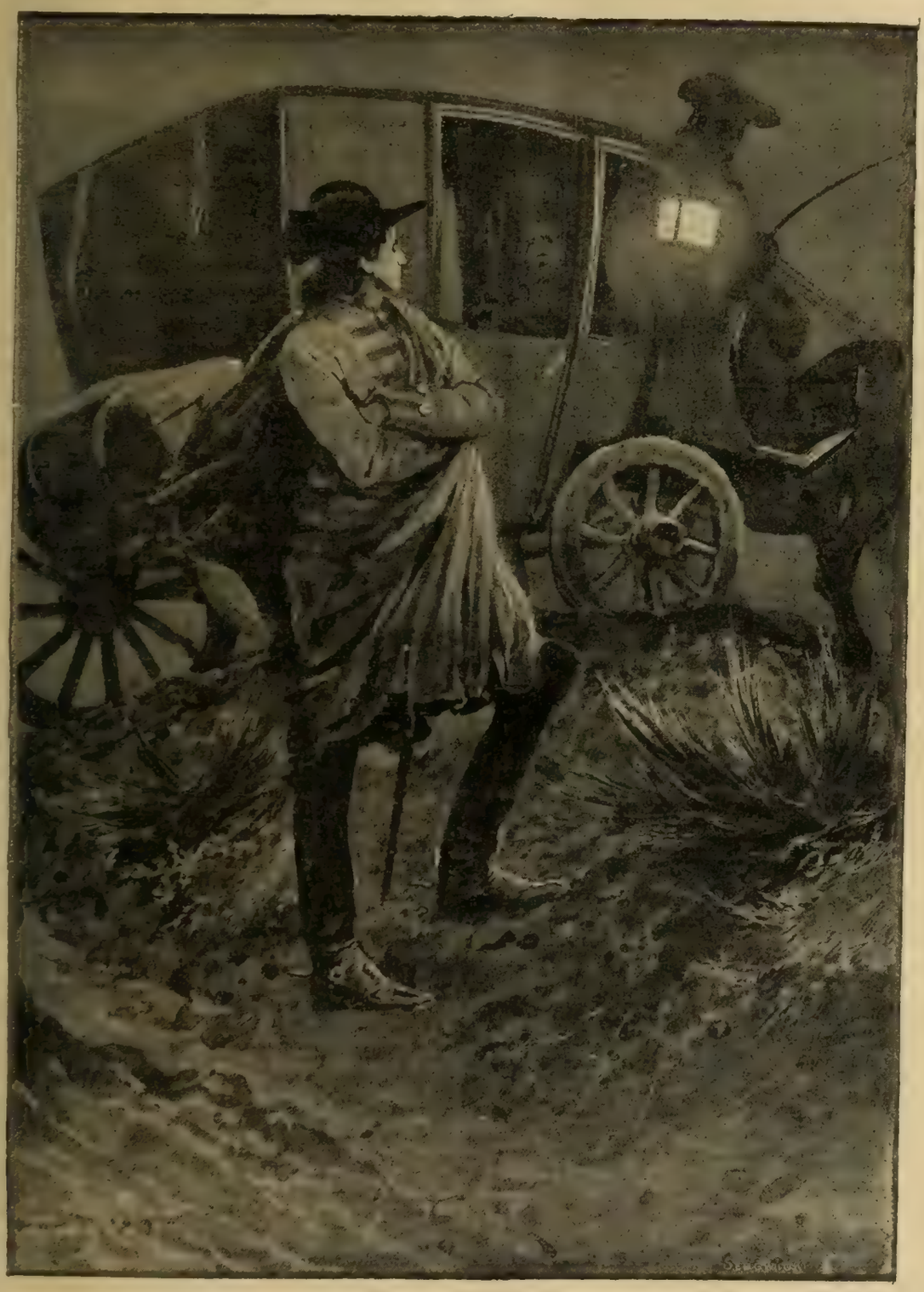
"If you are," I replied resolutely, "I decline to travel with you."

"And therefore," he retorted, "Madame, whose carriage this is, must not travel with me!"

"No, since she cannot travel without me," I answered with spirit.

He frowned, I think, at that; but in a moment, "And why?" he said, with a sneer. "Am I not good enough for your excellency's company?"

"It is not a question of goodness," I said bluntly, "but of a passport. If you ask me, I do not travel with you, because I hold a commission under the present Government, and I believe you to be working against that Government. I have lied for Madame St. Alais



THE CARRIAGE CAME TO A STAND.

and her daughter. She was a woman and I had to save her. But I will not lie for you, nor be your cloak. Is that plain, Monsieur?"

"Quite," he said slowly. "Yet I serve the King. Whom do you serve?"

I was silent.

"Whose is this commission, Monsieur, that must not be contaminated?"

I writhed under the sneer, but I was silent.

"Come, M. le Vicomte," he continued frankly, and in a different tone. "Be yourself, I pray. I am Froment, you have guessed it. I am also a fugitive, and were my name spoken in Villeraugues, a league on, I should hang for it. And in Ganges the like. I am at your mercy, therefore, and I ask you to shelter me. Let me pass through Suméne and Ganges as one of your party; thenceforth onwards," he added with a smile of conscious pride, "I can shift for myself."

I do not wonder I hesitated, I wonder I resisted. It seemed so small a thing to ask, so great a thing to refuse, that, though half a minute before my mind had been made up, I hesitated; hesitated miserably, feeling my face burn, feeling the passionate ardour of Madame's eyes, as they devoured it, feeling the call of the silence for my answer. And I was near assenting; but as I turned feverishly in my seat to avoid Madame's look, my hand touched the packet which contained the commission, and the contact wrought a revulsion of feeling. I saw the thing as I had seen it before, and, rightly or wrongly, revolted from that which I had nearly done.

"No," I cried violently. "I will not! I will not!"

"You coward!" Madame cried with passion. And she sprang up as if to strike me, but sat down again trembling.

"It may be," I said. "But I will not do it."

"Why? Why? Why?" she cried.

"Because I carry that commission; and to use it to shelter M. Froment were a thing M. Froment would not do himself. That is all."

He shrugged his shoulders, and magnanimously kept silence. But she was furious. "Quixote!" she cried. "Oh, but you are intolerable! But you shall suffer for it! Eh, bien, Monsieur, you shall suffer for it!" she repeated vehemently.

"Nay, Madame, you need not threaten," I retorted. "For if I would, I could not. You forget that M. de Géol is no more than a league behind us, and bound for Nîmes; and may appear at any moment. At best he is sure to lodge where we do to-night. If he finds," I continued drily, "that I have added a brother to my growing family, I do not think that he will take it lightly."

But this, though she must have seen the sense of it, had no effect upon her. "Oh, you are intolerable!" she answered. "Let me out! Let me out, Monsieur."

This last to Froment. He let her out, and the two walked a few paces away, talking rapidly.

I followed them with my eyes; and seeing him now, detached, as it were, and solitary in that dreary landscape—a man alone and in danger—I began to feel some compunction. A moment more, and I should have repented; but a touch fell on my sleeve, and I turned with a start to find Denise leaning towards me, with her face wrapt and eager.

"Monsieur," she whispered eagerly; before she could say more I seized the hand with which she had touched me, and kissed it fiercely.

"No, Monsieur, no," she whispered, drawing it from me with her face grown crimson—but her eyes still met mine frankly. "Not now. I want to speak to you, to warn you, to ask you——"

"And I, Mademoiselle," I cried in the same low tone, "want to bless you, to thank you——"

"To take care of yourself," she persisted, shaking her head almost petulantly at me, to silence me. "Listen! Some trap will be laid for you. My mother would not harm you, though she is angry, but that man is desperate, and we are in straits. Be careful, therefore, Monsieur, and——"

"Have no fear," I said.

"Ah, but I have fear," she answered.

And the way in which she said that and looked at me, and looked away again like a startled bird, filled me with happiness—with intense happiness; so that, though Madame came back at that moment, and no more passed between us, not even a look, but we had to sink back in our seats, and affect indifference, I was a different man for it. Perhaps something of this appeared in my face, for Madame, as she came up to the door, shot a suspicious glance at me, a glance almost of hatred; and from me looked keenly at her daughter. But nothing was said except by Froment, who came up to the door and closed it, after she had entered. He raised his hat to me.

"M. le Vicomte," he said, "if a dog came to my door, as I came to you to-day, I would take him in!"

"You would do as I have done," I said.

"No," he said, firmly; "I would take him in. Nevertheless, when we meet at Nîmes, I hope to convert you."

"To what?" I said, coldly.

"To having a little faith," he answered, with dryness. "To having a little faith in something—and risking somewhat for it, Monsieur. I stand here," he went on, with a gesture that was not without grandeur, "alone and homeless, to-day; I do not know where I shall lie to-night. And why, M. le Vicomte? Because I alone in France have faith! Because I alone believe in anything! Because I alone believe even in myself! Do you think," he continued, "that if you nobles believed in your nobility, you could be unseated? Never! Or that if you, who say 'Long live the King!' believed in your King, he could be unseated? Never! Or that if you who profess to obey the Church believed in her, she could be uprooted? Never! But you believe in nothing, you admire nothing, you reverence nothing—and therefore you are doomed! Yes, doomed; for even the men with whom you have linked yourself have a sort of bastard faith in their theories, their philosophy, their reforms, that are to regenerate the world. But you—you believe in nothing; and you shall pass, as you pass from me now!"

He waved his hand with a gesture of menace, and before I could answer, the carriage rolled on, and left him standing there; and the grey landscape, cold and barren, took the place of his face at the door. The light was beginning to fail; we were still a league from Villeraugues. I was glad to feel the carriage moving on, and to be free from him; my heart, too, was warm because Denise sat opposite me, and I loved her. But for all that—and though Madame, glowering at me from her corner, troubled me little—the thought that I had

deserted him, and his words, and one word in particular, hummed in my head, and oppressed me with a sense of coming ill. "Doomed! Doomed!" He had said it as if he meant it. I could no longer question his eloquence, or be ignorant why they called him the firebrand of Nîmes. The hot breath of the southern city had come from him; the passion of world-old strifes had spoken in his voice. Uneasily I pondered over what he had said, and recalled the words spoken by Father Benôit, even by Géol, to the same effect; and so brooded in my corner, while the carriage jolted on and darkness fell, until presently we stopped in the village street.

I offered Madame St. Alais my arm to descend. "No, Monsieur," she said, repelling me vehemently; "I will not touch you."

And she meant, I think, to seclude herself and Mademoiselle, and leave me to sup alone. But there was only one great room for parlour, and kitchen, and all; and a little cupboard, veiled by a dingy curtain, in which the women might sleep if they pleased, but in which they could not possibly eat. Here, in fact, the inn was the worst in which I had stopped—the maid draggled and dirty, and smelling of the stable; the company three boors; the floor of earth; the windows unglazed. Madame, accustomed to travel, took all with the ease of a fine lady; but Denise, fresh from her convent, winced at the brawling and oaths that rose round her, and cowered, pale and frightened, on her stool.

THE HEAVY CLOAK STIFLED ME.

A hundred times I was on the point of interfering to protect her from these outrages; but her eyes, when they made me happy by timidly seeking mine for an instant, seemed to pray me to abstain; and the men, as their senseless tirades showed, were delegates from Castres, who at a word would have raised the cry of "Aristocrats!" I refrained, therefore, and doubtless with wisdom; but even the arrival of Géol would have been a welcome interruption.

I have said that Madame heeded them little; but it presently appeared that I was mistaken. After we had supped, and when the noise was at its height, she came to me, where I sat a little apart, and, throwing into her tone all the anger and disgust which her face so well masked, she cried in my ear that we must start at daybreak.

"At daybreak—or before!" she whispered, fiercely. "This is horrible! horrible!" she continued. "This place is killing me! I would start now, cold and dark as it is, if——"

"I will speak to them," I said, taking a step towards the table.

She clutched my sleeve, and pinched me until I winced. "Fool!" she said. "Would you ruin us all? A word, and we are betrayed. No; but at daybreak we go. We shall not sleep; and the moment it is light we go!"

I consented, of course; and, going to the driver, who had taken our place at the table, she whispered him also, and then came back to me, and bade me call him if he did not rise. This settled, she was making for the closet, whither Mademoiselle had already retired; but unfortunately her movements had drawn on her the attention of the clowns at the table, and one of these, rising suddenly as she passed, intercepted her.

"A toast, Madame! a toast!" he cried, with a gross hiccough; and reeling on his feet, he thrust a cup of wine in front of her "A toast; and one that every man, woman, and child in France must drink, or be d——d! And that is the Tricolour! The Tricolour; and down with Madame Veto! The Tricolour, Madame! Drink to it!"

And the drunken wretch pressed the cup on her, while his comrades roared, "Drink! Drink! The Tricolour; and down with Madame Veto!" and added jests and oaths I will not write.

This was too much; and I sprang to my feet to chastise the wretches. But Madame, who preserved her presence of mind to a marvel, checked me by a glance. "No," she said, proudly; "I will not drink!"

"Ah!" he cried, with a vile laugh. "An aristocrat, are we? Drink, nevertheless, or we shall show you——"

"I will not drink!" she retorted, facing him with superb courage. "And, more, when M. de Géol arrives to-night, you will have to give an account to him."

The man's face fell. "You know the Baron de Géol?" he said.

"I left him at the last village, and I expect him here to-night," she answered, coolly. "And I would advise you, monsieur, to drink your own toasts, and let others go! For he is not a man to brook an insult!"

The brawler shrugged his shoulders, to hide his mortification. "Oh! if you are a friend of his," he muttered, preparing to slink back to the table, "I suppose it is all right. He is a good man. No offence. If you are not an aristocrat——"

"I am no more of an aristocrat than is M. de Géol," she answered. And, with a cold bow, she turned, and went to the closet.

The men were a little less noisy after that; for Madame

had rightly guessed that Géol's name was known and respected in the mountains. They presently wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and lay down on the floor; and I did the same, passing the night, in the result, in greater comfort than I had expected.

At first, it is true, I did not sleep; but later I fell into an uneasy slumber, and, passing from one troubled dream to another—for which I had, doubtless, to thank the foul air of the room—I awoke at last with a start, to find someone leaning over me. Apparently it was still night, for all was still; but the red embers of the fire glowed on the hearth, and dimly lit up the room, enabling me to see that it was Madame St. Alais who had roused me. She pointed to the other men, who still lay snoring.

"Hush!" she said, with her finger on her lip. "It is after five. Jules is harnessing the horses. I have paid the woman here, and in five minutes we shall be ready."

"But the sun will not rise for another hour," I answered. This was early starting, with a vengeance!

Evidently, however, Madame had set her heart upon it. "Do you want to expose us to more of this?" she said, in a furious whisper. "To keep us here until Géol arrives, perhaps?"

"I am ready, Madame," I said.

This satisfied her; and she flitted away without more, and disappeared behind the curtain, and I heard whispering. I put on my boots, and, the room being very cold, stooped a moment over the fire, and, drawing the embers together with my foot, warmed myself. Then I put on my cravat and sword, which I had removed, and stood ready to start. It seemed uselessly early; and we had started so early the day before! If Madame wished it, however, it was my place to give way to her.

In a moment she came to me again; and I saw, even by that light, that her face was twitching with eagerness. "Oh!" she said; "will he never come? That man will be all day. Go and hasten him, Monsieur! If Géol comes? Go, for pity's sake, and hasten him!"

I wondered, thinking such haste utterly vain and foolish; but, concluding that Madame's nerves had failed at last, I thought it proper to comply, and, stepping carefully over the sleepers, reached the door. I raised the latch, and in a moment was outside, and had closed the door behind me. The bitter dawn wind, laden with a fine snow, lashed my cheeks, and bit through my cloak, and made me shiver. In the east the daybreak was only faintly apparent; in every other quarter it was still night, and, for all I could see, might be midnight.

Very little in charity with Madame, I picked my way, shivering, to the door of the stable—a mean hovel, in a line with the house, and set in a sea of mud. It was closed, but a dim yellow light, proceeding from a window towards the farther end, showed me where Jules was at work; and I raised the latch, and called him. He did not answer, and I had to go in to him, passing behind three or four wretched nags—some on their legs and some lying down—until I came to our horses, which stood side by side at the end, with the lanthorn hung on a hook beside them.

I had just time to recognise them, and wonder where Jules was—for still he did not answer—when, with a whish, something black struck me in the face, and blinded me; and I found myself struggling in the folds of a cloak, that completely enveloped my face, while a grip of iron seized my arms and bound them to my side. Taken by surprise, I tried to shout, but the heavy cloak stifled me; and when, struggling desperately, I succeeded in uttering a half-choked cry, other hands than those which held me pressed the cloak more tightly over my face. In vain I writhed and twisted, and, half suffocated, tried to free myself. I felt hands passed deftly over me, and knew that I was being robbed. Then, as I still resisted, the man who held me from behind tripped me up, and I fell, still in his grasp, on my face on the ground.

Fortunately I fell on some litter; but, even so, the shock drove the breath out of me; and what with that and the cloak, which in this new position threatened to strangle me outright, I lay a moment helpless, while the wretches bound my hands behind me, and tied my ankles together. Thus secured, I felt myself taken up, and carried a little way, and flung down on a soft bed—of hay, as I knew by the scent. Then someone threw a truss of hay on me, and more and more hay, until I thought that I should be stifled, and tried frantically to shout. But the cloak was wound two or three times round my head, and, strive as I would, I could only, with all my efforts, force out a dull cry that died, smothered in its folds.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

On this day, Wednesday, July 17th, first year of the one and indivisible Republic, I executed Charlotte Corday. On reaching her cell in the Conciergerie we found her writing. She looked in my direction, and asked me to wait. When she had finished she took off her cap, and told me to cut her hair. Since M. de la Barre I had not seen courage equal to hers. We were in all six or seven men, whose profession was anything but softening; and yet she was less moved than we were. When her hair was cropped, she gave part to the artist who had taken her portrait, and some to the jailor's wife. I gave her the red shirt, which she arranged herself. As I prepared to pinion her she requested to keep on her gloves, because when she was arrested the cords were so tight that her skin was broken. I said she could if she liked, but that I could do it without hurting her. She smiled, and saying, "To be sure you ought to know how to do it," held out her naked hands. There was thunder and rain when we reached the quays, but the crowd was thick. At a window of the Rue St. Honoré I saw Robespierre, Camille, and Danton. They looked attentively at the culprit. I myself often looked at her. Not on account of her personal beauty, great as that was, but it seemed impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous. I said, "You find the way long, I fear?" "No matter," replied she, "we shall reach the scaffold sooner or later." When we reached the Place de la Révolution I tried to hide it from her by standing up. But she said, "I have a right to be curious; this is the first time I see it." She ascended the steps nimbly. One of my men suddenly snatched away her neckerchief, and she stretched out on the weigh-plank of her own accord. Although I was not ready, I thought it barbarous to prolong the poor girl's sufferings for an instant. I made a sign to my man, and he pulled the rope.—From "Memoirs of the Sanson Family."

A MINOR AUTHOR.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

TO-NIGHT nearly everything is happening in Mile End Road that possibly can happen. Scarce four minutes since an earnest young constable arrested and took off to the police-station a vagrant, dissolute naphtha lamp which he had found sprawling with no visible means of subsistence across the pavement, H 053 and his prisoner being followed by a mob of delighted infants; infants full of words of encouragement to H 053, recommending him variously to 'andcuff it and give it the frawg's march. Since then a quack (with a voice that almost bruised one to listen to it) has had an argument with a dissatisfied patient which came as near to blows as either of the parties desired. And now, *pour comble de joie*, here in a side street, is a mysterious scarlet-faced boy standing on a chair, Scotch cap in hand, and carefully blindfolded with a blue-spotted handkerchief. By his side a thin, melancholy man, with a black wisp of a tie, his frock-coat buttoned awry, is gazing hard as one lost in thought at the placard in a shop window at the corner—

"Never say Die;
Come and our Shop try."

In his hand he holds a thick sheaf of long narrow papers, and these he now and again flicks absently. The crowd increases.

"What's the oidea, guvnor?"

The thin, melancholy man does not answer.

"Anyfing wrong with the kid, mister?"

The bandaged boy grins, and is growled at by the melancholy man.

"It's a 'ave of some kind, Mrs. Moriarty. You may bet your boots on that." The woman in the crape bonnet shakes her head as she speaks. "I've seen too much of the world, I 'ave."

The melancholy man sighs. He turns to the mysterious boy, unties the knot of the handkerchief, and the boys grins without restraint.

"Now we shall see what's up," prophesies the crape bonnet.

She pants with excitement as the boy jumps off the chair, and the man takes his place.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" He coughs with an important air, and rubs his nose. "Ladies *and* gentlemen!"

"'Ear! 'Ear!"

"Allow me, in a few words, to explain and set forth the motives of my being here to-night. I am what is termed an author, or, in other words, a writer, and I am here to-night to dispose of my works and others. Some will be sung by myself; some will be sung by my young friend—— Where the dev—? Oh, there you are—whose voice is one that will at once engage, and, I think I may venture to say, enchain your kind attention. The price of the works is one penny each; only one penny, or three for twopence. Three, as I say, for twopence. Here they are!" (Producing the packet in his hands.) "Three at the price of two. Several of them have *not* been written by me, but these are equally good, and I wouldn't offer you anything, ladies and gentlemen, that wasn't, to use a common expression, strictly up to the mark. I shall first of all sing—let me see, what shall I—oh, *I* know! 'The Fireman's Doom!'"

"Stand back a bit there, please," urges the boy, shrilly. "Don't scrowge. And keep as quiet as you can, too."

The author hands over a dozen of the slips to the boy. Then, looking up at the shining gilded title at the top of the grocer's shop, he, in a gusty voice, and to a popular air, sings—

"The house is burning brightly,
The ruddy flame is deep,
Such things, friends, happen nightly
When London is asleep.
But 'ark here comes the engine;
Oh, 'Eavens——"

It is long as the size of the papers which the boy offers for sale testify, and it is strong, too. The front row of the crescent-shaped crowd watches the author's lips, and all the time moves its own in unconscious imitation. The boy has a row at the back of the crowd with another boy who has called him "Bagpipes," and returns presently flushed with success and his Scotch cap awry.

"There's always one bright picture
That 'angs up in that room;
It's one that gives the drawing
Of the gallant Fireman's doom!"

"My next, ladies and gentlemen, is *not* a song!"

Some murmurs.

"It is not a song, and" (frankly) "it's only fair to say so at once. It is a piece now out of print, written by myself, some years ago, now; suitable for recitation by children and others. Its title—its title, I say, is 'The Countess's Crime.'"

Return of satisfaction. Mrs. Moriarty says prophetically to Mrs. Crape Bonnet that she wouldn't be surprised if this turned out to be worth all the rest of um put together.

"'The Countess's Crime.'" (The author coughs and puts one hand between the buttons of his coat; Thomas wets a thumb, and sorts a few specimens from the other slips.)

"It was a night in June," shouts the author, "when the Countess Desmond, reclining in her boudoir in Park Lane, saw suddenly at the window the face of—" (a pause) "—of a man. At first she saw it but indistinctly. Gradually the outline grew clearer, and she—no, it could not be—yes, it was her old lover, Ambrose Fitzgerald."

"Ph'what name's that?" interrupts Mrs. Moriarty swiftly. The crowd says to Mrs. Moriarty, "S—s—h can't you."

"Ambrose Fitzgerald! She knew him at once by his black, deceitful eyes and——"

"Oi've known a powerful lot of Fitzgeralds in me time," remarks Mrs. Moriarty, "but I'll be hanged if I iver heard of this wan! It's probably a pack of lies from beginning to end."

True or not the author goes on with it. There is poison in the selection, and sudden death, kidnapping, and wrongful accusations, and the Countess at the Old Bailey, everything coming right in the end by the reappearance of Ambrose Fitzgerald and full confession. Ambrose Fitzgerald acknowledges that he, and he alone, committed the crimes, and mentions, excusingly, that he did them in a moment of pique. It is a tribute to the author that nobody leaves the crowd during the delivery of this piece.

Thomas going eel-like among the group offers various copies and sells four, and coming back at the end, jingles the coppers with so encouraging an air that the author almost smiles. Thomas nearly sells five copies, but Mrs. Crape Bonnet hesitates a moment and eventually replaces the penny in her corsage and says she'll hear the next and then see. The four coppers are paid over to the author (thus avoiding the profits of a middleman) and Thomas takes one of the sheets and asks whether he shall 'ave a shy at this. An affirmative nod in reply. Thomas begins. He has sung but one line when his master stops him.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is not by me, but it is called 'The Railway Smash.' Specially interesting to those of you who are in the 'abit, or whose friends are in the 'abit, of travelling by train. Copies at usual price. Fire away, Thomas."

Thomas sings shrilly one verse; when he reaches the refrain the crowd joins shyly:—

"After the smash was over,
After the wreck was done,
Oh, 'ear the screams of wounded,
'Elp to assist there was none.
Many are infant children,
Over the engines dash.
They will ne'er more see their loved ones
Af—ter the smash."

Mrs. Crape Bonnet prevents herself from buying this song only by the exercise of tremendous self-control.

"Me knowing the toon, Mrs. Moriarty, d'you see it'd be so easy to get 'old of it. See what I mean, don't you?"

Mrs. Moriarty asks discouragingly "Ph'what's the use of spinding your money on annything if you can't drink ut," and Mrs. Crape Bonnet confesses that there certainly is something in that argument. The penny goes back once more.

Three more selections and then the little crowd tires. It is helped to this state by the fact that the author suddenly turns extremely acid of speech, because they cease buying the works he has for sale. So the crowd shifts to a stall near, to shoot dancing dolls at a halfpenny for three shots. Prize for crack shots, a packet of best patent West-end Club cough lozenges.

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NOBODIES AT HOME.

BY
GEORGE GISSING.
Illustrated by L. BAUMER.

IV.

BY THE KERB.

"COLLAR studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three."

The bright sun ought to have warmed him, but he had the shivering look of the half-starved and the raggedly clad. His eyes watered, his pasty skin was marked with pustules; mere stubble of what once had been a moustache and beard roughened the lower parts of his face. But at this moment, as he shuffled along the gutter, and sang his nasal litany to the flow of Cheapside, memory had revived his youth. It was twenty years ago; he saw himself a thin, bloodless, yellow-haired lad, with large pale blue eyes and a cast of features peculiarly attractive to the girls of his acquaintance. All the money he could spare went in hair oils and haberdashery. He stood again behind the counter of the shop at Hammersmith, and smiled sweetly upon female customers.

"Collar studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three."

But his health was against him. Of four children older than himself, only one lived to maturity; she had lost her place as a barmaid owing to epileptic fits, and was living mysteriously. Could he help it? His mother had recently died in the hospital; his father had died of old age at thirty-seven. And now the long hours of the shop began to tell upon him. He always woke with a headache; his spindle legs shook as he dressed himself; his stomach declared against anything but light food. The Christmas season, ah, that was a bad time! They picked him from under the counter at eleven one evening, and had to put him to bed. Could he help it?

Lucky for him, then, that he had so good a friend as Mrs. Billings, the young wife of a town traveller. She let him have the top back room for two shillings a week, and his meals at cost price. She treated him as a child, called him "deary," made him go out for a walk by the river every morning, and felt sure he would be well enough to get another place before his few pounds had come to an end. But he tried in vain. With *his* face, too! Why, said Mrs. Billings merrily, someone ought to pay him a salary just to stand as an ornament of the shop, an enticement to customers. He curled his yellow hair, did all he could to make his moustache grow, and stood for hours before the looking-glass pondering his prospects.

Then came the day when he had not a penny. And he went down into the kitchen to Mrs. Billings—they two were alone in the house—and tears flowed from his blue eyes as he asked her what was to become of him. Mrs. Billings stood behind his chair, and began to stroke his head, and at length laid her cheek against his, and—well, could he help it? She had no children, and her husband neglected her.

"Collar studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three. Thank you, sir!"

So he lived on in the top back bedroom, lodged and fed gratis. Of course, Mr. Billings knew nothing of that; no, no. And it went on for two years; yes, two whole years. His health improved wonderfully, but at the same time he grew more and more disinclined for work. He was grateful to Mrs. Billings, and wouldn't for the world have done anything "nasty;" yet there was the girl at Fulham with whom he walked and talked familiarly on evenings when Mr. Billings happened to be at home. A flyaway sort of girl, who made a jest of it when he asked timidly whether she would some day marry him. And pray how would he support her? He didn't know; he knew nothing; he had no energy for anything save the culture of his thin moustache and the choosing of cheap neckties. But he was handsomer

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than ever, and, by dint of a little effort, might get a place again in a shop. Mrs. Billings had of late often urged him to try for employment. For some reason she was beginning to fear her husband. She cried a little now and then, and let her tears fall upon the young man's waistcoat.

A chance offered; a light place, with a very small salary. He determined to lay by every penny, with a view to marriage. But no sooner had he told Mrs. Billings than, to his astonishment, she insisted on his going to live elsewhere. "You've got tired of me, then?" She would not admit it, but go he must. Something would happen; she had no peace of mind, day or night; her husband, she felt sure, had conceived suspicions. And that very day she got rid of him.

"Now then, where are you drivin' to? Want to run over me, do you? Look out? Well, wasn't I a-lookin' out? Gurr!"

(He felt very shaky this morning, and was very absent-minded. For several minutes he had stood mute, his head hanging over the tray with its trios of collar studs. The sun was getting too hot here; he must move across into the shade.)

Back again behind the counter; all day long feeling tired and hungry, yet with no appetite for any food he could procure. Worse than all, he had lost sight of the girl at Fulham, and now came an ugly story about her. She had only amused herself in his company. When the opportunity came—the fellow with a pocket full of money—the old story. It was seventeen years behind him, but he sighed.

One morning as he dressed, he had a fainting fit. It

"COLLAR STUDS, THREE A PENNY."

was beginning all over again. His health wouldn't stand the shop. So long as he had nothing to do, whilst he was looked after and carefully fed, the physical weakness gave him no trouble; as soon as he began to work he broke down. Gawd! What would become of him? He must live; and for a twelvemonth after leaving the shop he somehow managed to do so, chiefly by begging. Then, one night in Oxford Street, he met the Fulham girl. What she had been doing meanwhile it was easy to see. They turned off into a dark street and talked. The next night they met again, and he was richer for the meeting by two half-crowns. And again, and again; week after week. And he took a lodging not far from where the girl dwelt.

Could he help it? He must live, yet no one would supply him with the means to live honestly. He hadn't an hour's work in his slim, starved body. If a girl of the pavement had a friendship for him, and pitied his hard lot, and out of her superfluity enabled him to keep body and soul together, where was the harm of it?

"Collar studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three."

The policeman might stare at him just as hard as he liked. All but forty years of age, and he had never once been "in trouble," never once. Forty years, handicapped as he was, and still able to look a constable in the face. Big red chaps, all muscle and beef—easy enough for *them* to get a living. Ugly devils, too, most of them; whilst he—well, he hadn't quite the looks of a few years ago, but didn't that girl with the blue feather turn to glance at him a second time in Old Street last night?

If only he could find Mrs. Billings again; that was what he wished. The Fulham girl was dead long since, and in the end she had come to treat him meanly. Perhaps she couldn't help it. But he felt sure Mrs. Billings was alive somewhere, and in good circumstances. Ah, she was the only one he ever really cared for. And if she knew what he had come to—that his home was by the kerb, and his sleeping-place in a beastly hole by Old Street, how it would hurt her! As likely as not, her husband had really begun to suspect; that accounted, perhaps, for her disappearance from the old neighbourhood, seventeen years ago. If only he could meet her again—just to talk of times gone by!

"Collar studs, three a penny. Collar studs, a penny for three."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

There is one class of Chinese superstitions that has a topographical character. They relate to locality, and are grouped under the native term as "feng shui." There fortunately is no English equivalent to this word, since, if we had the word, we should have the thing. It literally means "wind and water," and may be explained sufficiently for our purpose as follows: Each particular spot of ground in the empire has its own spiritual forces or influences. These are inherent in the spot, and are affected by any change in the contour or condition of it, and also by all changes in the circumstances of surrounding localities. Modify in any way or to any extent the environment of a particular plot of ground, and the geomantic forces of the plot are affected for better or worse, but generally, as observation shows, for worse. These spiritual influences—that is this "feng shui"—may be friendly to one person and hostile to another. Thus one Chinese may build a house or a place of business upon a particular spot of earth, and, the "feng shui" being favourable to him, prosperity will come to him and his; but if another Chinese should construct the same building for the same purpose, upon the same location, he would only meet with disaster, because the local influences were hostile to him. His children would die, his business be ruined, and the curse of evil spirits would involve him in hopeless destruction. Upon the other hand, if this second Chinese should construct a different style of building or the same building for another purpose, the local powers might be satisfied not to annoy him. It may be safe to open a meat market at some spot where the spirits of the locality will not allow dry-goods or hardware to be sold in peace. To take another illustration. Brown may bury his mother in a certain spot, and the old lady will rest quietly, her spirit reposing undisturbed and undisturbing in the coffin. But suppose Smith, instead of Brown, were to bury his mother in the given spot, the old lady might distress and annoy him day and night. Or the mother of either may be quiet there for a while, when something done by Jones in the neighbourhood arouses her ire, and her spirit comes forth and allows no one to rest until some action has been taken to quiet her soul and to restore the disturbed "feng shui." A few years since a number of high officials united in a petition to the throne, asking that a stop be put to mining coal and iron at a point forty miles distant from the imperial tombs, upon the plea that this mining would disturb the bones of the empress, who had recently been buried. A few years earlier the viceroy at Foo Chow formally reported to the emperor that permission ought not to be granted to certain foreigners to erect buildings upon the slope of a hill within the walls of the city. He based his objection upon the asserted fact that a great dragon rested underneath Foo Chow, and supported the foundations of the city; that at the spot named the veins and arteries of the dragon came near to the surface, and hence that the weight of the buildings, if constructed, would impede his circulation.—From "The Real Chinaman," by Chester Holcombe.

"IN THE SPRING."

Free and fair, with golden hair,
  Cheeks of roses, breast of snow,
Lips that laugh and know no care—
  That's Margot.

Trembling in her maiden fear,
  Roseate virginity,
Blushing with a truant tear,
  Sweet Marie.

Stately in imperial grace,
  Looking every inch a queen,
Haughty air and Roman face—
  Josephine.

Coyly glancing with a sigh,
  Fearing what she hopes to yield,
Yielding when there's no one nigh—
  Meek Mathilde.

Vision of a pure delight,
  Raven hair and eyes of jet,
Like a poet's dream of night—
  Antoinette.

Youth is short and follies fly,
  Man is human since the fall,
Woman's woman, that's why I
  Love them all.

Alfred Slade.

A BRIEF COMIC OPERA.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

The charming "Chanteus Eccentricque" La Belle Emilie (she carries her eccentricity even to the manner of so spelling her virtues on the programme) has reached her last verse. She is in Quaker dress and is singing a song which is, until the chorus comes, something like a hymn, and something like a dirge, and something like a canticle. Then, with a wild fling round, La Belle Emilie changes her tune and her general deportment:—

"But when my eldest sister goes, and we're together,
I and Rose,
We jump about like this and this, and feel so very
gay,
We make the neighbours gasp and stare, they frown
and say, 'Well, I declare'!
For we sing and dance throughout the live-long day."

The orchestra scrapes away at a quick repetition of the tune as she dances, but they do not scrape quick enough for La Belle Emilie. She claps her hands as a sign to the conductor to increase the speed; when at last she turns an unexpected somersault and goes, the orchestra fans itself with the band parts before it drops the books on the floor to be picked up by the grubby boy attendant. A gent in the front row of the stalls—costs you a shilling in Poplar—hands his glass over to the second fiddle, and second fiddle says softly as a toast before tasting it "Hooray!"

The act drop comes down after La Belle Emilie, and there is sound of bustle and turmoil behind. The band parts are served round, and cornet plays softly a little run up and down the scales just for exercise. The attendants in the pit and upstairs are crying the contents of their big baskets which they carry, and patrons with only twopence to spend are trying to make up their mind whether it shall be a crusty sandwich, or a large jam tart, or three apples, or a bag of dates, or nuts. The smoke from many cigarettes floats ceilingwards, and there goes about flurried and anxious in search of ventilation. The number at the side of the stage is changed, a gong behind the scenes rings.

"Now then," says the conductor of the orchestra, "let her go."

Overture lasting half a minute. Curtain up and much cheering from gallery at sight of as many as three sailors (two wearing moustaches), who with dry mops and empty pails are industriously cleaning the deck of *H.M.S. Tearem*, and swabbing down the palpitating back cloth. The three sailors turn and face the audience and hitch their trousers, crane their backs, and slap with much emphasis their legs. Then they sing—

"Yes, we are the croo of Her Majesty's ship,
Let no one this fact dare deny.
Let old England's enemies take the strite tip,
And slip off before we come nigh,
For should we get near 'em——."

Some conversation, given shyly by the three sailors after their song; conversation which in as few words as possible places the audience in possession of the present state of the plot. Captain Phipps is (with the assistance of the three) chasing a slave-trader. On board the *Tearem* is a German (who the sailor without the moustache declares is "'and and glove with the slave owners"); Miss Phipps, the captain's fair daughter ("Bless," says one of the sailors with a moustache, "bless her golden 'air and her pretty blue eyes"); Lieutenant Steerwell, and a stowaway ("Let us not be 'ard on him," says the third sailor to the gallery with much humanity, "because he's a stowaway, for although he has no boots he has a honest 'eart").

Enter thereupon Miss Phipps. She is a magnificent lady with a generous figure, and she acknowledges with her riding-whip the salutes of the three.

"Pardon a rough silor," says one stepping forward respectfully, "but can our little missy while away a few idle moments with a song?"

The little missy looks down from her six-foot altitude and smiles graciously.

"Yes, my gallant man," answers Miss Phipps in a surprisingly deep voice, "I will if you'll promise to join in the chorus, I'll tip you a stave or two that shall make your honest English hearts swell with patriotic pride."

(The three rub their hands with anticipations of pleasure, the band plays a prelude, and Miss Phipps strides to the footlights):—

"In the merry days of old, so I've been always told,
Britannia was the ruler of the seas;
(Ta-ra-ta-ra, proudly from the cornet.)
In fights with foreign powers the victory was ours,
And Napoleon was brought down on his knees.
When the enemy we met, the flag was always set,
And guns into position then were fixed.
(Ta-ra-ta-ra, with enthusiasm from the cornet.)
And stripped unto the waist, the foreign foe we chased;
In mortal combat soon they all were mixed.

(A wild run of much ecstacy from the cornet. Cornet, a plumpish lad, quite scarlet with the effort.)

Then give one cheer for 'appy, 'appy England,
Before her see the enemy he flees,
For we will let them know, before they turn to go,
That (*pause*) Britannia is the ruler of the seas."

The three sailors sing the repeated chorus, the gallery hums it a little nervously, not being quite sure of the tune; a mild middle-aged lady in the pit stalls astonishes every one by singing it very loudly and singing it all wrong.

"But see," says Miss Phipps, shading her eyes, "what is that black speck in the offing? It is—no, it cannot be—yes" (with a wild shriek), "it *is* the scoundrelly slave schooner!"

Tumult on board. Captain hurries on, tumbling over his sword, to the great delight of the hall, and rubbing his red nose with a coloured handkerchief, and changing its colour to green. Captain Phipps, it is at once clear, is the life and soul of the ship. He comes down to the conductor and explains matters in dumb show to the conductor, and when double bass gives a suddenly comic burst, Captain Phipps says, pointing to cornet, "Sit on his head," as though double bass were a disabled 'bus horse. The mild young lieutenant has come on, and has piped all hands on deck, whereupon the three sailors, who had gone off, come on again, together with the German and the stowaway.

Shots are heard off, and the stowaway (obviously a girl) is extremely busy running about and doing absolutely nothing.

"Me men," cries Captain Phipps, "at such a moment 'tis meself that feels proud of the Imerald Isle that I was born in."

(The firing of the enemy politely ceases.)

"Did I iver tell you the shtory of Mrs. McCarthy's party?"

The crew, Miss Phipps, the German, the busy stowaway, all express their entire ignorance of the story of Mrs. McCarthy's party, and hint an unanimous desire to hear all about it now. Obviously no better opportunity could be chosen—

"Misthress McCarthy gave a swell party,
All the great men of the coontry were there.
Bridget O'Flannigan, young Patrick Braningan,
All of the brave and all of the fair.
"After the supper, boys—"

The firing recommences as soon as Captain Phipps has taken his encore, an anxious man in a bowler hat is muttering at the wings some instructions as to speed. The German seizes a cutlass, and nobody but the stowaway notices the fact; Captain Phipps, standing near the fluttering bulwarks, is urging the crew of three to act like Englishmen and free the slaves; the mild lieutenant, with one arm around the considerable waist

of Miss Phipps, is adding in piping voice to the general clamour. Suddenly the German runs forward. He is about to lunge with the cutlass at the back of the gallant captain——

"Oh, my father!" cries Miss Phipps.

When the stowaway throws himself in the way, and the cutlass goes under his arm. Limelight on stowaway, who kisses a locket containing—so he says—his sweetheart's portrait; one of the sailors cries, "Victory is ours!" Triumphant music from the band, with a delirious blast from the cornet; Captain Phipps blesses the lieutenant and his stupendous daughter, the while the three sailors throw the rascally German overboard. Curtain.

The curtain goes up, as well it may, in view of the generous applause from the front. All the persons of the drama are in line, Captain Phipps with his red wig off; the German down, with two-thirds of the crew standing upon him. More cheers, more loud chords from orchestra, and again—Curtain.

MEDIUMS AND THEIR METHODS.

I HAPPENED to see in *Light* an advertisement to the effect that Mr. T., "clairvoyant and test medium," held a public circle every Thursday night, so I asked my friend Alice to accompany me. Unfortunately we had a little tiff, and were so long in making it up that we arrived fifteen minutes behind time at the house of Mr. T., in Lisson Grove.

"You're late," said the girl who admitted us. Somewhat disconcerted, I murmured an apology, and followed her into a small room, where some eight people were sitting.

When we had been shown seats, carefully separated, and had been made sufficiently uncomfortable by a severe admonition for disturbing the "conditions," the medium, a prepossessing young fellow, asked me, "Do you know anything about spiritualism?" I replied that I had gone in for it a little, but my friend not at all. He had evidently observed the ghost of a smile on her face, for he said, somewhat severely, "I fear the one young lady comes in rather a jocular mood."

"Oh, I don't think so," said I, in a surprised and shocked tone, thinking a flatter contradiction might offend him; and I was rather taken aback when he said, "We like 'yes' and 'no' for an answer, with no uncertainty about it."

Turning to the first sitter, a lady, and holding a folded piece of paper in his hand, he asked, "Does this refer to fair, stout man?"

"No, rather dark," answered the lady. Nothing disconcerted, he continued, "Ah, yes, a dark gentleman with a full face. I should advise oo to be vezy careful. I don't say zere is any harm in him, but he is presuming; does oo see?"

Of course, though I, an unbeliever, speak always of the *medium*, it is the spirits who are supposed to be speaking through him, and it is doubtless to impress this upon the credulous listeners that mediums invariably try to change their voice and affect a childish pronunciation. I was greatly amused once during this séance to hear the medium say, "Do you —— ?" and hurriedly change it to "Does oo?"

The next sitter was a gentleman; the medium took his hand, and said, "I see the name Jack. Does oo know a Jack?"

"Not very well," replied the gentleman. A pause.

"I get the name Elizabeth," the medium tried again.

"Yes; that is my sister."

"Yes, and she is b[illegible] and smiling to us."

At this juncture, such was the violence with which ill-mannered Elizabeth entered into the medium, that he fell back in a cataleptic faint. Two ladies and a gentleman caught him, and one of the former murmured sympathetically, "Poor dear," and, sitting down, moved her hand rapidly to and fro, saying in an explanatory manner to her neighbour, "I feel it here." (Spiritualistic electricity, presumably.)

The medium soon came round, and apologised, saying, "It came so suddenly." After a great many meaningless phrases and descriptions, he gave the important message from Elizabeth to her brother, "God bless you."

My turn came next. I gave the medium my hand, and then my glove, which he began stroking. Finally I was asked if I knew an Arthur, and whether I had had any correspondence with him.

"Only a formal note or two; I never knew him well," said I, truthfully. But the medium proceeded, "He is dark, and just about ze height of my medi, and zere seems to have been affection; but we say, 'Do not trust him.' Does oo see?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"And oo have been vezy unsettled in oor life lately?"

"Yes."

"And now is zere anysing oo would like to know?"

I asked him if I would succeed with my journalistic efforts, to which I got the instructive and original answer that it was not certain. If I had good health, and was serious, and especially if I had an influential friend, I *might*.

When Alice's turn came, I could hardly restrain from smiling, though I was a little anxious as to what she would do.

"I see the name William," said the medium, but finding that was "no go," he asked if the "young lady was single," and whether she had at one time hesitated between two people, and quarrelled with her brother concerning one of them. She thought a minute, and then said, "No, I don't think so." When he found that none of his guesses hit the mark, the medium passed on, dropping a remark to the effect that no one need be nervous, they liked direct answers, etc.

When he had gone the whole round, he sat down at the table and said, "We have done a good night's work, eh?"

"That you have, friend," said Elizabeth's brother, heartily.

"And now we are tired, but if zere is anyone who wants to ask a question, we will try to answer zem." And he put his hands on the table and gave the answers, "Yes," "No, no, no," "We zink it likely, but it is not certain, does oo see?" and so on, to various people.

I determined to try him. "If you don't mind," I said in a tremulous voice, "could you tell me anything about my brother? He left home years ago, and we have never heard of him since." I dared not look at Alice for fear of upsetting her gravity.

The medium bowed his head, drew his hands along the table, and replied, "I get ze answer zat he is still in existence; it is too late, and the conditions are not favourable enough for a full answer, but zey say he still exists, does oo see?"

"Oh, thank you," I said with a deep sigh of relief, "I'm so glad."

"Of course, no one will speak about what has passed to-night," said the medium. He then rose, sighed, passed his hand over his forehead, opened his eyes, and put a plate on the table, in which several shillings and sixpences were dropped. We contributed our modest share, and hurried out, glad to be in the fresh air again after that atmosphere of deception and credulity.

Another time a friend and I went to a séance given by Madame—we will call her Q.—in a large house in South Kensington—the exact address can be found in *Light*.

It was advertised as a public circle, and presuming there would be a collection, we provided ourselves with sixpences.

We were admitted, somewhat reluctantly, I thought, by a lantern-jawed youth, and conducted upstairs to a small sitting-room, where a pleasant, middle-aged lady and a military-looking gentleman and some others were waiting. Shortly after eight the medium, a respectable-looking individual in black silk, entered, bowed to us all, and asked us to talk to her till she felt her controls. One of them, she told us, would probably be the spirit of a Red Indian girl named Sunshine, who, during a séance in Edinburgh had picked out from among the audience a gentleman who had known her in America in her earth-life; another might be a doctor, and it would be well to provide ourselves with paper and pencils to take down prescriptions.

During a lull in the conversation she leant back, twitched her hands, shut her eyes—in short, went through the orthodox mediumistic formulæ. Then she said, in a squeaky voice, opening her eyes a little now and then, to see what impression she made, "Here's little Sunshine back again; come and talk to me."

An awkward silence ensued, everyone feeling a little ridiculous. Finally a young lady among the audience said:

"Are you happy, Sunshine?"

"Ah, yes, so happy!" answered the medium. "I have a lovely wigwam, and the medicine man is kind to me and the Great White Spirit takes care of me. Now come and sit here, dear little white sister; I have much to tell you; the others must talk and not listen."

I turned round and talked with my friend, but heard snatches of conversation, such as "You will have a home of your own shortly, dear little white sister." "He is tall and dark." "You will come to-morrow morning, then?" And the young lady's voice, "Tell him we've not forgotten him."

When she got up she was crying, poor girl, doubtless believing she had had communication with a dead friend.

"Now I want to talk to this little white sister," said Madame Q. (alias "Sunshine"), pointing to me. I sat down and gave her my hand. She bent close to me, and a faint odour of very material spirits greeted my nostrils. Looking as if I drank in every word, I listened while she told me I was to have a great joy in my life in two moons, that I had had a great sorrow when I was fourteen, and had been unjustly treated, but had done my duty.

"I have tried to," I said modestly.

"Yes, zat you have, dear little white sister; and I see an old lady who is so happy about it. But you shall have zis great joy. Oh, dear little white sister, I am so glad, too!"

"Did the old lady have white hair and a very kind face?" I asked, as a draw.

"Yes, zat she had, dear little white sister, and very bright eyes."

"That must be my grandmother," I said. "I am so glad she is watching over me."

"Yes, and she loves you so; and I love you, too dear little white sister. Sunshine loves you." And, reiterating her affection, she shook my hands warmly, and called for the other white sister, my friend.

While the medium was engaged with her, I spoke to the middle-aged lady, one of the audience, who asked me if I had heard anything wonderful, to which, knowing that mediums have sharp ears, I replied that my past had been correctly told.

"I could never get hysterically excited over it," said she, "but I would like to know whether there is anything in it. I believe in clairvoyance. I should like to go to one of Madame's private séances, but they are too dear. These are only half-a-crown."

Did my ears deceive me? Half-a-crown, and I had only sixpence! I began planning what we should do, but was not too engrossed to hear the medium telling someone, "Sunshine likes you, dear little white sister. Sunshine would like to see, shake hands with you often—not only on Friday evenings but in the mornings alone." (N.B.—Private séances, one guinea.)

"Sunshine" then left and "Dr. Forbes" came. That is, in lay parlance, the medium stretched her knees apart, planted her elbows on them, and in a deep voice told us that she was "only an auld Scotchman, but had something to say to each of us."

This was the choicest part of the entertainment; one lady was to take two drops of nux vomica every morning; I was advised to put brown paper soaked in oil in my shoes to prevent colds, while my friend should go to bed earlier.

After repeating that she was only an auld Scotchman, the medium rose, and with uplifted hands said thrice very impressively, "God bless you."

Madame Q. sat down, rubbed her eyes, and sighed; with a vacant look and blinking eyes, as though coming out of a trance, she asked who had been there and whether it had been fairly successful.

"Sunshine didn't tell me anything much," said the middle-aged lady, honestly, but the rest of us agreed that it had been a great success. After a little desultory chat, in which Madame Q. spoke what she called Russian (to impress us), and the Colonel, her confederate, answered her, the others rose.

"What about our little fee?" asked the young lady. The medium made a gesture of indifference. "Oh, don't speak to me about that—my son there will arrange it." The others passed out, dropping half-crowns into the son's hand; we remained behind, and when alone with the medium, I said, "I am so sorry; I didn't know there was a fee"—the medium's face hardened—"and the trifle I brought I don't like to offer you." Madame did not look pleased, but evidently desiring to impress the seeming converts, chatted with us for about twenty minutes, telling us that she was related to Admiral Q., that her husband had been an engineer in Moscow, and was really Count Q., but that she did not care to use her title now that she had lost her money—nor would she use her great gift to make money, did not necessity compel her.

"But then you use it for the good of others," I suggested. "It must comfort them to hear from dead friends."

"Oh, it does," said Madame. "To know that makes it less hard."

"Is the Colonel a spiritualist?" we asked.

Did she suspect that we might think him her confederate? I do not know, but she answered, "Yes, but I do not like him a bit."

Doctor Forbes, she told us, had been doctor to the Royal Family, and had effected some marvellous cures; in one case he had, through her, prescribed for and cured of cancer a lady, who had been under twelve different doctors without result.

"Really, that is wonderful," said we. "It is a great gift, indeed. It must have comforted you when your husband died to know that you could communicate with him."

"Ah, yes; every morning I wake at five and receive a message from him; it is a most wonderful gift——" and so on in this style till the son entered and said, "Time for you to be in bed, mother." We parted amicably, and were conducted by the son to the house-door, where he paused. "You know the usual fee?" said he. "Excuse my reminding you." We said, smiling, that we had explained to Madame, when he reluctantly let us out; perhaps he scented something. S. B.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I HAVE seen Mr. Leslie Melville Balfour Melville, the new amateur golf champion, in company with his kinsman, the late George Whyte Melville, the novelist, who dealt with me for many years. Mr. George Whyte Melville, as most people will remember, was killed in the hunting-field before his father's death. As he was Mr. John Whyte Melville's only child the estate of Mount Melville, two miles outside St. Andrew's, passed on the death of the latter to a kinsman, a Mr. Balfour, who took the name of Melville on succeeding to the property. The son of the present owner of Mount Melville—the new amateur golf champion, when he first won fame on the links was known as Mr. Leslie Melville Balfour—and he is still constantly spoken of as "Leslie Balfour."

* * * *

I was almost scared by the apparition in my shop about a week ago of Captain F. T. Lugard, whose great book on East Africa was one of the most important books of travel published in recent years. He was looking very well, and, of course, very sunburnt, for he had just come back from Africa—not East Africa this time, but the Niger. I had seen no notice of his arrival. In the evening, I learn from some of my patrons who were present, he was at the annual dinner of the Savage Club, but none of the officials knew that he was in the room.

* * * *

This was unfortunate, because Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., M.P., who had to propose the guests of the evening, had a great deal to say about travel and travellers, and connected it all with the name of Sir William Robinson, the Governor of West Australia. If Sir William has visited the goldfields of Coolgardie, in the Colony over which he has presided with such conspicuous success, he has done his share of land travel, for Coolgardie is away in the great Victorian Desert, in the burning heart of Australia. But Sir William is principally distinguished outside his political, or perhaps I ought to say diplomatic, achievements (for the duties of a Colonial Governor are chiefly diplomatic) as a musician, the composer of many popular songs and an opera of great merit.

* * * *

Another African traveller was in the room, in the shape of Mr. J. R. Pardy—but Mr. Moulton did not care. With similar infelicity he spent a good deal of time in proposing the healths of Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. E. H. Carson, Q.C., M.P., neither of whom were present, but his speech was certainly livelier than preceding speeches. Mr. Moulton has been a customer of mine for a long time. He is a tall well-built man, with a very sardonic face of the leonine order.

* * * *

The speeches on the whole were not a success. The first actor of the age, Mr. Henry Irving, who was in the chair, totally failed to make himself heard by those at any distance from him, and our most eminent man of science, Lord Kelvin, failed worse. Probably none of the speakers were well heard but the two legal men, Mr. Fletcher Moulton and Mr. Justice Grantham. Mr. Justice Grantham is one of the finest-looking men among all my patrons—a tall man of distinguished bearing, with a well-shaped silvery head and remarkably handsome aristocratic features, cut with the delicacy of a Greek statue, though they are as resolute as a Wellington's.

* * * *

Mr. Gilbert Parker is back in London from America. I had the satisfaction of giving him a first-rate account of the success of "The Trail of the Sword" (Methuen, 6s.) when he paid me a visit a few days ago. It has been one of the most popular new books in my library.

The moment that Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's "Haunted by Posterity" (A. and C. Black, 6s.) came in I determined to read it; and the man who keeps a circulating library can only read about one in fifty of the books he buys. I knew that Mr. Hodgson was one of the journalists most trusted by the leaders of the Conservative party, and one of the ablest writers on politics in the great reviews, as well as editor of a paper which bids fair to be another *Spectator*. If there is a fault to be found with the book—which, like all A. and C. Black's books, is finely printed on fine paper, it is that it is too clever. Page after page is worth as careful reading as an essay, and is as witty as poor Wilde's replies to Mr. Carson.

* * * *

One of the most amusing parts in a most amusing book is the skit on the office life at the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the first days of its belonging to Mr. Astor. There is nothing illnatured about the skit. Mr. Astor is not closely described. It is just very clever and funny. The ghost is a very original idea worked out with great spirit. I should have liked more of the female interest. Lady Emily is such a charming heroine that one regrets seeing so little of her. The book is witty and subtle, and contains much that does not meet the eye at a careless glance. It is certainly worthy of Mr. Hodgson's reputation, and that is saying a great deal.

* * * *

I have added to my library several copies of "The Holy Estate," by Mr. W. H. Wilkins and Captain Thatcher (Hutchinson, 3 vols.). When I began to read it I took it to be the ordinary story of Anglo-Indian matrimonial infidelities, but when I got into the heart of the book I discovered that it was a quiet tragedy worked out with great power. There is considerable originality in the character of Madeline Dampier and much charm, and her villainous husband is drawn powerfully and naturally. But I should have been glad if it had ended more pluckily. To me the spectacle of Madeleine exiling herself from any chance of even meeting Goring, that the two of them may eat their hearts out with regret, is simply wrong. They should have lived near each other—in perfect innocence, of course. Bearing one another's burdens is fulfilling the law of Christ. The last volume is especially good.

* * * *

There is to be a pocket edition of Charles Kingsley at 1s. 6d. a volume, which is being brought out, of course, by Macmillan. How many of Charles Kingsley's devotees, I wonder, have been to see South Wraxall, the glorious old fifteenth-century manor house of the Long family, where the apostle of muscular Christianity spent some of his schooldays. It is close to Bradford-on-Avon in Wiltshire, the county of the Longs.

* * * *

The next "Guest of the Evening" at the Authors' Club, on May 27th, is to be Mr. Rider Haggard, who has been a member of the committee from the beginning. Mr. Walter Besant, one of the directors, will take the chair.

* * * *

The "Mary Cross," whose story, "As Gold in the Furnace," Mr. Elliot Stock announces, is not, I take it, that great woman, one of my most illustrious patrons for many years, who achieved so much distinction under the pseudonym of George Eliot, though her name was Mary Ann Cross. There is another Mary Cross already represented in my library—the joint author of "Stories of Great Men; taken from Plutarch," published in 1884.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. S.—Your book is only worth about two shillings.

F. L.—"Army Surgeons and their Work," by Dr. Gordon, price five shillings.

LAZARUS.—The book is neither old enough nor new enough to be of any value. M. H. (Sheffield).—About fifteen shillings.

ECCE.—I know of nothing beyond the interviews with him which have appeared in various magazines.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—There were some lovely gowns worn at the Drawing Room. Pink and mauve was quite the favourite combination of colour, a successful one in many cases, but sometimes a horrid failure, owing to an injudicious selection of shades. Princess Louise, whose taste is almost always good, wore black and silver, the velvet train being lined with rose-pink and red roses nestling between the double frills of her lisse sleeves. Large epaulettes of silver-sequined lisse fell over the tops of these. A cluster of lovely roses was fastened on the front of the bodice. Countess Powis looked a perfect dream of loveliness in ivory satin, with silver sequins, and a diamond cascade for trimming. A veil of silver-sequined lisse overhung the satin bodice. The puffs of chiffon on the sleeves were caught up with yellow roses, and a cluster of roses was fastened at the waist. The train was in ivory brocade. Her sister, the Countess of Yarborough, had a train of white Irish poplin, with an effective design woven in pale gold. The petticoat was in ivory satin, the bodice trimmed with lace, chiffon, and roses. Lady Cantelupe wore silver-grey brocade in a design of roses and forget-me-nots in natural colours. It was lined with pink and was worn over a petticoat in forget-me-not blue satin, trimmed with a wide lace insertion, bordered on either side with silver sequined lisse. The sleeves were blue chiffon. A folded band of satin across the bodice served as a foundation for many diamond ornaments. Countess Deym, who is more beautiful and picturesque than ever now that her abundant hair has attained such a lovely white, wore a shot-gold and mauve petticoat and bodice trimmed with chiffon and orchids, and a train of heliotrope mirror velvet, lined with shot moire. A long trail of mauve orchids hung over her skirt to the very hem. Mrs. Kinsey Peile's lovely train was made of rose-coloured mirror velvet, the petticoat being in white satin veiled with black net, on which a design of lace was appliqué and sequins handsomely embroidered. The bodice was covered with similar embroidery, a deep band of apple-green silk passing under it round the waist. The large sleeves were chiffon.

Mrs. de Tatton Egerton's dress was a *chef d'œuvre*. The petticoat was apple-green silk, finished at the hem with a thick, frayed-out ruche of the silk. The train was moss-green velvet, lined with the pale green silk. It was hung in full folds from the shoulders, and was trimmed all round the edges with great drifts of grey-green tulle, held down at intervals with clusters of pink roses. The bodice was finished with a collar of gold, bronze, pink and green passementerie and long sprays of pink roses, one of which crosses the bodice and falls in a long trail to the hem of the skirt. The bodice of Lady Harcourt's dress was made with a deep, round Louis XVI. collar of white satin, edged with very full frills of grand old Mechlin lace, with which also the whole bodice was outlined. It was one of the prettiest things at the Drawing Room.

PARIS DRESS AT REDMAYNE'S.

The Countess of Onslow was brilliant in antique brocade with great sprays of orchids, and a tiara and stomacher of diamonds. Mrs. George Keppel's hand-painted train was much admired. Among the brides presented on their marriage was Lady Wolverton, Lady Dudley's pretty daughter. The young Countess of Dudley wore white satin and an emerald sash. Mrs. Glen Coates had her dress trimmed with a thousand real pearls. These were sewn on the bodice and sleeves, and were less effective than you might imagine. Scores of ladies went in mourning, and many who were not mourning chose black for other reasons. The fact that the Queen's dress was broché grenadine will induce many elderly ladies to choose that old-world fabric for their gowns. There has been quite a revival of it during the last two seasons. It wears better, and is more effective than the new silk crêpes, some of which wear very unsatisfactorily. Canvas is the favourite dress fabric for summer gowns, and we are to see much alpaca this season. The freshest, most becoming, and most up-to-date dress at the Academy private view was a sapphire blue alpaca, breathing of Paris in every fold, and the folds were many!

We went to the eighth annual Food and Cookery Exhibition, and were much interested in many of the things we saw. We bought a potato ribbon cutter, price 1s., a very useful little article, and approved of a cherry stoner at the same humble price. Mother would have liked to invest in a cutlet gridiron, but half a guinea was beyond our means. By means of screws

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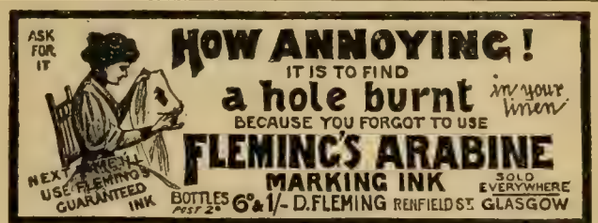

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the grid can be adjusted to the exact width of the cutlet, enclosing it on both sides. They are on the same principle as the American toasters, by means of which the toast is turned without being touched. I never give a second look to the elaborate *grosses pièces*, but Cosenz's stall was lovely with its great arch of rock-work carried out in méringue, and enclosing a rich edifice with goldfish swimming about in the basin below. Above were purple and yellow iris, arranged with grasses and long sprays of smilax, one of the prettiest floral decorations I have seen for a long time. A chocolate stall was also very tasteful, being carried out in yellow silk with nasturtium colour as a relief.

This was the refined little menu of the spring dinner, demonstrated by M. Pouard, assisted by the *chef* of the Queen's Guard, St. James's Palace:—

Bonne Femme aux Croûtons.
Eperlans à l'Anglaise au beurre noir.
Mousse de volaille au suprême.
Tournedos à la Francaise.
Cailles à la casserole.
Haricots verts à la maître d'hotel.
Méringues à la crême glacée.
Kishs au Parmesan.

Unfortunately we could not go on the other days to hear this famous *cordon rouge* demonstrate the summer, autumn, and winter dinners, the menus for which were equally carefully selected. I will send them to you some day.

The pretty dress shown in the sketch has a skirt and sleeves of brocade, a French blouse of white satin medallions, and sequin embroidery mingled with beads drawn up over green accordion-pleated chiffon. The collar is white satin, with a bow of black velvet at the back. The belt is black satin. The sketch is from a Paris model at Redmayne's, Bond Street.—Your affectionate

SUSIE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POOR ANNETTE.—It could not have been good crape. I am sorry for you. It is horrid to be cheated at any time, but when one has to don mourning at a few hours' notice, it is hard that some of the many hovering human vultures should swoop on you in the moment of your grief and need. Try to renovate it in the following way: Take the piece of crape and hold it out flat (not stretched tight) over a steaming copper or bowl of water. When it is steamed moist all over, roll it on to a round stick, such as a broom-handle, taking care to lay it quite smooth, while not straining the figure. Then put the crape rolled thus into a warm room or near the fire, and let it be for some hours till it feels crisp and dry. When the crape is in very small pieces the drying will be more easily done by pinning it out on cardboard than by rolling it on a stick. *The better the quality of the crape the more successful will this treatment be.*

CURIOSITY.—The firm of Elise and Co. no longer exists. The establishment occupied premises in Regent Street, exactly opposite Burlington Street. The rental was £2,000 a year. The business was established early in the century, and was originally known as Jane Clarke, described as a lace and fan dealer and milliner. Miss Clarke had patrons at every Court in Europe. and her establishment was the rendezvous of the loveliest women in the land. She amassed an enormous fortune. One of the houses from which she purchased in the City was represented by Mr. Isaacson, who fell in love with Miss Clarke's niece, the acquaintance resulting in a marriage in 1857. The young couple became proprietors of the business upon the death of Miss Clarke, who is said to have directed in her will that she should be buried in a shroud of real lace. It is popularly believed that several thousand pounds worth was used for this purpose. One of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson married Lord Beaumont in 1888. Mr. Isaacson was returned as Conservative member for Tower Hamlets in 1886.

TOPSY.—The precious stones include diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. The semi-precious stones are pink topaz, aquamarine or beryl, tourmaline, jacinth, and peridot. Rubies are now much dearer than diamonds, about six times dearer. Opals are very fashionable this season. They look best set in diamonds, with an emerald here and there; emeralds being the stone best calculated to bring out the beautiful tints of the opal—vague, dreamy, and ever-changing. I always think the opal by far the loveliest stone there is. It appeals to the imagination more than any other.

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"Sanitas"-Eucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.

WORTH NOTICING.

MACNIVEN AND CAMERON'S pens have already obtained a world-wide celebrity. They have just favoured me with a sample box of "barrel pens," which are especially welcome, as they inform me as to the correct name for a pen combined with the metal part generally found on the holder. The barrel pens are more convenient and, in practice, no more expensive than the ordinary ones, for after a short acquaintance between the ordinary pen and the holder they become such inseparable friends that the holder refuses to relinquish his decrepit associate, and the whole lot has to be thrown away. Besides the Pickwick, Owl and Waverley of couplet fame, Messrs. Macniven and Cameron turn out varieties to suit all hands.

THERE are many annoying things which occasionally happen. To find yourself ten miles from a shop, with a quarter of a pound of tobacco in your pocket but neither pipe nor cigarette papers; to empty right and left at a rabbit, and in so doing rise a couple of woodcocks; to wait for half an hour at Victoria, and on referring to your notebook find that your friend had said London Bridge. But for quiet, subdued pathos there is nothing to equal the moment when you find that you have only five minutes to catch the post and that all the pens are hermetically sealed with congealed ink. To avoid this just try a sample bottle of Vickers' black ink (trade-mark "Penwing"), which will cost you a shilling or three shillings and sixpence, and can be obtained almost anywhere, or post free direct from George Vickers, Angel Court, 172, Strand. This ink possesses a positive antipathy to going to jelly in the ink-pot, or, indeed, to doing anything but writing in a perfectly easy, flowing, and straightforward way. After one's experience of ordinary inks it is curious to find one with these amiable characteristics, but this being so it would be criminal, for the sake of one's correspondents, not to avail oneself of them.

FROM Messrs. Richard Atkinson and Co., of 31, College Green, Dublin, I have received samples of their Irish poplin tie material. The texture is in all cases excellent, and many of the shades are new, and would make up admirably.

I WOULD draw the attention of those who like to have clean cuffs, even after a day's desk work, to the sixpenny packets of cuff protectors and clips which can be obtained direct from 64, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Each packet contains fifty glazed paper protectors cut and folded ready for use, and also a set of steel clips to keep them in place.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Gaiety shares have gone down again to something like a reasonable price, but they are, to my thinking, still too high. The financial year of the company ends on the first of July, so, as they have only another few weeks before them, the directors ought to know pretty well how their accounts will come out. We shall not know before September, or even later perhaps. But meantime I entertain a very strong conviction that *ten per cent.* is what the company will declare. This, I imagine, will be made up of five per cent. earned at the Gaiety itself, and another five per cent.—that is, three thousand pounds—earned by the company's third share in Edwardes' other enterprises. If I am right, it will show that Edwardes' profit on the year has been nine, thousand instead of eleven thousand as I estimated it last week. In any case, you see, Gaiety shares are not a good bargain even at thirteen shillings. They stood at four shillings when the company paid five per cent. On Monday their price is ten shillings if its going to pay ten per cent. But as I do not hold any myself I do not care twopence who burns his fingers over them—though I naturally hope that you won't.

I should, if I were you, keep "an open mind" about Olympia. A big meeting of shareholders will be held shortly, and a scheme for carrying on the concern will be promulgated by the directors. So far as I can make out there is no mystery whatever about the difficulties of the company. The place paid splendidly when *Constantinople* was the attraction. In course of time everybody saw *Constantinople* as often as he, or she, wanted to do so. Then, instead of something perfectly novel and new, the management put up *The Orient*, which in effect was very much like *Constantinople* all over again. The attraction, therefore, was less than it used to be, and the season was phenomenally bad owing to the terrific winter and the unusual influenza. The management tried to keep down expenses even in the matter of shillings, but in vain. The cost so far exceeded the receipts that gradually the working capital was exhausted, and if Olympia is to be carried on fresh capital must be raised.

It is, of course, easy enough to blame the directors for their choice of a show. *The Orient* probably was a mistake, apart from the weather and the epidemic. But the choice of a successful show is at all times difficult, and it is doubly difficult at a place like Olympia, which only lends itself to a very limited form of entertainment. When in doubt at Olympia you cannot play farce or comic opera. You cannot even fall back on a revival of the *School for Scandal*. You are absolutely tied to spectacle and ballet. You know that if you only put four hundred girls in a vast semi-circle and make them all kick up their right legs at precisely the same time, your brilliant effort will be invariably greeted with thunders of applause. This one effect, therefore, must be introduced whatever you call your show. The same consideration applies to the pond, to the boats, to the bazaars, and so on. Olympia is much more difficult to manage than a theatre, where the expenses are much smaller and the alternatives far more numerous. Look at Drury Lane, for example. Sir Augustus Harris plays a season of melodrama in the autumn, pantomime at Christmas, English opera in the spring, and winds up this year with Duse. Olympia has to run one long pantomime, or ballet, season all the year round, and cannot, like the Alhambra and the Empire, help it along with Yvette Gilbert, Marie Lloyd, and a few acrobats.

Talking of the Alhambra reminds me that they have there just now one of the most remarkable turns I have ever seen, in the form of a dog that plays the piano. I need hardly say it's a poodle—a black poodle—and it is quite the cleverest of its weirdly clever kind. There is no deception about the show, for I went behind the scenes with Alfred Moore and interviewed the animal and its trainer, a German clown called Claremont, for myself. How on earth he has ever taught the dog to do what it does I don't know. But this fact remains, that it sits up on a chair, and picks out "Home, Sweet Home," with a delicacy of touch that excited the admiration of Jacobi! Music-hall people will probably take a good deal of interest in the libel actions focussing round their redoubtable foe, Mrs. Ormiston Chant. It is alleged that in the course of a public address she alluded to Mr. Cox, the secretary of the Liberal and Radical Anti-Sunday Closing and Anti-Puritan League, as a "wicked man." He considers that this is a libel, and claims £500 damages. She promptly retaliates by carrying the war into the enemy's camp and bringing an action for libel against Mr. Cox on account of certain statements made in pamphlets published by his Anti-League. She also claims £500. It looks, therefore, as if only the lawyers and the comic journalists would get much out of the interesting case of Chant *versus* Cox.

Another case that may interest you is the breach of promise action brought by Miss Sutherland, of the Gaiety Theatre, against the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks. She is a sister of Miss Lily Harold. He is Lord Tweedmouth's son. She is a tall, very handsome, and very amiable girl, and I really can't see why they should not have been happily married. But his family did not think so. They intervened, first amiably, then firmly, but without much avail. Finally Lady Tweedmouth whipt the Honourable Dudley off to Canada with her on a visit to a relative, Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General.

Your Affectionate Cousin,
Randolph.

The usual holiday privileges are granted by the Midland Railway Company, who will run cheap excursions from London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., for 16 days *via* Liverpool, on May 30th, and *via* Morecambe on Wednesday, June 5th, returning June 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th or 20th. There are other Irish excursions on May 31st and June 1st. Also on June 1st, to return the following Monday or Thursday, cheap tickets will be issued to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, &c. A cheap one-day excursion will be run on Whit-Monday to St. Alban's, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Birmingham, and on Thursday (midnight), June 6th, returning on the 8th, excursion tickets will be issued to Manchester for the races. Tickets for these trains, starting from St. Pancras, can be obtained on the two previous days to the running of the trains at the Company's City and West-end booking-offices. There are also cheap excursions from all parts of the country on Whit-Monday.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
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MONDAY, 27TH MAY, by
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
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The Band of the Grenadier Guards
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THE GREAT WHEEL,
CARRYING 1,200 PEOPLE 300 FEET IN THE AIR.
Admission to the Opening Ceremony from 12 to 1, only by
Season Tickets 10/6 each.
Main Entrance, Warwick Road, S.W.

THE QUEEN v. MR. COCKSURE, A CRITIC OF PLAYS.

CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Old Law, Q.C.—My Lord, this important litigation is undertaken on public grounds, and for the general welfare of the drama-loving people. It has been thought by many for the last few years that the taste of the community at large has been a vitiated one, that universal disgust at the drama proper has been spread far and wide; that false impressions have been created, and astounding inaccuracies and misleading statements have been circulated in the English Press! And by whom have they been so spread, and by what cause? By the self-sufficient and defiant attitude taken up by men like the defendant, men whom I will credit with the very best intentions (with which a certain place is paved); but men who should be characterised as writers who have not studied the subject on which they are so grandiloquent, and briefly know uncommonly little of this beautiful art, which, while professing to help and encourage, they daily degrade in the eyes of such of our generous-minded citizens as are not tainted with the dreadful and infectious disease popularly known as "Egomania." My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, I charge the defendant in this case with having seduced from the paths of dramatic virtue an author of hitherto spotless integrity, one Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

The case of Jones is somewhat of a distressing nature. He started life under the tuition of a well-known stage moralist, Wilson Barrett, with a series of short and infantile plays which might have been printed by the Religious Tract Society, and read aloud at a Calvinistic Sunday School. He wrote *The Silver King*, and to the delight of the "Unco' guid," he turned a tipsy madman into a picturesque, grey-haired "Chadband." He wrote speeches for his heroes of interminable length—speeches which might have been paraphrased from the Revelation of St. John the Divine, or suggested by such pictures as "The Last Judgment," by the mad painter Martin. It is true that on one occasion the Rev. Henry Arthur Jones, as he grew to be called from his established piety, made a parson in a play tell a lie, a fact hitherto unrecorded in dramatic history; but "Judah Llewellyn" atoned for his mendacity by much mental and moral prostration, and ended his career in the odour of sanctity with the lovely "brand," "Vashti Dethic," whom "he had snatched from the burning."

Up to a given date there was no modern author held in such respect by the Established Church as Henry Arthur Jones, the more so as he lashed Dissent and Little Bethelism with a fierce fury worthy of the port wine loving parson of yesterday. Mr. Arthur Pinero might show signs of alarming heterodoxy, and magnify in importance a soiled dove, the painted profligate, and "the woman who did"; Mr. Sydney Grundy, when opportunity offered, might "run amuck" at his old enemies the critics, and charge them in bad plays like a bull at a gate; Mr. Carton might leave his orange-flavoured barley water on a flawless table in Liberty Exeter Hall, and take to imbibing strong and spirituous liquors with a Radical and Socialistic "Home Secretary"; but, hitherto, nothing had ever disturbed the dramatic orthodoxy of Henry Arthur Jones until he came under the baneful sway of the defendant in this case.

Conceive, gentlemen, the terror of the Jonesian downfall when the theatrical father of so many beautiful women, models of their sex, was actually found flaunting before the public such a coarse, vulgar, unnecessary creature as Sally Lebrune, the French model, who is not only false to herself, false to her friends, false to her play, needlessly vicious, and unscrupulously low, but who by her unrelieved naughtiness actually horrifies the audience she is so anxious to please. The conversion of Mr. Jones by Mr. Cocksure is one of the most astonishing circumstances recorded in the story of the modern drama. But this is not all. I charge the defendant with persuading the playgoers of this country not to go near *The Passport*, which is really one of the best written, best constructed, and best acted comedies of English life, pure as well as wholesome, that we have ever seen in London for years. I charge him with omitting all mention of the superb performances given in this ingenious play by Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Giddens, Mr. Alfred Maltby, and Mr. Yorke Stephens, performances which could not be approached in any Parisian theatre of to-day. I charge him with having induced one Edward Rose to assert in public that it was Mrs. Patrick Campbell who broke down and reacted against the "Macready School," a school scotched, killed, and comparatively buried at the time of the welcome arrival of Charles Fechter at the Princess's Theatre, in 1859, thirty-six years ago, and clearly before Mrs. Patrick Campbell was placed in her baby bassinette. Further, I charge him with unduly influencing the said Edward Rose, whereby he maligned the memory of old John Ryder by asserting he was the most obstinate of all the semi-defunct Macreadyites, whereas John Ryder was converted to naturalism by Charles Fechter, and to the very last preserved the dignity of the old school with the nature of the new. Finally, and most serious charge of all, I do solemnly protest against the attitude of the defendant in playing ducks and drakes with the high moral tone of good Mrs. Era, who, to the amazement of everybody, after defending countless actions in the cause of public decency, is found harbouring in her sanctified home in Wellington Street the Billingsgate little bully known as Sally Lebrune, and literally taking her off the hands of her converted foster-father, the now reckless and unorthodox Jones.

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Knew Fangle.—My Lord, my learned friend is as usual in excess. He allows his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment. He argues as the old school ever did and ever will, and it is intolerable to the men of mind who are advancing to victory. The defendant and his companions must at least be allowed the credit of their opinions, which they are not ashamed to advance whether they be distasteful or not to my learned friend and those who instruct him.

The programme that Mr. Cocksure insists upon is the programme of truth, and the utter uprooting of obstinate conservative conventionality. The Cocksure school intends to have plays with no plots. They have said so bravely, and they will stick to their point. They insist, with a vigour which to me is extraordinary considering how unconventional it is, that the love interest in a modern play shall be abolished altogether. Plays without plots, plays without silly sentimentality, these are the leading items of the new dramatic Newcastle programme. But this is not all. Melodrama, at the suggestion of my client's leaders, is to go by the board, and the freehold of the Adelphi is to be wrenched from the Messrs. Gatti for the spreading of pessimism, and the diffusion of the new truth that the "melancholy and the maudlin" are one. Once on a time "The True and the Beautiful" were one, but we have changed all that. Pessimism in all her primitive purity sits on an uncomfortable monument, not smiling, but positively grinning at grief. My friend has taunted the defendant with refusing to advertise the excellence of *The Passport* at Terry's Theatre, and with obstinately staying his hand in the praise of the work of Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. W. Yardley. Believe me he has done so conscientiously. He has heard with his own ears at Terry's Theatre, and to his unspeakable horror, an audience actually roaring with laughter, screaming and yelling as they did in the old degrading days of Liston and Wright, and Keely and Toole, and Buckstone and Compton, enjoying themselves as they did in the time of *Our Boys* and *The Private Secretary*, and in these

depraved days of *Charley's Aunt* and *The New Boy*. But, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant does not want the people to laugh. He holds laughter to be a dramatic heresy. He would make war upon all the theatres that put outside the degrading announcement, "House full," when plays like *The Passport* make the visitors merry after a day of hard toil. They should be made miserable; they should contemplate the mental dogged perseverance of the women who did, and they should contrast the raucous ribaldry of Sally Lebrune with what goes on nightly in Paris at the Moulin Rouge. Gentlemen, I have seen her, the real Sally Lebrune, of the Casino conscience—seen her in that foreign school of nature with her petticoats pulled up higher than her knees, dancing in sheer delight of life and bad brandy before the mirrors that guard the entrance to this wild "Salle of Sallies." Why should not Mademoiselle Lebrune be allowed to do the same at the St. James' theatre? Why should she not also exhibit her silk stockings on a chair in front of a mirror? How else can life be studied by such as cannot afford a return ticket to Paris? My friend has ridiculed us also with not recognising the good acting in the popular *Passport*. What on earth do we or does my client know of acting? What on earth does he care for it? To study it would take him away from his conscientious desire to inoculate the wide world with "Egomania." My client cannot congratulate himself too much on the declaration of my learned friend that already he has induced a believer to circulate roseate inaccuracies, and has actually persuaded this reckless Sally Lebrune to wink another eye satisfactorily at the persistent Jorgan of Wellington Street, Strand. So far he is on the right side of the ledger!

THE JUDGE.

I shall be compelled, as you well know, Mr. Knew Fangle, to put to the jury that you have not removed, or attempted to remove, the inaccuracies, wilful or ignorant, with which the defendant is charged.

It is all very well to propagate a new faith, but that faith must not be propagated at the expense of accuracy and truth. I shall have to say to the jury, "Is it true or is it not true that such extremely modern realists as Mrs. Patrick Campbell exploded what is called 'The Macready School?' Was there ever a Fechter, ever a Henry Irving, ever a Bancroft school, ever a reaction against stage growling five-and-thirty years ago?" Is it true or is it false that realism and problems are as old as the longest stage memory? And has the Cocksure School, as it may fairly be called, a right to believe and to say that the drama was as dead as a door-nail before one, Henry Arthur Jones, exchanged homely commerce for dramatic trade some thirteen years ago, and doffed the robes of Autolycus for the gown of authorship? Is it a fact that this protean drama recreated by the Phœnix Jones, as the Cocksure School insists, was, to the astonishment of the common-sense playgoer, still dead and buried again when the world was supposed to stand still at the patriotic cry, "The Campbells are coming, oh, dear! oh, dear!"? This is a case to be decided on facts, not on fancy.

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WHO'S WHO? Is he reliable? Is the Company a genuine or a bogus one? Do you want to know? If so send 2s. 6d. to the Investors' Protection and Information Agency, 22, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (250 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

WHORT is it as mikes some men sye they is none the wus, when anyone with 'alf a eye can see as they're a bloomin' sight the wus? Theer is men o' thet sort, 'cos I 'ad one of 'em on my 'bus lawst Toosday. But whort they do it fur, or 'ow ter egsplaine 'em, pawses me altergither. This 'un was a young man, a pile-ficed, sheep-'eaded young man, with the biggest feet as ever I seed in my life. 'E'd a topper, and a pipe in 'is marth as 'e were suckin' at very vigerus. My 'bus were stannin' still when 'e gort on, and 'e were 'ommust on the top step as I stawted 'er. 'E give a kind o' stagger. 'Is feet were that seize as theer worn't room fur 'em prop'ly on the steps. No, 'e'd didn't fall, which I'd egspected. Nor 'is 'at didn't come off, which I'd 'oped. The jerk sim'd ter un'itch the fast'nin' of 'is lower jaw; anywise 'is marth opened and 'art fell 'is pipe. It bruk in two bits, which I picks up and 'ands to 'im, egspectin' ter 'ear some choice langwidge. "I'm afride your pipe's done fur," says I. "Ho no!" says 'e, smilin' cheerful, "that'll be all right with a band put round the middle. I was goin' ter 'ave 'ad it done any 'ow." Tew minerts arter I goes up ter give 'im 'is ticket. There was one of 'is grite feet lyin' art in the sun right acrorst the top o' the 'bus. I trod on it. I didn't go fur to do it—the fac' is, I was some little wye off of 'im and not carntin' on findin' 'is foot theer. Nar, if hever I seed agerny writ on a 'ooming fice I seed it then, and I knowed I'd trod jest wheer it 'ud 'urt 'im must. I explained as it were ascerdental. "Ho, that's nutthink," 'e says, "it tikes a deal more'n that ter 'urt me," and 'e smiles agin, though a little bit sickly this time. Arter a bit he comes darn the steps agin, and was goin' ter jump off. Well, I'd seed as 'is foot were more nor 'e cud prop'ly manidge by 'isself, so I says, "'Old on, and I'll stop the 'bus." "Nort fur me," says 'e, "I'm yoosed ter this sort o' thing." With that 'e jumps, and 'e jumped the right wye too. 'Ow 'e did it is more nor I can sye, but 'e come darn 'eavy, settin' in a puddle right in the middle o' the road, with a 'ole line o' 'buses be'ind 'm lawfin' at 'im fit ter split. I stops the 'bus. "Hingered yerself, sir?" I sings art ter 'im. "Not a bit of it," says 'he, "no more nor I can brush off with my 'andkerchief." And 'e moves off limpin'—but still smilin', mind yer. Ole Ike was drivin' the 'bus be'ind mine. "Yar tike'n' a pantermime troupe art this mornin'?" 'e sharts ter me. I 'awnsers 'im beck, and 'e 'awnsers me beck, and so we kep' it up until a copper interfered throo Ike a-runnin' inter langwidge—as 'e alwise do when 'e's beat, and ain't got nutthing else. Ho, it was a rummy stawt, tikin' it bye an' lawge!

* * * *

When I comes to think it over, I surpose as this young man with the lawge feet was too prard ter be pitied. Thet sims ter me abart the size of it, and I've knowed other kises. Ho, yus, I've knowed folks as was too prard ter live, folks as had come down in the world. They wouldn't tike nutthink from the perish, which I don't egsactly blime 'em fur, but they wouldn't even let their own pals give 'em a friendly lead, nor lend 'em a 'and anywye. Meet 'em in the street, and ausk 'em how they were doin', and they'd tell yer things was lookin' up, an' they was doing nicely, which looked like a bit o' kid, an' so it were. They kep' it up fur a time, and then they died. The jury called it starvishun, and I shud sye thet were abart the mark. 'Ere's the long and the short of it: Theer's 'eaps as is willing ter give things, but theer's precious foo as knows 'ow ter be'ive *arter they've guv*. They syes as they've givin' their shillin' fur the sike o' the poor, but they wants their boots licked fur it, an' a bloomin' good bob's wuth of it, too.

IN THE CITY.

THE MANCHESTER CANAL.

The people of Manchester must be beginning to recognise that in consenting to come to the rescue of the Manchester Canal Company their representatives accepted a liability that is likely to prove a very onerous one. The report of the consultative committee, which has now been issued, is of a very disturbing character. It explains that the Company will not be in a position to pay the full interest due for the current half year, and suggests that the Corporation shall accept £56,250 in lieu of the £112,500 that will be due, and pass the interest in the following half year. At present the Corporation has in hand £110,000; but if the proposals of the consultative committee are accepted the balance will be reduced by the end of January next to £5,125.

And after that? At the last meeting of shareholders the chairman stated with commendable candour that the Company could not hope to meet its full liability on interest account out of revenue "for some time to come," and it is to be feared that the amount it will be able to pay the Corporation during the next year or two will be very small indeed. But the Corporation has to meet the interest on the loan of £5,127,890, and to do that unaided by payments by the Company would necessitate a rate of 1s. 6¾d. in the pound!

What is the present position of the Company? Assuming, as we do, that the Corporation allows a portion of the interest due to stand over, the Company will have to meet during the current year £152,530 loan interest, and to furnish that it has only an available balance of £45,688, together with any profit it may make upon working. To balance it will have to earn £106,842 over and above working expenses, and even then at the close of the year it will be in debt to the Corporation to the tune of £168,750 unpaid interest. As for the capital account, when works already sanctioned are paid for the Company will only have in hand £52,184. And yet these sanctioned works are only a small portion of these considered absolutely necessary by the Traffic Committee. It is clear, then, that by the end of the year, unless something like a miracle happens, the Company will be in a very tight corner indeed. Nor is it easy to see where relief is to come from.

FINANCE AND POLITICS.

As time passes, the folly—to use a mild term—of the reappointment of Sir Hercules Robinson, at the instance of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to the Governorship of Cape Colony, becomes more apparent. The situation in British South Africa at the present time is not a pleasant one for English statesmen to contemplate. At all times during the last fifty years the South African colonies have given England more trouble than all the rest of the Colonies put together. This trouble has always been largely due to the incompetence and ignorance of the people in Downing Street, and ignorance and incompetence can alone explain the reappointment of Sir Hercules Robinson by the well-meaning but weak placeman who at present presides at the Colonial Office—an appointment that bodes ill for the colonies concerned.

There is no colony under the British Crown that is in such urgent need of an able and independent Governor as Cape Colony at the present time. Trade is languishing under the burden of the low prices for wool and other produce, the farmers—the backbone of the country at the Cape, as elsewhere—are being ruined, while their rulers spend their substance in protecting the diamond industry from its due share of taxation. And what is the diamond interest? In South Africa it is represented, and may be said to be, the De Beers Company—a company of which Sir Hercules Robinson was, until recently, a director; one of whose life governors secured Sir Hercules' reappointment as Governor of the Colony, whilst he journeys to the Cape with another of them, that model of civic virtue, Mr. Barney Barnato.

Note how the appointment is viewed by one of the few newspapers in South Africa not in one way or another subsidised by directors of the De Beers Company:—

> The Imperial Government had the opportunity of sending out a man who would take up a high position in these matters, and set his face sternly in the direction of political purity and directness of purpose. They have sent Sir Hercules Robinson—the partner of Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes in his schemes of private greed! The man who is expected to hold the scales evenly between the conflicting interests of the country is one who, for the past five years, has been entirely identified with one side of these interests.

We wish we could say that these remarks are exaggerated, but we cannot. The sting is in the fact that they are true.

BOGUS ADVERTISEMENTS AND NEWSPAPER MANAGERS.

In our last issue, and under this heading, we directed attention to an advertisement appearing in the *Daily Chronicle* headed "A Boon to Small Investors." This advertisement promised "a certain weekly income of 25s. for every £10 invested," stating that "the capital," meaning, we presume, the £10 or other sum sent to the advertiser, would remain under the control of the investor, and that the investment had nothing to do with "stocks or gambling transactions." On inquiry it was found that the advertiser was one Gerald Radcliffe, and that the investment, which was so specially suitable to "small investors," and had nothing to do with "stocks and gambling transactions," consisted of "backing the absolute first and second favourites in the first race to win for £1 each," and so on, doubling until you win. We said that this advertisement had its character stamped upon its face, and that the promise of "a certain weekly income of 25s. for every £10 invested" branded it as a fraud.

Apparently Mr. Gerald Radcliffe objects to this description, for we have received the following letter—indeed we have two of them:—

> Sir,
>
> We are instructed by Mr. Gerald Radcliffe, of Circus Chambers, 27, Piccadilly, to bring an action against you for having printed and published a libellous statement with regard to him in the publication To-Day, on page 46, dated May 18th, 1895.
>
> We must ask you to be good enough to furnish us with the name of your solicitors, who will accept service on your behalf.
>
> Yours obediently,
>
> Bernard Abrahams and Co.

We have complied with Messrs. Bernard Abrahams and Company's request, and we look forward to the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gerald Radcliffe in the witness-box—with our friend Mr Carson suggesting questions for him to answer.

THE CHEMISTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

When this company was brought out we advised our readers not to apply for shares. All that we have heard since confirms our first opinion of it, and a correspondence that appears in the current number of *The Chemist and Druggist* should be read by those who retain their faith in the future of the company. It will be remarked that a syndicate calling itself the Trust Agency and Guarantee Company of England, Limited, sold to the Society the businesses to be taken over, and our contemporary *The Chemist and Druggist* tells us, basing its statement upon special inquiries, that many of the chemists scheduled in the prospectus are indignant at its being publicly stated that they have sold their businesses before, as they allege, sales had been actually completed. The Trust Agency appears to have been registered on December 8th, 1894, with a nominal capital of £10,000. It is not easy to see how the Agency could complete the purchase of forty chemists' shops, such as those described in the prospectus of The Chemists' Co-operative Society, unaided, and if it relied upon the successful flotation of the Society the annoyance of the chemists in treaty for sale is intelligible.

EVANS AND ALLEN, LIMITED.

We give below extract from a letter we have received from a shareholder in this company. We do so to illustrate the hazy notions of men who apply for shares in Joint-Stock Companies. Our correspondent applies for shares in a drapery company. Immediately upon allotment he is told by his friends that he is likely to be a loser by the purchase, that at best the company will not pay more than four per cent. where it has promised seven, and that only for a year or two. This information disturbs him, but he consoles himself with the belief that even if a company is hopelessly overcapitalised it is quite easy to sell shares at par when it has paid a four per cent. dividend. Four per cent. is well enough in its way; but the market has not yet come to consider it an adequate return upon the first year's working of a drapery business sold on the promise of profits more than twice as large. Our correspondent writes:—

> I have been allotted twenty shares in Evans and Allen, of Newport. I am told by my friends that I might just as well have thrown my money into the gutter; that it will be impossible for them to pay more than at the most 4 per cent., and this probably only for a year or two; that it is impossible for me to sell out, as none would buy. Surely, it is not as bad as all this? Even if they only paid 4 per cent. one could surely sell shares at par?

We have not much faith in the fulfilment of the prospectus promises of this company, but we are not to be understood as

accepting as our own the very gloomy views of the friends of our correspondent as to the immediate future of the company.

COLEMAN AND CO., LIMITED.

SOME time ago we directed the attention of our medical readers more particularly to circulars that were being addressed to them by Mr. W. Coleman, managing-director of Coleman and Co., Limited, of Norwich. This person is now sending out fresh papers, from which we take the following:—

> A short time back I sent you a circular letter respecting first mortgage debentures in Coleman and Company, Limited. I am pleased to inform you that a large number have been taken up by the medical profession, but I have still some remaining which I can offer you.
>
> I have been asked the question, "If the security is good, why are you parting with the debentures?" My answer is, that I am putting the money into the business to improve and increase it, and then I still hold nearly all the ordinary shares of the Company.
>
> I consider these debentures, which pay six per cent. per annum, a good security, as they cover plant, stock, fixtures, book-debts, and goodwill—and the goodwill of "Wincaris" alone is worth more than double the amount of the debentures issued.

It appears from Mr. Coleman's statement that he is practically the Company. As to its position we say nothing. It may be doing a sound business, or it may not. We know nothing about it. Nevertheless we strongly advise our medical friends not to accept Mr. Coleman's invitation and apply for its debentures. If Mr. Coleman wants the public to take up debentures let him give proper information of the security offered. He says he is "putting the money into the business to improve and increase it." That, he says, is his "answer" to the doubters. Well, it is an utterly inadequate answer, and until he gives a very different one his circulars should be put into the waste-paper basket.

WITH reference to our remarks of last week respecting the Stamp (Parent) Distribution Company, we have received information as to the action of some of the directors which ought, we think, to be made public, and we propose to give some space to the matter in our next issue.

WE have to thank Messrs. Effingham Wilson for a copy of the second edition of their "Investors' Handbook of Railway Statistics" (Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, E.C.), which gives the highest and lowest prices of railway stocks for the seven years—1878 - 95—with much other useful information relating to railway companies.

NEW ISSUES.

The International Tea Company's Stores, Limited.—Capital £900,000, of which £400,000 is in six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each and £500,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each. This company has been formed to buy and work the business of the International Tea Company, which means a wholesale tea and provision business owned and managed by Mr. H. E. Kearley, M.P., and Mr. G. A. Tonge. These gentlemen ask the public to give them £900,000, of which £300,000 is to be in cash, and they offer in return a business which is certified to have made, taking the last three years, nett profits amounting on the average to something over £50,000 per annum. In addition, the company is to receive for its £900,000 the premises of the sellers, plant and machinery on these premises, the 200 freehold and leasehold retail stores, with their fittings and fixtures, the goodwill, trade-marks, etc., and the stock-in-trade, valued at £144,807. There is no valuation, not a scrap of evidence as to the value of any one of the things we have enumerated other than the stock and trade, so that the public are asked to pay over £750,000 for a business which in private hands has brought in, during the last three years, a little over £50,000 per annum, and for premises about the value of which nothing is said. Nor is this all. The only directors are the two vendors and one of their assistants. And apparently no independent director can be elected, for whilst the articles of association give power to the directors to increase their number it can only be increased in one way, namely "by electing other heads of departments," so that the direction will be retained in the hands of Messrs. Kearley and Tonge and their servants. The three directors now nominated "have agreed to act as managing directors for a term of years at a remuneration of 5 per cent. on the profits after payment of the preference dividends." What does this mean? What is the length of the "term"? And is this 5 per cent.—which taking present profits means about £1,500 a year—to be divided among the three directors, or is each to draw 5 per cent.? It is hardly necessary to add that there is the waiver clause. It is quite possible that the public will respond to Messrs. Kearley and Tonge's invitation to pay £900,000 for this tea business, but it requires all a Radical's contempt for the intelligence of the public—Mr. Kearley is Radical member for Davenport—to believe that they will do so under the conditions indicated above.

Stranaghan and Stephens' Stores, Limited.—Share capital, £61,000. The capital is made up of 25,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares, 35,000 ordinary shares, and 1,000 founders' shares. All the preference and founders' shares are now offered, and 28,000 ordinary shares. The company is formed to buy and carry on the business of Stranaghan and Stephens, grocers, etc., of Cardiff. The price asked for it is £50,000, of which £38,000 is to be in cash and the remainder may be, if the public have found the money and the directors so decide. Messrs. Whitehill and Whitehill, of Birmingham, certify that the net profits during the past seven years have averaged £5,398 per annum, but they do not give the profits year by year. Nor have we any information other than the vaguest as to the value of the leases, book debts, etc. There is the waiver clause, and shareholders are required to agree "not to make any claim whatsoever, or to take any proceedings under the Directors' Liability Act of 1890." The investment is not one we can recommend. In our opinion there is nothing to show that the business is worth anything like the price asked for it.

The Crœsus South United Gold Mines, Limited.—Capital £120,000. Formed to acquire and work twenty-seven acres of land "about two and half miles south of Hannan's Reward, Coolgardie, Western Australia." Sundry mining experts report that in their opinion this land can be profitably worked for gold.

The Gem of Cue Gold Mine.—Capital £40,000. Formed to buy and work the North Cue claim, near Cue, in the Murchison district. Purchase price, £30,000.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Two Mining Companies. P. G. S. (Newcastle).—Both are very speculative, and we think you had better keep out of them. **Round Oak Iron Company.** AULD REEKIE (Dunbar).—We regret that we have not a prospectus we can spare you, but you will find it in the *Times* Prospectus Book, which is published half yearly, and costs 10s. The prospectus appeared on April 23rd, 1891, and is to be found in the *Times* volume, January - June, 1891. **Chartered's.** STUPID.—Should you sell, or hold, or buy more, having bought at 95s.? Buy more if you can take them up. If you do you will come out all right. **Pleiades.** R. E. (Birmingham).—We have nothing to qualify or withdraw. The Company owns a very valuable property, and it is not overcapitalised. We do not like, as you know, the people who are behind it, but the fact of value remains. If you can take up you will find it to your advantage to buy at the present price. **Great Boulders.** E. W. (Leinster).—We advise you to sell. Anyway, do not hold after the next favourable report of crushings. It is easy enough to get good results just now, but one swallow does not make a summer, and one crushing does not prove the value of a mine. Sell, and be thankful you have made a profit. It is more than a good many will do if we are not much mistaken. **Londonderrys.** ANXIOUS (Bristol).—Probably the shares will go higher, and so it may be as well to hold, but it is a toss-up. Even at their present price they represent more than half a million sterling, and nobody in his senses would pay that for the chances. There is too much mystery in the whole business for our taste. Even now the officials on the spot are reticent to a degree. Still, for reasons apart from merits, it is not unlikely that the quotation will go higher. Watch it. **Outside Brokers.** G. F. (Birmingham). — They pay when they lose. As to the probability of your winning, that is a silly question. You might as well ask us to tell you whether you will win at poker—if perchance you are sinner enough to play that dangerous but fascinating game. Now and again sheer luck may save you, but if you are not to lose in the long run brains and nerve are indispensable. The best advice we can give you is to leave Stock Exchange speculation to men who know more about it than you appear to do, but if you *will* try your hand reckon beforehand with loss. **South Londonderry.** (Liscard).—They will probably go better. We advise you to get rid of the other shares as soon as you can do so without loss. **Murchison Gift Gold Mine.** E. R. (Hammersmith).—The promoters would get the best of it.

INSURANCE.

W. Haynes.—With few exceptions, the insurance press is a blind leader of the blind. None of the leading or reliable insurance papers have expressed approval of the scheme. Again, many of the press notices are remarkable only for what they do not contain. **Colonial Mutual.** T. W. D.—The office is quite sound, but we do not recommend the tontine system of any life assurance company. It gives great dissatisfaction to the great majority of such policy-holders, and an undue advantage to a lucky few. **North Eastern Plate Glass.** W. E. O.—The company is young, and at the close of its financial year in April, 1894, for which the account has been published, it was in a sound position, and the uncalled but subscribed capital was considerable. Why leave it to join the Plate Glass Insurance Company of London? That is only a one-man concern, and what its resources are only that one man knows. If your Liverpool friend likes to be stupid enough to represent a company which does not publish its accounts, let him. **Briton Medical and General.** J. C. CHENEY.—There was a company called the Briton Medical and General. Its policies were reduced in amount by order of the Court of Chancery, and ultimately it was transferred to the Sun Life Office. **New York Life.** PERPLEXED.—The company is sound financially, but its system of tontine and semi-tontine assurance, with the associated "estimates of results," is suited more for gamblers than for those who need life assurance. Estimates made by American offices fifteen and twenty years ago are now turning out to be very wide of the mark. If you have a connection which you can turn to account why not represent a first-class British life office? **Equitable of the United States.** G. H.—As you have paid three premiums out of twenty we do not see, in the absence of further particulars, that you gain anything by changing your office. What estimates have been furnished to you and what surrender value would the office pay you? **Crown Life.** F. D. (Mon.)—This has been amalgamated with the Law Union, and it would pay promptly. The office is now at 126, Chancery Lane, W.C. **Mutual Provident Alliance.** F. A. B.—The amounts of benefit have been reduced. He should write the secretary and ask how much his policy has been reduced. If you will let us know what the answer is we shall be happy to offer our opinion as to what your friend should do. **Endowment Assurance.** A. W. (Bombay).—Of the three offices mentioned the Royal will give you best value for your money, and you will have no difficulty with it at any time. No. 1 office is a good one, but not equal to the Royal. **Rock Life Office.** J. W. F.—This is sound, and we advise you to continue your payments. **Royal Exchange.** J. C. (Glasgow).—The endowment assurance policy issued by this office is one of the best in the insurance market.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Official List. E. S. (Oxford).—The Official List is published daily and given *in extenso* in the *Financier*, but the shares you name are not as yet quoted in it. **Invention for Cigars, 2,555** (Liverpool).—We do not quite understand your question. You cannot patent an invention without giving the Patent Office full particulars, and you must prove both novelty and utility. More than one patent has been taken out for the purpose you describe. **Commercial Information.** BUSINESS.—Apply to Messrs. Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, E.C. **Various Railway Stocks.** W. L. B. (Forest Hill).—The answer to all four questions is in the affirmative. **Standing of Solicitor.** W. C. (Cheshire).—It does not come within our province to express an opinion as to the standing of solicitors, nor do we know whether the persons you name are "specially qualified to give an opinion in Stock Exchange matters." If you will make your question more precise we may be able to give you better guidance. **Coleman and Co., Limited.** BALBUS (Staveley).—We cannot advise you to accept Mr. W. Coleman's invitation to apply for £50 First Mortgage Debentures in Coleman and Co., Limited, manufacturing chemists and wine merchants, of Norwich, upon the paper you send us. We refer to the matter in another column. **Rock Freehold Land Society.** —— (Liverpool).—It went into liquidation years ago. **Provident Association of London.** G. H. (Birmingham).—If you were a reader of TO-DAY, or of the proceedings in the Law Courts, you would know that the point you raise as to agent's promises has just been exhaustively dealt with by judges, and given in favour of the Association. The Association is bound, not by what a canvasser may tell you, but by its printed regulations, to which you subscribe when you become a member, and if you do not chose to take the trouble to read before you sign you must take the consequences. Neither whining nor swearing will help you. **Touting Circular.** MAFEKING (Barking).—Just a swindle. **New Great Money Lottery.** J. B. (Blackburn).—Leave it to the foreigners.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.
ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES.
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LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, and for a limited number of nights, at 9.10, A STORY OF WATERLOO, a Play in one act, by A. Conan Doyle: Corporal Brewster, Mr. Irving; after which DON QUIXOTE, by the late W. G. Wills; Don Quixote, Mr. Irving. Preceded at 8.15, by BY-GONES, by A. W. Pinero. MATINEES of KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr, Saturday, May 25, June 1, and June 8; Thursday, May 30, at 2 o'clock, and Wednesday, June 5. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. NANCE OLDFIELD, Miss Ellen Terry; and THE BELLS, Mr. Irving; June 3, 4, 6, 7. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst); open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE, CRYSTAL PALACE.
"THE centre of interest of African affairs was yesterday shifted from the Stock Exchange to the Crystal Palace."—*The Morning.*
CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY, CRYSTAL PALACE. EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.
"WITH such an Exhibition it ought to be Bank Holiday business at the Crystal Palace every day of the week."—*The Referee.*
EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—Over 42,000 people were at the Crystal Palace on the Opening Day. Immense enthusiasm.
"WE have had many and various Wild Easts and Wests; but it is very sure that there has been nothing to equal Africa in London."—*Westminster Gazette.*
CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOMALI DISPLAY.—The genuine and unstudied nature of the entire display at once impresses the spectator. Daily at 3.30 and 6.30. Numbered seats, 2s.; unnumbered, 1s.; promenade, 6d.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.
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The Most Charming Entertainment in London.
The whole tone of the entertainment is that of the good, old-fashioned Minstrels, whom everybody delighted to hear.—*Dispatch*, April 14th.
Prices, 5s., 3s., 2s. and 1s. Bookings at Tree's, the Hall.
General Manager, MR. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

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TAKEN OUT IN THE
Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.
15 Payment Life Policy, No. 219605, issued December 18th, 1879, on the Life of T.S.S., Yorkshire.

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The Society now being in a position to publish Actual Results of Policies maturing, do not issue Estimates.
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300 copies of this advertisement cut from "TO-DAY" in issues of May 11, 25, June 8, or 22, and brought to us before July 15, will entitle the bearer to a full course of instruction in Shorthand and Typewriting.
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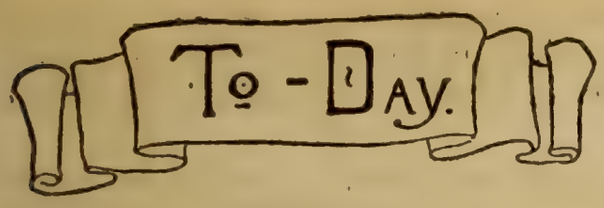

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
NOBODIES AT HOME. IV. BY THE KERB. BY GEORGE GISSING. ILLUSTRATED BY L. BAUMER 65
"IN THE SPRING." BY ALFRED SLADE 67
A BRIEF COMIC OPERA. BY W. PETT RIDGE 68
MEDIUMS AND THEIR METHODS 69
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 71
FEMININE AFFAIRS 72
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 75
THE QUEEN V. MR. COCKSURE, A CRITIC OF PLAYS 76
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 77
IN THE CITY 78
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 81
CLUB CHATTER 85
THE ART OF ILLUSION 89
THE RED COCKADE. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE 90
"VENGEANCE IS MINE." BY HUAN MEE. ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST 93

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

THE other day a wicked restaurant keeper was fined—and very properly fined—for palming off some choice old gooseberry of his own as "Moet and Chandon," but what a task the police would be setting themselves if they pursued every case in which the public were made to pay for a label and a cork! To the average man the name of the maker is all that is necessary, and I would be prepared to bet a pretty heavy sum that ninety-nine men out of a hundred would enjoy a three-and-sixpenny champagne out of a Giesler bottle labelled 1884 much more than they would a bottle of the best wine procurable out of a magnum labelled merely "Good Dry Champagne." Eighteen eighty-four was a famous year for champagne vintages, and ever since the whole of the civilised world has been drinking 1884 champagne. For myself, I have not seen any other anywhere, and if I put faith in labels and wine merchants' circulars I should be compelled to believe that no champagne has been made, or at all events sold, since 1884. We know full well that all the real Turkish tobacco manufactured is smoked in Constantinople, and yet we go on giving extravagant prices for Turkish cigarettes, and enjoy the flavour of them.

I REMEMBER giving a little dinner once, and discussing the matter of wine with the head waiter—a kindly, fatherly old man—before my guests arrived. He was a man of experience and knowledge, and we went over the wine list together. "Well," said my friend, "if you take my advice you will give them a very good champagne to start with, let's say Deutz and Geldermann 1878, and let that go round twice. After that, sir—well—here's a very good wine that I always recommend, at five shillings the bottle; and then if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this," and he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six. "And don't you think," I said, "that they will notice the difference?" "Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man, "we generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference myself between champagne at sixteen shillings and champagne at five after the first two glasses."

I HAVE known a host—for a practical joke—palm off a bottle of the most villainous vin ordinaire as rare old Asti upon a guest who prided himself upon his palate. He talked about the brand for ten minutes, and then went down to the cellar to get the wine himself, because he did not like to trust the butler to handle it. He brought it up wrapped in a napkin, and drew the cork with his own hands. Then they sat and sipped it, and the guest said he had never enjoyed a bottle of wine more in his life. Another time I remember a man handing me a box of cigars after dinner. I took one, lit it, smoked, and talked. Half-way through my host said, "Do you like that cigar?" "Yes," I answered, "it seems all right, nothing wrong with it." He was a man who had come direct from the West Indies. "These cigars," he said, "cost me seven shillings apiece in Cuba. That is a cigar that very seldom leaves the island." "Great Scott!" I replied, "why in thunder didn't you tell me this before? Here have I smoked half of it without knowing that it was anything more than the ordinary cigar of commerce." The flavour of the second half of that cigar I found greatly improved.

To give one further example, I knew a schoolboy who became genuinely intoxicated on a tumblerful of hot water, a slice of lemon, and a couple of pieces of sugar. We put some cold water into an empty whisky bottle and asked him to join us in a glass of toddy. Boy-like, he was very anxious to play the man. We warned him that it would probably make him drunk, but he decided to risk that. We poured out a third of a glass of this cold water and filled up the tumbler with the hot water from a kettle. We argued aloud before him as to whether we ought to give it him or not. We made a pretence of agreeing to let him have it, and warned him only to sip it, and to put the stuff down the moment he felt it getting into his head. He stirred it up and sat there imbibing it, and before he was half-way through he began to grow exhilarated. At the end one of us had to see him to bed, and the next morning he had a headache, and was ashamed of himself. This sounds like a tall story, but it is solid truth. We practically hypnotised the youngster into the impression that he was drinking alcohol, and his imagination did the rest. So it is with corks and labels, and many other things in life.

I SUPPOSE where imagination has its strongest effect is in the matter of love. There is really no possible reason why one shepherdess should appear more beautiful and charming to Corydon than another. We are all much of a muchness. The new novelist analyses our souls and dissects our minds as if there were some three or four hundred thousand million of distinct creatures upon this earth; but I can imagine a gentleman from another planet coming down, walking among us, and being as unable to see any difference in mind or character between any of us as we can see in the shape and features between one ant settling about an anthill and another. But this brings us to Kant's philosophy, which says that the whole universe is merely a dream, and that nothing is actual but the imagination of the individual. And perhaps we had better stop here with the reflection of how useful an imagination may be to a man when he comes to drink champagne.

THE paper read lately by Mr. Whitehead to the Colonial

Institute touches incidentally upon the question of bimetallism. Mr. Whitehead points out that although silver is depreciating year after year in Europe, yet in Asia it still retains its local value, and the result is this:—That labour in Eastern countries is obtainable for fifty per cent. less than was the case ten years ago. Then ten rupees, which were the equivalent of one sovereign, under the joint standard of gold and silver, paid twenty men for one day. To-day twenty rupees are the equivalent of one sovereign, so that now for one sovereign forty men can be engaged in India for one day. There will come a time before long when merchants will see the advantage of building their manufactories on the banks of the Ganges, rather than on the banks of the Tees. For the same amount of capital, and without decreasing wages by a penny, they will be able to get twice as much labour there as would have been the case ten years ago, and the work produced will be of no less value.

The British workman does not seem to be making unnecessary effort to endear himself to the wicked capitalist, and it is probable that the wicked capitalist, when he sees the possibilities of this departure will hardly stop to consider the injury he may be doing to the British working-man. It is a question that the working-classes will have to consider, especially as now we may take it for granted that Japan, where the same condition of affairs exists, will be making strenuous efforts to realise the truth of the political proverb that trade follows the flag. With the Chinese ports open to her, and a quiver of energy inspired by military successes vibrating through her people, she is bound to become before long the commercial centre of the East, and the Japanese workman is a steady, sober, practical person, untutored by the self-seeking agitator. It will be strange if he does not find out that his hour has come.

Mr. Morley's remarks last week on the grievances of Post Office *employés* throw a good deal of light on the reckless and dishonest way in which agitations are managed. In June, 1894, a deputation from the London Trades Council brought before the Postmaster-General a statement that a man engaged on piecework had earned in three weeks only seven, nine, and eleven shillings respectively. This statement was correct; but before that period the man's wages had averaged £2 0s. 6d. a week, and since that period, for ten months, his wages averaged £2 2s. 2d. a week. Most people will agree with Mr. Morley's conclusion—that "this man had deliberately abstained from work for the purposes of agitation." But though the Postmaster-General wrote to the secretary of the Trades Council, pointing out the facts, the original statements were repeated.

This is by no means the only case of the kind that Mr. Morley quoted. The general secretary of the Postmen's Federation wrote to a newspaper that "at present the shortest time worked is twelve and three-quarter hours, and the longest twenty-two hours—worked as a continuous day." The very man who wrote this was, Mr. Morley says, himself working only eight hours twenty minutes five days in the week, and nine hours on the sixth, and he was not able to give one single instance of the continuous twenty-two hours' day. This is the way in which the agitator misleads the public. If he has a real grievance he is not content with its size; he must exaggerate it; he must resort to direct misrepresentation in order that he may the better pose as a crushed and suffering martyr; and the newspapers, too busy to sift his statements carefully, offer him their burning sympathy made up into leading articles.

The agitator must surely see that he is spoiling his own game. He is exceedingly anxious to secure public attention, but the means he adopts to secure it must in the end alienate public sympathy. There are very few men who like to feel that they have been deceived; and the whole force of twelve truthful statements may be destroyed by adding a thirteenth which turns out to be untrue. The public is already getting rather shy of the agitator, and Mr. Morley's revelations of last week are likely to increase the shyness. In fact, the danger is that this unscrupulous agitation will prevent really legitimate grievances from getting the redress that they deserve. This will not be the case with the Post Office *employés*; a committee of inquiry has been promised, and we may expect that any legitimate cause for complaint will receive fair attention. But the agitator may be warned for the future.

I have noticed two or three cases lately in which cabmen have suffered from the "bilker." There are many ways in which it is possible to bilk a cabman. You can stop at a house which has an exit into another street, and make use of that exit. You can take him to a railway station, go to get change at the booking-office, and subsequently forget him, You can try him with the new farthing or the worthless cheque. You can even, I have been told, make the cabman bilk himself. When he stops at your house, you explain that you have dropped a couple of sovereigns in the straw, and will go into the house to get a light to look for them; when you come out you will probably find the cabman gone. If so, it is improbable that he will return, although on searching the straw he will not find any sovereigns. But in spite of all these facilities, I think that if the balance were taken it would be found that cabmen had defrauded the public far more than the public had ever defrauded the cabman.

And here, I fancy that a common opinion is mistaken—I do not think that women form the chief prey of the over-charging cabman. There are, of course, a few timid and nervous ladies from whom the cabman expects to make an unusual harvest, but these will always, if they have the chance, appeal to a policeman. It has been said that man makes money, and woman saves it for him until he is too old to enjoy it. It is certainly true that woman is, on the whole, more economical than man. She is more reluctant to give tips. She finds out exactly what the legal fare is, and pays it, and refuses to pay any more. "I've bin drivin' lyedies all the mornin'," a cabman once said to me, "And if I 'ad ter drive lyedies ev'ry mornin' I shud be a ruined man. Oh, they *are*!" From other remarks that I have heard cabmen make, I fancy that this man's experience was not unique. The fares that a cabman makes most out of are the extravagant boy and the man in a hurry.

The extravagant boy pays to make the cabman think highly of him; in this he never succeeds. The man of the world does not value a cabman's opinion of him one straw; and the cabman respects him accordingly. It is one of the ironies of life. The man in a hurry is a good fare, because he neglects to count his change. It is only after he has rushed into his barely-caught train, and recovered from his breathlessness—only then, when it is too late—that he examines that change, and finds florins where he had expected half-crowns. Engaged couples are less satisfactory from the cabman's point of view. The man is saving up, in order either to start housekeeping, or to pay the damages in the breach of promise action, and in either case he is not inclined to be generous. Of course, the great prize, very rare now-a-days, is a comfortable-tempered countryman, who does not know London; but the countryman of this description is much more frequent in stories than in real life.

Here is an example of the sort of criticism that modern-day authors have to contend with. A writer in a leading London paper quotes the following passage from a book, in order to prove that the author writes bad grammar—"A woman's arms round a man's neck is a life-preserver," etc. The critic italicises the verb, and evidently considers that it ought to be in the plural. Every critic presumes that he is a master of English grammar, and he also assumes, as a matter of course, that a man who has made up his mind to earn his livelihood by literature starts off without taking the slightest pains to make himself acquainted with the laws of the language in which he is to express himself. Grammar is a big subject, and demands quite two or three years' study, for only its rudiments are taught to us at school, and at college so much attention is paid to Greek and Latin that a man has really very little time to devote to such a common-place subject as his own tongue.

The probability is that the average author is a much greater master of the art than is the average critic, but, notwithstanding, he has to sit down and listen to lectures on the subject from an ignoramus who does not know enough to be aware that a phrase can be the nominative of a verb. A dozen times a week I could pick out passages from the literary papers in which an author's perfectly correct grammar is held up as faulty to an uninformed public by critics whose parents have apparently been unable to give them anything beyond a Board School education, and who have not taken the trouble to rectify their misfortune by their own industry. If book reviewers on the English press were made to pass a fourth standard examination in grammar before being allowed to instruct their betters, the literary columns of our newspapers would be more intelligent reading than they are at present.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Compulsory Education.—A lady, living at Wandsworth, writes me as follows: "The School Board man has called once or twice, and asked for the age of my child. She is only three years old at present, and I am told that I am safe for one more year, but at the end of this time she will be sent to school in spite of me. I have also been told that it is useless to try to defend her by teaching her myself, as it is the usual excuse offered by mothers who consider their children too young to begin their education. Could you tell me if this is all true? If is, of course, impossible for me to send her. I do not wish her to learn to drop her H's and roll her R's. . . . Would it help me to prove that I was fit to educate her if I could show that I was at Queen's College myself? To-Day is so good in redressing grievances that I hope it will be able to give me some help; but if all that I hear on the question is true, I am not making enquiries too soon, as I should then have to take the only remedy left and go to Canada, where education is free in every sense of the word. But before I take such drastic measures I should like to know if there is any way of escaping such monstrous tyranny. . . . . Many mothers who are not rich enough to be beyond the reach of the School Board are troubled about their little ones—so that this is a great public wrong, and should be redressed immediately." I know the matter is troubling many thousand mothers beside my correspondent, so that I have taken some pains to go into the subject fully with our solicitors. They send me the following letter:—"Section 4 of the Education Act, 1876, is as follows: 'It shall be the duty of the parent of every child to cause such child to receive efficient elementary instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, and if such parent fail to perform such duty he shall be liable to such orders and penalties as are provided by this Act.' Section 48 states 'the child in this Act means a child between the ages of five and fourteen years.' A bye-law made under the Elementary Education Acts provides that 'the parent of every child of not less than five, nor more than thirteen years of age, shall cause such child to attend school unless there be a reasonable excuse for non-attendance.' There are three reasonable excuses under the bye-law, namely—(*a*) That the child is under efficient instruction in some other manner. (*b*) That the child has been prevented from attending school by sickness or other unavoidable cause. (*c*) That there is no public elementary school open which the child can attend within two miles. In the case of Belper School Attendance Committee *v.* Bailey, it was held that there may be reasonable excuses within the meaning of the bye-law besides the three reasons therein specified, and in that case the reasonable excuse was that the parent had caused his child to be sent daily from home in time to arrive at school when it opened, and on the two occasions when he had been informed that it had not attended he corrected it. That was held to be a reasonable excuse, as he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him to secure the attendance of the child at school, and had reasonable grounds for believing, and did believe, the child was duly attending school. Practically, however, it may be said that, apart from sickness, there is no reasonable excuse beyond the fact that the child is receiving efficient elementary education somewhere else. In this case, your correspondent seems quite able to educate her child; she is not bound to begin to teach the child until it is five, and so long as she can satisfy the Court, or even the School Board officer, that she is educating her child satisfactorily, she need be under no apprehension with regard to the School Board."

L. J. D.—I do not remember the article you refer to contrasting district-visitors and slum sisters. In what week did it appear? T. J. D.—I really cannot see anything objectionable in the questions asked. Nemo reminds me that Bunyan's grave is in the little cemetery of Bunhill Fields. X. Y. Z., H. T. N., and An Enquirer.—Consult a doctor. Sol.—You would probably get the information you require from the Isle of Man Steam Packet Co., Manchester.

J. T. R. H.—Your letter strengthens my argument. Such men as the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes discount whatever good they may be accomplishing by their political and social campaigns. Suppose Christ had mixed himself up with every political and social revolution that had agitated Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago; all His influence for good would have disappeared. As regards suburban snobs, you must know that there are plenty of snobs in the suburbs as in every other place in the world. To talk about suburban snobs does not imply that all suburbans are snobs.

G. A. M. Q. writes me as follows:—"To me, as a member of the New Church, it is quite remarkable to find in your editorials so much reasoning based upon a fundamental teaching of our Church, viz., that of human freedom; the recognition that there can be no true reformation, nor regeneration, either of the individual or of society at large, unless men are free to choose between good and evil. Looked at from our standpoint, and apparently from yours also, most of the modern movements are little else than mere fads. People, instead of minding their own business and thereby becoming good and useful citizens, are filled with the idea that they are called upon to 'do good.' This doing of good means in most cases an attempt to infringe upon the liberty of their neighbours." This "New Church" appears to have a career in front of it, and there is plenty of work for it to do.

T. H. P.—Your letter may be a genuine desire to assist sick humanity by drawing attention to the wonderful cure you describe; but forgive me for suggesting that your testimonial reads curiously like those articles we occasionally come across in newspapers with the word "Advt." at the bottom.

J. G. P. tells me that the Mr. A. B. Sheridan, upon whose brutality to his horse I commented last week, is a descendant of the great Brinsley Sheridan, author of *The School for Scandal*. This makes the man guilty of an additional crime—that of degrading an honoured name. Another correspondent tells me that the man is a county magistrate. Such a brute has certainly no business on the bench, and I trust to hear that he has retired. If

not, the authorities should certainly remove him. J. G. P. has misunderstood the case. A horse might break his own heart in the hunting-field, and no one could blame his rider; but in this case the horse was killed by being overdriven in cold blood on the way home after the hunting was finished. I have also received numerous letters from correspondents justly indignant at the case, and many suggest that the Home-Secretary should be interrogated in the matter. Unfortunately there are very few Members of Parliament who will take an interest in anything where votes are not to be made.

G. H. H. points out that £5 appears to be the regulation price a "gentleman" has to pay for flogging his horse to death, that same fine having been inflicted upon a blackguard at Scarborough a year ago for a similar piece of devilry.

Co. Wicklow J.P. writes me with reference to this case that £5 is the highest penalty that magistrates can inflict for brutality. They must know that they are only playing the fool by inflicting a fine at all. The only possible course they could pursue as human beings would be to inflict the longest term of imprisonment the law allows.

Tots.—I see nothing you can do except advertise.

M. A. C. writes as a woman condemning the senseless fashion of mourning. "It is hard," she says, "for one woman to stand alone at a time when she is hardly capable of standing at all, and more especially as those who have most influence with her will usually tell her that she is showing disrespect to the beloved dead." It is only this force of foolish public opinion that has kept mourning so long amongst us. It requires an exceptionally strong man or woman to brave the looks and whispered words that would follow an absence of parade.

A. S. T. sends me an amusing cutting from a bookseller's catalogue:—"Cox (Samuel, D.D.), The Heavenly Twins, a Vindication of God's ways with Jacob and Esau, with prefatory Memoir by his Wife, and fine etched portrait, cr. 8vo., cl., new (pub. 6s.), now offered for the first time at 3s."

Blackhill.—There is no legal qualification that I know of. "Reverend," though usually a title given to the clergy of the Church of England only, has been and can be used by others, *e.g.*, formerly by the Judges. I believe a parish clerk has every right to the title. If Nonconformist ministers want it I am sure clergymen of the Church would not grudge them the prefix, except when its use is apt to cause confusion, as is occasionally the case.

Paris.—The cheapest way for you to get from Plymouth to Paris is to come to London (fare 18s. 8d.). A third-class ticket from Victoria Station (L., B. and S. C. R.) to Paris, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, will cost you eighteen shillings and sevenpence. With regard to your other query, I know of no book that will tell you how to live in Paris for from fifteen shillings to a pound a week. That would be about the weekly expenditure of a superior artisan, who usually has a furnished room in a crowded quarter—price about thirty shillings a month—and takes his meals at a "marchand de vin." No doubt you would live within your income by doing this.

A. M.—A working-man of Glasgow urges the encouragement of emigration as a means of solving the over-population and unemployed questions.

Veritas.—It may be Quixotic, as your remarks appear to suggest, but where it is a question of principle I fear I might even sacrifice the pecuniary interests of my paper to the pleasure of speaking out my mind. It is impossible for a man ever to tell whether he is damaging his prospects or improving them in this way. I think the only reputable thing for a paper to do is to speak its honest opinions, and leave the rest to fate. Readers who cannot bear to hear the other side can always find a paper sufficiently subservient to write what it is paid for, and I would say "good-bye" to such readers with great pleasure.

Chesney, Enquirer, R. J. B., and Many Others.—Consult any sensible doctor. I never found them make any objection to giving the required information.

Enquirer (Cheshire).—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

Northumbria.—The nearest London suburbs are an hour's journey from the City, so that your going home to lunch would be utterly impossible. In almost any suburb you could get a very decent house and garden for fifty pounds a year. Rates and taxes together average from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. on the rent. If you took a house on a lease it would be wise for you to be represented by a solicitor.

J. C., a grocer of Glasgow, tells me that the price of sugar has steadily decreased. I know it went suddenly up at the time the tax was suggested. My correspondent tells me that it has become cheaper within the last year. I am glad to hear it.

R. D. W.—The advertisements are apparently intended as a joke.

T. O.—There is a good deal of sound sense in your remarks. To my thinking, the blame rests chiefly on parents who send their sons to school and out into the world without one word of warning or advice.

Working-woman and R. C. K.—Consult any good doctor.

E. C. (Australia).—Thanks for the verses and the kind spirit that prompted you to send them.

W. S.—I have received various letters from kind people offering to do something for the children you mentioned, but if you will not communicate with me again what can I do?

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

FELIXSTOWE.

When a chrysalis has done being a chrysalis the sooner it becomes a full-blown moth the better. It is for this reason that I venture to recommend Felixstowe as a holiday resort this summer.

Not many years ago Felixstowe was little more than a village by the sea; now it is in a fair way to becoming a fashionable watering-place. Here are some of its advantages. A good train will take you from Liverpool Street in two hours and a-half. The fastest trains run you through to Ipswich without stopping, and then there are only twelve miles to the sea. I believe all trains have a tantalising way of stopping at the village stations that come after Ipswich, but it is quite evident this is only done because all people who live within a radius of twelve miles from Felixstowe know the place well, and are, therefore, always going there.

You get out at Felixstowe Station, and find yourself in a little crowd of cabs of all sizes and shapes. Both the vehicles and the horses seem to be staying at the place for their healths' sake. A short drive takes you to the Bath Hotel, which is practically the only hotel in Felixstowe. If you prefer to walk you can put your luggage on a 'bus. The pleasantest way to the hotel is to get on to the beach (half a minute from the station) and turn to the left. If you are inclined for a bathe, there are numerous machines awaiting your pleasure—but be careful—not of the machines but the shore. A good swimmer is safe enough; otherwise it is as well to pay attention to the instructions of the machine proprietor. As you walk along the shore to the Bath Hotel you pass the town, but if it is a fine day nearly everyone will be on the beach. The proper way of living at Felixstowe is to hire a beach tent, take your lunch with you, and remain by the seashore the whole day long. If it comes on to rain, or if the sun is too powerful, you can then retire into your little tent, and all is well. Those who prefer itinerant musicians and roundabouts to a quiet holiday by the sea will not appreciate this place, though I believe an enterprising showman has erected one or two swings, for which he has probably since been sorry. I have been to Felixstowe dozens of times, and while there I have never felt the slightest inclination to do anything else but lounge on the beach. The air is really magnificent. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned that the agent whom the Empress of Germany appointed while in England a few years ago to select the best watering-place for her children, chose Felixstowe as being the healthiest spot along the coast. The year after the Empress had been there the inhabitants of Felixstowe expected a rush of visitors, but in this they were disappointed, probably because people thought that after the royal patronage prices would go up. No fear need be entertained on this account. Living is very moderate here. The Bath Hotel—which you ought to have reached by this time—has had the proud distinction of housing the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, who is very fond of the neighbouring golf links, but the hotel prices have not been inflated accordingly. Supposing that you don't feel inclined to enter your hotel—and if the day is fine there is always a strong temptation to stay out all day and the best part of the night at Felixstowe—you can continue your walk along the beach, and half an hour's dawdle will land you close to the golf links and Bawdsey Ferry. There is a quicker way of getting to the links than this, namely, by road, but if you want to try that route the easier plan is to take a cab. Bawdsey Ferry is a quaint little place. Good lobsters are caught off the coast here, and you can buy a nice one straight out of the sea for ninepence. But it is not for such delights that I recommend you to go to Felixstowe this summer; it is because the place is so beautifully healthy that one is always in good spirits there. While lounging on the beach you feel quite

capable of running a mile or doing a good morning's work; but at the same time, if you are a sensible man, you will at once see that you are happier in your present position. On another day, when you have finished exploring the Felixstowe side of the station, go for a long walk on the beach, leaving the station on the right. You will soon find yourself at Landguard Fort, where, I believe, Tommy resides all the year round—lucky Tommy! A short cut across the common takes you to Felixtowe Pier, where the Ipswich boats land their passengers. There is a good hotel here—The Pier—which would be used much more by visitors if it were nearer the town. Felixtowe Pier also boasts a small station, and if you are too fatigued to walk, a train will take you back to Felixtowe town. Should you want to extend your trip, take a ticket for Ipswich, and get on to a steamboat—they are all under the management of the Great Eastern Railway Company and are very clean and comfortable. The little run across the sea to Harwich could not inconvenience the worst of sailors, and from that place you proceed up the river Orwell, which is one of the many rivers owning the proud title of "the English Rhine." Be this as it may, if the tide is full you will have a most enjoyable afternoon, and a train from Ipswich will land you back at Felixstowe in nice time for dinner. You will probably be ashamed at the magnitude of your own appetite, but, never mind, everyone eats twice as much here as they do anywhere else. It's all on account of the air. I even heard of a man who swore that his watch had gone for a week without winding, solely on account of the bracing effect of the air, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. Still, I think I've said enough to make you all very anxious to get to Felixstowe, and I can promise you that no one will be disappointed. W. P.

CLUB CHATTER.

A CASE of mistaken identity that seems to me remarkable, has come under my notice. At Kempton Park on the Jubilee day, when passing near the members' enclosure I saw the Prince of Wales, and a friend also pointed him out. In the evening papers his presence was noted, and if I had ever had the slightest doubt in my mind as to his identity, it would have been removed by a paragraph exactly describing his dress, and asking him not to wear a silk hat on the racecourse, as it was a terror to the sportsman, and still another in Saturday's *Sporting Times*, giving the menu of his lunch.

WITH all this corroborative evidence, I was astounded when a friend said to me, "What a pretty hash the papers have made in saying the Prince was at Kempton. He was never within twelve miles of the place." I expressed my disbelief, and declared that I had myself seen him. "Well," he said, "I was at the concert at the Imperial Institute on Saturday afternoon. The Prince was announced to attend. He arrived at 3.30—the time the Jubilee was being run—passed within a yard of me—the concert stopped and played the National Anthem, and at the close he passed out amid the audience, and drove off in his open carriage." To make confusion worse, I turned up the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday, and found that the Prince had been at both places, which is a palpable impossibility.

I HAVE tried to solve the mystery. I have spoken to sporting journalists, to whom the Prince's face is as familiar as that of the office cashier. They all swear it was the Prince, and, on the other hand, no less than

The List for Applications will open on MONDAY, the 20th May, 1895, and will close on or before WEDNESDAY, the 22nd May, 1895, for London and Twelve o'clock the following day for the Country and Abroad.

The properties acquired by the Company adjoin the celebrated "CRŒSUS" and "BROWN HILL" Mines, and are reported to possess the continuation of their reefs in addition to several others, one of which is over 30 feet wide and rich in gold.

The following telegram has been received by the Bank of Adelaide (the Company's Bankers), dated 11th April, 1895: "Crœsus South Transfer complete."

Since the Property has been transferred to the Company the Directors have received a confirmatory Report (enclosed) from Mr. Henry Wright as to the value of the Property.

THE CRŒSUS SOUTH UNITED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.
(HANNAN'S FIND, COOLGARDIE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.)
(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

CAPITAL £120,000
Divided into 120,000 Shares of £1 each,

Of which the Vendor has agreed to accept £80,000 in Shares credited as fully paid in part payment of the purchase price.

Issue of 40,000 Shares of £1 each, payable as follows:—On Application, 1s.; on Allotment, 4s.; one month after Allotment, 5s.; and the balance, as required at intervals of not less than two months by calls not exceeding 5s. each per Share.

The Articles of Association of the Company provide for the issue of share warrants transferable to bearer after all the instalments shall have been paid up, and the Directors will, if Shareholders so desire, issue without charge to original Shareholders share warrants for not less than five shares each.

DIRECTORS.
COL. LAWRENCE HEYWORTH, J.P., Ormsby Hall, Alford Lincs., Chairman of the South Wales Colliery Company (*Chairman*).
H. Seton-Karr, Esq., M.P., J.P., 12, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.
Lieut.-Col. J. B. Lindsell, R.E., The Elms, Old Windsor.
A. E. Walton, Esq., F.G.S., M.I.M.E., 8, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.
F. W. North, Esq., F.G.S., late Government Engineer, Cape Colony and Natal, 18, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

BANKERS.—The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company, Limited, 75, Cornhill, London, and Branches; Messrs. Brown, Janson and Co., 32, Abchurch Lane, E.C.; The Western Australian Bank, Perth, Western Australia, and Branches; London Agents: The Bank of Adelaide, 79, Cornhill, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Wainwright and Co., 9, Staple Inn, W.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey & Co., 58, Coleman Street, E.C.

BROKERS.—London—Messrs. Thos. Carmichael & Co., Bank Chambers, 38, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Leeds—Messrs. John Redmayne & Co., 79, Albion Street,

MANAGERS IN LONDON AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour & Co., 13, St. Helen's Place, E.C., and Perth, Western Australia.

Secretary and Offices.—Mr. A. G. Hammond, Blomfield House, 52, New Broad Street, London, E.C. Paris—19, Rue Louis le Grand, Paris.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has acquired, and is formed to develop and work the Mining Blocks held under Leases Nos. 63, 89, and 249, known as the "Crœsus South," "Brownhill North" (also known as "Goldhill North"), and "Britannia" Leases, covering a total area of about 27 acres, and situated about 2½ miles south of Hannan's Reward, Coolgardie, Western Australia.

It appears from the reports of well-known mining experts accompanying this Prospectus and of Mr. Charles B. Anderson, Mine Manager, and supplied by the Vendor to the Directors of the Company, that extensive work has been carried out on the most important reefs which run through the properties, and that EIGHT SHAFTS have been sunk to depths varying from 8 to 60 feet, and other development work has been done, proving the continuity of the lodes, and that the leases contain several gold-bearing reefs, as shown by the reports of Charles B. Anderson, viz.:—

No. 1. The well-known "Crœsus" Reef, 2 feet wide. The gold in this reef is very heavy, and has been proved to a depth of 25 feet from the surface.
No. 2. The "Greenlode" Reef, which runs through this property to the length of 30 chains. This reef is a huge formation, carrying heavy gold, and will in the near future rank as the principal reef on Hannan's.
No. 3. The reef known locally as the "Mystery" also runs throughout the property, is 30 feet wide, and carries fine gold.
No. 4. A reef 5 feet wide running parallel to the "Greenlode" Reef.

According to reports there is a good position on the property for the construction of a large dam for the conservation of water, as two watersheds unite within its boundaries. In addition to this, it is believed that water suitable for mining purposes can be obtained at a moderate depth, and the timber for mining and fuel is abundant, the surrounding country being thickly wooded.

The following agreements have been entered into, viz.:—(1) An agreement dated 21st February, 1895, between Mylius Cohen, as Attorney for the Vendor, and Percy Edward Pearson, as Trustee for the Company; and (2) an agreement dated the 21st February, 1895, between the said Percy Edward Pearson and Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour and Co. Under the first agreement the Vendor, who fixed the purchase price, undertook to transfer the above properties, free from all incumbrances to the Company, and to pay all expenses attending the formation and flotation of the Company up to the first allotment of shares, in consideration of the sum of £95,000, of which £15,000 is payable in cash and £80,000 in shares, thus leaving £25,000 available for working capital.

There are other agreements entered into by the Vendor, by which the Company is not a party, which are or may be contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants shall be deemed to have had full notice of such agreements, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors and other persons interested to waive any further compliance with that section or otherwise, and also to waive all claims for compensation under the Directors' Liability Act, 1890, in respect of any mis-statement made in the belief that it was true, and subscriptions are received upon that condition only.

Particular attention is directed to the Reports of Mr. W. H. Matthews, at present General Manager of Bayley's Reward Claim, and others. The originals of these Reports, together with the plan, can be seen at the Offices of the Company. The contracts mentioned above and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and, together with a deposit of 1s. per share, should be forwarded to the Bankers of the Company before the 20th day of May 1895, on which date the Subscription List will be closed.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, or Secretary to the Company.

If no Allotment be made, all application money will be returned in full.
London, 18th May, 1895.

three present at the Institute concert have declared without doubt that he was among them.

It is a curious point. Our friend "Dagonet" was at Kempton. A certain resemblance between the Prince and him has been alleged. Is that a solution?

The Great Northern Railway Company are just as liberal as ever with their excursion trains this Whitsuntide. On Saturday, June 1st, cheap tickets available for three or six days will be issued to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, and a heap of towns in the north, while holiday-makers can book for one, three or four days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Whit-Monday cheap day excursions will run from Victoria (L. C.&D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, King's Cross, Finsbury Park, etc., to St. Alban's, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Royston, and Cambridge; and on Thursday night, June 6th, a fast excursion, available for two days, will be run from Moorgate and King's Cross to Manchester, for the races. To avoid the bother of getting your tickets in a crowd, the Company allow you to book at nearly all their large offices.

It will probably interest my readers to hear that Paderewski has been ordered by his medical advisers to have a large portion of his hair cut off. Paderewski has quite a mother's fondness for his own hair. If he finds a single stray one on his coat sleeve he will remove it, place it in a little receptacle he carries in his pocket for the purpose, and add it afterwards to the store he has in his room. This store is kept in a large bag, and contains all the hair that is cut off at the barber's, which is invariably collected after each visit.

Talking of Paderewski reminds me of the last time I saw him, which was at Manchester, about eighteen months ago. He was coming out of the stage door of the Free Trade Hall after a recital, and an admiring crowd had assembled to cheer him. A burly-looking man—evidently not musically inclined— came up to a loafer, and said, "I'll give you a shilling if you'll shout 'get your hair cut' when he comes out." The offer was overheard by some ladies in the crowd, communicated to their friends, and in less than a minute that man was hooted off. Paderewski came downstairs smiling in blissful ignorance of what had happened, and in response to the cheers that greeted him bowed and shook hands with a number of people. An enthusiast afterwards told me he was quite surprised to find that Paderewski wore ordinary woollen gloves and a cloth overcoat.

I should not be at all surprised if Mr. Charles Hawtrey were seen in management this autumn—probably with a play of his own. If he will only content himself with attending to the play and the acting thereof, and will leave other arrangements in the hands of a good business man, he should do well.

Derby day will shortly be here again, and providing the weather is favourable the Epsom carnival next Wednesday will be one of the most successful of recent years. I hear that Mr. Dorling, who is the ruling spirit at Epsom, has at last come to the conclusion that "his meeting" could be made more popular if the comfort of the visitors was studied in a larger degree, and soon Epsom will, I hope, be a model race-meeting.

There has been considerable talk of a snowstorm Derby. This of course reminds old sportsmen of Hermit's year. Mr. Chaplin's horse won in 1867, and the sensation caused by a snowstorm in June, on Derby day, can be better imagined than described.

Of the owners likely to be represented in next Wednesday's race, Lord Rosebery won last year with Ladas. I am afraid Sir Visto is a somewhat over-rated animal, and I shall be agreeably surprised if the sweets of victory go to our Premier. Mr. McCalmont, the young millionaire Guardsman, had the pleasure of seeing Isinglass win the triple crown in 1893.

Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone have had more than their share of good luck in connection with the Derby, and the same can be said of the Duke of Portland. Such good sportsmen as Sir R. Jardine, Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Fairie, Sir J. B. Maple, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Cochrane have never carried off the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Sir J. Maple some time ago publicly announced that Bailey would win Walworth and Kirkconnel the Derby. The first part of this double has already come off—it was an odds-on chance—but the second looks like going down, for I am told that Raconteur was so upset by something in the Guineas that he shut up like a knife just when Loates thought the son of St. Simon was going out to win his race.

One thing against Raconteur is that a St. Simon horse has never won the Derby. This fact has greatly disappointed the Duke of Portland.

The death of the Duke of Hamilton—the international duke—recalls Hermit's victory. His Grace was then 21 years of age. In the previous year he laid some mammoth bets against Hermit—indeed, altogether he opposed Mr. Chaplin's horse to lose £180,000. Captain Machell, who engineered the Hermit coup, accepted the wagers, which, fortunately for the Duke, were cancelled.

From every quarter of London complaints have reached me of the disappearance of bookmakers who took upon themselves to lay against Victor Wild, the Jubilee Stakes winner. I have made investigation, and I find that nearly every penciller doing business in a small way has had to depart for fresh fields and pastures new, or else compromise with his clients. Every boy in the street appears to have backed Victor Wild, and the scenes outside certain offices last Saturday and Monday have been the themes of discussion throughout the week.

I have been to the African village at the Crystal Palace. It's a brilliant show, and I shall have more to say about it next week.

Lockwood's achievement against Warwickshire must have caused a pang to Mr. Stoddart. When out in Australia the Surrey professional could do nothing, and probably there has been no greater instance of a famous player failing to sustain his reputation, but directly he came back to England again he began to bat and bowl as well as ever. Perhaps the climate of Australia did not agree with him, but the more one thinks of it, the more surprising it becomes that he should have so failed to distinguish himself. Much of Surrey's success over Warwickshire was due to Brockwell, another member of Mr. Stoddart's team who did not cover himself with glory in Australia. Certainly, Brockwell has done nothing in batting since his return, but his bowling on Thursday was nothing short of extraordinary, as with little in the condition of the ground to assist him, he actually took eight wickets for 22 runs.

So much has been written as to Mr. W. G. Grace's hundredth innings of over 100 in first-class cricket that there is not much to add; the English language hardly contains words sufficiently enthusiastic in speaking of such a performance. The mere physical ability of a man nearly forty-seven years old, and weighing over seventeen stone, being able to remain in against good bowling for about five hours and a quarter is in itself extraordinary—and then to think of his making a

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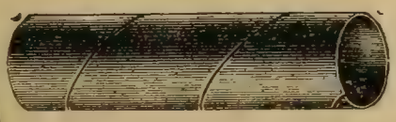

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MR. E. EVERETT, 85, Great Portland Street, W., has for some time taken up this department, and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms of self-measurement sent on application Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

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Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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FOREIGN ORDERS Specially prepared to suit the Various Climates.

bigger score than he had done for nineteen years. We are never likely to see such another batsman, whose marvellous ability has so largely increased the popularity of the game both in England and Australia.

Nothing seems to rouse the Nottingham public to enthusiasm about cricket, and though the team on Friday were setting up a record in county matches, and batting as brilliantly and as attractively as anyone could wish, we read of only about a couple of hundred people being on the Trent Bridge ground. Certainly the weather was bitterly cold and unseasonable, but one would have thought that Gunn's wonderful innings of 219 would have stirred up public interest in what was once thought to be the best sporting town in the Midlands. Perhaps this score of 726 may have a good effect upon the forthcoming engagements of the county, and I shall watch attentively to see whether the meeting with Yorkshire, which commences to-morrow (Thursday), draws together anything like the old crowds to Trent Bridge.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On WHIT-MONDAY, June 3rd, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS
FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

TO IRELAND.

THURSDAY, MAY 30th, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, &c., via Liverpool, for 16 days.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5th, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, &c., returning June 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, or 20th, via Morecambe.

FRIDAY, MAY 31st, to BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, &c., via Barrow and via Liverpool; and on SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, to LONDONDERRY, via Liverpool, returning June 4th, 5th, 8th, 11th, 12th, or 15th.

TO SCOTLAND.

FRIDAY, MAY 31st.

EDINBORO', GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, etc., for 4 or 8 days, leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m., THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY are also issued, available for RETURN ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS.

GENERAL EXCURSIONS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1st.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c., MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle. Returning June 3rd or 6th. See Bills for times, etc.

WHIT-MONDAY, JUNE 3rd.

To BIRMINGHAM for 1 or 4 days and KETTERING and LEICESTER for 1 day, leaving St. Pancras at 6.35 a.m.; to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips) leaving St. Pancras at 10.10 a.m., 11.0 a.m. and 1.0 p.m., and to BEDFORD (day trip) at 10.10 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7th.

To MANCHESTER (for the Races), leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 a.m. and Kentish Town at 12.10 a.m.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO LONDON

Will also be run from Carlisle, BRADFORD, LEEDS, Sheffield, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BLACKBURN, Nottingham, BIRMINGHAM, Derby, Wolverhampton, Leicester, and other towns on the Midland System, during the Whitsuntide Holidays, for particulars of which see Bills.

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, May, 1895. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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FOR YOUR
Holidays!

If you wish comfort, first-class cuisine and moderate tariff, stay at the
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HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING. MRS. GRABURN, 13, Bonchurch Road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

DON'T USE FACE POWDERS!

LADIES make a great mistake in this respect, as these once used have to be employed ever after. Nothing can improve the natural appearance of a healthy woman's skin. Face powders give the appearance of a mechanical make-up, and can be as readily detected as a black woman in a white crowd, while Vogeler's Curative Compound acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys, and Stomach, removing all impurities from the blood through the natural channels, and has a healing and purifying effect. It removes all traces of roughness, redness, irritation, chapping, pimples, black-heads, and in fact every form of blemish on the skin, and imparts to it the velvety softness of a healthy babe. It has the effect of beautifying a woman's complexion almost beyond belief. It cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, bile, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, ringing noises in the head, acidity, liver complaints, kidney diseases; removes that all-gone, bearing-down feeling so prevalent among married women. One trial will be quite sufficient to convince any lady of its wonderful curative properties. Every form of female weakness will be benefited by taking Vogeler's Curative Compound. Purely vegetable, harmless, safe, and sure; made from the formula of a leading West End London Physician. It is the greatest blood purifier and strength restorer known to pharmacy and medicine. Everyone should give this medicine a trial, especially during the months of March, April, and May—the most trying months of the year—for it is then the entire system undergoes changes which debilitate and weaken the constitution. It is during these months especially that we all require a medicine possessing all of the elements of strength for the body and richness for the blood. This medicine you have in Vogeler's Curative Compound, therefore procure same at once, either from your chemist or stores, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle, or send 14 or 30 penny postage stamps direct to the Proprietors, who will send a bottle post free by return.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon-road, London, E.C., Sole Proprietors.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

Whit-Saturday (night) June 1st, for 4 or 8 days, to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Helensburgh, from London (Woolwich Arsenal, Woolwich Dockyard, Victoria (L. C. & D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, King's Cross (G. N.), etc.) Returning June 4th or 8th.

Tickets at a Single Fare for the double journey will also be issued by this excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train, on any day up to and including Sunday, June 16th.

Whit-Saturday, June 1st, for three or six days, to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Newark, Sheffield, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Hull, York, Scarboro', Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c., returning June 3rd or 6th; also for 1, 3 or 4 days to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe.

Whit-Monday, June 3rd, for one day to St. Alban's, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Royston, Cambridge, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea and Mablethorpe.

Thursday midnight, June 6th, for 2 days to Manchester (Races), 10s., 3rd class, return fare.

For further particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

The Midland committee are fortunate in having secured for Woodcock an engagement on the ground staff at Lord's, as by this means they have made sure of having him for all Leicestershire matches. For some seasons past he has not been available until about the middle of the summer, as he was professionally employed in America, but the present system must be far more satisfactory and straightforward to him. Many cricketers consider that just now he is faster than even Richardson or Mold, and, as we have seen during the past few years, anything like extra pace is a great factor in the success of a county.

A straightforward policy is always pursued with the Rothschild horses, consequently the success of the bearer of the blue-and-yellow hoops never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of racegoers. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild appears to own a high-class two-year-old in St. Frusquin, who is in the Derby.

Twenty-four years have elapsed since one of the Rothschild horses won a classic race. In 1871 Hannah won the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger, and Favonious the Derby, and the victories of these horses caused the sporting writers of the day to head their articles with "Follow the Baron."

What a gold mine Kempton Park is. Certainly the executive deserve all the credit they get, for a more entertaining body it would be difficult to name. The comfort of everyone is carefully studied, from the Prince of Wales down to the ordinary racegoer, who for his half-crown gets a really excellent view of the racing.

Mr. S. H. Hyde, the ruling spirit at Kempton Park, has a fine old house on the estate. He is famous as a breeder of livestock, and has taken numerous prizes with his fowls, pigeons, cows, etc. Mr. Hyde is said to have been born in a parish situated in three different counties.

It struck me as being peculiarly significant that the first armament of war for the French in Madagascar was some thousand cases of absinthe. If I remember correctly, absinthe was originally introduced into France by the first Napoleon for the benefit of the soldiers engaged in the wars in the Netherlands. The men struck against it. The strong flavour of paregoric annoyed them. Some of the older campaigners enjoyed it, and when they went back to Paris they carried the habit with them, and medicine was changed to a nation's drink. Meanwhile, absinthe is becoming one of the recognised drinks in England. Where bottles were sold originally, gallons are sold now, and a correspondent tells me that in the West-end of London you cannot go into a public-house where the decanters are not perforated at the neck to water this insidious drink. There may be some virtue in absinthe. Paul Recluse, the Anarchist, once told me of his brother's experience. At twenty he was weak, anæmic and consumptively inclined. The doctor ordered absinthe and plenty of it. That is many years ago, and to-day he is so splendidly developed that they turn in the street to look at him. He drinks a dozen glasses a day now, and thinks nothing of it. Still I would always give to any man who has left the drug untasted—for drug it is—Mr. Punch's advice to the contemplative Benedict.

The Major.

THE ART OF ILLUSION.

Amid the crowd that was staring inquisitively at the illusions at Olympia I met Mr. Dale, who is responsible for these and many other brain puzzlers.

"All right," he said, somewhat hurriedly, "I'll tell you all about it in a minute, but first of all come and listen to the small talk. It is my one relaxation after a heavy day's work to run up here, and hear the opinions of the young men—especially when they're with their girls—and the easy manner in which they give away the absolute solution of all these mysteries."

We stopped before a darkened case, and suddenly a flash of the electric light showed a girl sitting on a swing—you could only see half the body, but as the swing was revolving you expected to find out the trick if you only shaded your eyes, and two Frenchmen in front of us knelt down, and in rapid French described exactly what was happening. A young man with a lady came up and he solved the whole problem in a minute. "The lower part of the stage is revolving," he said. "But where are her legs?" she answered, confusedly. "Half-a minute," he said, and he bent down on his knees, and there we left him.

Laughing at the incident, Mr. Dale continued, "You would be surprised at the suggestions you hear. Apparently no one has the faintest notion of the effect of light and shadow."

"France and its fairs are near," I suggested.

"Well, I know that all the mystery is rubbed off for a few extra coppers over there. Dr. Lynn's 'Thauma' is ridiculous I know after you have gone behind. Fortunately in England propriety protects us."

"But," I asked, "how is it done? How do you make girls swim about in pure air, destroy half their bodies, put their heads in a small crystal bowl among gold and silver fish?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Mr. Dale, "and then all your readers can do it. You must first of all study the effect of light; then you must understand shade. Then you must learn all about light and shade combined. Afterwards you must become an optician, just as I have been. You must—you absolutely must—know what can be done with glass, and the placing of it at different angles."

"Then all this is done by glass?"

"Practically everything. Until you have studied it you can have no conception of what illusions can be brought about by the arrangement of glass."

"Is there any copyright in a new illusion?"

"Unfortunately, there is none. Your only chance of getting any credit for your brains is to strike upon some novel name for the illusion that will stick to it. It is one of the curiosities of the English law that you can protect a name, but you cannot protect an idea."

"How do you think out these illusions?" I asked.

"My system," said Mr. Dale, "is to go to a music hall, such as the Alhambra, and wait till I see something that strikes me as particularly clever. Then I sit alone in my study with my little stage and my puppets, and try to get an illusion out of what has been suggested to me by fact. Often—very often—it is a failure. Light can do much, shadow can do much more, and light and shadow should do still more. Unfortunately they don't do everything, and many a weary hour have I spent with the knowledge that I had discovered nothing that would deceive a child of four."

We were still as far off gaining any idea of the *coulisses* of illusion, and I asked Mr. Dale to give me a detailed description of any one illusion that either Carl Hertz, Morritt, or Maskelyne had introduced recently.

He laughed, and said that he would. He told me how Morritt worked the Ardlamont mystery, where Scott disappeared.

"Now you understand," he said.

I told him that I was as far afield as ever.

"Study," he said, "light and shade, and shade without light, and light without shade. Then what glass can do at different angles, and how a mirror can deceive. Then your readers will know as much as I do. Until then, I can talk till I am tired and you will be none the wiser. But when once you have mastered this you can come round and give me lessons."

"Good-night, Mr. Dale."

"You have a mirror in your bedroom. Start to-night, and you will come back a greybeard in a week," he said, with a smile.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A POOR FIGURE.

DID not struggle long. The efforts I had made to free myself from the men, and this last exertion of striving to shout, brought the blood to my head, and so exhausted me, that I lay inert, my heart panting, as if it would suffocate me, and my lungs craving more air. I was in danger of being stifled in earnest, and knew it; but, fortunately, the horror of this fate, which a minute before had driven me to frantic efforts, now gave me the supreme courage to lie still, and, collecting myself, do all I could to get air.

It was time I did. I was hot as fire, and sweating at every pore; but the dreadful sensation of choking went off somewhat when I had lain a while motionless, and by turning my head and chest a little to the side—which I succeeded in doing, though I could not raise myself—I breathed more freely. Still, my position was horrible. Helpless as I was, with the trusses of hay pressing on me, fresh pains soon arose to take the place of those allayed. The bonds on my wrists began to burn into my flesh, the hilt of my sword forced itself into my side, my back seemed to be breaking under the burden, my shoulders ached intolerably. I was being slowly, slowly pressed to death, in darkness, and when a cry—a single cry, if I could raise my voice—would bring relief and succour!

The thought so maddened me that, fancying after an age of this suffering, that I heard a faint sound as of someone moving in the stable, I lost control of myself, and fell to struggling again; while groans broke from me instead of cries, and the bonds cut into my arms. But the paroxysm only added to my misery; the person, whoever he was, did not hear me, and made no further noise; or, if he did, the blood coursing to my head, and swelling the veins of my neck almost to bursting, deafened me to the sound. The horrible weight that I had raised for a moment sank again. I gave up, I despaired; and lay in a kind of swoon, unable to think, unable to remember, no longer hoping for relief, or planning escape, but simply enduring.

I must have lain thus some time, when a noise loud enough to reach my dulled ears roused me afresh; and I listened, at first with half a heart. The noise was repeated, and then, without farther warning, a sharp pain darted through the calf of my leg. I screamed out; and, though the cloak and the hay over my head choked the cry, I caught a kind of echo of it. Then silence.

Stupid as a man awakened from sleep, I thought for a moment that I had dreamed both the cry and the pain; and groaned in my misery. But the next moment I felt the hay that lay on me move; then the truss that pressed most heavily on me was lifted, and I heard voices and cries, and saw a faint light, and knew I was freed. In a twinkling I felt myself seized and drawn out, amid a murmur of cries and exclamations. The cloak was plucked from my head, and I found half a dozen faces gaping and staring at me.

"Why, mon Dieu! it is the gentleman who departed this morning!" a woman cried. And she threw up her hands in astonishment.

I looked at her. She was the woman of the house. My throat was dry and parched, my lips were swollen; but at the second attempt I managed to tell her to untie me.

She complied, amid fresh exclamations of surprise and astonishment; and then, as I was so stiff and benumbed as to be powerless, they lifted me to the door of the stable, where one set a stool, and another brought a cup of water. This and the cold air restored me, and in a minute or two I was able to stand. Meanwhile they pressed me with questions; but I was giddy and confused, and could not for a few minutes collect myself. But by-and-by a person who came up with an air of importance, and pushed aside the crowd of clowns and stable-helpers that surrounded me, helped me at last to find my voice.

"What is it?" he said. "What is it, Monsieur? What brought you in the stable?"

The woman who kept the inn answered for me that she did not know: that one of the men going to get hay had struck his fork into my leg, and so found me.

"But who is he?" the new-comer asked imperatively, staring at me. He was a tall, thin man, with a sour face and small, suspicious eyes.

"I am the Vicomte de Saux," I answered.

"Eh!" he said, prolonging the syllable. "And how came you, M. le Vicomte—if that be your name—in the stable?"

"I have been robbed," I muttered.

"Robbed!" he answered, with a sniff. "Bah! Monsieur; in this commune we have no robbers."

"Still, I have been robbed," I answered, stupidly.

For answer, before I knew what he was about, he plunged his hand, without ceremony or leave, into the pocket of my coat, and brought out a purse. He held it up for all to see. "Robbed?" he said, in a tone of irony. "I think not, Monsieur; I think not!"

I looked at the purse in astonishment; then, mechanically putting my hand into my pocket, I produced first one thing, and then another, and stared at them. He was right. I had not been robbed. Snuff-box, handkerchief, my watch and seals, my knife, and a little mirror, and book—all were there!

"And now I come to think of it," the woman said, speaking suddenly, "there are a pair of saddle-bags in the house that must belong to the gentleman! I was wondering a while ago whose they were."

"They are!" I cried, memory and sense returning—"They are mine! But the ladies who were with me? They have not started?"

"They went these three hours back," the woman answered, staring at me. "And I could have sworn that Monsieur went with them! But, to be sure, it was only just light, and a mistake is easily made."

A thought that should have occurred to me before—a horrible thought—darted its sting into my heart. I plunged my hand into the inner pocket of my coat, and drew it out empty. The commission—the commission to which I had trusted was gone!

I uttered a cry of rage, and glared round me. "What is it?" said the sour man, meeting my eyes.

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"My papers!" I answered, almost gnashing my teeth, as I thought how I had been tricked and treated. I saw it all now. "My papers!"

"Well?" he said.

"They are gone! I have been robbed of them!"

"Indeed!" he said, drily. "That remains to be proved, Monsieur."

I thought that he meant that I might be mistaken, as I had been mistaken before; and, to make certain, I turned out the pocket.

"No," he said, as drily as before. "I see that they are not there. But the point is, Monsieur, were they ever there?"

I looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "that is the point, Monsieur. Where are your papers?"

"I tell you I have been robbed of them!" I cried, in a rage.

"And I say, that remains to be proved," he answered. "And until it is proved, you do not leave here. That is all, Monsieur, and it is simple."

"And who," I said, indignantly, "are you, I should like to know, Monsieur, who stop travellers on the highway, and ask for papers?"

"Merely the President of the Local Committee," he replied.

I SAT DOWN ON THE HEARTH.

"And do you suppose," I said, fuming at his folly, "that I bound my hands, and stifled myself under that hay, on purpose? On purpose to pass through your wretched village?"

"I suppose nothing, Monsieur," he answered, coolly. "But this is the road to Turin, where M. d'Artois is said to be collecting the disaffected; and to Nîmes, where mischievous persons are flaunting the red cockade. And, therefore, without papers, no one passes."

"But what will you do with me?" I asked, seeing that

the clowns, who gaped around us, regarded him as nothing less than a Solomon.

"Detain you, M. le Vicomte, until you procure papers," he answered.

"But, mon Dieu!" I said. "That is not so eas here. Who is likely to know me?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur does not leave without the papers," he said. "That is all."

And, in a word, that was all. In vain I laid the facts before him, and asked if anyone would voluntarily suffer, merely to hide his lack of papers, what I had undergone; if the state in which I had been found was not itself proof that I had been robbed; if a man could tie his own hands, and pile hay on himself. In vain even that I said I knew who had robbed me; the last statement only made matters worse.

"Indeed!" he said, ironically. "Then, pray, who was it?"

"That rogue, Froment! Froment of Nîmes!"

"He is not in this country."

"Indeed! I saw him yesterday," I answered, imprudently.

"Then that settles the matter," the Committee-man answered, with a grim smile; and his little court smiled too. "After that, we certainly cannot lose sight of M. le Vicomte."

And so well did he keep his word, that when, to avoid the cold that began to pierce me, I went into the wretched inn, and sat down on the hearth to think over the position, two of the yokels accompanied me; and when I went out again, and stood looking distrustfully up and down the road, two more were at my elbow, as by magic. Whether I turned this way or that, one was sure to spring up, and, if I walked too far from the house, would touch me on the arm, and gruffly order me back. Mont Aigoual itself, lifting its crest, bleak, and stern, and cold, above the valley, was not more sure than their attendance, or more immovable.

As for me, for a time I was like a madman. Deluded by Madame St. Alais, and robbed by Froment, who, I felt sure, had taken my place, and was now rolling at his ease through Suméne and Ganges with my commission in his pocket, I strode up and down the road, the road that was my prison, in a fever of rage and chagrin. Madame's ingratitude, my own easiness, the villagers' stupidity, I execrated all in turn; but most, perhaps, the inaction to which they condemned me. I had escaped with my life, and for that should have been thankful; but no man likes to be duped. And one day, two days, three days passed; it froze and thawed, snowed and was fine; still, while the carriage bowled along the road to Nîmes, and carried my mistress farther and farther from me, I lay a prisoner in this wretched hamlet. I grew to loathe the squalid inn, in which I kicked my heels through the cold hours, the muddy road that ran by it, the mean row of hovels they called the village. All day, and whenever I went abroad, the clowns dogged and flouted me, thinking it sport; each evening the Committee came to stare and question. A house this way, a house that way, were my boundaries, while the world moved beyond the mountains, and France throbbed; and I knew not what might be in hand, to separate Denise from me. No wonder that I almost chafed myself into madness.

(To be continued.)

GUNS MADE OF PAPER.

Almost without limit are the purposes to which wood pulp is being put. The latest invention in this line is the manufacture of large guns from this material. Guns have been made from leather pulp, and these are bound with hoops of metal. The leather pulp is, of course, hardened. There is also a core of metal set inside of the gun. The lightness of the leather cannon is an essential feature. The principal aim, however, is to secure a material which has some elasticity, so that the force of a heavy discharge will be broken gradually. This seems to be obtained in cannon made from a pulpy substance. Paper pulp answers the purpose, as numerous trials and experiments have proved. It possesses more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough; hence this material is useful in the manufacture of articles requiring hard, efficient, and elastic properties. The body of the gun is made of paper pulp. The core is of metal, and made very much like the cores of ordinary cannon. The exterior of the cannon is wound with wire. About five layers of copper, brass, or steel wire are firmly wound on, thus binding the cannon. Outside the covering of wire are various bands of brass. These bands are set with uprights, through which rods extend parallel with the gun. There are lock nuts on each side of the uprights, and these hold the rods in place.

The process of making the gun is as follows: A special grade of paper pulp, in which the fibre is long, is selected and well agitated. The usual hardening and toughening ingredients, consisting of litharge, wax, tallow, white lead and blue are introduced. The pulp is then run into moulds and cast of the proper shape. The steel core is put in; wire is bound around the exterior; brass or steel bands are securely set about the whole, and the parallel rods are applied. The rods, being of steel, possess a degree of spring, and as they are fastened to the bands the result is a gun which will give way slightly at each discharge, yet cannot burst. A person may make his muscles rigid and fall to the ground, in which case he is likely to receive a broken bone; but if the muscles are relaxed the bones will give way somewhat and will not break. The same principle is applied in the paper cannon. The pulp, although exceedingly durable, will give way enough to prevent a break. The layers of wire, the binding of steel bands, and the parallel rods add strength. In war times it is easy to batter down a brick wall or a stone foundation; but a protection of bales of hay, bags of sand, or similar substance is not affected, as the shot is simply imbedded in it. The chief points of the pulp gun are elasticity and lightness. Being lighter it follows that transportation will be easier. It is said that the leather pulp guns, which, if made of metal, would require a derrick to move, are readily transported on light wagons. Paper pulp is no heavier than leather pulp.—*Paper Trade Journal.*

TAME SWANS.

One of the regular customers at Potsdam Wednesday meat market is a swan named "Frank." As soon as the meat stalls are opened the bird waddles up the stone steps from the canal, and visits every booth in turn for the pieces which each butcher reserves for the feathered favourite. "Frank" is so tame that he even allows his head to be scratched, and when he is called by his name he runs as fast as his legs can carry him for the tempting morsels which he knows his friends the butchers have ready for him. Some years ago a cabman at the Potsdam Railway Station used to share his breakfast with a swan that came out of the Havel every morning to keep him company.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

BY

HUAN MEE.

Illustrated by HAL HURST.

FOUR men are seated round a rough table, gambling, in a low-roofed hut in the heart of California. Gambling in a most primitive style, for artistic conveniences have not yet found their way to the spot that has, since the first discovery of gold, a few months ago, attracted most of the rogues and cut-throats of the world. Therefore, those who wished to gamble had perforce to be satisfied with humble means.

A few dozen chips of wood, with numbers painted on them, are drawn one by one from a bowl, and the highest takes the pool. Primitive but exciting.

"Twenty-six."

"Eighteen."

"Eleven."

"Thirty-one."

"Devil take your luck; we shall all be cleared out in a minute!"

"Can't you boys make less noise?" growls an old woman, as evil-looking as the men, who is standing over the fire, stirring the contents of a pot; "why, you haven't been to see me for a month, and now you do come you yell the house down; why don't you keep quiet? you know the whole country is being scoured for you, you beauties!"

"There's no inducement to come; why don't you get a nice barmaid, now?" says one of the four, "a nice plump little ripper; we get sick of you—old bag of bones; why, damn it, we'd live here then, wouldn't we, boys?"

A burst of laughter is the reply, and the game is renewed with increased vigour.

HE REACHED FOR HIS KNIFE.

The room hangs heavy with tobacco smoke, so thick as to almost eclipse the rays of the setting sun, which try to struggle through the rough window cut in the roof, while the nauseating smell of raw spirits mingles itself with the odour of the concoction which the woman still mutters over. The four men seated at the table gamble on without a sound except the calling of their numbers, followed by the automatic cursing of three out of the four, their brutal hangdog-looking faces, flushed with brandy, and sodden until every sign of the man is gone, and nothing left but the beast, are thrust forward, and one hand covers their chip, on which so much depends, while the other vacillates between their knife and their glass.

The woman, at last, with a grunt of satisfaction, leaves her cooking, and stands looking down on the players.

"Now then, old girl, take your evil eye off my chip; the luck's bad enough without you bewitching it."

"Play on, my beauties, play on," she says, rubbing her weazened hands together, "play a little longer, drink a little more, and then we'll have a little fighting just to rouse things up a bit. How I do long to see a little warm blood trickling!" and she rubs her hands again in anticipation. "Oh, you're four nice boys; but you've nearly got to the end of your rope."

"Curse you, hold your jaw, you croaking hag."

"I'll hold it when I see you all swinging comfortably side by side; just a little more rope, and then you precious darlings will be dangling beautifully. The boys down Black Man's Gulch have had quite enough of your games, and they're looking for you now with four brand-new ropes. Ha, ha! but there you've had a nice time together, so you can't always expect it to continue. Let me see now what I can remember; first, there was Dick Berston's case, all his money gone, and he found with a knife in his back; then that little affair by the claims; and then the murder of the storekeeper and his wife. Oh, what boys you have been, to what lengths your high spirits have led you, but they're all looking for you now, so enjoy yourselves while you can, and I'll come and see you swing."

With a nasty snarl one of the gamblers reaches for his knife, and rises to his feet, while the remaining three sit back to watch the fun. "Don't you know," he says, as he lurches towards her, "don't you know that it's silly to taunt boys with their folly; we've got a pretty good list, but we don't want it shoved down our throats; you understand, don't you, or——" and a brandish of his knife completes the sentence. Before she has time to answer him, before he has resumed his seat, the door is thrown open with a loud creak, and a man half runs, half falls into the room. The four men are on their feet in a moment, but seeing there is no danger, put their revolvers, which they had drawn, into their pockets again.

"Why, damn it," says Bart, "it's a Chinaman," and they crowd round the man on the floor, who seems to be in the last stage of exhaustion.

"Water," he gasps, faintly. "Water," and the old woman hands him a mugful. He drains it, then rises to his feet. "I have walked ten leagues to-day," he says, "without a crumb, without a drop to wet my mouth."

"Why, you heathen thief," says another of the men, "here's your water flask round your neck half full; what do you mean by lying to us?"

"It is not mine," the Chinaman answers, "it's hers," and throwing aside his cloak he holds forward in his arms a little girl of three or four. "I have not touched it; I would not touch it myself; she is all I have in the world; three years ago I saw her father and mother massacred before my eyes and she has been mine ever since. But neither of us have had anything to eat to-day; give her something—I can do without till I reach Black Man's Gulch."

"Take her away, John, we don't want any kids here; take her away, and bring her back, say, in twenty years, then we'll look after her," and he laughs boisterously at his own sally.

"A morsel!"

"No, not a crumb." The Chinaman wraps his cloak around him, rises, and moves towards the door, but turns at the threshold and looks pleadingly towards his tormentors.

"Just a crust for her!"

"Look here, John," exclaims Bart, as an idea of prolonging the agony of the starving man strikes him. "Look here, we're a kind-hearted lot here, and don't like to see you going away hungry, so I'll tell you what we'll do. I'm a little bit tired of gambling with the same old three; we'll set you up, and you shall join us. If you are the winner you buy a supper for yourself and the kid with your takings and a night's lodging into the bargain; if you lose you're no worse off, and you skip at once. What do you say?"

For answer the Celestial deposits his burden by the fire, and takes a seat at the table.

The child rubs her eyes for a moment as the red glare falls upon them, and then sinks back upon the rug which her guardian has wrapped round her. The light of the fire shows only too sadly a face upon which Death has laid his finger, and she sleeps an innocent sleep, a forerunner only of a still deeper sleep into which she is soon to fall. The gamblers seat themselves again at the table, and the visitor's eye sparkle at the prospect of an exciting hour, even though it is a gamble for life.

He has been "set up" by the others, and a goodly pile stands by his elbow, which he worships with avaricious eyes.

"Twenty-two."

"Sixteen."

"Twelve."

"Five."

"And yours, John?"

"Forty-eight!" and the Chinaman's eyes glisten as the pool swells his pile.

So they go on with varying luck, until at last Fortune deserts the man who plays for so much, and his heap dwindles almost to vanishing point.

It is his last stake: he glances at it as he draws "two" and irony of fate, the chips are scattered in the bowl, and fifty, the highest chip of all, looks him in the face as he turns his head.

"Twenty."

"Thirty-five."

"Six."

The eyes of the three men are o the one who has yet to uncover his chip, and quick as lightning the Chinaman's hand darts into the bag and clutches "fifty."

"Thirty-eight."

"Fifty," yells the Chinaman, as he uncovers.

Crash, down comes the butt of a revolver upon his other hand, and the "two" rolls from between the mangled fingers.

"Cheating, by God!" cries Bart, and in one bound he has him on the floor, his fingers clutched around his throat. "Cheating the men who have befriended you."

"It was for her," the Chinaman gasps, "to give her food. Forgive! she starves to death."

"Well, you won't be the first man who went to hell for a woman, but you won't starve to death; oh no, starving's too good for a whining cur like you," and he emphasises every word with a shake. "Bring the rope, boys; we'll teach this heathen Chinee to play games with us."

"Mercy! Let me go!"

"Oh, yes, we'll let you go; this way, boys," and like a giant he lifts him in his arms and drags him towards the door. With sharp cries of terror the man clutches at the woodwork, at every particle that can give a hold to his fingers, only for them to be crushed beneath the shower of blows rained upon them, and bleeding, torn and breathless he is hurried from the hut, while the child, aroused from her sleep, plaintively sobbing, follows the group.

"There's a storm brewing," exclaims one, "but never mind, John, you won't feel it."

Beneath a tree they halt, a rope is thrown over one of the hanging branches. "Now then, boys, step lively, and we'll give his yellow neck such a stretching his friends won't know him when he get's there."

They make an attempt to fasten the rope around the neck of the victim, who, with strength born of despair, fights like a tiger, fights, bites, and struggles till the very grass is torn up by the handful, and the roots of the tree itself exposed.

But four to one are fearful odds, even if the four are villains, and the one an erring saint, and at last, with hands and feet tied, he lies a huddled body at the foot of the tree.

A few minutes more and four men re-enter the house, a body swings to and fro from the tree, and a child lies upon the ground sobbing as though her heart will break. An hour passes, the game is resumed. They gamble on, swear and laugh as though the Chinaman had never existed, curse and drink, never heeding the voice of an infuriated heaven which rolls and crashes as a Californian storm rages and shakes the very foundations of the earth.

The child, driven to the only shelter, wringing wet and dishevelled, sits before the fire, the moist vapour rising in steam from her saturated garments. The hand of Death has covered the whole face. Struck by her position, one of the men rises at last and pushes her with his foot.

"Why, damn it all, she's pegged out, now," and then he drops by her side, and wrenches her little hand open.

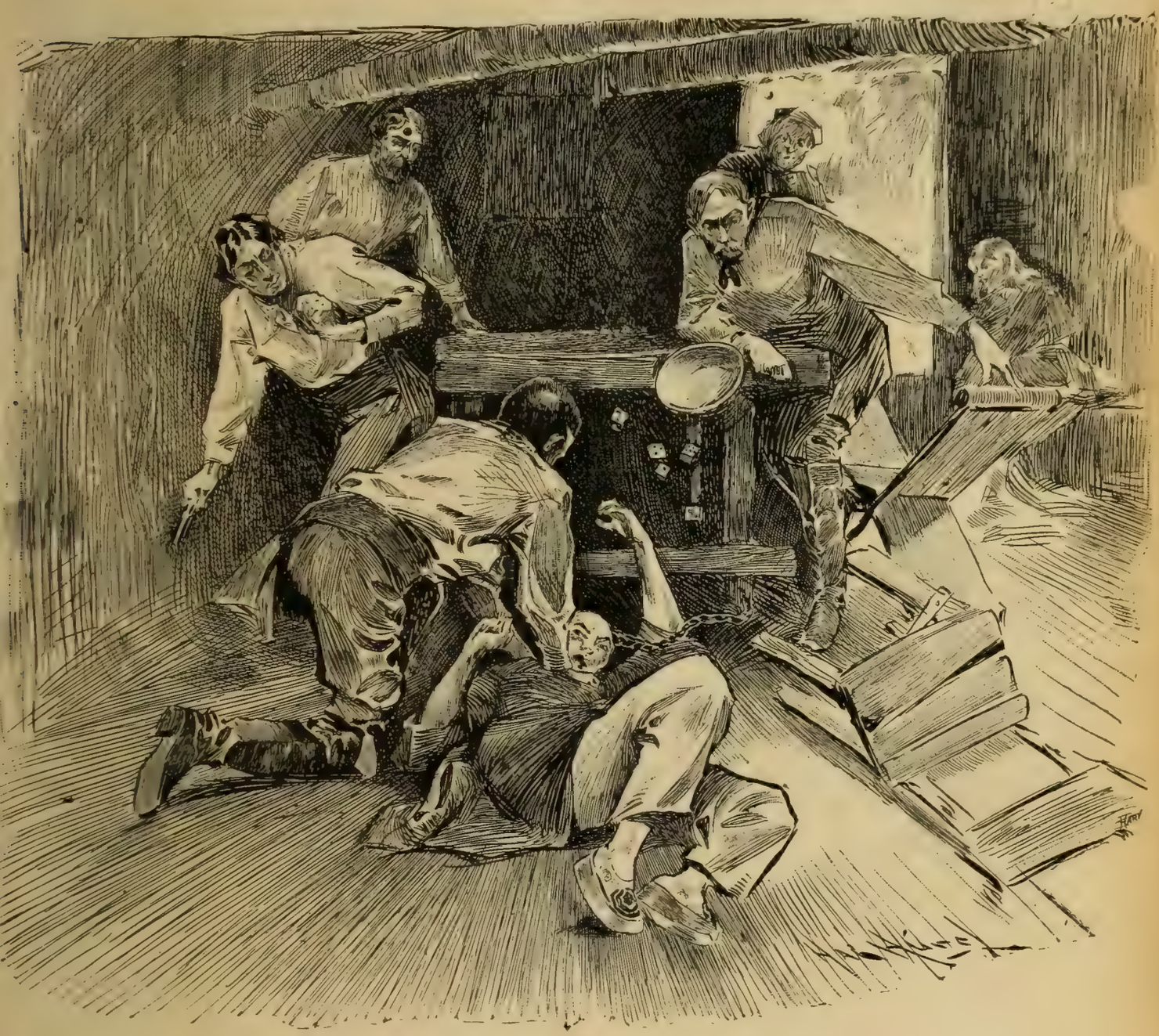
"Gold!" he shrieks, "gold!" and they crowd round him, while the woman croaks as if in echo, "Gold! gold!"

Heedless of the storm, they rush from the hut and search the ground at the foot of the tree, glance at it in their hands as a vivid flash of lightning, throws up the richly-speckled dust, and then the grass is collected and spread upon the ground again.

Bart speaks. "Boys," he says, "we're millionaires; we shall roll in it, but as the old hag says, we dare not stay to work it. It's surface gold, waiting to be picked up. 'Damn you,' he yells, shaking his fists at the swinging body above their heads, "keep still, I'd forgotten you. It means this," he continues, "we must scatter for six months, and then when we are a bit forgotten we'll meet in the hut and start." He draws his knife and holds it at arm's length. "If any one of us peaches of this find may he be eternally damned, and may the others never rest until these knives have been buried in the traitor's heart. Swear!"

The four knives meet point to point, the four voices cry, "We swear it," and then, like the curtains of heaven torn apart, the clouds are rent from east to west, and like a fiery livid star that has dropped from the height of the firmament, a flash, a ball of glistening flame strikes the centre of the four blades, and again the thunder rolls and crashes overhead. And as the peal

sobs into distance the melancholy figure hanging from the trees sway from side to side, covering, in its erratic course, four blackened corpses, gazing with sightless eyeballs at the heavens which they had defied.



"CHEATING THE MEN WHO HAVE BEFRIENDED YOU!"

THE NEW WOMAN FROM A DOCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is a type of woman, familiar to us all, indolent, lethargic, fanciful of ailments, with a superficiality bordering on childishness in conversation, dull of comprehension, readily open to flattery, even to her own self a bore, and frequently one to her husband and children if she be married. She is often found fringed with layers of pectoral and abdominal fat, the easy prey to quack systems of dieting, and to the "man of the world" physician. Her defective metabolism, added to a sexual voluptuousness, makes this proprietary article the registered dual property of the "pure specialist" for gout on the one hand, and the cotton wool gynæcologist on the other. She is one of the principal sources of revenue to the new Franc Tireurs of the outposts of medicine—the ubiquitous masseurs or masseuses. With her, every twinge is "agonising," to walk is impossible, and once let her evolve "uterus and ovary on the brain," and, whether these organs be diseased or not, they are made responsible for every ill her peccant flesh is heir to, not even excluding "housemaid's knee." She is not of the classical neurotic type, though her visceral neuroses may in time come to be legion. She may suffer from congestive dysmenorrhœa and ovoralgia, her uterus may be as flabby as her brain, and her ovary be as fertile in aches as her imagination is in fanciful allusions. Her voluptuosity is not limited to her appetites of palate, and it is not infrequently manifested in various abuses. She fancies she sleeps for many hours less than she actually does sleep, and hence is often seeking for some new, when she has already exhausted every conceivable variety of reputed hypnotic. While we find in the unmarried more frequently examples of the first type of temperament, married women furnish a larger proportion of the latter. Both, however, are to be found constantly as representatives of the habit of morphinism.—*Provincial Medical Journal.*

HORRORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

PRARIAL 29.—A terrible day's work! The guillotine devoured fifty-four victims. My strength is at an end, and I almost fainted away. A caricature has been shown to me, in which I am represented guillotining myself in the middle of a heath, covered with headless bodies and bodiless heads. I do not boast of extraordinary squeamishness. I have seen too much blood not to be callous. For some time I have been troubled with terrible visions. My hands tremble so that I have been compelled to give up cutting the hair of the doomed prisoners. I cannot convince myself of the reality of these weeping and praying victims. The preparations are like a dream, which I strive to dispel. Then comes the thump of the knife, which reminds me of the horrible reality. I cannot hear it now without a shudder. Forgetting my own share in it I abuse the people who look on without raising a finger in their defence. I abuse the sun which lights the scene. I leave the scaffold to weep, though I cannot shed a tear. Never were these sensations more violent than to-day. We went to fetch a number, among which were an actress of the Italian Theatre, and her servant, Nicole; the latter only eighteen years old, and so thin and delicate that she did not appear more than fourteen. When the poor little girl held out her hands to Larivière he turned to my head assistant and said, "Surely this is a joke?" The little one, smiling through her tears, answered, "No, monsieur, it is serious." Nicole asked to be in the same cart with her mistress. The crowd was very large, and when the poor little child was seen there was a roar of indignation. Cries of "No children!" were numerous and loud. Women in the Faubourg St. Antoine were weeping. Nicole's eyes seemed to say to me, "You will not kill me!" And yet she is dead. I had to struggle with an inspiration which urged, "Smash the guillotine and do not allow this child to die!" My assistants pushed her towards the knife. I turned away, my legs trembled. Martin had charge of the execution. He said, "You are ill. Go home and trust to me for the rest." I left the scaffold. A woman begged of me in the street. I thought the little girl was before me. This evening I fancied I saw spots of blood on the tablecloth as I was sitting down to dinner.—*Diary of Charles Henri Sanson.*

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NOBODIES AT HOME.

BY

GEORGE GISSING.

Illustrated by L. BAUMER.

V.

HUMBLE FELICITY.

IN the world of refinement, when it regards the unlovely multitude, there is much wasted compassion. Witness the case of Mr. and Mrs. Batty, whose mode of life to an observer from above would assuredly have seemed sordid and wearisome; yet in their own eyes these good people were more than enviable, and their happiness, in relation to their demands, probably exceeded that of any well-graced couple in London.

To begin with, they had a house in Kennington Road; a large house, which all day, and half through the night, shook to the ceaseless clang of highway traffic. True, they occupied only two rooms, and those in the gloomy basement of the edifice; but they felt proud of its commanding position, proud of the high rent, and of the superior class of lodgers among whom the upper rooms were apportioned. They seldom had a vacancy, and their lodgers were for the most part professional people; that is to say, actors and music-hall artistes. By virtue of this connection, they often enjoyed an evening's entertainment without paying for it, which in itself seemed to them one of the prime blessings of life.

Mr. Batty was employed by a great furniture-removing establishment. In no menial capacity; for it behoved him to wear a high hat, and to comport himself so as to inspire confidence in all manner of people, even the great ones of the southern suburbs. He visited houses, viewed their contents, and supplied estimates of the cost of removal. Fate had dealt kindly with him in permitting him to earn his bread in a manner admirably suited to his tastes; for Mr. Batty was of all men the most prying and inquisitive; it delighted him to enter other folks' abodes, and to scrutinise with all-valuing eye the nature of their possessions. On his return home, he spent hours in relating to his wife all that he had seen and surmised. When the interior of a house failed to correspond with its outward dignity, Mr. Batty chuckled over the poor display. "I could buy up every stick in the place for" so-and-so much; thus would he remark with fine scorn, as he sat over his supper in the dirty cellar-kitchen.

Dirty it was; but this never troubled him. Mrs. Batty had so much to do in looking after her lodgers that she could give no thought to the two dark rooms which represented her home. Ceiling, walls, and floor shone with ancient filth, and the atmosphere declared a perpetual use of the frying-pan. Of the room which served as bedchamber there is perhaps no need to speak. Mrs. Batty's domestic assistant was a young woman who came at seven in the morning, and went home, as a rule, at midnight. The professional lodgers showed themselves tolerant in the matter of cleanliness; if protest were ever made, Mrs. Batty knew how to resent it, and the sound of her voice, when she was really wounded in self-respect, had occasionally drawn the attention of pedestrians in Kennington Road.

They had no children and desired none. Mrs. Batty always spoke of offspring as "encumbrance." It was a great thing, she declared in confidential talk with music-hall ladies, for married people to be "without encumbrance"; in fact, she regarded it as essential to matrimonal happiness. "I feel quite free. If I want to go out in a evening, there's nothing to stop me. When my 'usband comes 'ome, he just sits down and feels comfortable, which a man can't never do if there's children crying and messing about. In my belief, it's the children as

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lies at the root of all the drink. Yes, if you arst *me*, it really is."

Mr. Batty prided himself on many advantages over common mortals, but most of all on this one fact—that whatever he needed or chose to buy, he knew how to obtain the article at a price below its market value. Rarely, indeed, did it occur to this man of great resource to enter a shop like anyone else and pay down at the counter what was demanded. His domestic supplies of food and liquor, his clothing, his casual needments, were all procured through irregular channels, by the exercise of wonderful craft, experience, and audacity. He boasted, with perfect justice, that all the furniture in his house, much of it superior to that of ordinary lodging-houses, had cost him only about half what any other man must have paid. He went about with eyes sharpened for the discovery of bargains, and his income was much increased by the irregular system of brokerage which he managed to carry on concurrently with his recognised vocation. On a Saturday evening he would walk as far as the Farringdon Street meat market, for the sake of purchasing joints which are sold there at Dutch auction; returning laden and weary, but exultant in his economies, and in the foretaste of his wife's joyous astonishment. His cigars were purchased from a friendly pawnbroker: a peculiarly gratifying transaction, inasmuch as he knew what he was buying, and was well aware how other men overreach themselves in this sort of enterprise. If he wanted a pennyworth of hair oil, he would succeed in getting it at wholesale price. With the natural aptitude of her sex Mrs. Batty had learnt almost to rival her husband in this pursuit of economy. As a landlady, she, of course, regarded her lodgers as the source of multifarious profit; but the skill with which she used her opportunities, whilst avoiding, for the most part, what she would have called "unpleasantness," and carefully keeping on the windy side of the law, altogether outshone the precedents even of Kennington Road.

THE COUPLE WERE TO BE SEEN IN LOCAL BALL-ROOMS.

For all this they by no means led a miserly life; to imagine that, would be utterly to mistake their genius. In the matter of creature comforts they denied themselves nothing that they really cared for. Down in the malodorous kitchen, their table displayed not only abundance, but gross luxury. Mrs. Batty's attire when she sallied forth to enjoy herself aroused envy in all her acquaintances; she had silks, furs, and jewels galore—only sham when that appealed more strongly to her taste than the real thing. When occasion demanded it, Mr. Batty could don his evening suit, with linen of the best, and particularly handsome shoes. The couple were to be seen in local ball-rooms, and sometimes appeared in scenes of public festivity side by side with guests of very different social standing. Mr. Batty held out to his wife the sure and certain hope of one day dining at the Mansion House—an ambition not difficult to sustain by familiar instance.

Perfectly happy in London, they cared little for change of air, and, indeed, found it awkward to leave the house both together for more than a few hours; but fashion compelled them to display an annual holiday, and their chosen resort was Hastings. Year after year they had spent an autumnal week at Hastings, but never twice in the same lodgings. Naturally, seeing that from the moment of arrival to that of departure Mrs. Batty was on bellicose terms with the lady of the house. True to their principles, they made it a point to pay less for the lodging than the landlady had ever before accepted; and having established themselves to their indifferent satisfaction—the first day was wholly devoted to this business—they spent the rest of the time in regretting their choice, in abusing the cookery, in guarding against imposition, and in talking very

loudly, with the door open, of the comforts to which they were accustomed at home. They looked forward with growing impatience to the day of return. *Ennui* tormented them. The sun was too hot, the wind too high, the sea an intolerable bore. And who could say what might be happening in Kennington Road, where Mrs. Batty's lame and half-blind sister saw to the house and the lodgers?

So admirably were they suited to each other, that, in reply to those rash, immoral persons who seek to undermine the institution of marriage, it should be quite enough to bring forward the case of Mr. and Mrs. Batty.

ONE NON-TOBACCO ROOM.

Women have various degrees of liking for the fumes of tobacco smoke. To some it is utterly reprehensible; others have a certain tolerance for it, while the majority will tell a man that they either like it, that they are really fond of the fumes of a good cigar, or that they have been "seasoned" and do not mind smoke. If the majority of women were to be truthful about the matter men would find, I think, that they have only a certain educated tolerance for it, based upon the knowledge that the men of their hearts and homes like to smoke, and so they put up with it as well as they can. In short, women tolerate tobacco smoke, for the most part, because they feel they have to. As a matter of fact, the fumes of any cigar, no matter how good the brand, can be nothing else than instinctively distasteful to the sensitive organism of any woman. Women have a charming way of hiding their feelings in this matter, but the feeling is there just the same. All things being equal, that is, if the average wife knew her husband would be just as happy and contented without smoking as with it, I fancy she would prefer him without the smoking.

This being so, and it only admits of a fancied denial, it becomes men to regulate their smoking in the home. A man's idea of a home is a place where one room is the same as another, so far as his comfort is concerned. And women, as a rule, have never interposed any strenuous objection to this mental picture of man. A very charming woman not long ago struck the keynote of the whole situation as it is most conducive to the fullest happiness when she said: "I want my husband to feel that he and his friends can smoke in any room in this house save one—our bed-chamber. That I want to keep free from the cigar." To many, particularly so to well-bred persons, it may seem strange that any word of comment should be necessary on the subject of men smoking in the bed-chambers of their homes. Yet its strangeness does not rob the matter of the necessity of it. I am free to believe that the vast majority of men would not think of smoking in a bed-chamber. At the same time it is well sometimes to write to the minority. "A gentleman surely would not do it," said a woman to me recently, as we were talking on this subject; and yet when she went over the list of her friends, she found that she knew one or two of her friends who had mentioned the fact to her that their husbands did smoke in their sleeping apartments. And she was compelled to confess that she esteemed these men in the light of gentlemen.

It is unfortunate when the fumes of tobacco are so offensive to a woman that she cannot tolerate her husband's smoking at home. For if there is one place and one time above all others when and where a man enjoys his cigar it is in his home after dinner, the hour which is truly the man's hour. But every woman has a right to ask of her husband that the fumes of tobacco shall be excluded from her room. It is not too much to ask; it is no more than any man will concede to his wife. The cause for the request upon the part of the one or the concession upon the part of the other should never arise. But where it does arise, or exists, the right of the wife is as plain and indisputable as the error of the husband is palpable. No man, with the best wishes of his wife at heart, will ever introduce the fumes of tobacco into a bed-chamber occupied by his wife as well as by himself. There should be one room in the house where the woman has the benefit of her own instinctive preferences.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

A letter—a letter, away from the south:
  Away from the south, where the palms wave sweet;
It comes like a kiss from her rosy mouth,
  And every word is a heart's wild beat!
A letter, away from the south! Ah, see
The flower that she pinned on the page for me!

A letter, away from the south! I know
  She traced the lines on a living Night—
There where the breezes in melody blow
  And the rivers gleam in the great moon's light;
And the tall, white ships on the tropic seas
Send shadows over the orange trees!

A letter, away from the south! My lips
  Lean to the lines that her dear hand penned;
The flower is sweet from her finger-tips—
  The sweetest message that Love could send!
I know, as it glows in its crimson grace,
It stole the red from her dear, sweet face!

A letter, away from the south! Sing hills!
  Hills of the north, where the snows shine white!
Wake from your slumbers, ye whip-poor-wills!
  For my love comes close to my heart to-night!
Rejoice, O valleys! be glad, bleak shore,
For she writes that she loves me for evermore!

Frank L. Stanton.

SLUM STORIES.

"Dickens wrote tales of mean London streets before the latest prophet of English realism was born. But after Dickens the effort to find romance in the short and simple annals of the poor languished. Publishers frowned on books whereof the *mise en scène* was not laid in quarters eminently respectable. A New York author might write of the Ghetto at Florence, but never of Hester Street. Only reporters, with the rashness of youth, essayed to find romance in the lives of the poor near at hand, and their sketches, though eagerly received by the people, were dismissed by the lofty censors of literature as mere journalism. Unless literary signs fail, the pendulum of the publishers' taste is swinging now to the other extreme. The magazines print sketches of people we meet instead of impossible romances about people the like of whom nobody ever met. 'Chimmie Fadden' wins as many admirers as 'Endymion.' 'Ouida,' with her brilliant gallery of immoral lords and doubtful duchesses, has gone into the court of bankruptcy, while George Moore, with his servant-girls and jockeys, is an autocrat to cringing publishers. Even George Meredith yields to the new taste, and the American publishers of his latest serial announce that the next instalment (in the May *Scribner's*) will include a realistic description of a prize-fight in the Whitechapel district."—*Times-Herald.*

A lover's hope resembles the man in the nursery tale—let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by-and-bye comes disappointment with the curtal-axe, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure.—Sir Walter Scott.

A DERBY LOSER*:

A TALE OF TO-DAY IN THE EAST-END.

It was the following saturday after the Derby, and the "Barbers' Arms," in the East India Dock Rd was crowded to the upmost dimension. In the right hand corner of the Public bar, sat six men—worst for drink—round a large barrel. One—Tom Shutter—was in despair, and the others were trying to cheer him up—but it was to no utility. He had put all his money (two weeks' wages) on the race and lost it. A bright lad of fourteen summers was pushing his way through the dence mob and keenly looking at the men. He stopped at the barrel and regarded pitilessly his father—Shutter.

"Father," said the latter in a firm voice, "mother is waiting for you ?." The wretched man looked up :

"Curse your mother and you too !,"he replied, jumping up in a rage.

The lad went white in the face, but never moved.

"Off home you go and tell her I've got no money ?."

"I shall not go home without some," was the cool reply. "Mother must have food !."

"You fool !. Don't I tell you I've got none ?."

"You would have some if you didn't bet and mix-up with these men."

One of the five—Jim Root—made a rush at him with his fist, but the blow was guarded off by a looker on.

"How dare you interfere ?." said Jim Root in fierce tones.

"You shall not hit a lad like that you cowardly villian."

"Who are you ?."

"Never mind who I am," was the answer ; "you shall not do that vile trick while I'm here."

"Oh ! Will you stop me ?."

"Yes."

"Then take that !," said Jim Root, aiming a blow.

The man ducked under and received the wind only which the force of the hit made ; then rushing forward he caught his assailant full in the breast, sending him down. Jim Root sulkily got up, and tried to palm it off :

"You needn't hit a fellow like that over a few words ?."

He endorsed no answer but a smile from the bold man. The on-lookers dispersed now the would-be-fight was over, and the alarming silence was broken into a din.

"You are the fault of all this," said Tom Shutter wildly, "so off home you go you young imp ?."

"Not without you father," replied the lad.

"You saucy vagabond," said Tom Shutter, striking out at his son. The lad saw it coming and dodged quickly back, whilst the fist of his father hit the hard wooden partition instead. The laugh from the men at this made him more fierce, and turning round found his son had gone.

"Lucky for him he went," muttered Tom Shutter, looking at his damaged knuckles.

"Come have some beer," said Jim Root enticing, "it will cheer you up a bit ?."

Tom Shutter not saying "No" to this question, drank the stuff at a tremendous long gulp.

. . . . . .

The lad seeing his father hit the partition made himself scarce, for he knew it would be far better for him not to presence his rage. Making his way home as quickly as possible, he found to his dismay that his mother had gone out.

"Where can she be gone?." murmered the lad pondering. "I told her where I was going?." Very shortly an idea struck him, and he exclaimed putting on his hat : "I was a long time gone to the "Barbers' Arms"—my mother thinking I had met with trouble has gone after me. There is no time to be lost !. I must save her from my father's temper, if God spare me the period to do so." Rushing out of the house—like a frightened cat—he made his way sprightly to the "Arms." Gaining the East India Dock Rd, he looked into the direction of the noisy pub, and as he did so, a state of terror came over, him—a crowd was collected outside. This made him go like lightning as every second ment danger.

"Good heavens !," he cried rushing through the throng. "It is too late !."

His father was being held by four men, and his mother lay fainted on the pavement.

"You cowardly villian !" said the lad going up to his father. "You shall suffer for this."

Tom Shutter struggled to get away—but in vain, for the men never released their competent grip. The lad rushed into the "Private bar" and with a few pence he had with him brought some brandy.

"If it be the last coin I had in the world, I should spend it for her sake," muttered the lad dispersing into the crowd.

"Let her have air !" someone shouted, and the brave son pushing his way through, saw to his satisfaction that his mother —the best friend he had on earth—had been brought too.

"Drink mother ?" he said softly, putting the bottle to her colourless lips. The woman drank a drop whil her eyes went up to his—which betokened pity.

"I have come too late mother," whispered the lad leniently. "Did he hit you ?."

"Yes my son," was the supple reply ; "but he was held back before he could strike me again."

"The brute !," muttered the lad between his teeth.

"Never mind my son," gently said the mother after a concise pause, "he will suffer for it some day ?."

"While there is a God in heaven he shall suffer for it !," was the lad's reply, clenching his fists and a look of hostility in his eyes.

Half-an-hour later the mother and son were safely seen home by a kind friend.

II.

"You must keep out of your fathers' way," said Mrs. Shutter holding her son by the shoulder.

"Why mother ?."

"Because he will nearly kill you when he comes home."

"He can do that mother," said the lad boldly ; "but while I have strength in my body I shall stand and protect you from his cowardly blows ?."

"I know you would my son," replied Mrs. Shutter, "but don't fear me Tom—you go ?."

"No mother !," was the firm reply.

"Yes do my son," pitifully said the mother clasp her hands together, "for my sake ?."

Her eyes met his again—which gave the same meaning as when they was outside the "Barbers' Arms." For her sake he would do anything but this was a hard task. A long pause ensued and the lad looking validly into his mother's face, said :

"It is a formidable undertaking mother, but I'll go to obey your words—don't fear I shall be near at hand."

Kissing her he went laggardly out of the house into the street. His steps went into the direction of the "Mission house," a little way on the other side, and there under the loop low door he watched his house. Waiting patiently for half-an-hour he spots his father coming down the street rolling along in a ziz-zaz fashion. Crouching more closely up against the wood, his father passes him without the slightest idea of the stooping figure to be his son. Watching him go indoors he murmered, going over to the house :

"Now I'll follow you, and be near to my mother in case of aid ?." Letting himself in with the key he went noiselessly upstairs to the kitchen, and there with his ear to the door, he listened intently to catch the words :

"You showed me up this afternoon," began the lad's father, "but it was a good job for you and your son that I was held back ?."

The lad was pressed intencely to rush in and signify he wasn't afraid, but his mother's words kept him back.

"Do you want me to starve ?," cried his mother.

"No ; you have your son's money."

"Yes ; but that goes to pay the rent."

"Never mind about rent. I've got no money this week ?."

"Always the same tale. Where is it all gone ?."

"That's my business."

"Lost it on betting I suppose ?."

"If you wants to know I did—and lost all."

"You will ruin our home before long, you drunken old ——."

"Shut your mouth ?." interrupted the man gruffly.

"Our home shall not go to ruin while I can earn a bit," murmered the lad catching hold of the door handle.

"I will put a knife into you if I have much more of it ?," began Tom Shutter after a pause.

"You cruel wretch ; how can you say that ?."

"If you say that again I'll carry out my threat ?."

"Help ! help !," shrieked the woman.

The lad hearing these words for aid, sprang into the room to see his mother and father struggling together, the latter having a knife in his hand. Clenching his fists, he—with all his strength—brought it down on the wrist that held the weapon, making it release the grip and the knife went crashing through the window. The screams of Mrs. Shutter and the noise of the splintered glass : brought the down-stairs people up to the rescue just in time to save the lad from being choked. His father had him by the throat of the floor, and the man from the bottom—the first to rush in—caught Tom Shutter a stunning whack on the head making him leave-go of that terrible hold and saving him from that awful fate—a murderer !.

"You have saved my sons' life," cried the woman seeing the latter open his eyes ; "how can I reward you ?."

"I don't want none," replied the man quickly ; "it is my duty to rescue fellow-creatures. Hush !."

The lad commenced to speak in short grasping words : "Have—I—saved—you—mother ?."

"Yes my son," replied Mrs. Shutter ; "but he nearly done for you if it wasn't for this man."

The son looked at the person his mother was pointing to, and said dropping back again :

"I—hope—I—may—some—day—repay—you ?."

A policeman was shortly fetched—just as Tom Shutter had recovered from the blow—and the would-be murderer was taken to the station.

* This story is published letter for letter as it was received from a youngster who dated his communication from the East-end of London. I do not advocate its style, but the sentiments and diction are so quaintly original that, having paid the young gentleman for the serial rights, I am tempted to publish it as a specimen of unconscious humour.—Ed.

Later on in the evening the lad had fairly survived from his adjoining death:

"Where is father?." Was his first words.

"Taken to the police-station."

"Thank God!," exclaimed the lad; "he is now in the right place were he is safe."

"How can you can say that my son?."

"Because he will be out of mischief."

"How are we to live?."

"I will try and get a better job mother."

"I hope you will my son."

III.

The court at "Old Bailey" was crowded and the judge had just returned from his lunch, putting a stop to the low clamour. The next case was a charge of attempted murder, and all eyes—except two—went eagerly towards the prisoner as he bobbed his head up in the dock. The one person that didn't look was the wife of the culprit, and in spite of her sons' enticing to cheer up, she wouldn't leave off crying.

Tom Shutter stood with his head half-bent all the time the case was on—except once: when he lifted it up to give his son—when giving evidence—a look of profound hatred. The wife pleaded piteously to the judge to not give the prisoner a heavy sentence.

"You endure Tom Shutter," began the judge, "a very evil character: You have had two years for stealing—one year for frauding—three months for betting—and many times you have undergone a week through being drunk. Now inspite of your wifes' pleadings for you, I cannot give you a much lesser sentence. Three years penal-servitude?."

"Good God!," exclaimed the wife fainting in her sons' arms.

. . . . .

Three weeks had slowly drifted by since the trial of Tom Shutter, and the miserable wife—who had never recovered from the shock—died the next day, leaving her son to face the world by himself. Her last words to him were:

"Keep a good heart my son and trust in God to help you on through life."

The curate of the Parish paid for the burial and also got the lad a better job. Tom started to save his pocket money, and in due time he got enough to by a small stone. The erecting of this put the lad into a cheerful mood, but very shortly afterwards it broke down again. One morning directly after this unhappy calmity, Tom never turned up at his place—to the astonishment of his master, who, thinking this very strange, sent a servant round to the lads' lodgings. The landlady answered the caller with admiration:

"He went out earlier this morning than usual, and I happened to notice that he had a bunch of flowers."

"I should reckon he has gone to his mother's grave," said the caller after a pause.

"Very likely."

"Did he say or mention to you that he was going?."

"No."

"That's strange; I must go back and tell my master of this."

"Bad news," thought the master, seeing his servant come back again with a troublesome face.

"Funny report sir; he went out early this morning with a bunch of flowers?."

"Has he gone to the cemetery?"

"I couldn't say sir; but it stands to reason that he has gone there?."

"Yes; but it is very peculiar of him to go away like that without informing us of his going?."

"It is sir. What shall we do about it?."

"Wait till to-morrow morning and see if he turns up."

The next morning came, but Tom never turned up.

"I'll go down to the cemetery and enquire about his disappearance," said the master to his chief clerk.

From his office he made his way to the railway station to take a train to Manor Park. Arriving at his destination, he quickly made his steps to the burial ground, and asked the gate-keeper about the lad:

"Yesterday morning?."

"Yes."

"Very fair complexion?."

"Yes."

"Yes I did; he was the first one here."

"Can you recollect seeing him go out again?."

"Well I'm not positive about that."

"Do you know the number of the grave he was going to?"

"Yes; he showed me his card. No. 987."

"Which direction does that number lay?."

"Right the other side of the cemetery."

"Thanks," said the master walking off.

"Wait a second!," called out the gate-keeper; "I'll walk round with you if there's no objection?."

"Certainly there's no object of you coming with me, for I would rather perfer company."

If you could have read his thoughts when saying this a strange notion, went quickly through him. An idea which was true and very concisely it would come to their eyes.

It was a splendid morning and as the two men walked gaily along, a little conversation went between them—a conversation which would go the opposite very shortly. The grave—987—lay in the midst of thick trees, and these the two were nearing.

"It is just the other side of them bushes," said the gate-keeper pointing to some a few yards away, and which kept them from seeing their destination.

Going round the bushes—a quaint sight met their gaze. Laying face-downwards across the grave was the body of the poor lad—dead!. The flowers had been put along-side of the recent stone and now they were faded.

"Good heavens!," exclaimed the gate-keeper, "What does this mean?."

"It means this: The poor lad loved his mother."

The End.

THE ART OF DANCING.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PARISIAN DANSEUSE.

Those of my readers who saw Mdlle. Nini Patte en l'Air and her troupe of French quadrille dancers in the play, *Morocco Bound*, at the Trafalgar Theatre, must have been made aware that there is a vast gulf fixed between the methods of French and English theatrical dancers. It was not, however, with a view to inflicting upon them a description of the Can-Can, or Quadrille Moulin Rouge, but with that of gaining some information upon dancing generally from one of its ablest exponents, that I called one day in September upon Madame C——, an erstwhile star of the ballet and cafés chantant, now retired from the stage to enable her to teach others what she knows so well how to do herself.

"You wish to talk with me about *la danse*," she enquired as I seated myself at her bidding in her sanctum. "Very well, then; there is nothing I love so well—except," she added with a smile, "my husband and my little boy and girl. But that is no matter now, you wish to talk about my profession. First, let me say that you English people do not dance as we do. There is a great difference—I have been to England so I know—for we dance because we love it, adore it; you because it is what—ah, yes, that is the word, fashionable. I have remarked it at your balls, in your theatres. The people at balls do not dance with *élan*. The men; oh! they are simply awful, awful most of them. Very few seem to understand the *poésie* of the *danse*, or the voluptuous delight of the exercise with one of another sex. Now most Frenchmen—and I am not speaking of the libertine—thoroughly appreciate this, therefore they dance with their hearts as well as their feet, and the effect is better in all respects.

"We are afraid to let ourselves go," I remarked, translating the idiom as best I could.

"Exactly," rejoined Madame C——, "that is just it. Even our grisettes dance better, more gracefully, more spontaneously than your society girls and women; who, one would think, should know something about the art. Have you ever been to a Quartier Latin *bal?* No? Then you should go whenever you can. You will not find there, it is true, the abandon—I might, perhaps, say the *banalité*—of the *Fête de Nuit* at the Jardin de Paris, or Moulin Rouge, but you will witness some of the best and most natural dancing there is to be seen. And if," continued Madame, with a deprecatory shrug of her shoulders, "skirts are whisked a wee little bit higher off the ground than you are accustomed to, well you will not be shocked. It is done innocently enough, and looks so chic."

"What makes a good dancer?" Madame asked meditatively, repeating my query. "Ah! well, many things; but good spirits in a great measure. Of course, a figure adapted for dancing is a great thing, and to be supple is another. But without good spirits, bah! one will never dance what I call well. You may be correct, you may be in a sense graceful. But you will be too careful, too stiff if you are sad. It is because

you are so *triste* a nation that good dancers amongst you (except professional ones) are so few. Almost every one of my countrymen can dance, and loves to do so."

"No," replied Madame in answer to a question. "I do not at all approve of the style of dancing to which you refer. Though years ago I used to teach it. I have been through it all myself during my training for the ballet. But acrobatic dancing, such as the well-known Can-Can and Quadrille Moulin Rouge, means months of absolute torture ere the proper and requisite amount of dislocation is attained, and a distinct risk whenever the more complicated postures are gone through. The pain is so terrible that girls frequently faint during the postures they are compelled to practice in their lessons. Then, the outrage upon their womanhood. It is horrible! I am fond of dancing; it is an art. But this. Well, it is an orgie."

"Have you many pupils?" I ventured to inquire.

"A great many. I teach many of the *élite* skirt-dancing, and though, in my opinion, it is not really dancing at all, it is a very graceful and beneficial form of exercise. In what way, you ask? Well, it makes a woman graceful in posture and movement. And it is healthful. Do you know that my professional pupils, and I have two score, are absolutely the healthiest girls I have ever known. And my own health is superb. I am never ill—for I dance. My girls who are now training for ballet are never ill—for they dance. If for no oth r reason than that of health (a very important one, too) I would have every girl in the land taught to dance. I had only last year a young lady—an American—come to me to learn dancing. She was delicate, very poorly often, her circulation, her complexion, ah! bad, very bad. In three months she began to be better, her skin, what you call—clearer. No headache, now, very good spirits. It was dancing that did all this. And now I have numbers of young girls sent to me for this purpose alone. And the figure is improved in almost every way after even a short course of lessons.

"I have pupils over from London, even. Some of your aristocracy come to me when in Paris, and I have a whole drawer full of letters from sometime pupils saying how greatly they have benefited from dancing as a health-giver. And," said Madame in conclusion of our chat, "it is so fascinating an art, so graceful. It is a thousand pities that your countrywomen do not better understand it."

And after witnessing one of Madame's classes, and a pas-seul by Madame herself, and one by her little daughter, I was forced to agree that it is.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the famous novelist, whose new volume is to be the book of poems entitled "Fringilla" which Mr. Elkin Matthews is bringing out, made up his mind originally to storm fate as a poet, and not as a novelist. His first five books were all poems. His novel "Clara Vaughan" did not come out till he had been publishing for ten years. Mr. Blackmore is not, as is popularly supposed, a West-Countryman. He was born at Longworth, in Berkshire, and his connection with Devonshire began when he was sent to Blundell's famous school at Tiverton, from which he proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford.

* * * *

Mr. Arthur Percival Graves, who is going to collaborate with Mr. Stopford Brooke in bringing out the Irish anthology, is the author of the most famous modern Irish song, "Father O'Flynn." His first wife was a sister of the beautiful Lady Pontifex, who is such a familiar figure in London literary and artistic society.

* * * *

Count Tolstoi's "Master and Man," translated by S. Rapoport and John C. Kenworthy (Walter Scott, Ltd., 1s.), is an admirable little book admirably rendered into English. I know none of Tolstoi's books which is more homogeneous or interesting, though "Master and Man" is, of course, slight compared to some of his great books. It is the story of a greedy, selfish, unscrupulous master, who risks the life of his servant by taking him out in a sleigh on a terrible winter night, and, when they are snowed up, riding away on the horse. But he rides in a circle, and is brought back in spite of himself, and in spite of himself saves his man's life and loses his own. The working of Nemesis is portrayed in a most masterly way, and the book gives a charming pastel of winter life in Russia.

* * * *

I am proud to number among my patrons General Sir William Butler, who is bringing out the life of the unfortunate Sir George Pomeroy Colley, killed in South Africa. He is, of course, the husband of the famous battle-painter, Lady Butler, and has for a sister-in-law "Alice Meynell," the well-known essayist, critic, and poetess. Sir William himself has been an author for five-and-twenty years. He has written "A Narrative of the Historical Events Connected with the Sixty-Ninth Regiment;" "The Great Lone Land," a book which made a great sensation when it came out in 1872; "The Wild North Land," the account of a journey he took in a dog-sleigh across the back country of British America; "Akim-foo;" "Far Out: Rovings Retold;" "Red Cloud: the Solitary Sioux;" "The Campaign of the Cataracts," and "Charles George Gordon," in *The English Men of Action* series.

* * * *

People do not always remember that that very old member of the Savage Club, the Earl of Dunraven, in addition to being a most energetic yachtsman, is also the most prominent champion of the deceased wife's sister. Mr. Douglas Sladen's first novel, "A Japanese Marriage" (which is just being brought out by Messrs. A. and C. Black), is dedicated to him as "the most eloquent advocate of the rights of the deceased wife's sister." The scene of the novel is for the most part laid in Japan, and it is full of local colour, as might be expected of the author of "On the Cars and Off" and "The Japs at Home"; but the novel does not deal with the life of the Japanese themselves. It deals with the English in Japan. The book hangs much more on the heroine (the beautiful Bryn Avon) than has been the case in most recent novels.

* * * *

The Rev. Robert Smart de Courcy Laffan, Head Master of Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, just appointed Principal of Cheltenham College in succession to the Very Rev. H. A. James, late Dean of St. Asaph, who has been translated to Rugby, married Mrs. Leith-Adams, the novelist, mother of the late Francis Adams, the well-known Australian author.

* * * *

"Women's Tragedies," by Mr. H. D. Lowry (John Lane, Keynotes Series, 3s. 6d.), is a volume of very well written short stories, which will suit this Ibsenish age. For the great Norwegian dramatist himself could not be more ruthless in the penalties he exacts from his characters. Mr. Lowry is one of the cleverest of the brilliant young men connected with the *National Observer* in Mr. Henley's days, and now, I believe, with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Beauty's Lover" and "The Sisters" are very likely to be popular. The stories have such a distinct flavour that I have stocked a quantity of them.

* * * *

Personally I get more pleasure out of a book that ends happily, like Mr. James Payn's "In Market Overt" (Horace Cox, 6s.), which I have just added to my library. The characters in this book are among the most charming that even Mr. James Payn has drawn. The old tutor who is the hero is such a typical specimen of "a clergyman and a gentleman." Of the kind of clergyman one likes to see made a dean I cannot recall a better specimen in English fiction. All the women characters are very attractive; and life with a tutor for the sons of noblemen, and the temptation and catastrophe in connection with it, could hardly have been better done.

* * * *

The New Autonym, "Two Strangers," by Mrs. Oliphant (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.), is written with Mrs. Oliphant's unfailing charm of style, and is a readable book enough. But it would have been much more readable if she had, like Mr. Payn, given us a picture of Nellie surrendering to the faithful Bertram, after devoting the book to chronicling the rather humdrum and sour life at Wratisbury. The fidelity of the book to life is undeniable. But we don't only want fidelity in a book, we desire to derive pleasure from the contemplation of happiness or good luck—at any rate, nineteen out of twenty of the subscribers to my circulating library do.

* * * *

Miss Mary Allies, whose "History of the Church of England, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Queen Elizabeth," has just been brought out by Burns and Oates, has been writing books of special interest to Roman Catholics ever since 1872. I have stocked, at any rate, from her pen a "Life of Pius VII.," "Three Catholic Reformers in the Fifteenth Century," "Leaves from St. Augustine," and "Leaves from St. John Chrysostom." Her kinsman, the Rev. Thomas William Allies, an Oxford first-class man, and examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, was one of the most conspicuous of the converts to Roman Catholicism, which raised such alarm in the Church half a century ago.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. C. and "A Lover of Poetry."—Mr. Stanton has published two volumes of poems. One is entitled "Songs of a Day" (The Foote & Davies Co.), and the other "Songs of the Soil" (Constable and Company, 5s.). They can both be procured through any bookseller.

J. R. S.—"The Green Carnation" was written by Mr. R. S. Hichens.

J. M.—The book you mean is "On the Stage and Off," published by The Leadenhall Press.

L. W.—I should advise you to subscribe to *La Petite Revue*. It can be obtained, post free, from 17, Rue Bonaparte, Paris, for seven francs (5s. 8d.) a year. It treats of general subjects. Other papers are *La Revue des deux Mondes*, *La Nouvelle Revue*, and *La Revue Bleue*, but these are much more expensive. For German papers you might try *Ueber Land and Meer*, or the *Illustritte Zeitung*. They are weekly illustrated papers, and cost about threepence each. You could procure them through any foreign bookseller.

K. L. V.—It is usually supposed that Miss Marie Corelli wrote "The Silver Domino." With regard to your other query, I should recommend you to apply to any French firms who have branches in England.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Town is so full, and the Park and West-end so crowded, that my only difficulty in writing you an account of all the doings is to pick out the most interesting. The Drawing Rooms are quite over, which is a mercy. Three of them crowded into one month means a very anxious and harassing time to those who have to prepare the dresses, and long hours of weary stitching for the workwomen over and above their usual time. If only the kind-hearted Queen could know what hard work (and, in some cases, real suffering) and distracting anxiety this crowding together of Court functions entails, Her Majesty would be the first to declaim against it. But it appears that nobody dares to tell her. That seems so strange, for there never was a quieter or gentler-looking old lady than Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of England and Empress of India. What a pity it seems that the necessary information cannot be conveyed to her in a dream, as in Hood's companion poem to his "Song of the Shirt."

One of the latest notions in dress is to have the waistcoat or blouse made with a square collar that goes over the coat or cape. The smartest material for waistcoats is still white satin, but it is usually veiled with guipure, either cream, or yellow, or biscuit coloured, or else black. Sometimes the satin is covered with open worked grass lawn, the wide collar being covered to match, and edged with a frill of cream or yellow lace. When the grass lawn is soiled it can be removed for cleaning, and meanwhile its vacant place can be filled by navy blue, sequined net, or any other colour or material that is suitable to the satin foundation and the rest of the costume.

GARDEN-PARTY DRESSES.

But, oh, how expensive is the laundering of these fine lawns and French batiste! One dare not trust them to the same washer-lady who deals with sheets and tablecloths and the charges of the finer variety of laundry-women are something awful.

Alpaca is *the* material of the season. Everyone in the week of tropic heat that visited us a fortnight since flew to buy an alpaca gown. The dressmakers were in great demand. The dresses were put in hand, tried on, and just approaching completion when the wind changed, and we all had to hop back again into warm stockings, warm dresses, and comfortable capes and coats. As for me, I had no chance to buy a new gown, being so very poor, so I furbished up a black crêpon of last year, sponged it carefully with boiling water in which I had dissolved some rock ammonia, ironed it on the wrong side, with a piece of white muslin between the iron and the crêpon, and hung it on to a black satin skirt, which is among the relics of our prosperous days. The skirt looks quite nice. I afforded myself jet trimming for each side of the skirt, costing only six shillings, and, being independent of busy dressmakers, wore my cool gown during the remaining days of the great heat with white blouses, and, for out-of-doors, a sleeveless jacket bought last year, and quite up to date in shape, having been purchased at a good shop.

Some of the dresses to be seen in the Park are perfectly outrageous in colour and in form. Fancy a grass green silk with yellow silk sleeves and mauve ribbons! And think of a little woman with a dumpling figure dressing it in electric blue shining cloth, with red ribbons, and green rush hat and mauve flowers! These are not solitary exceptions. Colour seems to have run riot this year. And, oh, how the well-dressed people shine by contrast. Many a woman who is simply nice-looking has quite an appearance of distinguished elegance in a harmonious grey gown with relief of white, or in a well-made cornflower blue alpaca with a cream-coloured batiste collar and cornflowers in a blue or black hat. There is quite a chance for quietly dressed people now to stand in agreeable contrast with the gaudily accoutred women who fill the carriages and the chairs in the Park this season.

A party of ladies in half-mourning was quite a relief to the eye on one sunny morning when we sat under the trees watching the parrot-like panorama of brilliant colours go by. The mother of the two girls wore silver grey crêpon, with black ribbons at the waist, and plain batiste collar and cuffs turned back at neck and wrists. Her two girls were in tussore skirts and coats, the former hemmed with black grosgrain silk to a depth of four inches, and the coats bordered all round with similar silk. Their blouses were black silk, and their black straw hats had no relief of colour, so that the mourning was quite pronounced, though the gowns were cool tussore.

With the Japanese Troops

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You want to know how hair is dressed now. You never saw such mad heads as some of them are, and I saw a hat in the Park yesterday with a huge bow on each side that measured at least half a yard across from one extremity of the trimming to the other. Some girls wear their hair parted down the centre and drawn over the ears, others have it all caught high up at the back on a line with the tops of the ears, and disposed in little rolls highly brushed and burnished and very soft and pretty looking. There is a third contingent that wears a roll round the top of the head with the hair drawn back over it. I must get a sketch of it for you. The roll passes from ear to ear like a diadem, and suits some faces splendidly. The rest of the hair is coiled at the back. Nearly all the smart women wear a curl drawn down in the middle of the forehead, the rest of the fringe being very light and soft. How they keep that curl there I can't imagine. I sometimes think it must be a separate article pinned in with a hairpin.

I send you an illustration of two Garden-Party dresses. One is of soft English brocade with blue flowers on a pearl-tinted ground. Bodice pale blue satin covered with black lisse. Brocade sleeves to the elbow. Yoke and collar of bright cornflower-blue silk, covered with black sequins, embroidered net, edged with sequin fringe, and with bretelles of sequins continued from the yoke to the waist. Black lisse ruff coquillé upon a foundation of lisse. Gipsy bonnet of pearl-coloured satin, trimmed with black satin, blue flowers, and black ostrich feathers. The other is of embroidered white silk muslin over a skirt of palest green silk. The sleeves are gauged with small tucks in order to throw the fulness down from the shoulder. A Marie Antoinette fichu of pale rose pink chiffon, fulled at the edges and round the shoulders, is fastened at the waist with pink satin ribbons. Similar ribbons finish the bodice at the neck. The toque is a light mohair straw in pale green, with pink roses and a white aigrette.

Your affectionate

Susie.

Our Cookery Column.

Eggs a L'Espagnole.—A Vegetarian Dish.—Skin and slice one pound of tomatoes and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Melt two ounces of butter in a pan; when it is melted, but not boiling, lay in the tomatoes. Let them stew very gently till tender, about twenty minutes. Beat three eggs light and pour them in, stirring the mixture till it is quite thick. Serve in mounds on hot buttered toast. Some persons consider this dish improved by the addition of a clove or garlic, or about two teaspoonfuls of minced onion. The tomatoes may be dipped in boiling water for one minute before being skinned; they are then easily done.

Cream Toast is delicious when well made. Make some thin rounds of golden toast from stale bread, warm about a pint of cream, and add a teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt. When quite hot it is poured over the toast.

A Good Way To Cook the Livers of Fowls or Rabbits.—Put a piece of butter in a stewpan and set it over a good fire. When it is melted sprinkle gradually in it a little flour, stir the whole with a wooden spoon. When it is of a proper thickness and brownish colour add half a gill of warm stock, the same quantity of water, a sprig of parsley, a small pinch of grated nutmeg, two small onions, salt and pepper, then the livers. About half an hour later add two mushrooms cut into pieces. Twenty minutes after dish the livers, strain the sauce, put in one well-beaten yolk of an egg and a few drops of lemon-juice, pour it on the livers and serve them very hot.

Cheese Fritters.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth, cover it with grated cheese. Flour your fingers, and make the egg and cheese into round balls. Roll them in white of egg and fine breadcrumbs, and drop them into boiling lard. Fry them a golden brown.

Clam Chowder.—Procure the clams from Hugh Frazer, oyster merchant, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus. Buy a pound of fat pork. Cut it in slices, and fry them till they are crisp. Then chop them fine. Sprinkle about a fourth part in the bottom of a stewpan. Sprinkle salt and pepper over it, and dot little scraps of butter here and there. Add a thin layer of chopped onions, and then breadcrumbs that have been soaked in milk. Now a layer of clams, pouring over them some of the pork fat left in the pan. Then *da capo*, beginning with the chopped pork, and adding the other ingredients as above till all are used up. Cover the chowder with water, and closely cover the stewpan. Let the contents stew slowly for nearly an hour. Strain away the liquor, and turn the chowder into a hot, deep dish. Thicken the liquid with a little flour and biscuit dust, add a glass of sherry or Madeira, a little walnut ketchup, and, if liked, a teaspoonful of ground mixed spice. When the sauce boils, pour it over the chowder, which must meanwhile be kept very hot.

Parten Pie.—A Famous Newhaven Dish.—Pick all the flesh from three large crabs, freshly boiled. Mince it and mix it with an ounce of butter cut in little pieces. Season it with pepper. Crumb two breakfast rolls very finely. Mix them thoroughly with the crab. There will be enough to fill a large crab-shell. Dust the pie over with grated cheese, and brown it before the fire in a Dutch oven.

Macedoine of Fruit.—Extract the juice of one pound of muscatel grapes and add a sufficient quantity of syrup to give body to it. Put it into the freezing pot and work it in the usual way. Just before using the ice mix in with it, so lightly as not to bruise them, small pieces of pineapple, peach, apricot, strawberries, white raspberries and cherries. The macedoine should be finished just before dishing up. Turn the pudding out of the mould into the dish, have the centre filled with the macedoine, and serve immediately. If fresh fruit is not obtainable canned may be used.

Asparagus Purée.—From two large bundles of asparagus break off the heads so far down that they will readily snap off. Throw these into a large pan of cold water with a handful of spinach, four leaves of parsley, and six spring onions. Set on the fire a large stewpan half filled with boiling water, to which add a dessertspoonful of salt. Drain the asparagus, etc., into a colander, and put the whole into the stewpan to boil fast. After cooking, drain them thoroughly again, and let some cold water run over them, so that they may retain their greenness. Then put them into a middle-sized stewpan with a quart of good Velouté sauce, a tablespoon of powdered sugar, and a little grated nutmeg and salt. Stir the whole on a brisk fire until it has boiled three minutes. Then pass it through a tammy cloth or sieve into a large dish. After transferring into a soup pot place it in the larder, where it may keep cool and retain its green colour and delicate flavour. Five minutes before serving stir on a brisk fire until the soup is nearly boiling. After that mix in a pat of butter and a small piece of light-coloured glaze, and send it to the table with a plate of croûtons.

Cherry Liqueur.—Take equal quantities of black and Morella cherries, remove the stones, and be careful that the fruit is quite sound. To every pound of fruit take a quarter pound of loaf-sugar, a piece of cinnamon, bruised cloves to cover a shilling, and about one pint of brandy. Crack the stones and blanch the kernels. Mix all well together, and put in bottles or jars, which should be well-covered and air-tight. Leave for fourteen days, and then run the liqueur through a jelly-bag, when it should be perfectly clear. Bottle the liqueur, hermetically seal the bottles, and keep them in a cool dry place till wanted. If the above instructions are carefully carried out, it will keep good for years.

Apple Fritters.—One pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter; have ready some apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple, and to every tablespoonful of batter, lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin; fry them in hot lard to a light brown colour on both sides.

Italian Sauce, *Agro-dolce.*—Dissolve four ounces of powdered sugar in three-quarters pint of good vinegar; chop two ounces of sweet almonds, pick and wash two ounces of currants, and throw them into a stewpan with one ounce of grated chocolate. Pour in the vinegar and sugar, and stir the sauce till it begins to boil. This sour-sweet sauce is equally good whether hot or cold, served with cutlets or fish if hot, or with cold meat if cold.

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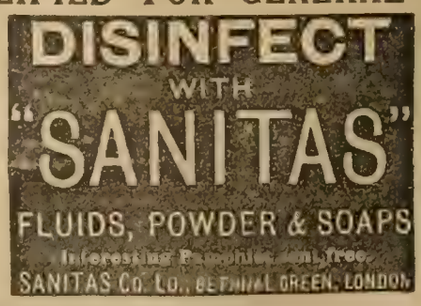

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"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" DRAMA.

Scene: The Green Room Club. Midnight at the conclusion of the "Theatrical Fund Dinner." Discovered in a corner chattering together:—

Claude Templeton, an Actor.
Charley Lynx, a Critic.
William Wiseman, a Man of the World.

Templeton. Was not that an admirable speech by Sir Edward Lawson at the Fund dinner? and what a bit of luck to get him for chairman! Fancy netting over £15,000 at one go. Dashed if I don't think I shall subscribe to the Fund myself, and secure a pension for my miserable old age.

Wiseman. One of the best speeches of the kind ever delivered at that table, and I have heard Charles Dickens, Edmund Yates, Pinero, Alexander, and of course Henry Irving. Did you note how neatly dovetailed it was, the personal allusion to the chairman's father, the historical contrast between now and fifty years ago, and every now and then an effective bit of sentimental rhetoric which quite reminded me of—of—what shall I call it?—well, for the want of a better expression, "Clementine Telegraphese."

Templeton. That reminds me. What on earth did they put up W. L. Courtney, the scholar, philosopher, and Oxford don to reply for the Drama, when on the other side of the table was the author of Drama of the Day, who, right or wrong, love him or hate him, has done something for dramatic art during an active lifetime, but whose name in this congratulatory chorus was not once mentioned in the course of the evening.

Wiseman. No; it was all *Daily Telegraph* in the abstract, never the individual.

Lynx. I am surprised at your short-sightedness. It seemed to me that putting up Courtney was a stroke of genius. It would never have done to have had butter upon honey; and to follow the Conservative proprietor with the old-world critic would have been a dead mistake. The sub-acid man of letters and scholarship saved the whole thing from exaggeration and fulsomeness.

Templeton. But what are Courtney's opinions on the drama? Hanged if I can tell! In one breath he pats the new school on the back and the next minute he ridicules the New Woman and all her ways. I can recall his very words: "I prefer rather to ask myself what are the exact objects which our modern drama places before itself, what are the aims and ideas to which it strives to attain? In the first place we are trying to see life steadily, and to see it whole. Our dramatists are tearing from our eyes those falsifying spectacles which make existence all *couleur de rose*, or occupied only with the pretty and sentimental. *We* prefer to see the shadows as well as the high lights, to fix for ourselves the real conditions of a real existence. And if in this tendency, *so often misinterpreted—so often, if I may say so, maligned*—we sometimes go astray, if now and again we make the real ugly, instead of what it is, a varying compound of beauty and ugliness, this only proves that we are still on the road, and have not reached our *goal*.

Wiseman. I did not know it was as strong as that. Why, the whole of the Archer, Walkley, Bernard Shaw, and Rose brigade could not have said anything stronger; and certainly the Don had the courage of his opinions, for if these words, *misinterpreted* and *maligned*, mean anything, they are directed slap in the face of the opponents of the new school, the head and front of which offending is the author of what has been called "Clementine Telegraphese."

Templeton. But remember that five minutes after the very man who cracked up *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* to the skies, and believes in that wretched creature, Kate Cloud, is, as a literary, not a dramatic, critic found pitching into the New Woman and all her ways, as he does every week without intermission in the *D.T.*

Lynx. For my own part the dramatic opinions of no critic appeal to me who quotes Sir Henry Irving's (here's his jolly good health and good luck to the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!) Don Quixote as a masterpiece, who quotes Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet as a thing to be admired (I would sooner hear a mild curate read the Second Lesson in church), and who goes into raptures over Eleonora Duse's *Dame aux Camellias*. I wish the clever Courtney could have seen Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet, the very best English Hamlet of our time, or could have studied the Camille of Sarah Bernhardt or Modjeska, both infinitely superior to the performance of Duse—vulgar, bourgeois, unimaginative, uninspired, but with a realistic death scene that she might have studied at the Brompton Consumption Hospital. This is indeed making the real the ugly, and we don't want it.

Templeton. But why should the Diogenes of the drama have a side kick at *The Prude's Progress*, that charming and refreshing little comedy, which he owns he has not seen, but suggests is of the sickly sentimental order. That is not quite fair, is it?

Lynx. My dear fellow, how blind you are! The play has been praised in "Clementine Telegraphese," and that was quite enough for the side supporter of the "varying compound of beauty and ugliness," and the cold, fish-like, and bloodless realists who have never got the ear of the public and never will.

Templeton. But surely any critic would be deliberately wrong who talked of the "falsifying spectacles which make existence all *couleur de rose*." I do not remember that Robertson, or Byron, or Albery, or Carton ever did anything of the kind.

Lynx. Of course they did not, but even philosophers sometimes ignore facts. Old Eccles, in *Caste*, was a fairish specimen of a drunken, old, unprincipled scoundrel. Krux, in *School*, was as venomous as a black toad. Byron's Chevenix in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, so admirably played by Irving, was a villain from head to heels. Albery's Digby Grant had not much prettiness or sentimentality about him, and if we come to the malignant *Prude's Progress*, I don't myself think that Ben Dixon, liar, hypocrite, thief, company promoter, and bigamist, is quite the man for a small tea-party. What these silly people jeer at as commonplace is mere nature and humanity. But to tell the truth, the want of nature exhibited by the "anæmic schoool" of dramatists is getting as tedious and commonplace as poor old Nature herself.

Wiseman. I am a man of the world, and speak as a man of the world, and I am not ashamed to confess that *The Prude's Progress* delighted me immensely, and it gave a pleasant evening also to the dear good woman who accompanied me to the theatre. But, mark you, I do not want to interfere with the amusement of others. If there are men in the world who, having seen Hamlet played by some of the finest actors, can sit out the evangelical performance at the Haymarket; and who, having seen the best Camilles of our time, can mention Duse in the same breath with them—by all means let them go and enjoy themselves. But if they like their unimaginative and uninspired dreariness, why should they want to take away from me what they impertinently sneer at as "commonplace," because they have not imaginations to picture it, or hearts to feel it? I thank thee for that happy phrase, Mr. Lynx—The Anæmic School. That exactly hits it off. They want some healthy blood and iron—these limp rags.

Templeton. But the public is not with them.

Lynx. And never will be. The public likes what Mr. Courtney sneers at as the *couleur de rose* view of existence. They like to believe that life is better and sweeter than it seems to be. I will give you an instance—familiar, trite, and true. When I go to Church—I have done such things—it rubs me up the wrong way

when some parson howls and bellows at me and condemns me to the lowest pit of perdition. All silly young parsons do that. These diatribes drive me out of the church. But when a clergyman tells me of hope and grace and trust and faith, and so on—well, then I am comforted and I feel the sermon has done me good. It is the same at the play. The new school makes me positively wretched; the old school makes me inclined, in the words of an old writer, to "Thank God and take courage."

Templeton. Do you think that the authors of *The Prude's Progress* were right or wrong not to appear when they were called after their successful first night?

Wiseman. Perfectly right — absolutely right. A call at the theatre has become a farce and an absurdity. No self-respecting man will subject himself to the insult of being called in order to be hissed, and no one knows what will happen when a call is raised at the end of a play. When audiences refuse to call an author in order to "guy" him, as they did in the case of a distinguished author like Henry James, then a call will be what it was once, a distinguished compliment. It is a compliment no longer. What with speeches, and booings, and cigarette smoking, and impertinences all round, the scandal has spread so far that authors who respect themselves stay away from a first night altogether.

Templeton. Then, how, when and where should the compliment, if obviously sincere, be acknowledged?

Wiseman. Anywhere but on the stage. For choice from a private box. But no speeches—for heaven's sake no speeches from an actor vulgar—from an author impudent.

Lynx. I think you are right. The good old pit and gods made a fatal mistake when they did not hiss off the stage the man who came on with a lighted cigarette and the man who said he had enjoyed his own play and that was quite enough for him. If an audience does not resent an impertinence it cannot expect to be treated deferentially on other occasions. When a call is a compliment no author will neglect to take it. But no one behind the stage can ever tell if it is a genuine or a false call.

The Great Western Railway announce their usual cheap excursion tickets to riverside stations. These tickets are issued every day, and at such prices that no one need complain of the expense of travelling.

The London and North-Western Railway evidently don't mean to be beaten by other lines in the matter of excursion trains. On Thursday and Friday they run cheap trains to various places of interest in Ireland. On Friday night tickets at cheap fares will be issued to Birkenhead, Chester, Hereford, Blackburn, Southport, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., and return tickets at single fares to towns in Scotland. The favourite holiday resorts of Wales are given a turn on Saturday, and on Whit Monday, cheap tickets will be issued to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, etc., available for return in one or four days. On Thursday. June 6th, a special train will be run to Manchester, for the races.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
EARL'S COURT.
OPENS THURSDAY, MAY 30TH.
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A Complete Transformation of the Earl's Court Grounds.
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THE GREAT WHEEL,
CARRYING 1,200 PEOPLE 300 FEET IN THE AIR.
OPENS THURSDAY, MAY 30TH.
OPENS THURSDAY, MAY 30TH.
Main Entrance, Warwick Road, S.W. (adjoining Earl's Court Station).

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—Oscar Wilde and Henry Irving were, by a curious and dramatic coincidence, the two people most talked about on the Queen's Birthday.

To each of them was given the opportunity of adorning their respective spheres in the theatrical universe. Our morning papers on Saturday announced that the long and honourable career of Henry Irving was crowned by the conspicuous honour of knighthood. In the "Extra Specials" of that night we read that Oscar Wilde had been condemned to pass two years in hard labour for having committed certain offences which came within the provisions of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

For myself, I turned into the Lyceum for half an hour, just to listen, when the performance was actually stopped by the great shout of congratulation that welcomed the first entrance of "Sir Henry." Yet, through all those cheers I seemed to hear the dull rumble of the prison van in which Oscar Wilde made his last exit—to Holloway. While the great actor-manager stood in the plenitude of position bowing, and bowing again, to countless friends and admirers, again there rose before my eyes the last ghastly scene at the Old Bailey—I heard the voice of the foreman in its low but steady answer, "Guilty," "Guilty," "Guilty," as count after count was rehearsed by the clerk—I heard again that last awful admonition from the judge. I remembered how there had flitted through my mind the recollection of a night at the St. James's, the cigarette, and the green carnation, as the prisoner, broken, beaten, tottering, tried to steady himself against the dock rail and asked in a strange, dry, ghost-like voice if he might address the judge. Then came the volley of hisses, the prison warders, the rapid break-up of the Court, the hurry into the blinding sunshine outside, where some half-score garishly dressed, loose women of the town danced on the pavement a kind of carmagnole of rejoicing at the verdict. "He'll 'ave 'is 'air cut regglar *now*," says one of them; and the others laughed stridently. I came away. I did not laugh, for the matter is much too serious for laughter.

The more I think about the case of Oscar Wilde, my dear Dick, the more astounding does the whole thing seem to me. So far as the man himself is concerned, it would be charitable to assume that he is not quite sane. Without considering—for the moment—the moral aspect of the matter, here was a man who must have known that the commission of certain acts constituted in the eye of the Law a criminal offence. But no thought of wife or children, no regard, to put it selfishly, for his own brilliant prospects, could induce him to curb a depraved appetite which led him—a gentleman and a scholar—to consort with the vilest and most depraved scum of the town. Knowing, then, the sort of life he led, knowing the character of his companions, how could he feel surprise when the Marquis of Queensberry objected to his acquaintance with Lord Alfred Douglas? The most ordinary precaution for his own safety should have prompted him to do what the noble Marquis wanted, and drop his beloved "Bosey." Instead of this, he went flaring and flaunting about with that silly young man, until his father came to hear of the goings on at the Savoy Hotel, where the management had very plainly hinted to Lord Alfred that he was no longer a desirable patron.

Lord Queensberry then set out on a definite crusade. On the first night of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, George Alexander, fearing a public scandal, exerted his utmost endeavours to keep Lord Queensberry out of his theatre. And he succeeded. Had he not done so Lord Queensberry intended, when Oscar Wilde took his "call," to get on to the stage and thrash him there and then,

afterwards explaining to the audience his motive. Failing this he left the now celebrated card at the Albemarle Club. I have every reason to believe that he did not through any deliberate forethought select the precise wording of the phrase he wrote on that card. Yet undoubtedly his accidental choice of the word "pose" was Oscar Wilde's undoing. All he had to prove when indicted for libel was—not that Wilde "was" undesirable, but that he "posed as" being undesirable. Now, even at this stage of the proceedings, had Wilde done nothing it is probable that he would have only had to fear a personal encounter with the Marquis. Sooner or later his head would have been punched. That was certain. But the evil day, with a little care, could have been indefinitely postponed. Knowing, however, the kind of life that Wilde led, and knowing that "posing" was all the Marquis had to prove, it was little short of insanity on Wilde's part to bring his first action. The collapse of his case was inevitable. On the advice of so eminent a lawyer as Sir Edward Clarke he had to consent to a verdict which in effect was an official confirmation of Lord Queensberry's assertion. Such a verdict meant social damnation. On the night before that verdict was given, when the end was perfectly clear, Wilde could have bolted, but he didn't. Next day he was arrested. He was tried, and the jury disagreed.

At this time a curious development occurred. In many quarters a sort of sympathy arose for Wilde. It was felt that he had committed social suicide. He was no longer possible. He could not be admitted into decent houses. Respectable managers could not produce his plays. His name would be a bar to the publication of a book or article. No useful purpose would be served by insisting on the penalty of imprisonment. It was known that when he came out on bail he was refused admission at two hotels; he dared not show himself in the streets. He was broken in health. He slept hardly at all. He passed the nights pacing restlessly about his room, nervously drinking tumbler after tumbler of water—on one occasion emptying the contents of his washing jug. He had undergone the nervous agony of two trials. Had he fled the country and got safely away, many people would have been glad.

Then came a new wave of feeling due to causes I have already called your attention to. During the first two trials and the Police-court proceedings, there seemed to prevail amongst advocates and authorities alike one great conspiracy of silence. Names were mysteriously written on paper, read by judges, handed to juries, muttered about, but never spoken.

Everyone said, "No names must be mentioned." And what was the consequence? People began to ask why there was all this mystery. What was being hidden? Surely all this fuss must be about something important? Then scandal started, and the most disgraceful and discreditable rumours were circulated; nobody was spared. If illness or business took a man abroad, it was promptly said that he had fled from justice. It was hinted that the authorities were "afraid" to go on with the case for fear of the awful revelations that would follow. I do not know whether the authorities heard of these things. I do not know whether they were moved by them. But I do know that Wilde's last trial was conducted on new and different lines "If names are written down," said the Judge, "I will read them out." "Quite so," said Sir Frank Lockwood, "that is what I particularly desire. Let us have no secrecy." Taylor, concerning whom the most extraordinary rumours were current, was put into the box and invited to tell all he knew. He wriggled and tried to keep up the "write it down" mystery, but it was of no avail. The Judge insisted on his speaking out; when, behold! the awful and dreaded revelation amounted absolutely to nothing. So far as Wilde was affected, however, the mischief had been done. Sir Frank Lockwood seemed to be saying, "We will show you whether we are afraid to go to the bitter end with this.' He fought like a tiger. He out-generalled Sir Edward Clarke at every turn, and now Oscar Wilde is condemned to a punishment which is regarded as the limit that human nature can endure.

I said that the consideration of this case astounds me. I repeat that it does. It is admitted that Wilde consorted with a gang of the filthiest beasts and vilest blackmailers that London can produce. The conviction of one of them, Taylor, was apparently effected with the utmost ease. Why, then, were the others at large? Why have not these predatory brutes not been hunted out of the fœtid lairs before? Why have we had to wait for the fortuitous action of the Marquis of Queensberry, when we have got a highly paid police?

BECAUSE OF SECRECY.

That is the trouble. I sincerely hope that the authorities now see how fatally mistaken is the policy of treating these offences entirely apart from ordinary crimes. I admit that, as doctors tell us, some children are born with unfortunate instincts. I know that bad habits are acquired at school and college. I know that in after life the weed of evil, if unchecked, will grow until it stifles and chokes all the natural good in a man's life. But Society owes certain duties to itself. Some men are born kleptomaniacs, but still we punish the thief. Some men are born with homicidal inclinations, but still we hang the murderer. I do not ask for a red-hot iron wherewith to burn out a neglected cancer. But I do say this. I know, the police authorities know, to what a vast and terrible extent the horror in our midst has spread of recent years. Let the police boldly make one clean sweep of the panders and procurers, the tempters and blackmailers—they could almost do it in a single night. Then let our public school head masters consider whether some different method cannot be adopted with our boys—whether more candour, serious plain speaking, and less foolish secrecy will not be better for the rising generation. Finally, is it not time that our social leaders grasped the nettle as well, and excluded from their houses altogether the effeminate and emasculated youths, who by their every word and gesture justify the assumption that, like their lost leader, they delight in "posing as" creatures whom no decent man would care to touch with a barge-pole? Have not they, with their simperings and silliness, their impertinence and affectation, their mincing manners and performing-dog-like accomplishments, been tolerated long enough? Need there be any more secrecy? Need we hesitate any longer, in private or in public, to tell them what we think of them? I cannot help thinking that the thing could and should be done. In society, husbands should mildly but firmly insist on revising the visiting lists of their wives. In less exalted spheres we all of us should set our faces against the manner and pretence that make for unrighteousness. There need be no mistake about it. Men—that is, real, live, clean, and decent men—know exactly what I mean.

I shall, of course, await with curiosity any promulgation that the "Queensberry Association" may desire to make, but meantime I hold that the question of the hour is not so much for leagues and associations as for the individual. Our duty is very simple and very clear. Let each one go straight forward and do it, rigorously refusing to have any truck with the "unclean thing," neither persecuting nor palliating, neither terrorising nor tolerating, but only insisting, in season and out, that there must be no more tampering with classically glorified dirtiness. A man must behave as a man. He can call himself a New Hedonist, or a Decadent Poet, or a Blithering Idiot, or anything else he likes, but directly, in word or deed, he commences to "pose" after the manner of the Eliminated One, the sooner he is taken in street or theatre and soundly kicked the better it will be for the English nation and the whole human race.—Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

IN THE CITY.

THE STAMP DISTRIBUTION (PARENT) COMPANY.

Last week we promised to refer at length to the record of this Company, but we find that its affairs are now before the Board of Trade, and that certain action is likely to be taken by that Department. Under these circumstance we think it right to postpone the publication we had in view until this action has been taken and completed.

SOLICITORS AND COMPANIES.

We refer elsewhere to the Triumph (Huraki) Gold Mines, Limited, and it will be seen that in our opinion the public would be very foolish to pay the price asked, £70,000, for this mining lease of thirty-four acres upon which little or no development work has been done. But it may be, of course, that our view will not be justified by events, that the public will subscribe the issue, and that they will see their money back. Be that, however, as it may, the action of the solicitors of the company, Messrs. Greville and White, in sending out letters of the kind we give below is objectionable. This letter was sent to a gentleman who has never had any dealings with Messrs. Greville and White, and it must therefore be presumed that they have not confined their recommendations to their own clients. Here is the letter :—

60, Haymarket, London, S.W.,
25th May, 1895.

Dear Sir,—We send herewith a prospectus of the Triumph Gold Mine, New Zealand, which we can confidently recommend to your notice as being one of the best investments we have had to offer for some time. The shares of most of the New Zealand Companies are at a premium, and we have every reason to believe that this is, at least, as good as any of the others.—Yours truly, Greville and White.

The enclosure was a prospectus of the company. We do not know the general character of the investments Messrs. Greville and White have to offer, but if Triumph shares "are, at least as good as any others," all we can say is that their list is not a taking one. But apart from that, touting for buyers is hardly, the kind of thing to be desired from solicitors, even though they act for the company whose shares they recommend.

TWO MINES.

In our issue of April 20th, we referred to the intention to bring out a company—the Simmer and Jack Deep, Limited—to buy and work some 143 mining claims in the neighbourhood of the Simmer and Jack, and we warned our readers to have nothing to do with it. The company is now before the public, and we repeat our warning. It is a most impudent flotation, carrying with it no single recommendation. The land cannot be worked at a profit. It has been tried again and again to work the Kimberley series of reefs, without success. This very ground has been worked before unsuccessfully. It may be that in years to come, when mining and milling can be done on the Rand for about ten shillings per ton, it will be found possible to work parts of the Kimberley series at a profit, but that is not now. The vendor of the Simmer and Jack Deep, Limited, is one Alfred Goldberg, of Johannesburg, now in London, and those he has sold the property to have the courage —a harsher word would be more appropriate—to ask £110,000 for these claims, of which they stipulate that £29,650 shall be in cash, "and as to the balance in cash or fully-paid shares, at the option of the directors." That is to say, if the public will only bite, the vendors will take their £110,000 in cash. We strongly advise our readers not to subscribe one penny piece of this money.

It is pleasant to turn from a company that is all it should not be to one that has also appeared this week, and starts under the fairest auspices. The Orion Belt, Limited, is a company formed to take over and work 406 claims immediately adjoining the property of the Orion. There is good reason to believe that the reefs which have been worked by the Orion, the Minerva, and the Meyer Leeb will be found on this ground. It has been reported upon very favourably by the managers of two of the dividend-paying companies on the Black Reef series, namely, the New Orion and the Meyer Leeb, and they believe it to have the dip of these two companies at a very shallow depth. The vendors, confident in the value of the property, take everything in shares; the working capital is £50,000, with £25,000 in reserve; there is no public subscription; and the Board, including as it does Mr. W. H. Frith, of the Village Main Reef; Mr. Nixon, of the South African Gold Trust; and Mr. Lowry, of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa; with the vendor, Mr. Victor Wolff—than whom no man on the Rand stands higher for straight dealing—is one to conjure with. We may add that whilst Mr. Wolff sold the Pleiades—which almost adjoins the Orion Belt, to Mr. Barnato for £50,000 in cash—and experts say the property is cheap at the money—he refused to sell the Orion Belt claims for cash, preferring to take shares. There could not be better evidence of the belief of the vendor in the value of the property—and in this case the vendor is one of the shrewdest men in South Africa.

BOGUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

We print below a letter we have received from a correspondent who has had dealings with Mr. Gerald Radcliffe—the person who has threatened us with writs for libel because he objects to our saying that he is a swindler. It will repay perusal :—

In this week's publication you draw the attention of your readers to an advertisement which is now appearing in one of the London dailies, "A Boon to Small Investors." I was glad to see it, because I have had a little transaction with the gentleman mentioned in your article.

I saw a similar advertisement to the one now appearing last September in the same paper. The advertisement read differently, and another address was given, but the circulars which I received were from the same address as the one given in your paper.

I ignored the circulars for a time, but at last I am sorry to say I was one of the foolish ones.

Luckily for me the amount I sent was not a serious one to me, but it might have been otherwise.

I remitted £10, and for some weeks, at intervals, I received a cheque varying *in profit* (?) from 400 per cent. upwards.

The cheques were drawn on "The Cheque Bank," but they did not arrive every week as promised in the circulars.

The cheque was generally accompanied by a letter asking for a further investment; and one week the request was for £150, when *the gentleman* promised half the nett profits. I at any rate give myself the credit for not making any further remittances—and each time I wrote a polite letter saying I wished to watch his infallible system a little longer, and if found satisfactory I would invest further. Then after such a letter he would send me a little more *profit*. However, I received a letter one week to the effect that the week had been a loss. Would I help him to recover by sending further capital? I declined. Heard nothing for a month, when I wrote asking when I should receive further cheques. He replied he had with the help of his other clients recovered the loss, and when I paid my share "*we should proceed as before.*" Needless to add I sent nothing, but threatened him with legal proceedings unless he paid the balance due to me.

I received a letter by return, in which he said I could waste my money in taking proceedings. It would be useless, as he was simply acting as agent.

That was the last I heard of him—January last. I lost over £5.

The advertisement was in the same paper last week.

The rest is for the police—and the *Daily Chronicle.*

MR. BARNEY BARNATO, AS SKETCHED BY "SKETCH."

Readers of *Sketch* will have seen in that excellent journal a very entertaining account of the life and adventures of Mr. Barney Barnato. Some of those who know him must have rubbed their eyes as they read it, and one of them sends us a letter of protest. He thinks the sketch was "meant sarcastic." Perhaps it was, but if so the sarcasm will have escaped many, to whom the letter may be commended. Our correspondent writes :—

I cannot but think that the Barnato article in *Sketch* is sarcastically meant, and that it emanates from the same cruel pen which was responsible for an outline of B.'s career appearing in *Men and Women of the Day* about two years ago. The remark regarding the presumed relationship with the late Sir George Jessel is probably intended to convey an indirect sneer at Barnato's humble origin, whilst the statement about being "educated under private tutors," is a clear reflection upon his want of education.

Why don't *Sketch* out with it straight, and instead of telling us that Barnato "was intended for a commercial life upon which he entered at a comparatively early age," say at once that he helped his father to vend old clo'? The 27s. which he turned into millions were employed in other than legitimate channels for acquiring wealth.

It is really too bad a reflection upon his unsuccessful attempts to gain admittance into respectable company to say that "invitations to dinner and 'At Homes' are showered upon" him; and the insinuation that "in the palatial residence he has in view he will be a much-sought-after social lion," carries its jeer on the face of it. It is really too bad.

Well, yes, it is "really too bad." As for the relationship to Sir George Jessel, it reminds us of what that most learned judge used to say. He was, as many of our readers may remember, himself a man of very lowly origin, with connections in or about Petticoat Lane, and long before he became Master of the Rolls a host of his co-religionists, of whom he had never heard, claimed kinship. And he seldom denied the claim, but he used to say: "Yes; I know we are related. The only difference between your father and mine was that your father carried his pack on the left shoulder, and mine carried it on the right!"

SOME BOOKS.

We have to thank Messrs. Mathieson and Sons for a copy of "Kendill's African Market Manual for 1895" (C. Mathieson and Sons, 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C.), which gives, in handy form, very full particulars illustrative of all companies dealt in in the African market of the Stock Exchange. So far as we have been able to check it, the information given in the Manual, is accurate.

We have also to acknowledge "A Guide to Income Tax Law and Practice" (Manchester: The Income Tax Agency, 72,

Market Street), which deals with the law upon this subject as modified by the Finance Act of 1894. The author, Mr. Affleck, junior, is an Income Tax expert, and his present volume will be found to be of great use to many who need guidance on Income Tax matters.

NEW ISSUES.

The Imperial Marble Company, Limited. Capital £120,000. Present issue £100,000.—This company has been formed to work certain patents for the production of what may be called artificial marble. "About eighteen years ago," so runs the prospectus, "a marble mason, named Moreau, employed near Orleans, accidentally dropped some limestone into a sulphate solution with surprising results. Being an observant man, he repeated the experiment, and eventually succeeded in making marble in a few days, when Nature requires ages." And, of course, this observant mason sold his discovery, and the persons who bought it want the British public to buy it from them for the slight consideration of £80,000, of which, if only the British public is foolish enough to accept their invitation, £60,000 is to be in cash.

We search in vain through the prospectus for evidence that the company has any reasonable prospect of paying fair dividends upon its large capital, even assuming that a difficulty to which we shall refer presently is got over. "When a contemplated further outlay of about £6,000 has been completed, the directors feel confident that they will be able to manufacture and sell at considerably less than one-third the cost of the marble, and still make a profit of 100 per cent. on cost of manufacture." Well, that sounds very nice; but we should like something better than the opinion of directors who may or may not know much about the matter. But apart from that, we have reason to believe that the validity of the patent the company wants to sell for £80,000 is contested by the holder of another and earlier patent, which it is said to infringe. What do the directors say to that? Are they in a position to assure us that their patent is valid? If not they accept a great responsibility in going to allotment.

The Triumph (Huraki) Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £100,000.—This is another concern our readers will do well to keep out of. The company is formed to acquire a lease of thirty four acres of land in New Zealand, situated somewhere near Coromandel harbour. There are various reports testifying more or less to the probable value of the property. Thus Mr. Patrick Barry has "no hesitation in saying that with a few thousand pounds judiciously spent this ground might be developed into one of the most valuable properties on these goldfields." Possibly, and possibly not. The other reports do not carry us much farther. The land may or may not be worth working for gold, but there is little or nothing to go upon as to that, and under such circumstances it seems to us preposterous for the vendor to ask £70,000 for this thirty-four-acre lease, of which half is to be in cash.

The Hainault Gold Mine, Limited. Capital, £70,000.—Formed to acquire and work a mining claim in the Hannan's Find District of Western Australia. Reports speak favourably of the property, and a good deal of development work has been done. A perpendicular shaft has been sunk on the foot wall of the main reef, showing a well-defined and strong body of quartz. The major portion of the purchase-money is to be paid in shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Murchison Gift Gold Shares. A. K. R. (Larkhall Rise).—Sell as soon as you can do so without loss. **British Aluminium Company.** TURNER (Dublin).—It is too soon as yet for any confident prediction as to the future of the company, but having applied for preference shares you have no option but to pay the call. Being, as you say, a man of "very limited means" it was not wise to apply for shares in a highly speculative undertaking carrying heavy liability. **South Londonderrys.** MINES. (Liskeard). These shares, with the others you mention, are very speculative, but you will probably find it to your advantage to hold for a time. **Johannesburg Consolidated Investment.** PHŒNIX (Settle).—We think these shares worth buying at 4⅞. We expect to see them higher. As to the Londonderrys it may be as well to hold. Probably they will get nearer par. It is a toss up. **Outside Brokers.** T. R. Y. (Kirkwall). 1. The outside brokers you name will treat you fairly. 2. You seem to have only a hazy notion of the meaning of the term "outside broker" when you ask if these persons are members of the Stock Exchange. Of course not. 3. The American Gold Bonds would be a fair security, but we should prefer a home investment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Francis Ingram. MAFEKING (Barking). — We have repeatedly warned our readers against being deluded into sending money to this man, by circulars which appear to you, as we fear they appear to many, "very genuine and enticing." Why not ask yourself whether it is likely that this person would solicit you for money if he had invented a system from which the "weekly profits" are "really enormous," and draw upon common sense for an answer? **New Great Money Lottery.** J. B. (Blackburn).—Have nothing to do with it. **Stamp Distribution (Parent) Company, Limited.** X. X. X. (Uxbridge).—You will see that we refer to this matter in another column. **British Steam Generator and Refuse Company.** EBOR (Saltaire).—We believe it is still in existence, but it is not in the dividend paying list. **Two Questions.** D. W. H. (Bury).—We are always pleased to answer questions, whether they come from annual subscribers or not, but you appear to be under the impression that your annual subscription gives you the right to ask numberless questions, and to be answered under cover. That is a mistake. Your letter giving your view about Ottoman Lottery Bonds was received. We do not recommend risking money in "Special Operations." **Meiter Syndicate.** CAULIFLOWER (Swindon).—We do not recommend you to risk more money in the Syndicate. **Mining News.** G. R. C. (Shipley).—You should take the *Financial Times* or *Financial News*, if you want daily information. **Cumming and Smith, Limited.** M. J. (Stirlingshire).—The error is not of consequence so far as the allotment letter is concerned. We do not know enough of the company to give an opinion as to the wisdom of your investment. **Two Mining Shares.** J. McD. (Perth).—We should hold both for the present. **Investment of £200.** ADA (Kettering). We cannot recommend investment with the people you name. **Roberts' Patent Pneumatic Billiard Cushion.** H. W. T. (Ben Rhydding).—It is impossible for us to say whether it will be a commercial success. **Canadian (Direct) Meat Company.** B. (Leicester).—We do not think matters are finally settled. Litigation is still going on to fix the liability of directors. It has been a miserable business.

COSTUMES FOR THE SEASON. The Harris Flax and Silk Cloth. Artistic and elegant. Drape beautifully. Write for pattern to J. Harris & Sons, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, London, or Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

THE other dye 'Ankin, gettin' whort yer might call a trifle warm in the course of a argyment, remawked that I were a rotten, 'opeless, fly-blown, 'eaven-forsiken Tory. Well, leaving' art the objectionble pawt of 'is langwidge, I dunno as 'e weren't speakin' the truth. I berlieves in mostly lettin' things be as they is. If that's bein' a Tory then I ham. As I says ter 'Ankin, I'd sooner be thet, nor a 'owling', busted gas-bag of a Reddicul, which, as yer mye sye, reg'lar 'ad 'im. I wasn't angshus ter push things any further myself; so fur it were jest friendly talk as between man and man, and no unpleasintness. But, 'arrever, I 'appened ter sye (which I seed in the pipers) thet the front o' Buckin'am Paliss wer ter 'ave a noo coat o' pynt this spring, and that furly set 'Ankin off. 'E began pawsin' 'is remawks on them as lives inside Buckin'am Paliss. Well, yer know whort 'Ankin is when 'e gits on the subjec' of the R'yal Fem'ly. Hoffensive's a pore word fur the wye as 'e kerries on. 'E went on until I told 'im ter drorp it. 'E wouldn't drorp it, and went on wuss than iver, so I jest took 'im and fired 'im art of thet bloomin' public halltergither. The lawst I seed of 'im was that 'e were goin' darn the street syin' as that kind o' thing weren't awgymunt. Very likely it ain't, but it *does* jest as well.

* * * *

Yes, it mye be Buckin'am Paliss or it mye be the 'umble cottidge, but wherever yer goes you're suttun ter find a spring-cleanin' some time or other. The clubs, I'm told, hall of 'em, 'as their spring cleanin's in the hortum, and then they all 'as ter turn art and be the guests of each other, though 'ow that's wukked is more nor I can sye. We've gort ar spring-cleanin' on nar. The fust I 'eard of it was when I come 'ome the other night, and farnd my supper put art in the beck-yawd, an' the kitching things in the bedroom, and the bedroom things comin' darn the steers promiscus-like. Ho, yes, when my ole missus tikes a thing in 'and she does it thorough and no mistike. Yer myen't enjy it—tikin' it halltergither I dunno as I *do* enjy it—but yer 'as ter admit thet it's done thorough. A reg'lar egs-awmple ter the street, I calls it. Why thur's some of 'em never 'as a spring cleanin' from one year's end to another. As fur the incornvenience of it, it's sutthink of a cornserlition ter think as they 'as ter suffer the sime wye at Buckin'am Paliss. Theer'll be the Ryal Fam'ly, I egspects, dodgin' under ladders fur ter git in at the front door, and thin, per'aps findin' of it blocked, and 'avin' ter go round by the beck throo the kitching. If my missus as it done thorough, you mye bet as they 'as it done thorough at Buckin'am Paliss. Well, they 'as my sympathies. I don't wornt ter compline, o' course, and I know as spring cleanin's is things as 'as ter be, but I dunno as yer myen't 'ave 'em a little bit too thorough. When yer cawnt find nutthink ter eat your supper with but one skewer and a bloomin' coal-shovel; well, it do set yer thinkin'. What yer wunts in regawd ter spring cleanin's is whort yer want in regawd tu ev'rything else—more joodishusness.

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ADVICE FREE. To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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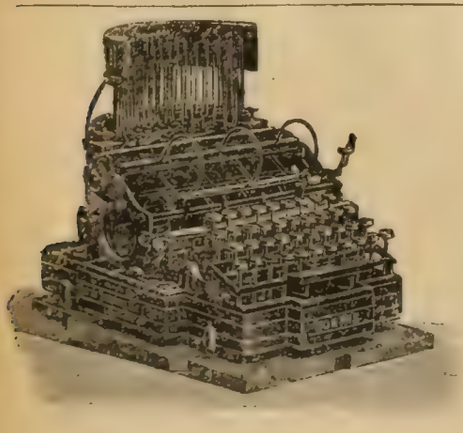

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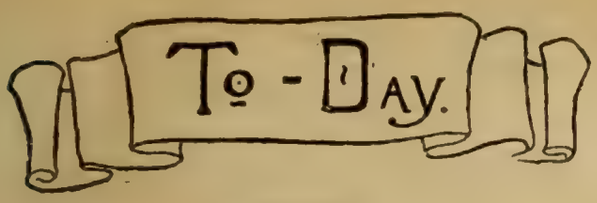

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
NOBODIES AT HOME. V. HUMBLE FELICITY. BY GEORGE GISSING. ILLUSTRATED BY L. BAUMER 97
ONE NON-TOBACCO ROOM 99
A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH. BY FRANK L. STANTON 99
A DERBY LOSER. A TALE OF TO-DAY IN THE EAST-END 100
THE ART OF DANCING. AN INTERVIEW WITH A PARISIAN DANSEUSE 101
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 103
FEMININE AFFAIRS 104
"THE DAILY TELEGRAPH" DRAMA 107
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 108
IN THE CITY 110
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 111
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 113
A DAINTY SHOP GIRL 116
NAPOLEON AND THE EXECUTIONER 116
CLUB CHATTER 117
THE RED COCKADE. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE 122
FLOATING HOMES IN CHINA. BY LAURA B. STARR 124

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

EVERY father who wishes his lad to grow up into a man of character and courage ought to take him to the Agricultural Hall regularly every year to see the Military Tournament. The mere mimicry of warfare stirs into life all the nobler instincts of which man is capable. We are a fighting animal, we humans. It is strife that has moulded us from monkeys into men. It is only in strife that we shall develop those further qualities necessary to advance the race to its ultimate destination. With a long-continued peace come sloth and idleness and cowardice. We grow to think only of luxury, of the filling of our bellies, of the tickling of our vicious senses. The clever trickster, the plausible cheat, the oily humbug rise to the top when the waters of national life are stagnant. It is only in the storm and stress of troubled days that the men of weight and character are dragged up from the deep to become the representatives of the nation.

EVERY people has evolved and developed in war, and has rotted in the slough of luxurious peace. To talk about peace being the ultima thule of the human race is idle. Virility can only thrive on combat. To fight something is the end and aim of man. We endeavour to appease this fighting appetite in times of peace by politics; but social warfare only brings out the baser side of nature, for it makes no demand on heroism, self-devotion, and staunchness. It calls merely for smartness and chicanery, and its rewards are not to the strong, but to the pliable. One has only to glance at nature as it lies around us to perceive the laws on which the world has been fashioned to run. A daisy cannot grow up in a field without fighting for its existence, and overcoming and destroying some vegetable rival. In the very blood that flows in our veins a perpetual warfare is enduring between the powers of life and death.

A NATION that lies too long in the lap of peace loses its manhood. Its ideals disappear; its virtue—which in old days meant simply vigour, though now the word has come to mean almost exactly the opposite—becomes sunk in mere apathy. If one needed examples of what is brought about by the dying-out of the warlike spirit of a nation, one has only to think of ancient Rome, as one travels through modern Italy; to read of the rise of the Greek republics while one does business with a modern Greek financier. The Peace Society is under the impression, I know, that it is engaged upon a noble work. As a matter of fact it is merely fighting on behalf of the slothful and the selfish.

I HAVE now before me, through the courtesy of a correspondent, a full account of the charge of cruelty brought against Mr. Algernon Brinsley Sheridan, aged eighteen, son of Mr. Algernon Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court. On the evening of April 8th, about five o'clock, the defendant rode a horse, a black gelding, into the New Inn, Cerne. The horse had been over-ridden in the hunting-field, and was suffering severely. The ostler told Sheridan that the horse was quite unfit to do any more work, and suggested his leaving it at the inn for the night. A carriage was offered to Mr. Sheridan to take him home at a cost of seven shillings. Sheridan thought that seven shillings was too much, and said that he would ride the horse home if he killed it. Sheridan mounted the horse and rode it for another five or six miles. Within a few miles of Frampton Court he could get it to go no further. He tied it to a hedge, and, going to a neighbouring cottage, got a man named House to lead the animal while he flogged it from behind. It fell down and died in the ditch.

SUBSEQUENTLY, Sheridan said, "I'm not sorry that the brute is dead, for I always hated it." In court the father, Algernon Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, defended his son's conduct, and explained his own attitude towards horseflesh. The magistrates, in passing sentence, said that it was a case of gross cruelty. Colonel Steward, addressing the defendant, said, "You have brought disgrace on yourself, on the noble fox-hunting profession, and on the distinguished family you belong to." I have no feeling as regards young Mr. Sheridan personally, but it is just as well to let hunting men know what is thought of such horrible blackguardism—not by sentimentalists, but by plain men. Mr. Algernon Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorsetshire, is a hound (I apologise to the dog family for using the word; I am employing it merely in its literary sense) who ought to be whipped at the cart-tail from one end of the county to the other; and if society in Dorsetshire is not a collection of cold-blooded cads, there is not a man or woman to whom his face is known who will not cross the road before passing him by.

LORD SALISBURY, in his speech at Bradford the other day, gave some sensible advice to the teetotal party. The English nation, Lord Salisbury remarked, and truly remarked, "was slowly and steadily advancing towards the goal of temperance. But," said his lordship, "if in each parish there should be formed a party of prohibition and a party of freedom, they would strike a blow at what ought to be the greatest blessing that a nation or a man could possess, namely, liberty, and they (the temperance party) would also have enlisted against them that enthusiasm for freedom for which men have suffered so much." We, who are fighting against teetotal tyranny, are not fighting for the cause of drunkenness, or even of drinking; we are simply

fighting for freedom—for freedom for a man to live his own life, to be answerable for his conscience to no other living man.

I, for one, would fight as vigorously against any party who might attempt to forbid tea drinking or water drinking, and who sought to insist that men should drink beer when they did not want it. I have said over and over again, and I firmly believe it, that the teetotal fanatics are the greatest hindrance to the cause of temperance that the cunning father of evil could have ever enlisted to fight his battles. So long as the teetotal party insists on making the cause of the drunkard the cause of freedom they will range on the side of the drunkard every human being who has any love of freedom. In their idiotic crusade they are throwing themselves against the strongest phalanx they could possibly have ranged against them—the love of liberty—and they will be defeated. So long as it is a question of freedom or tyranny I am prepared to fight side by side with the drunkard, to fight for him and with him. England was a great nation when she was a drunken nation, and a drunkard can be a man. But a nation held in bondage to a voting machine is a nation of slaves, and a man who would allow his life to be regulated by his neighbour is no man at all.

The Oscar Wilde case is discussed at some length by my friend Randolph, and so I will say little about it here. A brilliantly clever if not a great man has disappeared from our midst, and what is chiefly to be feared is that the manner of his going may prove an injury to literature. I dread the reaction that may undo some of the good work accomplished of late years by fearless and outspoken writers. The public is always apt to act a little blindly, and the Press generally encourages it to do so. Already we are talking as if Oscar Wilde and art were one and the same thing. There will be no proper understanding of the world until we acknowledge the fact that every man is simply a conglomeration of divergent components. Had George Stephenson been the vilest of creatures that ever lived the steam engine would still have been a benefit to humanity, and any future discovery to the effect that Galileo was not a moral man will never alter the fact that he was correct as to the movements of the earth. No student of human nature needs to be told how quite apart a man often stands from his labours. Nero could play symphonies upon the violin full of feeling and tenderness, and our sentimental friend Sterne, who cried in print over the death of his donkey, could, when he liked, be extremely hard to his own flesh and blood. Character and intellect are by no means dependent upon one another. It is much nicer to find genius associated with a gentleman, but history teaches us that it can often exist in the body of a blackguard.

It is a subtle thing—this human nature. The Creator does not draw his puppets with the clean-cut finish of an Adelphi dramatist. The villain and the hero, the high-souled gentleman and the low-minded beast, dwell together within the bones of every living man. According to the balance of their position so the man appears to his neighbours. Whichever side of himself he allows the greatest license to will grow to be the predominating partner. In the late Robert Louis Stevenson's wonderful picture, Hyde was at first unnoticed by Dr. Jekyll's companions, hidden as he was behind the respectable and more ample exterior of the doctor. I very much fear there is a Hyde—two or three Hydes—hidden away in most of us. The lesson that a man like Wilde teaches us is to keep them in subjection, to crush down, as Tennyson advised us, "the ape and the tiger" that we can never quite get rid of. The evil that is in us resembles the genii in the "Arabian Nights." It can be bottled up into a small compass, and then it will interfere with us but very slightly, but once, from carelessness or over-indulgence, let the cover off a little, and we are face to face with a monster before whom we are powerless. It is the old, old lesson of self-control, without which every man is a pitiable slave to his own devils.

Meanwhile, the questions of art and literature had better be left out of the case. There are criminals among artists, there are criminals among priests. To blame any school of art for the production of an Oscar Wilde would be like blaming Christianity for the horrors of a fourteenth century nunnery, or tracing the cruelties of the Inquisition to the teachings of the New Testament. Nothing that a man professes shall ever save him or injure him. A man stands or falls, lives or dies, individually. To blame art for the crime of an artist is in keeping with the teaching of the day, which seeks to remove all responsibility from mankind and to place their souls into the keeping of a Parliament. It is the man Wilde, not art, that has sent a criminal to his punishment, and his downfall casts no slur upon the art to which he was a useful servant. Art offers no excuse for conduct, and conduct cannot condemn art. The two things are as wide apart as a man's body and a man's soul.

There are no new peers in the list of Birthday Honours. Lord Rosebery could not consistently advise the creation of peers except for the express purpose of getting a majority in the House of Lords to vote for its own abolition as a legislative assembly. And there are many reasons—some of which may suggest themselves to the cynically-minded—why this should be inadvisable or impossible. But, on the other hand, knighthoods have been conferred generously. Mr. Henry Irving is Sir Henry Irving. Even literature, the long-neglected, is doubtlessly intended to receive some honour from the knighthood of Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Lewis Morris. There must be joy at No. 4, Portugal Street, to-day, just as there must be a certain amount of criticism from those people who think that the same honours would have better suited themselves or their personal friends.

It is the custom of some of the superior critics to sneer at the work of Mr. Walter Besant; it is always so much easier to sneer at the work of others than to do any work for one's self. However, I am not concerned to defend Mr. Besant's novels, and his publishers would probably tell me that any defence would be superfluous. His claim to honour is reinforced by his connection with the Authors' Society. I doubt if any author has done more for his fellows, or received less thanks or more malicious cavilling in consequence. Of Mr. Lewis Morris I may say that it is much more satisfactory that he should receive a knighthood than that he should ever receive the Laureatship. For the

latter, it would not be hard to name several who are better fitted; but knighthoods are many, and even the paragraphists should not grudge one to a man who has so often given them their opportunity.

If Mr. Henry Irving had been nothing more than an actor, cynicism might have had its say. The apotheosis the actor has followed closely on a very different treatment of him. One need not go very far back to find a period when the actor and the piano-player would have had to do without the social success that they now enjoy. But Mr. Henry Irving has been more than a great actor. He has done more than any man to familiarise the public with the work of that great poet whom we all admire so strenuously, and read so seldom. His services to the English stage have been long, varied, and notable and he thoroughly deserves the honour he has received.

I noticed the other day, in a fashion article, that some ladies now arrange the colours of their dresses specially with a view to walking out in pairs. The dress of one woman is to be part of a colour scheme which is completed by the dress of another woman. The two together are to be a perfect symphony of colour, making our dull and sordid thoroughfares brighter and more artistically pleasing. It is a delightful idea. It is pretty. It is poetical. If it were not for one reason I think it would be welcomed with acclamations by all women who take their clothes with a proper womanly seriousness. But there is that one reason, and it spoils all. I fear that the arrangement is not practical—partly because of human nature, and partly because of the conditions of the traffic in such a dull and sordid thoroughfare as Bond Street or Piccadilly.

Suppose that Hildegarde and Gwendolen agree to make a pair; each has her dress designed so as to gain in beauty by the contiguity of the dress of the other. Each without the other is incomplete. To create the proper effect the two must be as inseparable as Siamese twins. If Hildegarde has a cold, Gwendolen must stay indoors for it or appear ineffectually. If Gwendolen wishes to stop at her jeweller's, Hildegarde is compelled to come into the shop, too, though—by reason of accounts rendered—that jeweller may be the very last person she wishes to meet. Such a state of things must produce great mutual irritation. The arrangement may have been intended at the commencement to further cement their beautiful and faithful friendship, but the result will be that that friendship will be finally dissolved in a strong solution of tears. And two good dresses will be wasted.

Then again there is the trouble with the traffic. In the victoria the two are safe, but if they venture to walk the chances of the traffic are certain to separate them. Two women never cross a road together. Each selects the moment when she thinks the adventure will be safest, and they never agree as to which that moment is. Consequently, the eye of the passer-by will be offended by seeing one portion of a colour-symphony on the pavement and the other portion dodging the Putney 'bus in the middle of the road, or involving itself in some horrible colour-discords on the other side of the street. No, the notion must be given up. It is eminently artistic; it gives the lie to those ignorant males who say that women care much more that their dresses shall be fashionable than that they shall be pretty; but, like many other pretty notions, it does not happen to be practical.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Woman Student tells me that sensual thoughts never enter her mind when looking at the nude in art, and that she is sure that this is the case with most healthy girls. I have chiefly found that it is the diseased man who is prudish in these matters. Our sisters, wives, and mothers, about whom we all pretend to be so very anxious, are generally, thank God, clean-minded enough to see no evil where evil does not exist.

W. H. C. and many other correspondents draw my attention to the very vigorous attack made upon Liverpool stockbrokers by a Mr. Collin. According to Mr. Collin half the Liverpool stockbrokers are killing themselves with drink. But this is the usual twaddle talked by the teetotal lecturer.

Alpha (Edinburgh).—Compressed paper, such as is used for machinery, can be obtained from Messrs. John Brown and Co., Limited, Atlas Works, Sheffield, or Messrs. Warwick, Isaacs, and Co., Wraysbury, near Staines.

H. O. (St. Helens).—People who want nastiness will always be able to get it in this world, and people with no particular craving for it can very easily avoid it. I am no believer in the principle of removing temptation out of everybody's way. Temptation is one of the most necessary ingredients of human life.

H. L. O.—I surmise from your letter that you must be an office-boy at the address you give. If so, there is hope that with an occasional good kicking you may grow up into a decent man, but do not waste your time and your master's paper by writing silly letters to busy men.

Disgusted tells me that the young man, Keene, who was lately convicted at Liverpool of dishonesty towards his employer, Mr. Jones, only received £60 per annum, without board, after five years' service.

Hodic (Leeds) who wishes me to stand for South Leeds, and who promises me a hundred active workers, which flattering proposal I must for the present decline, calls my attention to the manner in which police evidence is manufactured in his town. A good many chief constables throughout England seem to be of the opinion that their special duty is to guard the morals and behaviour of the individual citizen, and they waste time in seeking to improve human nature, a good deal of which might be much better employed in preventing and detecting crime.

M. D. (Glasgow).—We cannot reply on legal matters to non-subscribers.

W. F. R.—I cannot advise you in the case; write to the paper again.

Senex.—You will find a good deal about Jamaica in "In Sugar-Cane Land." (Maclure and Co.)

Co. Wicklow J.P. informs me that magistrates cannot imprison for cruelty to animals, in which case I must certainly apologise to the Dorsetshire magistrates for my comments. It is horrible to think that a man of money can torture a dumb animal without any practical punishment whatever. It is time the law upon the subject was altered.

Daura.—It would need a very broad-minded Methodist parson to tolerate the appearance of ballet girls in his choir, and I fear that human nature has not reached that stage up to the present.

A. G. draws my attention to the case of a Kingston J.P., fined ten shillings for assaulting his servant girl, and giving her a black eye, but my correspondent does not send me sufficient particulars to enable me to form any judgment upon the matter.

C. W. K.—Glad you so appreciate our Spring Number. I think you will find us fairly well represented on the railway bookstalls.

S. R. C. suggests that public-houses should be built on the continental plan, quite open to the street, with glass screens in the winter. He thinks this would diminish drunkenness. Possibly it might, and the houses would certainly be much better and pleasanter places.

D. C. W.—The extract appeared to be useful and proper for insertion. I happen to know that the author of the pamphlet was alluding to the New Woman. Leicester.—The article is evidently an advertisement. The same argument might be brought against the announcements of nearly every patent medicine. E. B. A.—I thank you for your kind letter, but in what way are Mr. Alden, Mr. Zangwill, and myself cruel to women?

T. G. D.—Write to the Secretary, the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. Correspondents cannot be answered through the post.

R. J. R.—You will never learn to paint the horse in any art school in the world. Go and look at all the horses you can, then go home and try and draw them from memory. You will find big gaps, but look out next time for the lines you missed before. Study instantaneous and other photos of horses. Draw horses when they are standing in carts and in fields. Train your mind to see horses in your own way, and if you have anything in you it will come.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

A DAINTY SHOP GIRL.

A Chat with Miss Lillie Bellmore.

The lines of an interviewer are not always cast in pleasant places, but there are brilliant exceptions to every rule, and I have seldom spent a more pleasant hour, writes a representative of To-Day, than that passed, I suppose I ought to say on board, the delightful Staines house-boat which rejoices in the appropriate name of *The Shop Girl.*

All those happy people who spend their week-end "up the river," are familiar with Miss Lillie Bellmore's river dwelling. Bright with geraniums and marguerites, inside and out, *The Shop Girl* forms a charming background to the graceful figures of its present occupants, the young lady known at the Gaiety as "Miss Ada Smith," and her guest, Miss Katie Seymour, whose Japanese dance has been one of the greatest successes of the year in the world of burlesque.

"Yes, we come down here every night, after the play is over, and you can't think how delightful it is to wake up in the pure country air, with the Thames, instead of a London street, flowing silently past our windows. Of course, there are drawbacks to everything. The other night it was pouring with rain, and we had to cross the river in pitch darkness, but that sort of thing is, after all, a mere trifle compared with the infinite gain in other ways.

"I only wish I could persuade many of my friends to follow my example," she added. "You know that actresses lead a very tiring life; and besides that it is difficult in town to refuse invitations without seeming ungracious; and so, little by little, rest, in the real sense of the word, becomes impossible to those who live in London."

"No one can know better than yourself the conditions of theatrical life, for I believe you come from a family well-known in 'the profession'?" I observed.

"Yes, most people, I fancy, know the name of Mr. George Bellmore, of the Lyceum, and all old playgoers remember his taking the part of Grandfather in *Little Nell.*"

"And when and how did you make your *début?*"

"When I was fourteen at the Princess's Theatre, and I consider that I owe a great deal of my later success to the fact that I was trained by Mr. Wilson Barrett. He was a splendid stage manager, in every sense of the word, and the classical pieces he produced, notably *Claudian*, taught those in his company the art of wearing classical dress and graceful movement—no light matter, I assure you. By the way, in those early days I acted at the Gaiety as one of the Dramatic Students; we performed a little comedy called *The Housekeeper*, and I took the part of Mrs. Hooley."

"I suppose you would like to see some kind of Conservatoire established in this country, with our leading actors and actresses as teachers?"

"On the whole, yes. I always feel that, however well we English members of 'the profession' act, our work lacks the kind of perfection always obtained by training. Scarcely anyone but would be better for a course of lessons in gesture from, say, Madame Cavallatzi."

"I suppose I need hardly ask you if you suffer from stage fright?" I enquired, glancing at the graceful figure, and noting the assured, self-possessed manner of my hostess.

"Indeed I do," she answered, "and to the most extraordinary extent. No one can tell what I go through on first nights, and *The Shop Girl* was no exception to the rule; but I never acted in a theatre I liked better than the Gaiety. Everything seems to go so well not only 'in front,' but also behind the footlights; we are quite a happy family."

"And are you a quick study?"

"Yes, especially if I like a part. I once played the *rôle* of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons* at twenty-four hours' notice, and I keep preciously the kind letter of congratulation and approval sent me on that occasion by the late Mrs. Nye-Chart, of Brighton."

"By the bye, Miss Bellmore, do you enjoy going on tour?"

"Well, it depends. I toured with *Niobe*, and years ago was with Wilson Barrett in America. But I am never really happy when I am away from home. I like living in the midst of my household gods; you know many people fancy that an actress likes a roving life; there is no greater mistake; few women realise so vividly the charms of home." And with these appropriate words still on her lips Miss Bellmore led the way into the cosy ship-shape little dining-room, from which could be caught glimpses of river, trees, and sky, bounded on one side by the pretty, picturesque town of Staines-on-Thames. M. A. B.

The List for Applications will open on Wednesday, the 29th May, 1895, and will close on or before Thursday, the 30th May, 1895.

A HIGHLY-DEVELOPED GOLD MINE.

THE HAINAULT GOLD MINE (Limited),
(Hannan's Find District, Western Australia), incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL £70,000,
In 70,000 Shares of £1 each,

Of which 30,000 will be allotted to the Vendors as fully paid in part payment of price of the Property; the balance of 40,000 being now offered for public subscription. Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 5s. on Allotment; 2s. 6d. one month after Allotment, and the balance in Calls as and when required.

£20,000 will be reserved for Working Capital.

DIRECTORS.

W. D. Gillies, Esq., 17, Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow, Director of Wilsons and Clyde Coal Company, Limited,
W. W. Slater, Esq., of J. Aitken and Co., Forth Street, Edinburgh.
} Directors of the Gold Discovery Company, Limited.
James Henry, Esq., of Mason and Henry, Dye Works, Tollcross, Glasgow.
Thomas Jenkins, Esq., Woodlands, Crosshill, Glasgow.
James Bell, Esq., J.P., Craiglockhart, Midlothian,
Alex. M'Phail Stewart, Esq., Merchant, 48, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

BANKERS.
Messrs. Brown, Janson and Company, 32, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

BROKER.
Hugh Gray, Esq., 59, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

SOLICITOR.
Wm. S. Baird, Esq., 131, Hope Street, Glasgow.

AUDITORS.
Messrs. Sloanes and Mitchell, C.A., 187, West George Street, Glasgow.

SECRETARY (pro tem.).
Robert Stewart.

OFFICES.
82, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and work the Gold Mining Claim, numbered 223, known as the Hainault Lease, in the Hannan's Find District of Western Australia, comprising an area of twenty acres or thereabouts.

This property is situated in the very heart of the field, and is surrounded by the following well-known properties:—

The Great Boulder Co.'s Property, whose crushings give 10 ozs. to the ton.
M'Leary's Lease, whose crushings gave 118 ozs. from picked stone.
The Lake View Mine, which continues to get good returns, the last return being 480 ozs. from 88 tons.
Perseverance, Ivanhoe, etc.

The property has been visited and reported upon by Mr. A. J. M'George, Mining Manager, and by Mr. Nath. Hawke, Mining Manager, and their full reports, together with various reports from the mine, are appended hereto.

Mr. M'George states that "the property has three rich quartz leaders running through it and one main reef, . . . A perpendicular shaft has been sunk on the foot wall of the main reef, showing a well-defined and strong body of quartz. As at present open this reef promises well, and as large quantities of battery stone can be raised and easily treated, it should prove very valuable."

Since that report was made a large amount of work has been done on the property, and important developments have taken place.

The shafts on the property number four and are down to 87 feet, 75 feet, and 40 feet.

Mr. Hawke states that "from the sinking of this shaft (No. 2) alone over 200 tons of splendid stone has been taken showing gold freely, and now lays at grass awaiting treatment, and I have no hesitation in saying it will give a return of from 8 to 10 ounces to the ton, with sufficient ore in sight to keep a 20-head battery running from the one place now opened."

The Vendors in this country, before purchasing the property, had an independent expert's report made by Mr. Hawke, who reported by cable as follows:—

"Hainault, Lease No. 223, 20 acres. The reefs in the property amount in number to three, one 12 feet in width at a depth of 75 feet. 200 tons have been raised, averaging 9 ounces per ton. Reef is a splendid one, and extends full length of property. Other reefs from 1 to 4 feet at a depth of 87 feet and 40 feet. I strongly recommend. Full report is sent by mail."

The purchase will include all ore at the surface and the gold resulting therefrom.

It is intended at once to purchase and erect a fully-equipped battery and other necessary plant to treat the rich ore at grass and being raised.

The following are results of assays made by the Ballarat School of Mines on ore taken from the Hainault property:—

21st November, 1894.

Report of treatment of two parcels of stone from Hainault Mine.
Private mark "From Leader." Yield from the parcels being at the rate of 553 ozs. 5 dwts. 2 grs. per ton.

Private mark "From Main Reef." Yield being at the rate of 12 ozs. 16 dwts. 23 grs. per ton.

23rd February, 1895.

Report of treatment of "Tailings" from Hainault Mine. Yield being at the rate of 6 ozs. 1 dwt. 16 grs. per ton.

1st March, 1895.

Report of treatment of "Seconds" from the Hainault Mine. Yield being at the rate of 17 ozs. 14 dwts. 11 grs. of gold per ton.

The Gold Discovery Company, Limited, who are the Promoters, and will pay all the expenses of the formation of this Company up to the first general allotment of shares, have fixed the price to be paid for the property at £50,000, payable as to £10,000 in cash, £30,000 in fully-paid shares in the Company, and the balance in cash or shares, at the option of the Directors, subject to the provision of sufficient working capital, for which 20,000 shares are reserved for subscription.

The following contracts have been entered into:—An Agreement dated 10th April, 1895, between The Berry Coolgardie Crushing and Mining Company, by Messrs. Millidge and Chauntler, their Attorneys, and The Gold Discovery Company, Limited; and an Agreement dated the 15th day of May, 1895, between the Gold Discovery Company, Limited, and James Williamson, as Trustee for the Company.

The only other contracts which have been entered into, and to none of which is the Company a party, relate to the guarantee and subscription of part of this Company's Capital, and applicants for shares will be deemed to waive all rights (if any) to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The above specified contracts, the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the reports of Messrs. A. J. M'George and Hawke, can be inspected at the Offices of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

If the number of shares applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus of the amount will be credited in reduction of the payment of allotments: and where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

22nd May, 1895.

CLUB CHATTER.

I think it was a little pity that the Press and the public were invited to Earl's Court on Monday for the opening ceremony. Nothing was ready, everything seemed far from completion. You had scaffolding where you expected cupolas, and carpenters where you wanted jugglers. But you could not get away from the fact that the exhibition at Earl's Court this year is far and away the greatest, the grandest, the most daringly original show that London has ever been treated to. It was a revelation in stagecraft. There are glorious lakes that seem to lose themselves amidst blue mountains and rock-hewn mosques, Indian villages, with the natives at sport and work, gorgeously bedecked camels and snorting elephants, and bazaars where you could spend a small fortune and never regret one penny.

Imre Kiralfy is a magician. With one touch he has turned the old place—mixture of Whiteley's and a weedy water carnival—into a gorgeous Eastern land. When you first entered the building you feared a repetition of previous years, for the first space was given over to patent desks, approved printing presses, and the usual array of stalls where handkerchiefs can be initialled and steel chains plated. Presto! You left the building and came upon a scene of bewildering beauty. A huge square covering many acres, with a magnificent lake in the centre, came upon your view. Palms waved in the light wind, and there was a glare of incessant white from halls, bridges and palaces. Boats lay lazily on the water, and everywhere the Hindoo darted in and out of the crowd in his many-coloured garments, giving an impression that defied you to believe you were only a stone's throw from civilisation's greatest curse—the District Railway.

Crossing the bridge you came into the art gallery, rich with Indian paintings, arms and tapestry, and then a stroll brought you into the arena, which it is intended shall be a study in red lights. Then came the village with its quaint houses, its quainter inhabitants, and its still quainter jugglery and illusions. The great wheel still hung a skeleton in the air, but in a few days this is to be altered, and then all London will flock to the home of music, light, and grandeur. I must in conclusion pay one word of praise to Mr. Will Chapman, who maintained his reputation as one of the most diplomatic and cheery of Press representatives.

Just one more word with the London and South-Western Railway. I have spoken with more than one member recently of the disgraceful ruffianism that characterises race meetings on their line. Now, alluding to the recent Hurst Park race scene, I must ask them whether some of their own staff are above suspicion in their dealing with the roughs. Why, I ask, did a leading official bar the door of the first-class carriage with his own back while the assailed inside were begging to be released? A law case is pending over the affair, and I hope some light will be thrown on the whole question.

There is no doubt about the attractiveness of the African Village at the Crystal Palace. The show is altogether unique, and the performance given twice daily by the natives is fresh and natural. First of all you are shown a Somali village of huts, and the inhabitants are moving about apparently quite unconscious that they are being overlooked.

Suddenly the village is raided by brigands, who try to steal the dromedaries, elephants, etc., but some European hunters come along, and the brigands get the worst of the fight. A truce is made, and to celebrate the occasion the natives engage in a series of the quaintest dances that have ever been exhibited to a London audience. Then they have horse races, dromedary races, sham fights on foot and horseback, and military sports.

If the Somalis ever get to one of our race meetings, I'm afraid the businesslike way in which the proceedings are conducted will be a rude shock to their feelings. Take the weight for age method, for instance. Their own idea of racing saddles is to get them as large and handsome as possible, and their reins and bridles are all decked out in the most gorgeous fashion. As for cutting corners—well, the Somalis evidently believe in making the best use of any opportunities.

There are associations in existence at the present time for the tourist development of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Money, in thousands and tens of thousands, has been put down by hotel-keepers, by railway companies, and by landowners to bring about this end. Not a spot that is beautiful in the three subordinate kingdoms has been overlooked. Anywhere and everywhere where there is any place where nature or art has been bountiful you can get all that the weary traveller desires. But the predominant partner is consistently forgotten. There is not a place in England where the express train does not touch that any man who has not the philosophy of Mark Tapley dare go.

I mention this fact because the holiday season is again upon us, and in a few more weeks we shall be scattered all over the country. Twelve months ago when I suggested that my readers should give their holiday experiences for the benefit of the undecided, I found that almost without exception they had gone across the borders, and the only man who had dared to take his chance in the English bye-ways (the Cotswolds), declared that the hotel accommodation was hopeless, and the villagers looked upon him as a rent-owing Irishman might look upon a stranger on the Clanricarde estates.

Cannot this be altered? Down in the West there are spots whose loveliness cannot be equalled the kingdom over. Buried away in old forests where the sun never reaches the ground are the old-time places that the monks walked in centuries ago, ponds where fish only live to be caught, old moated places smothered in ivy, and hidden in yew, and the quaint old village festivals—dinners in the barn, suppers after the last hayload, and honest jollifications every time the squire has cause to smile. Such changes tear a man away from the heat and perspiration of the metropolis. He feels the

healthier in mind and body if only he can forget the Strand in a village lane.

Bus, alas! the railway companies give no thought to England. Certainly they will run you to any recognised seaside place in a fairly short time. Having done this, they close their books and feel they have done their duty by the land of their birth. I don't know gentle reader, how you regard a visit to the seaside. Personally, I do not think it the be-all and end-all of pleasure. At Brighton, say, you get a milk-and-water version of London; at Hastings and Eastbourne you get the ills of the age in bath-chairs, and the Nonconformist conscience everywhere and always.

This neglect of the country could all be altered in the twinkling of an eye, if only the railway companies would take up the question, and second the efforts of the local hosts to cater for the public. Only two or three years ago I remember walking with a friend from Dieppe to Rouen—we had no set route. We started in the morning, and slept at nightfall. We found quaint old *auberges* on hill sides and under the shadow of the forest, but wherever we went there was a good sound meal for the ordering of it, and always a good bottle of wine. The tramp was a holiday in every sense of the word, and when I came back I cursed every chimney-pot from Clapham Junction to London Bridge.

Now, then, change the country, and try a tour in England, away from the rattle of coaches, and the landscape embellishment of sardine and lobster tins of the cockneys. How do you stand? I will give you my own experience. We started once from Devizes to wander to Bristol. We came across an old-fashioned inn—just the sort of inn you can imagine Pickwick stopping at to fill the milk-punch bowl. The was no one about. We called, and then I went about exploring. I rambled all over the place, and finally I found some sort of domestic near the roof. She didn't seem at all surprised, and came down to the bar. "What was there to eat or drink?" "Bacon," she admitted, "cold, and beer." Fortunately for me my companion was a bit of an enthusiast. "Here," he said, "we shall get that fine old beer that has been the life-blood of England. None of your gassy bottled stuff. The fine old ale that bred the men that fought at Waterloo and braved the Peninsula." Possibly he was correct. He took one mouthful; and so did I, and I am willing to state on oath that I would rather face the guns of Waterloo than drink another pot of that stuff.

We were in one of the finest spots in England, and never a bite to eat, and never a drink to help. In the midst of the Welsh mountains in the dead of winter, I have had a feed fit for a prince; in Ireland I have had every wish met, and in Scotland the landlord has gone out of his way to surprise me; but in poor old England they seemed to have learned that hunger is a crime, and thirst a delirium. Now, Mr. Lowther and Mr. Chaplin, tell the British yokel what he can do, and how to do it.

That most genial and luxurious of gipsies, Dr. Gordon Stables, brought his caravan "The Wanderer" to town the other day, and gave me the pleasure of looking over it. I am now eaten up with envy. The caravan is luxuriously furnished; in fact a houseboat on land. The doctor, who is accompanied by his charming wife, is on his way to the English lakes. He never enters an hotel. All the cooking is done in a miniature kitchen behind, and the drawing-room of the day becomes the bedroom at night. Dr. Stables told me that his work was a luxury under these conditions. He is now engaged on writing a life of General Gordon for the young, and he showed me with pride his most valued of treasures—the Bible Gordon carried through the Chinese War. Dr. Stables, whose bodyguard is a splendid St. Bernard, is true to the Highland costume, even to the dirk.

I had a letter last week from the famous Surrey professional, George Lohmann, in which he announces his intention of starting for home on the 3rd of July, and therefore we may expect him in England well before the beginning of August. He seems to be in excellent health, and talks of the possibility of playing in two or three matches. Whether or not he will be able to keep up the remarkable form he exhibited in his best days remains, of course, to be seen, but I should certainly like to be present when he comes out of the players' room for the first time on the Oval, for he will probably be greeted with such cheering as is seldom heard on a cricket ground.

He tells me that he has been playing a good deal in the Transvaal, and he has been bowling quite as well as he could expect to do. Everyone would, of course, be delighted to see him back in his old health and spirits, but, as we saw in the case of Frank Hearne, it is quite likely that a man might be perfectly well in the dry climate of South Africa, and yet be upset again directly he got on English soil. George Lohmann made for himself an immense reputation, and I should be very sorry to see it in any way injured by an indifferent display, caused by his health breaking down.

Once more the champion of all champions, Dr. W. G. Grace, has astonished the cricket world. Despite the fact that on the 18th of July next he will have completed his forty-seventh year, he still stands far ahead of all other batsmen. There are no words of praise yet coined sufficiently eulogistic for a man, who, after thirty-one years of first-class cricket, is capable of scoring 330 runs for once out. This he did in the Kent v. Gloucestershire match at Gravesend, and was actually in the field from the first ball to the last.

His performance, astonishing in itself, was rendered the more noteworthy, inasmuch as it gave Gloucestershire the most wonderful victory ever recorded in an important match in this country. Never before had a side won when facing a first innings of four hundred, though we saw such a feat accomplished twice during the recent tour of Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia. There, however, it must be remembered, the conditions are different, there being no limit as to the length of time over which a big match may extend.

The good people of Gravesend had got themselves into rather bad odour with the Kent County Club, and last season not a single match was allotted to them, complaints having been made as to the wickets rarely lasting more than a day and a-half. However, they set to work to put matters right, stopping football in the winter, and giving every attention to the preparation of the ground, and their efforts have been eminently successful. In the game last week, though the Kent men were defeated in the end, every satisfaction was expressed with the state of the Bat and Ball enclosure, and I should not be surprised to see two matches instead of one given to Gravesend next summer.

Oxford University this year appear to be particularly fortunate in the number of good cricketers at their command, and Mr. Mordaunt's chief difficulty will be to decide what men to leave out. I am personally delighted at the success which has attended the efforts of young Mr. Arkwright, as I well remember his plucky all-round cricket in the match two years ago at Oxford against the Australians. I thought then that he was extremely unlucky not to get a place in the eleven against Cambridge. He has, however, gone on perse-

vering, and now I should think he is sure to get a place in the big match at Lord's.

I have frequently urged that the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee should investigate the running of horses with open doors, or at least allow the Press to be present. We are often informed that Mr. So-and-So has been warned off the Turf, and although we surmise that such a sentence has been imposed on account of the strange form of a certain animal, no one appears to be satisfied, and I think that the day is not far distant when, as is the case in connection with all courts of law, these turf enquiries will be fully reported.

I have been led to write the preceding paragraph by the strange performance of Lord Percy at Sandown Park. This horse, it may be remembered, looked to be winning a good race some months ago, but eventually finished nearer last than first. The Stewards hauled up the horse's rider, Mr. Scully, and in the end decided to warn the young Irishman off all courses under National Hunt Rules, which meant that Mr. Scully's Turf career was at an end. Now, Mr. Scully sold Lord Percy to Colonel North, and the first time the horse carries the colours of the Nitrate King he gives such an exhibition of temper that many think Mr. Scully has been most unjustly convicted.

Lord Percy was at Sandown Park ridden by Arthur Nightingall, who is recognised as the finest cross-country rider of the day. Nightingall, however, could do nothing with the brute, and he declared after the race that he had never ridden such a customer.

Of course, with the case against Mr. Scully heard *in camera* one cannot say what evidence induced the Stewards to administer such a severe sentence, but if Mr. Scully cares to demand that his case be reopened I am sure that he will have plenty of backing. No doubt the Stewards are 'cute observers, but we are all liable to make mistakes, and it is certainly the prevailing opinion that Mr. Scully has been harshly dealt by.

Mr. Barney Barnato has surely found by now that South African finance pays better than racing. Last winter the ex-juggler spent a small fortune on blood-stock, but he has yet to taste the sweets of success. Stowmarket nearly did the trick at Epsom, but the place winnings returned to the ring on the Jubilee Stakes day. Now Contract, who was considered to possess a capital chance in the Manchester Cup, has had to be struck out of the race.

The arrival of Carbine in this country has not created such a very great sensation, and no doubt this is due

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to the fact that the Duke of Portland determined to have the horse sent straight on to Welbeck. From one who has seen the famous Australian horse I learn that he is far from a handsome animal, but most intelligent, and nothing appears to disturb his equanimity. His record "down" under was a mighty one. I consider the suggestion that the Duke of Portland should send the horse to Ascot an excellent one, for on the Royal Heath can be seen everyone who is interested in the breeding of bloodstock.

Anyone who has enjoyed a drive through Epping Forest on the "Telegraph" will be delighted to hear that Mr. G. C. Smith opened his coaching season on Saturday last. In future the "Telegraph" will run twice daily, leaving Chingford station at 11.15 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. on week days, and five minutes later on Sundays. These times are arranged to fit in with convenient trains from Liverpool Street, Gospel Oak, Fenchurch Street, and Stratford, and the drives are timed to enable the passengers to avail themselves of the excellent lunches and dinners provided at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford. For those who have already been, it is unnecessary to dwell on the fine woodland and open country in the neighbourhood of Chigwell, Loughton, High Beach, and other Epping resorts, and those who have not yet seen it cannot do better than complete their education at once.

The author of *The Passport*, who is dramatic critic of *The Sporting Times*, appears to be extremely indignant with the success of *The Prude's Progress*. Surely there might be room enough in London for both pieces. He tells his readers that on the first night the house was filled with a *claque*. This is an utter mis-statement.

You don't expect curiosities at the Lyceum. At the Empire it is all right, and the sight of gilded youths there lounging about with miniature watches in their button-holes, does not get on your nerves unnecessarily. But I shivered the other night when, on entering the *foyer* at the Lyceum, I saw an American gentleman vigorously smoking a cigar lit at both ends. In the centre some patent holder was stuck, and both ends were blazing merrily and throwing up clouds of smoke. All unconscious of the pain he caused us the Yankee smoked on, and occasionally shook the foundations of British drama by expectorating on the floor.

I never could see the sense of calling the British climate gloriously uncertain. It is about the most certain in the world. It never has done, and never will do anything—expected of it. We were broiled out of our winter clothes, and adopted light and airy garments, and then a remnant of the great frost that had been overlooked at the time was thrown in, and down came the snow, and we shivered and crooned over fires, and the more frugally minded of us are now wondering if those light clothes we bought will fit our poor relatives when they are dyed for mourning.

But the effect of this weather has been serious. You expect to go about in an overcoat in the winter, but when the lilac is blooming, the boats are crowding the locks, and the sun has parched the earth, you really don't expect in the twinkling of an eye to be frozen by a north wind, snowed on, and have to sit and speculate how long it will be before the water is off again. Even worse is the infliction of having to hear the story by every village liar of how he saw Hermit's Derby in the snowstorm.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS, 1895.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from London (Euston), Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction), &c., as follows: **On Thursday night May 30th**, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick Galway, Sligo, Roscommon, Navan, &c., for 16 days.

On Friday, May 31st, to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush (for Gaint's Causeway) by all routes (except to Londonderry via Liverpool or Fleetwood, and Steamer direct) for 16 days.

To Armagh, Bundoran, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Ardglass, Downpatrick, and Newcastle (Co. Down), via Liverpool or Fleetwood and Belfast for 16 days.

To Armagh, Bundoran, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Downpatrick, Ardglass, Newcastle (Co. Down), Dundalk, and Newry, via Holyhead and Greenore, for 16 days.

On Friday night, May 31st, to Birkenhead, Chester, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Llangammarch, and Llanwrtyd Wells, Newport (Salop), Wellington, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Southport, Wigan, Crewe, Nantwich, Whitchurch, Stafford, Macclesfield, Stoke, Ashton, Batley, Dewsbury, Ditton, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, **Liverpool, Manchester**, Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Buxton, &c., for 3 and 6 days.

To Preston, Blackpool, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, The English Lake District and Furness Line, for 3 and 6 days.

To Abergavenny, Dowlais, Merthyr, Tredegar, Brynmawr, Builth, Brecon, Swansea, Carmarthen, for 8 days,

To Carlisle, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Wigtown, Whithorn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Greenock, Gourock, **Edinboro', Glasgow**, for 4 and 8 days.

Note.—By the Trips to SCOTLAND CHEAP THIRD CLASS TICKETS will be issued at a Single Fare for the Double Journey, available for Return on Any Day within 16 days from the date of issue.

On Saturday, June 1st, to Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Warwick **Birmingham**, Walsall, Dudley, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, **Wolverhampton**, Lichfield, Tamworth, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, and the North Stafford Line, etc., for 3 and 6 days.

To Holywell, Rhyl, Denbigh, Ruthin, Corwen, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Conway, Llanwrst, Bettwsycoed, Blaenau Festiniog, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Llanberis, Carnarvon, Amlwch, Holyhead, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Montgomery, Newtown, Llanidloes, Aberdovey, Towyn, Borth, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Oswestry, Machynlleth, Ellesmere for 3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days.

To Londonderry, *via* Liverpool, and steamer direct, for 15 days, from London (Euston).

On Whit-Monday, June 3rd, to **Birmingham**, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Warwick, Dudley, Dudley Port, Walsall, Wednesbury, and **Wolverhampton** for **1** and **4 Days**.

To Berkhampsted, Leighton, Watford, St. Albans, and Wolverton for **1 Day**.

On Thursday (Midnight), June 6th, to Manchester for 2 days (Races).

For Times, Fares, and Full Particulars, see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or Town Offices.

London, May, 1895. FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

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BURNHAM BEECHES	3/6	HENLEY		WALLINGFORD	7/-

(Commencing June 1st.) (Not on Sundays.)

SIMILAR TICKETS are issued (commencing June 1st) to these stations (except to Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey and Moulsford, and Wallingford) from **certain stations on the North London Railway**.

For full particulars see Pamphlet.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

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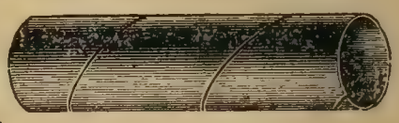

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I am sorry that the fortunes of Olympia have waned. It was a pleasant place, even if it never went in for any very palpitating sort of amusement. I think I may claim to be the only writer who, at the opening of the present show, predicted failure. It was a *réchauffé*, and although a *réchauffé* is passable, you want a piquant sauce with it. And Olympia was so unconscionably moral.

There seems to be no doubt that the soft-fronted shirt will be very fashionable this season. The favourite colour is a sort of greyish blue without any pattern on it. As for ties, the small made-up bow with butterfly ends is about the only shape that one sees in shop windows just now. They look very neat in black with a small pattern of some dark colour.

The silk hat this season is an exact copy of a shape that was very fashionable only a few years back. I mean the bell hat. With such a pattern a plentiful supply of brim is an absolute necessity, or the effect is ludicrous. The little narrow cloth mourning bands are still very much worn.

I am constantly receiving letters from correspondents, asking for the best means of preventing trousers from creasing and bagging at the knees. The first remedy is a good tailor. Then, when you are sure your trousers are cut as they ought to be, make a point of never wearing a pair for longer than three consecutive days at a time. When not in use, don't hang them on a peg, but fold them up. If you don't know how to do this properly—and the after result is not pleasing if you don't—ask your tailor to show you; it would take any number of diagrams to explain the operation here. Trousers kept in this way are far less likely to crease and bag than those which are hung up. There are many trouser-stretchers of different patterns all of which are supposed to keep the garments in proper shape, but I haven't much faith in such appliances. If your trousers fit you properly, there is no necessity to stretch them into any other shape. All that is required is a little pressing to take out the creases, and a homely but very effectual way of doing this is to put them under the mattress at night, and sleep on them.

I am indebted to the kindness of a correspondent for the following true story, the moral of which is, I suppose, that even page-boys occasionally have consciences. —An elderly lady, who was passionately fond of dogs, had a remarkable Skye terrier presented to her. Wishing to make it thoroughly at home as soon as possible, she did not allow it to get outside her garden for the first week. On the eighth day she called her page-boy, and told him to take the animal out for an airing, but to lead him in the town. When he came back, the following conversation took place in the dining-room:—

Lady: "Did you do what I told you, Smith?"

Page: "Yes, mum."

Lady: "Did the dog follow you all right?"

Page: "Yes, mum."

Lady: "You didn't have any bother with him in the town?"

Page: "No, mum."

Lady: "Very well, Smith, that will do."

Page (retreating three steps and speaking hesitatingly): "Please, mum—er——"

Lady: "Well, Smith?"

Page: "Please, mum—didn't take the dog."

I have often thought that a history of useless inventions would make an interesting and profitable book. The idea came back to me the other day while at a tobacconist's. I had purchased some cigarettes, and was looking for a match to light one with, when the assistant solemnly handed me what looked like a pipe, with a long wire running into the stem. The bowl of the pipe contained a red hot substance, from which—at the second attempt—I managed to get a light. Then the man explained to me that the thing was worked with electricity, and was the only one in London. Seeing that the ordinary gas-tube arrangement is handier, quicker, and easier, I should say that the latter recommendation will probably be permanent.

The Surrey eleven were not long in atoning for their unexpected defeat at the hands of Leicestershire, and the brilliant victories gained over Essex and Warwickshire make it seem probable that the championship may still be retained by the metropolitan county. Last season, it will perhaps be remembered, Surrey began by being beaten by Warwickshire, but afterwards they never lost a match at the Oval. It is too much to expect that this performance will be repeated, but judging from the fine form that most of the men are in, the team will be a very hard one to overcome. A most valuable recruit has been found in F. C. Holland, a young cricketer who has at once made his mark, and has assured himself a place in the eleven for some time to come. He appeared in one match last summer against Essex at Leyton, and created a highly favourable impression, while this season, also against Essex, he was associated with Abel in a remarkable performance. The value of the Surrey committee getting together a strong second eleven becomes more and more apparent every day, and it is now not only a difficult matter to get into the first team, but to retain the position when once there.

The Major.

LORD NORTHWICK'S RECOLLECTIONS OF NELSON.

Lord Northwick was for some time *attaché* to the English Ambassador at Naples, during the time of Caraccioli's execution. "He deserved his fate," said Lord Northwick. "Though an admiral in the service of King Ferdinand, he deserted his colours and assisted the French. He was justly condemned to death. Of course, Nelson could have saved him, but why should he? On the day fixed for the execution, Caraccioli asked to be shot instead of hanged. He was refused, however, and hanged at the yard-arm of a ship which he had commanded. I was dining on board the *Agamemnon* with Nelson, the King and Queen of Naples, and Lady Hamilton. We were at dessert when a gun was fired. At that instant Lady Hamilton filled her glass, and, standing up, said, "So perish all the enemies of Naples!" Nelson motioned me to the cabin window. I looked out and saw the body of the traitor Caraccioli swinging from the yard-arm some hundreds of yards away. "I am damned glad that fellow has got his deserts," said Nelson (he always swore at anything and everything. If it was a fine day, "it was a damn fine day," and so on. And if his oaths when he spoke of the French could have taken effect, the whole nation would have gone to the devil). The King and Queen remained on board the *Agamemnon* that night, and next morning when the King was shaving near his cabin window we heard him call us in an agitated voice. We rushed in. Ghastly pale and unable to speak, he pointed to the sea. There lay Caraccioli, his face upturned, his eyes wide open, staring at me. I shall never forget that sight. A week or two afterwards the King of Naples was on board the *Foudroyant*, when a body was seen upright in the water following them. It was the corpse of Caraccioli. It had risen and floated, the weights attached to the feet keeping it upright. The King had the body buried with Christian rites.—*From "Frith's Autobiography."*

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XVIII. (*continued.*)

I had left my horse at Milhau, whence the landlord had undertaken to forward it to Ganges within a couple of days, by the hand of an acquaintance who would be going that way. I expected it every hour, therefore, and counted on its conductor to identify me, since half a hundred at Milhau had seen my commission, or heard it read. But the horse did not arrive, nor anyone from Milhau, and fearing that the release of the two ladies had caused trouble there, my heart sank still lower. I could not easily communicate with Cahors, and the Committee, with rustic independence and obstinacy, would neither let me go nor send me to Nîmes, where I could be identified. It was in vain I pressed them.

"No, no," the sour-faced Committee-man answered, the first time I raised the question. "Presently someone who knows you will come by. In the meantime have patience."

"M. le Vicomte is a gentleman many would know," the woman of the house chimed in; looking at me with her arms wrapped up in her apron and her head on one side.

"To be sure! To be sure," the crowd agreed, and rubbing their calves, the Committee followed her lead, and looked at me with satisfaction, as at something that did them credit.

Their stupid complacency nearly drove me mad; but to what purpose? "After all, you are very well here," the first speaker would say, shrugging his shoulders. "You are very well here."

"Better than under the hay!" the man who had pricked my leg was wont to answer.

And on that—this was a nightly joke—a general laugh would follow, and with another admonition to be patient, the Committee would take its leave.

Or sometimes the argument in the kitchen took a harsher and more dangerous turn; and one and another would thunder out for my benefit old tales of the dragooning, and Villars, and Berwick; tales, at which the blood crept, of horrible cruelties done and suffered, of stern mountain men and brave women who faced the worst that Kings could do, for the faith that they had chosen; of a great cause crushed but not destroyed, of a whole people trodden down in dust and blood, and yet living and growing strong.

"And do you think that after this," one would cry when he had told me these things with flashing eyes, these things that his grandfathers had done and suffered —"do you think that after this we are not concerned in this business? Do you think that now, Monsieur, when, after all these years, vengeance is in our hand and our persecutors are tottering, we will sit still and see them set up again? Bishops and captains, canons and cardinals, where are they now? Where are the lands they stole from us! Gone from them! Where are the tithes they took with blood? Taken from them! Where is St. Etienne, whose father they persecuted? With his foot on their necks! And, then, do you think that with all their processions and their idols and their Corpus Christi, they shall defy us and set up their rule again? No, Monsieur, no."

"But there is no question of that!" I said.

"There is a great question of that," was the stern answer. "In Nîmes and Montauban, at Avignon, at Arles! We who live in the mountains have too often heard the storm gathering in the plain, to be mistaken. These preachings and processions, and weeping virgins, this cry of Blasphemy—what do they mean, Monsieur? Blood! Blood! But this time it will not be shed on one side only!"

As I listened I marvelled. I began to understand that the same word meant one thing in one man's mouth, and in another man's mouth another thing; and that that which worked easily and smoothly in the north might in the south roll hideously through fire and blood. In Quercy we had lost two or three chateaux, and a handful of lives, and for a few hours the mob had got out of hand—all with little enthusiasm. But here I seemed to stand on the brink of a great furnace under which the fires of persecution still smouldered; I felt the scorching breath of passion on my cheek, and saw through the white-hot scum, old enmities seething with new and fiercer ambitions, old factions with new bigotries. I had heard Froment, now I heard these; it remained only to be seen whether Froment had his followers.

In the meantime I found little comfort in such predictions; I lived on my heart, and the better part of a fortnight went by. The woman at the inn was well satisfied to keep me; I paid, and guests were rare. And the Committee took pride in me; I was a living, walking token of their powers, and of the importance of their village. Now, to the mingled misery and absurdity of my position, the anxiety on Mademoiselle's account, which this news of Nîmes caused me, added the last intolerable touch, and I determined at all risks to escape.

That I had no horse, and that at Suméne or Ganges I should inevitably be detained had hitherto held me back from the attempt; but I could bear the position no longer, and after weighing all the chances, I determined to slip away some evening at sunset, and make my way on foot to Milhau. The villagers would be sure to pursue me in the direction of Nîmes, whither they knew that I was bound; and even if a party took the other road, I should have many chances of escape in the darkness. I counted on reaching Milhau soon after daybreak, and there, if the Mayor stood my friend I might regain my horse, and with credentials, travel to Nîmes by the same or another road.

It seemed feasible, and that very evening fortune favoured me. The man who should have kept me company, upset a pot of boiling water over his foot, and without giving a thought to me or his duty went off groaning to his house. A moment later the woman of the inn was called out by a neighbour, and at the very hour I would have chosen, I found myself alone. Still I knew that I had not a moment to lose, so instantly I put on my cloak, and reaching down my pistols from a shelf on which they had been placed, I put a little food in my pocket and sneaked out at the rear of the house. A dog was kennelled there, but it knew me and wagged its tail; and in two minutes, after warily skirting the

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backs of the houses, I gained the road to Milhau, and stood free and alone.

Night had fallen, but it was not quite dark; and dreading every eye, I hurried on through the dusk, now peering anxiously forward, and now looking and listening for the first sounds of pursuit. For a few minutes the fear of that took up all my thoughts; later, when the one twinkling light that marked the village had set behind me and night and the silent waste of mountains had swallowed me up, a sense of eeriness, of loneliness, very depressing, took possession of me. Denise was at Nîmes, and I was moving the other way; what accidents might not befal me, how many things might not happen to postpone my return? In the meantime she lay at the mercy of her mother and brothers, with all the traditions of her family, all the prejudice of maidenhood and her education against my suit. To what use in this imbroglio might not her hand be put? Or, if that were not in question, what in that city of strife, in that fiercer struggle, of which the peasants had forewarned me, might not be the fate of a young girl?

I pressed on feverishly, spurred by these thoughts, and had gone, perhaps, a league, when a sharp sound made by a horse's shoe striking a stone, caught my ear. It came from the front, and I drew to the side of the road, and crouched low to let the traveller go by. I fancied that I could distinguish the tramp of three horses, but when the men loomed darkly into sight, I could see only two figures.

Perhaps I rose a little too high to make this out. At any rate I had not counted on the horses, the nearer of which, as it passed me, swerved violently from me, The rider was almost dismounted by the violence of the movement, but in a twinkling had his horse again in hand, and before I knew what I was doing, was urging it upon me. I dared not move, for to move was to betray my presence, but this did not avail, for the rider in a minute made out the outline of my figure.

"Hola," he cried sharply. "Who are you there, who lie in wait to break men's necks? Speak, man, or——"

But I caught his bridle. "M. de Géol!" I cried, my heart beating against my ribs.

"Stand back!" he cried, peering at me. He did not know my voice. "Who are you? Who is it?"

"It is I, M. de Saux," I answered joyfully.

"Why, man, I thought that you were at Nîmes," he exclaimed in a tone of great astonishment, 'these ten days past. We have your horse here."

"Here? My horse?"

"To be sure. Your good friend here has it in charge from Milhau. But where have you been? And what are you doing here?" he continued suspiciously.

"'I lost my passport. It was stolen by Froment."

He whistled.

"And at Villeraugues they stopped me," I continued. "I have been there since."

"Ah," he said drily. "That comes of travelling in bad company, M. le Vicomte. And to-night I suppose you were——"

"Going to get away," I answered bluntly. "But you—I thought that you had passed long ago?"

"No," he said. "I was detained. But now we have met, I would advise you to mount and return with me."

"I will," I said, briskly, "with the greatest pleasure. And you will be able to tell them who I am."

"WHO ARE YOU THERE?"

"I?" he answered. "No, indeed. I do not know. I only know who you told me you were."

I fell to earth again, and for a moment stood staring through the darkness at him. A moment only. For then out of the darkness came a voice. "Have no fear, M. le Vicomte, I will speak for you."

I stared and stared. "Mon dieu!" I said, trembling. "Who spoke?"

"It is I—Buton," came the answer. "I have your horse, M. le Vicomte."

It was Buton, the blacksmith; Captain Buton, of the Committee.

* * *

Needless to say, when we rode into the village ten minutes later, the Committee, awed by the credentials which Buton carried, accepted his explanation at once, and raised no further objection to my journey. And twelve hours afterwards we three, so strangely thrown together, passed through Suméne. We slept at Sauve, and presently leaving behind us the late winter of the mountains, with its frost and snow, began to descend in sunshine the western slope of the Rhone valley. All day we rode through balmy air, between fields and gardens and olive-groves; the white dust, the white houses, the white cliffs eloquent of the south. And a little before sunset we came in sight of Nîmes, and hailed the end of a journey that, for me, had not been without its adventures.

(To be continued.)

Material progress is seen, moral progress is felt. That is why the second is more disputed than the first.

Strange as it may seem, no two people have ever read the same book or seen the same picture.

FLOATING HOMES IN CHINA.

BY

LAURA B. STARR.

The great rivers and canals of China are the general thoroughfares of the country; they teem with myriads of craft of every conceivable size and shape. In Canton

CHINESE JUNK.

alone there is a population of 300,000, who are born, live, and marry, pursue various occupations, and at last die, having know no other habitation than the small sampan, which might almost be put into a good-size drawing-room.

Whether it be true that they are quite a different race from those living on the land—Morrison calls them Tankas, and says they are a tribe of people, originally fishermen, who came from the Southern China seas—or whether they are the descendants of rebels who were compelled by an Emperor of the past ages to be thus cut off from communication with their fellow men, or if the life they have led under different conditions for generations has made them to differ from their kind, matters not to the transient visitor, who is curious only to study the phase of Chinese native unfolding before his gaze. His unpractised eye sees little or nothing to differentiate them from their shore neighbours, who look upon them with scorn, and contemptuously call them "water hens," etc.

If one's first view of the river chances to be at night when the boats are coming in, he feels sure that order can never come out of the chaos before him. He can at first see nothing but a confused mass; but slowly and by degrees, as he takes in the salient points of the scene, he discovers that the larger boats are arranged in rows forming streets, through which the smaller craft ply up and down. There is a marine magistrate, who stakes off the location for each one, and that spot belongs as much to that particular sampan as does the plot of ground bought by the householder.

Night after night I have watched them coming in, and have been very much interested and amused to see how easily they managed to get out of what seemed inextricable confusion, and how quickly they righted the sampan after the passing of a large boat, which well nigh upset them by its "swash," and how almost simultaneously they turned their prows if there were indications of a storm. The belated ones make their way through a crowd where it seems impossible to find room for even one more, but by the judicious use of a great volume of breath converted into vociferous sounds—which may or may not be oaths—and a little crowding of the earlier arrivals, they find the space allotted to them.

A large majority of them are Tan-kea—egg-shaped—boats, or sampans; they are long, narrow, shallow, and flat-bottomed, and are of various sizes, from the tiny toy which holds but two, to the floating house, which accommodates twenty. They are propelled by a long paddle or pole, and are usually "manned" by women, wives and daughters of the owners, who are called "Tanka women." Many of the sampans have coops lashed on to the outside, in which are reared broods of chickens and ducks for home consumption and the city market.

A very comfortable room is found in the centre of some of them; this is roofed over, or has a cover of matting, has windows on the sides, and is more or less furnished, and decorated according to the wealth of the owner. The rower or rowers occupy the bow of the boat, while the stern is given over to the culinary operations. No dweller in sampans is so poor but he boasts of a small "joss-house" in the stern of the boat, which is hidden from view during the day by curtains or sliding doors. The altar holds the ancestral tablets and various effigies of the household gods set in the centre. Before this the head of the house, assisted by his eldest son, burns incense night and morning, and leaves a vase of flowers and dish of fruit to sustain the spirits of those who have gone before. When a member of the family has lately died, life-size attendants made of paper are often found placed beside the altar.

In some part of the boat there is certain to be a pictured representation or image of Ma Chu, the goddess of sailors, for she is worshipped by all who live on the water. Doolittle tells us that "Sailors belonging to junks which go out to sea, and those who work the boats on fresh water rivers and lakes, often take with them some embers or ashes which they obtain from the censer before some popular image of this goddess. Those ashes they carry about their person in small red bags, or they suspend them about the boat in some convenient place, or they put them in the censer before the image of the goddess they worship. When there is a violent storm at sea, and there seems but little hope that the junk will outride it, the sailors all kneel down near the altar with incense in their hands, and call out in doleful and bitter tones upon Ma Chu to send deliverance."

The slipper boats are a favourite means of travel for both native and foreigner; these are in "exactly the shape of a slipper, and the passengers sit, as it were, on the instep, under the mat-covering, by which this part of the boat is enclosed. Three men stand in the heel of the slipper, a fourth sits down and assists in propelling one of the oars." By their united help the boat speeds swiftly through the water.

The rich Chinese, and the European for whom the exigencies of the money market at home make a residence in China necessary, own their own house-boats, others rent them for the season. Those of the natives are fitted up with every convenience and luxury. Families and parties of friends spend weeks together going up and down the rivers and canals paying visits and sight-seeing. There is no mingling of the sexes, the men go in one boat and the women in another, or if but one boat is used, the women sit on one side and the men on the other. Potted plants, hanging vines, and the gorgeous Chinese lanterns make these temporary homes most picturesque.

The attentive looker-on will soon discover that every article necessary for the carrying on of the routine of daily life among the river population is supplied by small boats that ply up and down the river continually. The "butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker" call each day with their floating shops, prepared to take orders or deliver goods. It is curiously fascinating and interesting to watch them as they glide hither and yon, delivering and collecting their various commodities. The barber makes regular rounds in a raft lashed together with thongs of bamboo, the smallest sampan I have seen. The small craft flying a white flag are fish-boats; the hold of each one is a huge reservoir, into which the fish are thrown when caught. They are artificially reared, and brought daily to Canton.

The marine doctor makes his daily rounds, announc-

ing his approach by the tinkling of a bell. Anon one sees the dingey boat which comes to carry away the dead, following in the wake of the medical practitioner, an unconscious satire on his calling. Again the dread leper boat glides through the multitudinous craft, inhabited by a single leper, who solicits alms by means of a long bamboo pole, to the end of which is attached a bag, into which the cash may be thrown without danger of contagion.

There are floating kitchens for the use of those whose requirements exceed those of their own boats, and seaworthy hotels for the belated traveller; the gates of Chinese cities are closed at nine o'clock, and he who enters not before that time must perforce find accommodation in the floating caravansary.

Floating temples or "joss-houses" constantly pass up and down the river, as a place of worship is necessary to those who wish to say their prayers and perform their devotion without taking the trouble to pole away to a special shrine or temple. In each one there is an altar and a long table for offerings, and joss sticks are daily burned for the incense which they offer to their various gods. There are attendant priests who do the chanting, say prayers for the dead, and perform the marriage ceremonies, upon which occasion the boats are bright with lanterns and gay flags. White and blue banners, mourning colours, are seen when services for the dead are performed.

We read in the early history of Macao and Southern China that the pirate chiefs who infested the coasts carried with them in a sacred junk the "navigating tabernacle" of the idol—an oracle, a Pagod, which they were in the habit of consulting through the organ of its priests, and to act as it directed in all their operations. This godhead and his servants were in a separate junk, which invariably accompanied the fleet.

them, as there are among restaurants and dance houses in the cities. If a wealthy man wishes to give a dinner to his friends, he often asks them to one of the flower boats, where is found excellent Chinese food, which is served by dainty girls, who stand or sit behind the men and receive from them occasional tit-bits or a glass of wine. The masculine European, bent on seeing the world, is not satisfied until he has had a dinner on a flower boat, and "hit the pipe" in an opium joint. The flower boats are not so numerous in the river at Canton as they were in former years, though no reason is given for the falling off in numbers.

The huge grain barges which carry tribute rice have the right of way, as do any craft carrying anything for the use of the Emperor. Mandarin barges, in which officials always travel when on the Emperor's service bent, are peculiar shaped boats, large enough to hold twenty people, or more. They are built, we are told, in the town of Ho-tow, and are divided into four compartments, two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and dining-room combined, and a fourth, which is in the stern. There is also the kitchen, and quarters for the crew, eight in number. When they are compelled to go against the tide, the crew and extra coolies draw the barge—a tiresome operation called "tracking the boat."

The most curious sight, to my mind, among all these queerly rigged craft, is the great "clumsy, red-sided, dragon-eyed passenger barge," filled with a heterogeneous mass of the heathen Chinese. The shouting and yelling sounds, as if Pandemonium had broken loose, and the scrambling of the passengers and the rough usage given them by the officers, makes one fear for safety of life and limb.

A not uncommon sight is a cargo-boat, which also carries passengers. This is covered with a black awning, and at first seems to be a great shapeless, moving

Flower-boats are built in a superb manner, decorated with costly carving, and made gay with lamps, lanterns, and mirrors. They are richly furnished with inlaid black wood furniture, and costly and beautiful embroidered hangings. The entrance to the saloon, which is high and has a deep, covered roof, is often beautifully carved, and sometimes painted in green and gold. Here the gilded youth of China come to spend their evenings in song, dance, opium smoking, samshu drinking, and dissipation generally. There are grades among

mass; but as the outlines become clear it is seen to be built not unlike other boats, except that the bamboo cover which shelters the greater portion of the deck is painted black. War junks, with awkward, open-worked hulls, are distinguished by triangular flags at the stern, each one of which bears the name of its commander in huge Chinese characters. The sails of these junks are made of matting stretched on transverse ribs of bamboo, into something the shape of a butterfly's wing; their anchors—that is, those of the old ones

—are made of wood, which sink easily, and their ports are painted blind. They have monstrously fierce eyes, such as the Chinese always give their imperial dragon. Wood boats and ice boats from the north are seen in great numbers in southern waters at certain times of the year.

The "tub boats" are most peculiar; they are about the size and form of our common washing tub, and are used by women and boys, who float about in shallow water to gather the fruit of the liny plant. Silk boats, for the quicker drying of the spun silken thread, have frames hung all along the top of the boats, on which the large skeins are spread to the breeze. On a bright day men and women may be seen busily engaged in winding the silk as the boats are at anchor or slowly move along.

Hart speaks of bamboo rafts which are seen in some rivers, and says they are directed and kept in the current by means of bamboo rakes. A man stands in the forward part of the raft and rakes the water right and left according to the need, while the swift current carries the light craft along at the rate of six or eight miles an hour.

The dragon boats used on festival occasions yearly, are very long and extremely narrow; they are painted in bright colours, red and gold predominating; they are ornamented at the bow of the boat with the head of the dragon painted in gaudy colours, and at the stern they carry the tail of the dragon. The boats carry from 60 to 100 men, and are propelled by the use of short paddles, which throw the water high in the air when raised. The rowers sit down in the boat. Between the rowers a number of men "dressed in most ornamental embroidered clothes stand, making wild gestures and shouting as they go along." Some of these beat gongs, others drums, to give time to the rowers. "One man in the bow of the boat waves a flag wildly, others imitate the action of throwing rice into the river as an offering to Wat-Yuen," who ages ago committed suicide by drowning because he had offended the King by reprimanding him for his vicious life. The boats are decorated with bright-coloured flags, banners, and umbrellas. The large boat is accompanied by six or seven small ones, and from the prow of the leading one a man continually blows upon a conch shell.

Another curious craft is called the "snake boat." Bishop Moule thus describes them: "They are propelled by one long oar, pulled and feathered by the boatman seated in the stern. He has a board to lean his back against, and a short paddle under his left arm to steer and to steady the boat, and he seizes the long oar with both feet and gives a strong and vigorous stroke, sending the crank craft rapidly through the water. From the waving, wriggling motion comes the name "snake boat." They are so narrow and crank that the passenger cannot stand up in the boat, and must sit quietly and trim the boat with carefully adjusted balance of himself and his goods during the passage.

"Duck boats" are used by itinerant vendors who visit the village of Pak-a-Tisum, fifteen miles from Canton, where thousands of ducks are artificially hatched each year. They buy ducks, which they take to other towns to sell; the boats are large, and have wooden platforms encased in wire netting to make a cage. Twice during the day the boat is brought up to the side of the river or canal, planks are placed from the boat's edge to the shore, and the ducks are allowed to go on shore to feed for a short time. They are trained to answer their keeper's call, and come flocking in, tumbling over each other in their haste when they hear his voice.

In Canton the river boats are backed by rows of wooden huts set on piles above the mud of the slimy river; in these water streets rice is sold in great quantities; the entrance to the long street, or "water canal," as it is called, is guarded by a "water-gate," which is closed and locked at night.

The river population have a festival in the early autumn, the object of which is to propitiate the spirits of the drowned and the gods of the water. "Processions of boats covered with rows of lanterns, which extend along the sides and over the top, float up and down the river with the tide. Inside the boats Taoist priests, arrayed in scarlet and embroidered robes, chant prayers to the beating of gongs and cymbals, for the benefit of the spirits, and cast gilt paper, burning, into the stream." I remember seeing a celebration of this sort on board a ship crossing the Pacific. Of course, in this case, it was impossible to have the procession of boats, but a baked pig and rice were prepared, and a priest chanted a short service, when the food was thrown overboard and the gilt paper money with it. The food is to satisfy the hunger of the fish, so they shall not mutilate the bodies of any who have been drowned. The noise is supposed to frighten away evil spirits.

The sampans are "manned" nearly always by women, who scull and pole quite as well as the men. Very often the woman who manages the boat has a baby strapped on to her back, and goes about her work apparently unconscious of her burden. These women are regular viragoes, shouting and scolding in a very rough, coarse voice if another boat chance to get in their way.

Although women in China are kept secluded, and deprived of their rights, according to the Western standard, the boat-women are a notable exception to the rule. They not only claim the right to do whatever they please, but they exercise that right to the humiliation of their male belongings sometimes, and the amusement of foreign onlookers. Whenever a disturbance takes place in which the tongue has to play a prominent part they are to the fore. They are jealous and exacting to the uttermost, particularly of their conjugal rights, and they can out-Caudle Mrs. Caudle when they admonish and reprimand the man who calls himself "lord and master."

Captain Gill tells the following story of a "lady skipper," in whose boat he and his servants had travelled up the river:—"The old lady who commanded our vessel came in afterwards with her child, and, kneeling on the ground, burst into a flood of tears, declaring that she was the most miserable and unfortunate woman in the world; that she was a lone widow, with no one to take care of her; that everyone conspired against her; that she was no match for the wicked people by whom she was surrounded; and, although she felt she had gained a high distinction by being allowed to bring our honourable selves up here, still her misfortunes had been many, and she was out of pocket by the transaction, and in pathetic tones she expressed the hope that our noble and honourable excellencies would not allow her orphan child and herself to die of starvation. As a histrionic performance it was certainly creditable, the old woman having extracted half as much again as any Chinaman would have paid her. With a tongue so fierce and foul, which inspired awe, if not respect, I could imagine no one better able to look after number one.

The boat people seem never to sleep; both in Canton and Hong Kong my hotel was near the water, and what with fire crackers, which they continually let off to frighten evil spirits, and shouting and screaming, and children crying, I at first got little sleep, and I am sure they must have had less. My "boy" told me they slept in the day-time, and I begged him to find out at what hour, as I would try to take a siesta at the same time. After two months I became accustomed to the uproar, and learned to sleep soundly through any racket. The babies and older children play on the platform that forms the deck of the tiny boat as contentedly as if it were a fine nursery; they frequently tumble overboard into the water, but are quickly fished out, none the worse for their involuntary and unexpected bath. In many cases they have empty gourds fastened to their backs, which act as life-preservers, keeping the tiny atoms afloat until they can be rescued.

There is not much romance about the Chinese water babies:—"They open their eyes upon the sampan, pass their watery youth there, are damply married there, and not unfrequently find a watery grave. They thrive

on the water, and their greatest pleasure is to have a visit to land." On the fourth day of the Christian New Year the women and their children go on shore, and walk from house to house, presenting their congratulations to members of respectable families, and ask for money to buy presents of cake and other things. They sing and call until they get what they want, and will not go away until they are answered.

eyes painted on the bow just above the water line. When I asked my boy the reason of this, he said:—

"Suppose no have got eye, no can see, how can walkee?" but those who have made a study of Chinese say that the eyes are for the purpose of frightening the evil spirits, who are supposed to haunt the deep, and that they may discover hidden shoals and rocks. Whatever the origin of the custom, they are very superstitious

The children are shy of foreigners at first, but they soon make acquaintance if one is gentle with them, but they never lose their look of wonder out of their beady eyes so long as strangers are on the boat. Of course, the great size of Europeans makes them seem like giants to the little ones, and that of itself is enough to frighten them, but mothers make them worse by threatening to send disobedient children to live with "foreign devils."

The kitchen utensils and china for the daily use of the family are of the fewest and simplest sort. A small brazier, a kettle for cooking rice, the inevitable and universal teapot, with a few rice bowls and supply of chop-sticks, constitute the whole of their outfit. One is surprised to find how few things are absolutely necessary to the support of human life.

The women wear a costume of dark blue cotton, consisting of wide, loose trousers reaching half way to the ankle, and a tunic similar to that of the men, made of the same material, fastened with small brass buttons and loops. When they can afford it, they have a Sunday dress of lighter blue cotton, with white sleeves that are long, and rolled up to form a sort of cuff. When the weather is cold they wear a little cotton kerchief or gay bandana folded crosswise over the head; their hats, when they wear any, are large and pointed at the top, and oiled or varnished to make them water-tight. Most of the women I saw in Southern China had their hair dressed quite plainly, simply knotted or twisted at the back. They never bind the feet, and seldom wear either shoes or stockings. The children wear as little clothing as possible consistent with decency, and sometimes not enough for that. The women and children, when they feel inclined for a bath, doff their clothing, and take a dip in the river, with the utmost unconcern with regard to onlookers.

Every craft belonging to the Chinese, large or small, official or private, carries the yellow dragon flag, and has

about it, for whenever a boat meets another carrying a dead body the eyes will be covered at once, otherwise some evil will befall the passengers before the trip is over.

When a death occurs among the boat people the relations begin to howl and mourn, and keep it up until the body is buried. Although the land population dislike the boat people, and will have nothing to do with them if they can help it, will not inter-marry, nor allow them to compete for literary honours, they are obliged to let them bring their dead on shore to be buried; they dare not refuse them this privilege. There is a vast cemetery on the banks of the river, five or six miles from Canton, where all the boat people are buried.

The sea-going junks, which are now and then seen in port, are much larger than the river craft. Professor Douglas tells us they are built on altogether different lines. They are high at both ends, and are square at bow and stern. On the latter is painted a phœnix standing on a rock in the midst of the ocean, and at the bows two large, staring eyes, reminding one of the eye of Osiris, which was painted on the Egyptian funeral-barque that carried the dead across the lake to the Western burial place. They are generally three-masted, and carry a huge mainsail, made, like the others, of ochre-red bomboo matting. The rudder projects considerably beyond the stern, and is larger in proportion than those of European vessels, giving the helmsman immense power of turning the vessel where he listeth.

Below the gunwales, in lines which run round the ship, is painted the name of the junk, the name of the province or town where it was built, and the port from which it sails. Legends from Confucius' writings and mottoes of good omen are inscribed at the stern.

The water population has a very natural dread of typhoons, which they say are caused by the dragon, whose home they suppose to be in the water, twisting

his tail. Both children and grown people are thrown overboard frequently at the time of storms and whirlwinds, and the wonder is that more are not lost. The European is always surprised to find how well these small craft stand the sea.

Rev. Dr. Milne tells of a raft he saw on his way from Ningpo to Canton, which must have been a most extraordinary sight. It measured nearly a mile in length, rising about four feet above water, and being nine feet broad. The entire train was a junction of smaller rafts, the separate ones all being of the same height and width. The logs and trunks of trees on each raft were lashed together by willow twigs and rattans, and the small craft were towed tandem, as it were, one behind the other. By this method of connecting the distinct parts of the train, the whole float moved easily around the windings and yeilded to the crooks of the river as pliably as the links of a massive chain. Several men were stationed at the front part of the raft, to direct its course with their sweeps, and a few others walked along its edge to push it off the river bank.

In one or two places there were short masts and tiny sails set. Huts were erected for lodgings and for cooking. Small kitchen gardens were growing here and there, and every provision seemed to be made for a trip which was probably to last for months.

In the days before Shawmeen had become a "foreign concession," such Europeans as were compelled to remain near Canton used to enjoy what was called "chop-life." They made their homes on ships that had become unseaworthy, and which were called "chops," though why I cannot learn. The spars and rigging were taken down and the hulk used as a foundation for houses; a covered storey was built over the deck, and cabins and staterooms converted into store-rooms, pantries, etc. The added storey was divided into large, convenient family rooms. The roof was often fitted up as a summer garden, with awnings and venetians. The ship was anchored at one side of the stream, and short flights of stairs led to the shore.

The Commodore of the British fleet lives in a similarly-arranged floating dwelling, anchored in Hong Kong Bay. The *Victor Emanuel* has been roofed over, and fitted up for the temporary home of the Commander while in these waters. The ship, being subject to the action of the tide, turns continually, so that there is a constant change of view. The morning outlook of Kowloon across the bay will be changed to that of the city of Hong Kong, with its background of terraced hills, and the Victoria Peak, rising above all, sharply outlined against the deep blue sky, in the evening. There is something very fascinating about a home of this sort; it is delightful to be within sound of the lapping waves, and to have always the breath of the sea in one's nostrils.

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NOBODIES AT HOME.

BY

GEORGE GISSING.

Illustrated by L. BAUMER.

VI.

A MAN OF LEISURE.

WHEN, at the age of eight-and-twenty, Isherwood inherited his modest competence he took the matter in a very serious spirit. He was a reflective young man, emancipated from what it pleased him to call Superstition, a frequenter of "secularist" lecture-halls, a clean liver, and dogmatic in support of "natural morality." How could he best employ a fixed income of two hundred pounds per annum? His occupation at a wharf in Pickle Herring Street was neither lucrative nor congenial, and there must be innumerable openings for such as he, all manner of agreeable and worthy pursuits, easy to be discovered now that he had leisure to look about him. He had never been conscious of any particular vocation, save indeed for a life of contemplative ease; but his theories favoured a strenuous view of existence; he was resolved, in the spirit of lay religion, to use his opportunity nobly, that his own good fortune might be the world's advantage.

Ten years later Isherwood was still reflecting on this problem. Since his abandonment of Pickle Herring Street he had done nothing whatever save consuming the annual two hundred pounds. Never allowing himself to exceed his income, he never spent less than the weekly fractions into which he had exactly divided it. He neither owed nor lent to any man. And every night of his life he came home—not exactly drunk, but alcoholically cheerful.

Since he left the country, in his eighteenth year, the man had never known domestic life; a common enough case, and generally fraught with great perils. Isherwood's temperament, and the peculiar cast of his mind, protected him in a singular way. He had not been tempted to the damnation of a foolish marriage, nor at any time had entangled himself with women; yet he enjoyed female society, and innocently had a good deal of it. His male acquaintances were numerous, and many of them disreputable; yet their companionship never led him into disaster. Conscious of the homeliest desires, of the commonest ambitions, wishing for a house of his own, with wife and children and social consideration, he lived in completest detachment from the world of respectability, and could discover no mode of connecting himself with it. Still he firmly believed that the future had happy things in store for him, and on that account, nothing could have induced him to encroach upon his capital.

His days followed an all but invariable routine. At nine o'clock he began to rouse himself, feeling unwell, wishing he had drunk rather less the night before, and resolving to be more prudent in future. At half-past nine, the lodging-house slavey (he had a bedroom in Thanet Place, off the Strand) brought him tea and a bloater, over which he dawdled, still dressing, for about an hour. Regardless of weather, he then went forth to his "toilet club," in Holywell Street, and chatted under the hands of the barber. Much refreshed with the fragrance of bay rum—it often surprised him that he had once been able to live without bay rum—he set off on what he called his "constitutional," a walk to the Exchange and back, seriously undertaken out of regard for his health; and on the way he considered where he should have luncheon, for it was his custom never to eat at the same place on two successive days. No man had a larger acquaintance with the eating-places of the Metropolis. His palate did not demand luxuries; at lunch he seldom spent more than eighteenpence, and at dinner rarely exceeded half-a-crown; but in homely dishes he was critical.

Copyright, 1895, by George Gissing.

After the mid-day meal, he began to drink. The habit had grown upon him; the need was physical; yet it connected itself with his desire for society. At this time of the day it was not easy to find men at leisure; at all events, the kind of men with whom he cared to associate in his daylight mood, which always tended to the rigidly moral, and, as years went on, grew tinged with a certain penitential gravity. Consequently, his afternoon was spent in "private" bars, where he conversed with the young woman who supplied his chosen beverage. Among a score or two of barmaids to whom his pleasant, though plain, countenance was very familiar, Isherwood felt himself privileged to distinguish some half-dozen as his intimate friends; and with these he would talk by the hour. Remarkable dialogue. Invariably it began with light-hearted facetiousness, with mutual banter of a wholly inoffensive kind; then Isherwood, after a few sips at his glass, fell into a softer tone, and little by little led the talk to matters of private, of domestic concern. These young women had learnt to confide in him, even to the extent of discussing their love affairs. For some singular reason they did not regard him as a possible wooer; he, on his part, desired only to be their familiar friend. In many instance he had given excellent advice, when good and disinterested counsel was hardly to be had from anyone else. He spoke, when it seemed necessary, in the tone of fatherly admonition, and in the end was always seriously heard. A calamity befalling one of his *protégés* troubled him for many days; he would talk about it with the others, and make it the text of sober little discourses, thoroughly well-meant.

HIS AFTERNOON WAS SPENT IN "PRIVATE" BARS.

And all the time he drank. By six o' clock he began to feel the exhilaration which is part of the alcoholic appetite for food; with approach of dinner the pleasantest hours of the day gleamed before him. He now encountered his boon companions, elaborated plans for the evening, forgot all his cares, all his graver resolves. Not a piece was produced at any West-end theatre but Isherwood saw it on the first night; every music-hall of repute had a share of his attentions. Yet he had long ago ceased to care genuinely for these entertainments; for the most part, he neither saw nor listened, but sat dreaming of the things his soul desired—a home, a wife, a child, and respectability. Music often affected him to tears, and then he would make noble resolutions, always involving a departure for distant lands, where a "new life" might be entered upon. He talked of it to his companion as a settled thing. "We shan't see much more of each other, old man; in a week I start.' Whereupon the companion smiled or guffawed according to his nature.

It was with reluctance that he turned homeward. The bedroom in Thanet Place had few attractions: in summer it smelt of everything that a room should not, and in winter no fire could abate its clammy cold. Unless the weather was very bad indeed, Isherwood sauntered about the Strand till long after midnight, and however late the hour, he always found someone with whom to gossip. For the women of the street knew him well, and like the barmaids, regarded him with peculiar friendliness. They expected nothing from him, but perhaps it pleased them to talk with a decent man who never disagreeably reminded them of their outcast state. He chatted pleasantly of everyday things—actors, singers, the latest murder, the state of trade, and occasionally something of this kind would pass:—

"Heard anything from your people in the country?"

"Oh, they've given up writing."

"Why don't you run down and see them? I would if I were you, Jenny. You want a change you know, and there might be some sort of chance—eh?"

And it *did* happen, once or twice, that his counsel came at the right moment.

He himself had now no "people in the country" to think of. His kinsfolk were dead, or scattered and lost to sight. Sometimes, when he tossed sleepless on his uncomfortable bed, he asked himself what would become of his money if he were to fall ill and die. Ought he not to make a will? If he did so, what purpose of public utility could he serve? On the whole, he inclined to benefit a Children's Hospital. His name would appear in the Annual Report, and possibly might get into the newspapers.

NORTHWARD HO!

"I suppose you're the son of the McClintock who went to look for Franklin?"

"No, I'm that man's father."

This question and its reply are often interchanged between Sir Leopold McClintock and those who meet him for the first time. It is seldom that a man is mistaken for one of his own children, but the error is in this case excusable, for the Admiral started first on the great search when he was a young lieutenant, while the fiftieth anniversary of the departure of Franklin's ships has just been celebrated.

Young McClintock's first cruise was to latitudes low, When a stripling of eleven, being at the time little taller and no stouter than his own sword, he went on the *Samarang*, to some port on the South American coast. Here the Spanish ladies had a habit of picking him up and kissing him with remarks to the effect that he was such a little dear. This to the complete satisfaction of the British officer in question! The rest of the ship's officers were very proud of their minute middy, and once a month they would weigh him solemnly against a big dog they had on board, to see which might first tip the scale.

The great moment of Sir Leopold's life came later, when he applied for a place in the expedition the Government was sending forth in search of the lost Sir John. From the moment the young man set his foot on his first iceberg, he showed himself to be possessed of two qualifications of first importance in Arctic life—namely, a remarkable talent for organisation and a keen love for and sympathy with animals. The first led eventually to the whole of the sledging arrangements on the expeditions he accompanied being entrusted to him. For days before these were sent out, he might be seen balancing ounce by ounce, food, scientific instruments and articles for barter, that the maximum weight of 200 pounds per man and 100 pounds per dog might not be exceeded. So well did he manage this most important feature of Arctic research, that after beginning by beating the record he was able in the end to accomplish the herculean feat of 1,400 miles in 105 days. No one seems to have understood so well as he how to keep the invaluable Eskimo dog in good condition and get good work out of him. The little dray-horse of the Arctic has, according to Sir Leopold, his bad points as well as his good. He is so greedy that were the seal's flesh on which he exists served on platters, he would toss off his own portion in a trice, then appropriate that of at least half a dozen of the weaklings before he could be driven off. To avoid this, when feeding time comes, the meat is flung abroad over the ice, then the pack is let loose, there is a rush, a snarl, a gulp, and the place is clear again, while the little beasts lurch heavily back to the holes they have excavated for themselves in the steep snowbank reared against the side of the ice-bound ship. The natives always give the oil-laden skins of the birds they kill to the dogs, maintaining that feathers are good for them, and when seal is not to be had, shark is substituted. For this dish, more preparation is needed, as if the dog eat shark's head, he grows giddy and unfit for work; if the hard rough skin, it chokes him. To his own kin, Eskimo is not kind. He frequently devours his offspring; and one night, when McClintock had found it necessary to muzzle a dog who had a weakness for supping on her own harness, the defenceless brute was so mauled she had to be shot next day. Eskimo is also lazy. Should any obstacle prevent the free passage of a sledge drawn by him and his, he experiences a feeling of great satisfaction, and promptly lies down to wait till his human assistants have removed the hindrance. On such occasions he keenly resents correction with the long, curling thong of the dog-whip. This, however, has to be frequently administered, and Sir Leopold finds it a reason for self-congratulation when he succeeds in getting work out of them without breaking their bones. To start a dog sledge is a lesson in patience. You first catch your dog, who, aware of your designs, stands at bay on the distant horizon. You pass the thongs round his wiry little body while he wriggles out of your hands like an eel. When at last secured he devotes himself to gnawing through the leather. Next comes a series of acrobatic performances, the little brutes leaping to and fro over each other's backs, over the sledge, between the wheels, and their driver's legs, till the cords which attach them to the conveyance resemble a complicated cat's-cradle. A smart blow to the one nearest is perhaps administered. He snaps, yelps, and turning sharp round, bites his companion. The companion bites his fellow, he the next, and so on, till the whole pack are engaged in a free fight. From this the man who with frost-bitten fingers, boots full of ice, and the wind doing its best to wrench off the fur which covers him, can reduce them to order without breaking their bones, deserves to be encased from top to toe in the Royal Humane Society's medals.

According to Sir Leopold, the Eskimo belle is not attractive. Her flat face and short neck are covered with grease and grime; her attire is in the same condition; her eyes are bleared, and her lips withered by crouching over a smoky blubber lamp, and her surroundings are really too unsavoury for description. She makes one and the same sheath of fur serve for herself and her child, and slips the infant in among its folds at her back in a state of nudity. When wishing to add eloquence to her appeal for alms as understood in the Arctic, the mother draws it forth in like condition, and holds it up in the glacial atmosphere, till needles, blubber, the ship itself, whatever else the parent may covet, are urged upon her as a bribe to put the baby back into its pouch.

Sir Leopold was too busy to be able to spare much time for sport, but he brought back the head of a very fine musk ox, that now hangs in his house at Atherstone Terrace, frowning down upon the tusks of a walrus and the long ivory spears of a narwhal. His most treasured possession, however, is a silver model of the *Fox*, the vessel committed to his charge by the widow of the heroic Sir John, in which he brought back the celebrated "Franklin relics." An interesting feature of this model is the figure of the man in the Crow's Nest, with glass in his eye, as he scans the solid silver waves on which the beautiful little boat reposes. The Crow's Nest has the appearance of a barrel four or five feet in height, and the same in circumference. To it is attached a hood, which the "Crow" may draw up as shelter from the bitter wind when he has made his way through the trap-door in the floor, the only means of entry. In this receptacle, Sir Leopold spent whole days of his Arctic life, as he directed the movements of the ship among the lanes of water which cut right and left through the ice tracts.

And it was here he stood when, after emerging as by a miracle from his struggle with the ice pack, he was asked by the helmsman which way he should steer, and gave the historic words, "Due North," as his sole reply.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT HOME.

(With Special Photographs.)

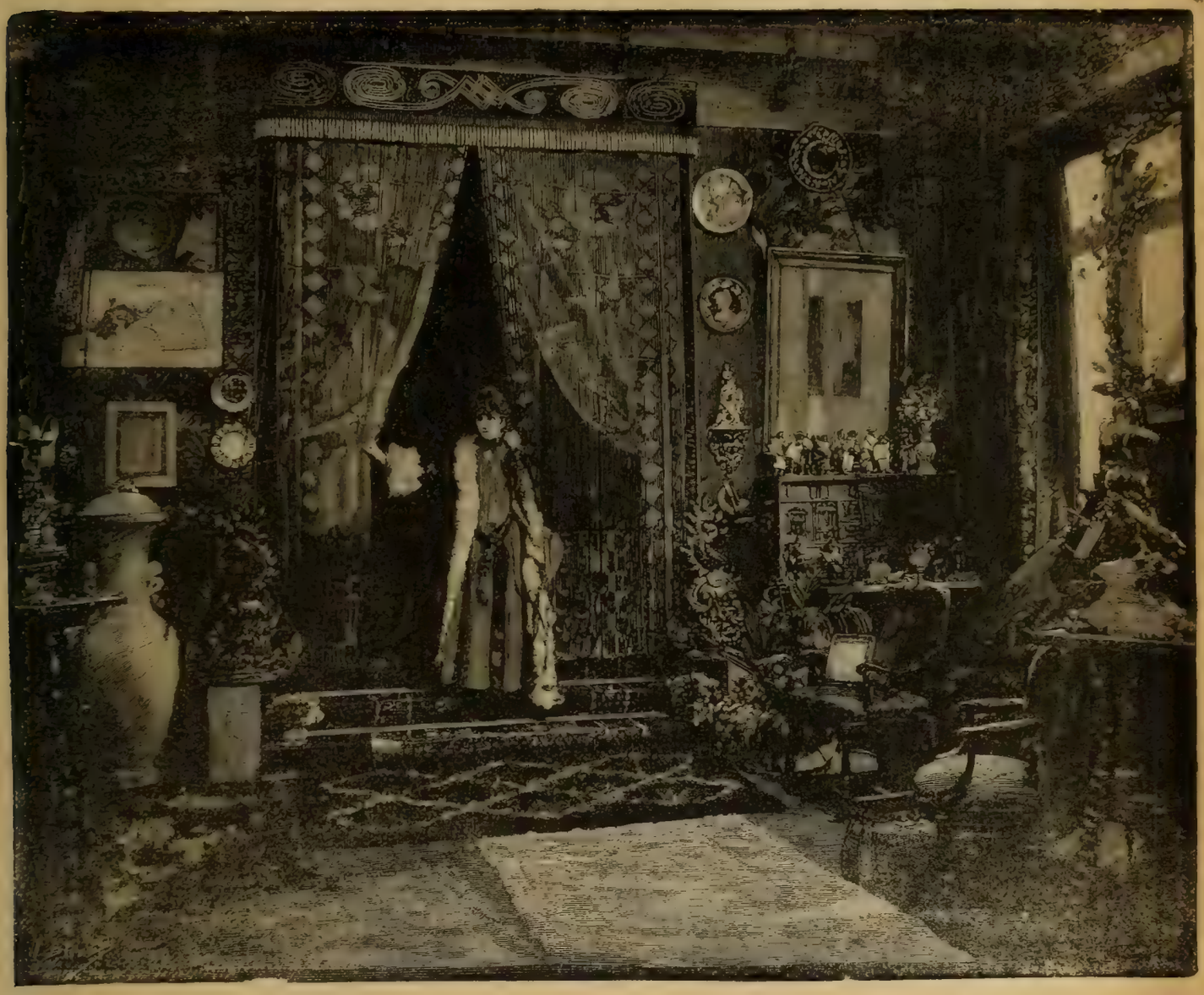
Few women have been such wanderers on the face of the earth as the famous French actress in whom are embodied both the ancient and modern traditions of the world's stagecraft, and yet she is never really happy but at home in her lovely Paris house.

Boulevard Peraire is not a romantic locality, and it seems strange that the Dona Sol and Jeanne d'Arc of yesterday and the Herodias and Shrewish Katherine of to-morrow should have chosen so bare and unpicturesque a corner of beautiful Paris. But experience soon teaches members of the profession the value of good air and quiet, and *la divine Sarah* exchanges each evening the roar and dust of the Boulevards for the peace and pure air of the deserted quarter where she has set up her household gods.

Madame Sarah's penates are many and various, and every apartment in her "hôtel"—from the English-looking hall to the luxurious bedchamber where she has before now been known to hold a reception—is filled with rare and exquisite souvenirs of past triumphs and evidences of notable taste; for, in addition to her dramatic gifts, your hostess possesses artistic and literary talents of no mean order, and her happiest hours are spent in her great studio, a real workroom in the best sense of the term. Portraits of *la maitresse du logis* are here, there, and everywhere, and each admirable counterfeit presentment challenges comparison with the others, whether the likeness be that taken by Clairin, Bastien-Lepage,

SARAH BERNHARDT, FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Louise Abbéma, or Gervex, for so complex and strange a personality is full of infinite variety, and at once the joy and despair of portrait painters.



SARAH BERNHARDT AT HOME.

Sarah Bernhardt retains in private life all the charm of manner and quickness of intuition for which she is famed. She puts the shyest or most *gauche* of visitors at ease by her warm greeting and gracious kindliness, and few women have fewer enemies or better friends than this cosmopolitan Frenchwoman.

"Yes," she says, fingering lightly the heavy crimson cloth which hangs in straight folds from neck to ankle, "I remember well your last visit; but how much water has flowed under the hedge since those far-off days! I have been half round the world, and had many adventures both on land and sea. I now own my theatre, am my own manager, and have become a grandmother," she concludes with a half smile, half sigh, and pointing to an exquisite half-finished bust of the baby girl, whose only rival in Madame Sarah's heart is her clever young father Maurice, whose marriage some years ago to Princess Terka drew closer the links already existing between Madame Bernhardt and the world of Paris art.

"And do you enjoy management, Madame?"

"Certainly. It has always been the dream of my life to own an ideal theatre; but then every comedian will tell you the same. I do not mind telling you that I have learnt much from my English and American *confreres*. I only wish every French manager could pay a flying visit to London or New York. Think of the Lyceum! Irving has practically attained perfection, both 'in front' and on the stage. He does not depend for applause on a band of hirelings, who clap—poor wretches—mechanically, and positively hinder honest enthusiasm. I have followed, from afar, your great tragedian, and I think my audiences have thoroughly appreciated my efforts."

"I believe, Madame, that you are an advocate of the Conservatoire system?"

"Ask yourself whether any art can be learnt without hard work and a long apprenticeship? No man or woman would dream of trying to perform on an instrument, or attempt to speak a foreign language without taking lessons; then why should people presume to think they can walk on to a stage and act a part without having had any preliminary instruction in the dramatic art?"

"Then you are personally grateful to the Paris Conservatoire?"

"Without doubt; although, mark you, I only obtained second prizes for comedy and tragedy. I entered at fourteen, and was fortunate enough to be put into Sanson's class. He was perhaps the greatest master of elocution of his time, and extremely patient and kind to his pupils."

"Do you believe in an early training?"

"Early training by all means, for experience is always valuable, but no infant prodigies! Children, unfortunately, often make admirable comedians, for they are absolutely natural, and this stands them in good part when playing a *rôle*, but many a good actress has been spoilt by being made to act or sing at a time when she should still have been in the nursery or the schoolroom."

"I suppose that you pay great attention to the scenic and costume side of theatrical work?"

"Costumes are all-important, but I confess that nothing bores me more that *l'essayage*, the eternal fittings, alterations, etc., etc. I design almost all my stage dresses, for I think nothing of what is generally called the fashion!"

"You content yourself with setting it, Madame?"

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled brightly at the little compliment.

"Well, of course, my gowns are often copied; but, after all, the secret of good dressing is soon told. Each woman should, when choosing a gown, think solely of what is becoming to herself. I make my clothes suit me, not I my clothes. Then, as regards stage dresses, every part should surely have its own individual taste in gowns. I collected Egyptian coins, jewels, and even stuffs long before I played Cleopatra. I should tell you that I had always hoped to play the part, and in my spare moments I designed a whole set of garments suitable for Antony's charmer. It was an enjoyable task, allowing of great scope in colouring and design, for the most gorgeous effects of jewelled light and shade could not but be in keeping with the character, you see," added Madame slowly.

"I *live* in my parts even when away from the theatre, and even my house dresses are more or less in accordance with those which I have to wear each evening on the stage. When acting Jeanne d'Arc I nearly always wore a brown or white at home. You must not, however, imagine that I become in everyday life either *la femme de Claude* or the heroic Maid of Orleans according as I am personating sinner or saint!"

"And do you claim any specially favourite *rôle?*"

"I have played so many parts, and have so enjoyed my work each time, that to make comparison is scarcely possible to me. I always throw myself body and soul into a new *rôle*. If it be an historical character I immerse myself into the period, read all that is to be read, see all the portraits that were ever painted of my prototype, and try in every way to gather what kind of woman she was. If, on the other hand, the *rôle* is modern, I compose an imaginary character as like that imagined by the playwright as possible, and then study hard for six weeks more the spirit of the part than the actual words."

"You have no special theories as to how an actress should govern her daily life?"

"I put food first, then exercise. Most comedians don't walk nearly enough, and few take their food at regular intervals. I always dine *before*, not after, the performance, of course allowing plenty of time for digestion."

"One word more, Madame. Did you enjoy your last visit to London?"

"Yes, immensely. You know I came over a day or two before my season opened in order to see Signora Duse in *La Dame aux Camélias*. It is very interesting to us to see others in our *rôles*. I was immensely struck with her conception of the part. Of course, it differed from mine considerably, but then that made her acting all the more instructive and amusing. As always, my most delightful evening was spent seeing Ellen Terry. I am devoted to her, both as woman and actress, and always feel that I have learnt something new when I have seen her act."

"Were you struck by the Ibsen craze when in London?"

"Yes and no. I think the Norwegian dramatist a great writer, and you English always take up anything you adopt with an ardour and passion difficult to understand. But every new essay in dramatic art is curious and worthy of attention; still, when all is said and done, my heart always flies back to Shakespeare, Molière, and Racine."

M. A. B.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

Long ago, at a place called Matsuyama, in the province of Echigo, there lived a young samurai husband and wife. They had a little daughter.

Once the husband went to Yedo—probably as a retainer in the train of the Lord of Echigo. On his return he brought presents from the capital—sweet cakes, and a doll for the little girl (at least so the artist tells us), and for his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. To the young mother that mirror seemed a very wonderful thing; for it was the first mirror ever brought to Matsuyama. She did not understand the use of it, and innocently asked whose was the pretty, smiling face she saw inside it. When her husband answered her, laughing, "Why, it is your own face! How foolish you are!" she was ashamed to ask any more questions, but hastened to put her present away, still thinking it to be a very mysterious thing. And she kept it hidden many years—the original story does not say why.

But in the time of her last sickness she gave the mirror to her daughter, saying: "After I am dead you must look into this mirror every morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve." Then she died.

And the girl thereafter looked into the mirror every morning and evening and did not know that the face in the mirror was her own shadow, but thought it to be that of her dead mother, whom she much resembled. So she would talk to the shadow, having the sensation, or, as the Japanese original more tenderly says: "having the heart of meeting her mother" day by day; and she prized the mirror above all things.

At last her father noticed this conduct, and thought it strange, and asked her the reason of it, whereupon she told him all. "Then he thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."

Such is the old story. But was the artless error indeed so piteous a thing as it seemed to the parent? Or was his emotion vain as my own regret for the destiny of all those mirrors with all their recollections?

—*From "Out of the East," Lafcadio Hearn.*

MARRIED LOVERS.

Come darling to-night, and sit by my side,
Just in the old sweet way;
As we often sat ere you were a bride,
Just in the old sweet way;
On the rustic seat, 'neath the arching vine,
Where honeysuckle and roses twine,
While your eyes divine look into mine,
Just in the old sweet way.

I'll whisper low in your listening ear,
Just in the old sweet way;
The endearing words you so loved to hear,
Just in the old sweet way;
And as through the leaves the moonlight drips,
While the drooping lids your eyes eclipse,
I'll press my lips to your finger tips,
Just in the old sweet way.

We'll smile at the scoffs of each envious tongue,
Just in the old sweet way;
And grow calmly old as our souls grow young,
Just in the old sweet way;
As together we climb life's rugged hill,
The old romance shall our beings thrill,
For, ever we will be true-lovers still,
Just in the old sweet way.

From "Echoes," by L. P. Hill.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I don't suppose there is an author in the British Empire who does not rejoice at the knighthood thus tardily offered to Sir Walter Besant—though he should have been a baronet, like our other great novelist Sir Walter. But none of my customers are able to tell me why Dr. W. H. Russell should have been knighted now any more than at any other time in the last forty years. They tell me, however, that the other two new literary knights are active Gladstonian politicians. Mr. Lewis Morris is an old Parliamentary hand at elections, though he has never got any further; and Sir William Conway is to lead the forlorn hope for his party at Bath at the general election. Otherwise, the compliment to Mr. Besant would have been rather discounted by his having to share it with his only just appointed successor in the chairmanship of the council of the Authors' Society. The latter did certainly write a great book of travel, but one book of travel cannot weigh against the famous novels which have been appearing for a generation, the many years of pioneering work done for the Authors' Society, and humanitarian work like the setting up of the People's Palace.

* * * *

The annual dinner of the Society of Authors was, I am told, a success, because it could not be made a failure. Authors go to it to show their gratitude for the admirable way in which the office work of the society is done, and because they wish to support that great man, Sir Walter Besant. A great many others say that they would like to do so, only they cannot bore themselves by attending such dull and ill-managed dinners. Mr. Thring, of course, is powerless. One would like to know who is responsible.

* * * *

Who, for instance, was the genius who thought of putting Miss Shaw, Miss L. Shaw, Mrs. Blundell, and Mrs. Allhusen at the "high table" when Sarah Grand, Annie S. Swan, and Gilbert Parker were in the ruck, and why was Lady Jeune, the authoress of one or two insignificant books and commonplace articles, sitting on the right hand of the chairman at an authors' dinner? Nor is it quite clear to the prosaic imagination of a bookseller why Mr. Moberly Bell was in the chair. If the dinner was especially in honour of journalism there was one man *par excellence* who should have been chosen—Henry Norman, who has within a few months become assistant editor of one of our greatest and most literary newspapers, brought out the most important book of travel which has been published for years, and been elected for a leading position in the Society of Authors.

* * * *

The speech list, too, according to all my customers who were present, was quite unsuitable. Broken up into paragraphs, with headings like the murder cases in the *Evening News*, the speeches of Sir Francis Jeune and the American Ambassador would make charming reading; but it was a great bore to watch the evening slipping away before their interminable eloquence, when ninety-nine people out of a hundred were dying to get away to the soirée in the reception room, which was to follow. Sir Walter and Mr. Anthony Hope were listened to with the greatest pleasure and attention in their brief, practical, well-expressed speeches, which were models of what such speeches should be. The Society of Authors does not need a budget of orations, but wants to hear a few great authors speak frankly and naturally.

* * * *

Arrangement at the smaller tables seemed absolutely without reference as to who knew whom. And I am told that when an ordinary member of the society made a special request to sit next to another ordinary member of the society no notice was taken of the request. Revolt against the dinners of a society which does such an infinite amount of good, and includes nearly every eminent author in Great Britain, grows larger year by year.

* * * *

It ought to be the dinner of the season. It was, to be candid, only saved from insignificance by the patriotism of a few great authors like Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Norman, Sir W. Conway, and those mentioned above.

* * * *

Already the big pile I had on my counter of Mr. Wm. Le Queux's "Zoraida" (Tower Publishing Company, 6s.) has almost disappeared, though the book has only been out a week or two. I have read it through, and in my opinion it is the finest romance of the love and adventure order which has come out since Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," and "She," and it is not doing Mr. Haggard the least injustice to make the comparison. The scene is laid in the Great Sahara, through which Mr. Le Queux made some perilous journeys to get the local colour, and his descriptions of the desert life and cities are most graphic. But it is in action above all that his forte lies. The wild rush of excitement and adventure never flags for a minute. Sword and fire and mystery riot through the book. And while it is written with a scholarliness and research that make it interesting to all who have travelled, or studied the great works of travel, it will satisfy the greediest reader of penny novels with its marvels and adventures. It has, moreover, a most original and charming heroine. Readers will expect a good deal of the author of "The Great War of 1897," which has gone through nine large editions, and drawn articles from Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley, and they will not be disappointed.

* * * *

My old customer Mr. Sherard is going to take down from Alphonse Daudet's lips—translating it into English as he transcribes it—the story of the great French novelist's youth in Provençe. Daudet is a typical Provençal. In his youth he was magnificently handsome—with jet black hair, a full scarlet mouth, and the clear, rich complexion of the South—and he was the most adventurous of boys. When his family lived at Lyons, and he was quite small, his favourite amusement was to go down to the little skiffs moored to the quays and, casting loose, go a voyage of adventure on the rapid and dangerous Rhone. Another of his escapades was the formation of a smoking and drinking club, composed of small boys like himself, who would meet in the empty room of some warehouse. And the story of his first days in Paris is a romance which would be too incredible if it were only fiction instead of truth.

* * * *

The writing of this book is going on now in London, I believe at Brown's Hotel, in Piccadilly, where M. Daudet is staying with his son, M. Leon Daudet, and author of that famous book, "Les Morticoles. Leon Daudet married Jeanne Hugo, the grand-daughter of the immortal Victor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Jamieson (Glasgow).—I know of no paper which contains the advertisements you mention. The chances in England are, I believe, not so good as in Scotland, because banking is not associated with other businesses in England. In tropical countries promotion is, of course, much more rapid. In a climate like the West Indies or the Gold Coast, anybody who can live has a good chance of getting on.

G. B. S.—"Trilby," appeared in *Harper's*. Carlyle translated "Wilhelm Meister." The best "Don Quixote" is certainly A. and C. Black's, in four volumes, the fourth still in the press. Its price is only 7s. 6d. a volume; it is a reprint of the translation by Mr. H. E. Watts, brought out by Quaritch, and is as fine a specimen of printing as one meets with in an ordinary book. As to Fielding I can give no answer, but Gibbings and Company are bringing out Smollett in a little three-volume edition at 2s. 6d. a volume, edited by George Saintsbury, and charmingly illustrated by Frank Richards.

C. T. C.—The names of the books mentioned in that number are Mr. W. R. Le Fanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life" (Arnold), Mr. Joseph Hatton's "In Jest and Earnest," and Mr. Douglas Sladen's "The Japs at Home" (Hutchinson).

R. A. W.—I can find no mention of the book.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The Park is excellent value just now for anyone who wants to write long letters to a correspondent who is far from the madding crowd. What would you give in your quiet Indian station for one hour of the wonderful panorama seen daily in Hyde Park? As to the pretty faces—they are numerous indeed this season. Complexions seem lovelier than ever, perhaps because of the more open-air life led by English girls; and the thin, cob-web-like veils have something to do with it.

I wish, however, that the short ones would come in again. Not that they are nearly so becoming, but because the long ones cause the wearers to put their faces quite out of drawing by pursing out their lips to get their veils well down under the chin. I have seen some very pretty women quite disfigured by this ugly trick, and once learned it is practised so constantly as to spoil many a charming face.

The Duchess of York looks wonderfully fresh. Her complexion is as softly pink-and-cream coloured as when she was seventeen. Her favourite colour is pale blue, one that brings out to the best advantage all this pretty freshness, which has an added charm when contrasted with the artificial tints too often adopted by fashionable women.

NEW EVENING DRESS.

Liveries seem smarter than usual this season. There appears to be more colour in them than there used to be. I noticed a brown-and-yellow that went beautifully with a pair of magnificent bays in a carriage upholstered in brown, the body being painted in dark green. Another handsome livery is white, turned back with cornflower blue, but unfortunately the carriage is yellow, which makes the number of different colours rather too numerous. Then there is a biscuit-colour, turned back with scarlet, which always attracts the attention of the crowd. A black footman is one of the sensations of the season. He belongs to Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *Sun*, who has taken Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry) for the season at a rental of one hundred guineas a week.

The fashions as seen on the people in the Park are certainly pretty. One forgets how outrageous the enormous sleeves are now that one is so well accustomed to them. As to the very wide skirts, it is quite the exception to see them worn in walking. I do not think the ordinary walking-skirt is more than four yards round, and most of them have the great bulk of the fulness confined to the back. I have seen hardly any with full front and sides. Lady Féo Sturt, who is one of the best-dressed women in town, wears the most perfectly graceful skirts, fitting with fidelity on the hips, and thence flowing out into undulating fulness about the feet. I should guess hers to be about four and a half to five yards wide, those of thinner materials being more.

The very short cape is the accepted smart garment for outdoor wear just at present. It is extremely full, being cut out almost in a circle, and sticks out at the elbows at right angles with the body. The lining is usually very rich and elaborate. I saw a black satin one the other morning which was lined with peach-coloured satin brocaded with purple and yellow pansies; long points of yellow guipure made rays from the neck downwards and outwards from a ruche of peach-coloured chiffon in which a few yellow roses nestled. Long ends of the chiffon, accordeon-kilted, hung far below the waist.

The place to see the very smartest frocks and hats is at the Trafalgar Bicycle Club, just newly opened. The house and grounds were a wonderful find of Sir William Call's. Catharine Lodge was once an old manor house,

With the Japanese Troops

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his dispatch to New York, dated PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24, 1894, writes:

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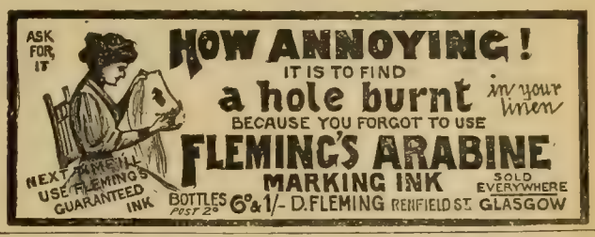

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and it is planned on those liberal lines that obtained before space become so precious in the Great City. The grounds are shaded by old trees that shut it in from surrounding houses, and give it a sort of rural charm. In the centre is a covered track on which ladies can learn to ride, and here and there are rustic summer-houses, with garden-seats and wicker tables. A verandah outside the club-house is a favourite place for tea, and promises to become one of the smartest lounges in Town. On one afternoon I noticed there the Duchess of Marlborough with her bridegroom, Lord William Beresford. The Duchess was beautifully dressed in silver-grey Irish poplin, with a very full cape to match, much trimmed with guipure and lined with white satin. Her bonnet was trimmed with white hydrangeas and knots of tulle. She wore a white veil, and looked very handsome. Lady Sarah Wilson talked with her for a long time, and Lord Marcus Beresford chatted for a while with his new sister-in-law, as did her countrywomen, handsome Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Smith-Barry. Lady Féo Sturt was very smart in dove-colour, with yellowish pompons in her hat. Miss Muriel Wilson looked her handsomest in biscuit-colour, with a touch of scarlet in front. Mrs. Bischoffsheim, in a dark silk with pink roses in her bonnet, was more than ever like the Duchess of Teck. Mr. Hwfa Williams showed her round the club, which is very conveniently arranged—one side for ladies, the other for gentlemen. Lady Eden, with her beautiful reddish gold hair, was exquisitely dressed in black, with pink-and-grey-and-white checked silk introduced in the seams of the skirt and the sides of the cape, the same check being the material of the blouse and of the sunshade. I looked at her with deep interest, remembering the episode of the portrait painted by Whistler in Paris. I am certain that was a Paris gown!

Lady Call looked perfectly sweet in a cool biscuit-coloured crêpon, relieved with pink-and-black, and a most becoming hat. I noticed that all the fashionable gowns had brightly coloured ribbons at the waist. A grey crêpon was finished in this way with pink-and-black striped ribbon, and a black canvas with rose colour.

In the illustration which I send you the skirt is in oyster-white satin, brocaded with pink and tea roses with grey-green and red-brown foilages. It is very fully gored and quite untrimmed. The bodice is white satin veiled with net, studded with diamond jewellery. The sleeves are made entirely of the diamanté net, and have pink and tea roses nestling among the folds. The top of the bodice is trimmed with similar roses, continued in braces across the top of the arms.

I shall tell you all about the bicycling costumes in my next. Your affectionate,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Aldis.—Try your hair some new way. I don't think it would suit you drawn down over the ears. Besides, that would not help you to hide the thin parting. Why not comb it all back from the forehead, except just a delicate little fringe, and dress it rather soft and wavy, pulling it up into lightness from the back. Do not wear a cushion, or you will make the thinness worse than ever. You are young, and ought to have plenty of hair, but perhaps you have been dragging it too tight, or torturing it with hot curling tongs. If you use Hinde's curlers there will be no necessity to do that. But curling irons are actually more used than ever. Ripples are the rage, and every device is employed for keeping them in position. As to the thick fringe at the back of the neck about which you ask me to advise you, curl it at night on some of your Hinde's, and then in the morning, when you have done your hair, brush it out and pin it up close to the other hair with small invisible hairpins. It will soon be long enough to be caught up with the hair. But a little curl or two may be left. Avoid a hard line; it is so ugly. It was a pity you cut so much fringe at the back.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Stewed Codfish.—Cut two pounds of codfish into cubes an inch square, and put them in a stewpan with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and half that quantity of thyme and rosemary, or, if you cannot get them, mixed herbs carefully picked and chopped. Add salt to taste, stir all together, and throw in half pint full of white wine and a pint of water. Let all simmer over a slow fire, for half an hour, and then add the juice of a lemon, two ounces butter, a pinch of flour, a dessert-spoonful of anchovy sauce, and simmer the whole for a further quarter of an hour. Arrange the squares neatly and rapidly in the centre of a hot dish and pour the sauce over them, previously straining it and letting it heat up again while the fish is being arranged symmetrically.

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Sometimes this strange and inconsistent creature forgot that she was a Russian; sometimes she omitted to remember that she was speaking in English, and there were occasions when she would rush headlong out of Russia and England, and domicile herself wholly in modern France, seeking hospitality at the house of her brilliant father, Victorien Sardou. Now, Gentlemen, I implore you to discard from your minds all suggestions and insinuations that have been raised on the subject of this murdered masterpiece—this Fallen Fédora! Some have gone so far as to say that the stage, which is the world, is happily rid of such a meretricious, theatrical, and brazen-faced woman. They will tell you she is bizarre and brutal, an unnatural and stagey creature, who under no circumstances could have lived to a healthy old age. Unfortunately for the prisoner's advisers I have here in London two actresses, brilliant artists of unimpeachable authority, one a Frenchwoman and the other an Englishwoman, who will testify to the worth, the excellence, the brilliancy, and the power of Fédora, the victim of the prisoner at the bar, Patricia Campbell! I shall call before you Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the nourrice or wet-nurse of this extraordinary child in her infancy, and I shall supplement her evidence with that of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who was selected as her handsome and highly-gifted governess when the education of Fédora was transferred by Papa Sardou from France to England, appointing as her sole guardian Squire Bancroft, who unhappily was present at Fédora's untimely death, on the stage of the very Haymarket Theatre which had in the old days been her play-ground and schoolroom.

These actresses will tell you from actual observation that she is high-spirited, electric, all nerves and action, who conquered your sympathies directly she burst upon the scene, who never allowed the conversation or the excitement to drop, and who was so full of electric power that, as Mrs. Bernard Beere will tell you, no one dreamed that her English governess would be able to keep her young until the end of the evening.

If this be true; if Fédora had that gift and charm of ingratiating herself at once with her friends and admirers, how is it, I ask, that the defenders of Patricia Campbell represent the Fédora victim as an unexcitable and phlegmatic young person, cold, cruel, and calculating, incapable of love, and indifferent to passion, ignorant of revenge, a mere cipher and nonentity, until such time as it pleases her to contradict her very character by her piteous remorse in the very last act of existence? If my witnesses are right in this estimate of Fédora's nature, and can trace in her the evidence of her Slavonic origin, then this attempt to throw cold water on a headstrong and impulsive girl is absolutely indefensible.

There can be only one excuse for Fédora's assailant, and that is, that at the time of committing the deed she was under the sway and hypnotic influence of a "particeps criminis," one Eleanora Duse, who without imagination, but with considerable cleverness, has spent the best part of her career in murdering masterpieces.

What could be more reprehensible than the action of the Italian Duse in maligning and libelling one Marguerite Gautier, often called "The Lady of the Camelias," in reducing her to a pulp, sending her into a dazed dream, and stealing from her with malice aforethought all the gifts that had been bestowed upon her by her brilliant father, Alexandre Dumas the younger. It may be that this seductive but "imagination-killing" Duse, the representative of a cold and bloodless school, did actually induce the luckless Patricia Campbell to commit the crime, but I must remind you that we are not trying Eleanora Duse to-day, but the prisoner at the bar.

The violent and unjustifiable treatment—in an artistic sense— of Fédora by Eleanora Duse has been unhappily condoned. Her sins are shuffled off on to the shoulders of Patricia Campbell. It was this beautiful, but I fear unrepentant prisoner, who in the presence of hundreds of her admirers, blotted out the dramatic existence of Fédora, the favourite and most brilliant child of her poor old father, Victorien Sardou.

Fédora has been stabbed, and Sardou is inconsolable.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

The unhappy woman standing before you, unjustly and shamefully charged with a crime of which she is absolutely innocent, has no fear any more than I have of the result of this ignominious trial. She, as my learned friend has tardily admitted, is not only a beautiful but brilliant woman, but she is more than that! She is a woman of a determined and independent spirit, a woman with plenty of the new blood in her veins, a woman of rare personality and individuality, who refuses to be hampered with stage traditions, convention, and the methods of others. She would sweep away the old fossils, dry as dust, and conservative customs and habits, that seem to fetter her originality, and having obtained the ear of the public she intends to keep it.

To charge this brilliant and gifted woman with the wilful murder of the overacted Fédora is absurd on the face of it. There was no secrecy about the matter, no revenge concerned in it, nothing to be gained. All that was done was in self-defence, in defence of the personality of my client, in defence of her method, her system, and with the ultimate end and aim of clearing dramatic society of what is false and tawdry, in order to establish what is true, and——

Counsel for the Prosecution:—Tiresome!

Counsel for the Defence:—My Lord, I must appeal to you to protect me against these ungenerous and ungentlemanly interruptions. If the word "tiresome" is to be used I think I know a head on which that kind of cap would fit remarkably well.

The Judge:—I am unwilling to interfere, but do not let us, at any rate, descend to that form of primeval schoolboy repartee known as the "tu quoque." The jokes in our courts of law, however feeble, are, I am aware, invariably greeted with uproarious laughter, but do let us rise to do something superior to "You're another."

Counsel for the Defence:—My Lord, I was saying before my learned and facetious friend interrupted me that my interesting client, Patricia Campbell, has had a brief but extraordinary career. She was discovered at the little town of Colchester, in Essex, an interesting place, in that it was the dramatic birth-place of the venerable Mrs. Keeley, and when discovered was in the company of one Ben Greet, a mild, but earnest enthusiast, who, in these days of Artistic Models, Shop Girls, and Gentleman Joes, may be called the John the Baptist of the Shakespearian drama.

Clad in ascetic garments, not exactly perhaps fashioned out of goat skins, but modelled after a broad church curate, the excellent Greet has played the pilgrim and prophet of the provinces, feeding, if not on locusts and wild honey, at least on evangelical pudding, washed down with Kops' ale! It was the mission of the evangelist Greet to declare to a stiff-necked generation

that an American lady, one Laura Johnson, was to be the Siddons of the future.

Patricia Campbell was given a back seat, and played Helen to the Julia of the prospective Siddons, "the Mother and her Child were there" that night at Colchester. No, I beg pardon, that was not it!

The manager and the critic were, on this occasion, the "Gentlemen from London Town," and they declared to Parson Greet that he had mistaken his egg, and that the mysterious Mrs. Pat should be hatched at once, for she would turn out a veritable swan and not a goose. So they brought her up by express train from Colchester to London, they induced her to play Rosalind, which she did with great success; they graduated her at the Adelphi in the melodramas of G. R. Sims, and one memorable evening, in the fury of a dramatic scene, the débutante had such a fierce encounter with a nail in a kitchen table, that she was stripped of almost all she possessed, and stood proud and Godiva-like before the astonished Peeping Toms of Gatti Land. The critical world then knew all about Patricia Campbell. They saw it all at a glance. They were convinced and conquered. From that moment the melodrama was not strong enough to restrain the reforming ardour of this impulsive genius. She was tossed about like a hot pancake from author to author. Pinero rushed for her and made the town ring with Mrs. Tanqueray; Henry Arthur Jones fought for her, and made the critics scream over Dulcie Larondie; Beerbohm Tree and little Haddon Chambers manœuvred for her, and managed to put her under a (Kate) Cloud; finally, her old friend Pinero gave her the second chance of her life with Mrs. Ebbsmith, after which she went on a proselytising mission with Fédora, and is now monstrously accused of killing a stage dummy filled with straw. Fédora is not a woman at all, but a scarecrow. To charge the prisoner with wilful murder is against all evidence, justice, and common sense. If, as I anticipate, my lord will instruct you that it is not murder at all, but manslaughter, then this persistent Patricia instructs me to say that what she did she did in self-defence, and that she is prepared to do it again and again irrespective of authors, careless of audiences, defiant of public opinion, to hack, maim, destroy, or kill such characters as interfere with the new gospel of boredom and bathos, and as clash with an art that is undoubtedly based on the lounge, lisp, and listlessness of the weary end of the nineteenth century.

At this period the judge fainted, and it was intimated that his summing-up would be deferred until the following morning.

The speech for the defence of Patricia Campbell created a profound impression, and was applauded by an audience that had borrowed the unanimous and well-trained methods of a Haymarket *première*. When they were unanimous, they were unanimous with a vengeance, after the recipe of Mr. Puff, who is not unknown in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket.

CHRISTIE'S AND ITS STORY.

The oldest and most important auction room in the United Kingdom is that familiarly known as "Christie's," in King Street, St. James's Square. For over a hundred years this emporium of the fine arts has existed, and for more than fifty years has held undisputed sway as the premier establishment of its kind. The traditions and prestige of this great firm are unequalled, and in the London season the King Street rooms are a fashionable lounge. Year after year notable or historical collections of pictures, china, and *objets d'art* attract to these sale-rooms all the *connoisseurs*, patrons of art, and the principal dealers not only of London, but of Europe; and within recent times its walls have seen the dispersion, *inter alia*, under the hammer, of the celebrated collection of china formed by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and the Dudley Gallery, the latter reaching, in 1892, the record total for a picture sale of over £100,000 in one afternoon. Of course, there have been many other great sales which merely to enumerate would fill our space. The varied character of the "properties" offered in itself is not the least remarkable feature of sales at Christie's. In one season you may buy a Rubens for 5,000 guineas, or a modern water-colour for half-a-guinea; the spear of a famous warrior, or an elaborately carved confessional box; the sacramental robes of a Catholic priest, or the carved image of the heathen Chinee; the communion plate of some Christian church, or the barbarous fetish of an African "witch smeller-out." In other directions you may see offered the choicest specimens of the famous Sèvres factory and the latest development of Minton's, beautiful blue and white porcelain from the land of the Celestials, and some of the finest of Crown Derby dishes, or the most elegant or grotesque of Chelsea figures. But enough! Why mention the thousand and one articles that delight the collector? If you are an American and have struck oil, you can go to Christie's and buy a series of ancestors by known or unknown masters, and furnish your newly-built or acquired ancestral hall with the finest decorative furniture of the most artistic period of France or of any other country, while old silver plate engraved with armorial bearings is to be had—at a price.

You can acquire illuminated MSS. that have been the property of princes, sample wines of the most delicate aroma and of the rarest vintages, secure cigars which have been accumulated by some leader of fashion, purchase the surplus stock of dry sherry from the cellars of a Lord Mayor of London, or a good sound port from the wine bins of an old-fashioned squire. But it must always be remembered that the auctioneers guarantee nothing, and are not bound by errors of description.

In such a place as Christie's there are many interesting ancedotes current, of which we will give a few that have come under our notice. The style of selling is quiet and dignified, especially in the case of Mr. Christie, who a few years ago retired from the firm. Mr. Christie's habit was to make no remark beyond stating the number of the lot and the actual bids made. It is recorded that two young Birmingham auctioneers up in town, thinking to pick up a wrinkle or two at this famed auction room, turned up one summer afternoon when Mr. Christie was selling china. As they took their seats they heard "Lot 4—one guinea—and a half—two—and a half—three—and a half—four." The hammer fell. This sort of thing went on for some time, the difference being only in the amounts bid, and at last one of the Brummagem men looked at the other and said, "Come along, Jack, the blamed things sell themselves."

Mr. Woods, the present head of the firm, and reputed—and deservedly so—as being the finest judge of pictures in London, has for years sold all the great picture collections offered at these rooms. It may be mentioned that nearly all the big sales take place on Saturday afternoons, and we have seen them attended by most distinguished persons, such as the Duke of Westminster, the late Duke of Marlborough, the late Lord Dudley, the present Prime Minister and a host of other notabilities in the political, fashionable, and artistic worlds. Christie's dearly love a rich "plunger," and they have had many—sometimes a noble lord, sometimes a wealthy banker, and sometimes the proprietor of a successful pill or marmalade. At the time of the great sale of the Duke of Hamilton's properties a few years ago a banker was the known plunger. In the Duke's collection was a splendid picture by Rubens—"Daniel in the Lion's Den." It was rumoured that the banker intended to have this picture at any cost, and the big dealers meant to make him pay for his fancy. The day came and with it a crowded room, and the banker about three rows from the rostrum,

"Daniel" was "put up" at 1,000 guineas, and the banker steadily bid up to 3,000, when he ceased to make any further sign. The bidding, however, went on, but it soon became evident that the auctioneer had "lost" one of the bidders, although the bids reached his ear and were duly announced by him. Eventually the picture was knocked down at 5,000 guineas, and then it was discovered that the banker had secured "Daniel and the Lions" by arranging with a friend who stood close to Mr. Woods, and whom no one knew, to take up the bidding, if necessary, after 3,000 guineas. The dealers were "fluffed." The sequel of this story, however, is instructive. The banker died a year or two afterwards, and his art properties were sent to Christie's, when the Duke of Hamilton was able to buy "Daniel" back again for £2,000. Note the difference, not only between the two prices, but also the difference between pounds and guineas.

Often fabulous prices are paid. Two thousand guineas were once paid for a beautiful Lyre clock; 7,000 guineas for a Limoges enamelled dish of supreme beauty and rarity; and last year £11,550 for Sir Joshua Reynolds' famed "Lady Betty Deline and Children." Big prices are not so apparent in jewel sales on account of the supposed intrinsic value, but the writer remembers 720 shillings a dozen being paid for Chateau Lafite of exceptional excellence. But here, again, the anomalies of an auction room come in. There were about ten lots of three dozens each of this wine—the first lot was sold at 720s. *per dozen;* the next two or three lots at 600s. per dozen; but eventually the last two lots of the same wine went for only 200s. per dozen! The purchaser of No. 1 lot must have felt a bit foolish.

These wine sales are dangerous. On one occasion a well-known publisher, since dead, and whose collection of china occupied Christie's for many a day, attended a wine sale. He was, although rich, a man of frugal, not to say penurious mind, and it being observed that he had tasted "not wisely, but too well," one of the porters was directed to see him safe into a cab. A four-wheeler was called, but the old gentleman, who was not in the habit of wasting his substance on such luxuries, thought it was the familiar 'bus, and persisted in trying to get in at the back.

Silver is sold by the ounce. The bidding, say, for a massive salver will begin at a trifle over the current value of silver per ounce, and then it goes on by pennies until the lot is knocked down, perhaps at 7s. 6d. per ounce. The actual value, when calculated, may amount to £200 or £300. One afternoon last year Mr. Taylor—one of the partners—was selling silver, and had worked up a handsome silver cup to 9s. A gentleman about thirty-five years of age, well dressed, and of smart appearance, came into the room at that juncture, and thinking the cup cheap at 10s., bid that amount. He was much astonished and not a little disconcerted to discover that his little purchase came to as many golden sovereigns as he thought he was paying shillings. On attempting to go back on his bargain, he was very pertinently told that he was old enough to know better than to suppose that a cup of that description could be bought even at an auction for ten shillings.

For the last story we must go back to pictures. Many gentlemen, properly termed "amateurs," think they know a picture when they see it. Some of them do, but some of them don't. A struggling artist, living in Bloomsbury, and a clever copyist, did a pretty little "pot-boiler," in the style of H. B. Leader, and took it to a dealer in Holborn, who, after a good deal of haggling, gave him a fiver for it. The dealer framed it, and put it in his window, where it was seen by an "amateur." This gentleman went in and asked the price of "that Leader" in the window. The dealer saw at once he had a "mug," and told him that as the picture came to him cheap he would sell it for £70. The amateur thought he had a bargain, and paid.

COMEDY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.20, a comedy, in three acts, entitled

THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS,
BY JEROME K. JEROME
AND EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Mr. Cyril Maude,
Mr. Arthur Playfair,
Mr. W. T. Lovell,
Mr. Ernest Leicester,
Mr. Edward Righton.
Miss Lena Ashwell,
Miss Alice Mansfield,
Miss Ettie Williams,
Miss Fanny Brough.

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "A delightful and amusing little comedy, as bright as sunshine and as refreshing as the scent of May! That was the unanimous verdict of a well-contented audience last night. If it be true that there is a reaction against the modern uncomfortable play, then here is a good chance of proving it. The authors have treated us to a cheerful and amusing comedy."

The "Times" says: "The play is refreshing in its simplicity, in its cordial recognition of the good as well as the bad of human nature, and in the genial humour, which, like the suspicion of onion in the salad, animates the whole. The piece was accorded a hearty welcome."

The "Daily News" says: "The authors of 'The Prude's Progress' brought out at the reopening of the Comedy Theatre last night, were successful in awaking roars of laughter, and we are bound to say that their triumph was won by perfectly legitimate means. The several threads of interest are so cleverly interwoven, the comic situations are involved so easily and in such rapid succession, and the development gives prominence to so many amusing types of character, that the interest is sustained throughout, and even increases as the denouement is approaching."

The "Morning Advertiser" says: "The new venture at the Comedy Theatre promises to be a highly successful one, as 'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy in three acts, by Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, produced last night abounds with humour that is delightfully fresh. 'The Prude's Progress' met with the full approval of the audience, and the authors were loudly called for."

The "Standard" says: "A frequent complaint against certain modern plays is that they are too advanced, too fantastic to please the average theatre-goer. To such dramas Messrs. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts supply a species of antidote in their 'Prude's Progress.'"

The "Morning Post" says: "It is better to regard 'The Prude's Progress' as an addition to the fairly long list of pleasant stage fairy tales, beginning, let us say, with 'Our Boys,' and including such works as 'The Old Jew' of Mr. Grundy. A great merit is that it is not only pleasant but wholesome. The first act certainly provides one of the prettiest little bits of quiet sentiment that I have seen for a long time. There is little doubt that the comedy will find plenty of favour."

The "St. James's Gazette" says: "There is at least an honest ring about the sentiment, a wholesome flavour about the love adventures of good-natured little Adam Cherry, which serve to render the tale something more than palatable."

The "Star" says: "The entertainment will, I am sure, give innocent pleasure to a very large number of playgoers."

The "Westminster Gazette" says: "The reception of the play was very favourable, and everyone was called."

The "Globe" says: "This is as much as needs to be told of a play, the action of which, though simple, is sympathetic throughout, which is written with some subtlety and much smartness and humour, and won last night a conspicuous success. To this an admirable interpretation largely contributed. The whole, which was received with laughter and delight, constitutes a healthy, brisk, and stimulating entertainment."

The "Sun" says: "'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy of the Robertsonian style, was produced at the Comedy Theatre last night, and the reception was such as to cause the authors to flatter themselves they have made a success. The play, as a matter of fact, is thoroughly interesting, and contains just sufficient humour to make tears glisten."

The "Brooklyn Times" says: "It forced applause from an audience not all inclined to enthusiasm, because of its own decided cleverness."

The "New York Press" says: "One of the most delightful performances of the theatrical season. Laughter was interrupted only by applause. The wit is bright, epigrammatic, and, except in one instance, unconscious. The personages are clearly and naturally drawn, the incidents are amusing and easily led up to, the interest is steadily cumulative, and from one curtain to the other there are no dull moments."

The "New York World" says: "A play which must delight and charm the judicious spectator, jaded with the constant succession of 'effects' which retain neither the modesty nor the truth of nature. Its contrasts of character are good, its humour buoyant, its wit sparkling, and its climaxes are reached rather through the natural developments of the situations than through bustling action. . . . It is a constant delight to witness it."

The "New York Recorder" says: "A play of strong interest and with much that appeals to the heart as well as to the mind, and which never lags for an instant through its three acts."

The "New York Evening World" says: "I should recommend all those who enjoy pure comedy to see it. It sparkles with wit, and tells a bright and amusing story."

The "New York Herald" says: "Received with much laughter and applause. It is simply a very amusing, well-written comedy."

The "Boston Transcript" says: "Undeniably as amusing as a play can well be. The play is plainly written simply to amuse, and this it does with a will."

The "Boston Post" says: "The text is unusually brilliant and full of good points; the situations are verbal rather than of the conventional type of dodging in and out of imaginary rooms, and the action is lively and full of spirit, but not sufficiently rapid to weary the audience. There is a thread of pathos, too. It is, withal, a charming comedy."

The "Chicago Inter-Ocean" says: "This is one of the most enjoyable, interesting and unhackneyed plays the season has brought forth. It is bright and delightful in graceful originality, written with great literary care and fine poetic sensibility, and character appreciation and was constructed with great dramatic skill, though with cheerful and cheering disregard of time-staled conventionalities. It gives one's play-deadened nerves a thrill of pleasure to come under the influence of an author now and then who, with taste, discretion and judgment to arouse sentiment to the right degree of sympathy, has the aristic courage to end a scene without a distinct situation."

IN THE CITY.

OUTSIDE BROKERS AND JUDGES.

We have never hesitated to advise those of our readers who have consulted us on the subject to avoid gambling with the Outside Broker in stocks and shares; but advice is seldom taken when it jars with inclination. It is indisputable that many thousands of persons do gamble for "differences," and it is very necessary to know how the law stands in relation to them. But having regard to recent rulings this is very difficult to find out. Indeed these rulings seem to make confusion worse confounded. Let us take some of the most recent of them.

On May 13th a Mr. M'Dowall sued Mr. Perryman to recover £66 5s., money paid as "cover" on the purchase of £1,000 Brighton "A" stock, and for other sums; but we deal with this one. The defendant set up the Gaming Act. There was, he said, no evidence of any real contract save one void at law. The judge, Mr. Justice Collins, held that the real question was—"Were real transactions intended?" and nobody who reads the evidence, or takes the admissions of the plaintiff himself, can have any doubt that the £66 5s. was "cover," paid to keep the stock open—stock there never was the faintest intention to take up. Yet the jury found for the plaintiff, and judgment was given accordingly.

Here a Judge of the High Court rules that a man who sends cover to an outside broker for the purpose of gambling in stocks or shares can recover such cover in a court of law.

We pass to a second case in which the Universal Stock Exchange figures as plaintiffs, and to a third in which the same company were defendants.

In the second case a Mr. McHarg appealed to the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Smith and Rigby from an order of Mr. Justice Day made in an action to recover £349 differences on Stock Exchange transactions. When transactions were first opened Mr. McHarg signed a printed document authorising certain transactions and providing that in case of dispute it should be referred to two arbitrators. There was dispute, and the Universal Stock Exchange appointed their arbitrator. But Mr. McHarg wanted to go to a jury. Mr. Justice Day held that he was bound by the document he had signed, and must go to arbitration. Against this decision Mr. McHarg appealed, his case being that although the document was signed it was a mere blind and make-believe; or in other words, to quote Lord Esher, it was a gambling transaction. But what was the decision of the Court of Appeal? It dismissed the appeal, and in doing so the Master of the Rolls said:—

> It had become a fashion in these things that when there was an agreement one of the parties thought he had only to come to the Court and say it was not a real agreement, but a wagering transaction, and the case must go to a jury. In this case the plaintiff left the agreement standing in his affidavit, and did not say it was a sham at the time he admitted he signed it; but his case now was that because it was a gambling transaction an arbitrator had no jurisdiction. For his (the Master of the Rolls) part he declined altogether to be a party to granting the injunction against carrying this agreement out. Let the plaintiff appoint his arbitrator, and if the two arbitrators could not agree, appoint an umpire, and then go before him and say he had no jurisdiction. He might then come to this Court and say, "I have blinded you by appointing an arbitrator and an umpire to whom I have objected that he has no jurisdiction." He had little doubt what the Court would do in such circumstances. He believed the truth to be that this story of the plaintiff's was a mere subterfuge; that he did sign the agreement to refer any dispute to arbitration, and by that agreement he thought him bound. He had no case at all, and his appeal should be dismissed.

"I will have nothing to do," says the Master of the Rolls, "with a man who comes into Court and says this is not a real agreement but a wagering transaction." Apparently nothing could be clearer than the decision of the Court of Appeal as to the binding character of the agreement signed by all customers of the Universal Stock Exchange, but this judgment, which was given on May 14th, seems to be in direct contradiction to another judgment given on May 24th.

In this case a Captain Strachan sued for the return of security lodged with the Universal Stock Exchange as "cover." The defendants pleaded that they were not bound to return the documents because they had been deposited as security for the performance of a contract. To that the plaintiff replied that there never was a contract, that the pretended contract was a betting and wagering contract. In other words that it was the contract described by Mr. McHarg, as no doubt it was. But the Master of the Rolls, who would not listen to the plea of McHarg, ordered the securities to be returned to Strachan. The Master of the Rolls held that it was clear that there was evidence to go to the jury, and that the jury were justified in disregarding the bought and sold notes which had passed, and in finding that the written agreement under the heading of "terms of business" was a sham, and that the verbal agreement relied on by the plaintiff was the real contract between the parties, and that that contract was a gaming contract which the Legislature declared to be no contract at all. How is it possible to reconcile the two decisions?

But there was another defence raised by the defendants—namely, that the Gaming Act of 1845 enacts that no suit shall be brought for recovering moneys or valuable things alleged to be won on any wager, or which has been deposited to abide the event on which any wager shall have been made. We quote the exact words of the section (8 and 9 Vict., c. 109, Sec. 18):—

> All contracts or agreements, whether by parole or in writing, by way of gaming or wagering, shall be null and void; and no suit shall be brought or maintained in any court of law and equity for recovering any sum or valuable thing alleged to be won upon any wager, and which shall have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager shall have been made.

To the lay mind nothing can be clearer. It was evidently the intention of Parliament to discourage gambling by punishing both parties to it; by refusing to assist the winner to recover his gain, by refusing to assist the loser to recover his pledged securities. But the Master of the Rolls—the other judges agreeing—held that this section did not apply to the case before them, because—

> He thought the deposits there referred to were deposits made on condition that the property in the thing should pass on the happening of the event. Here the deposit was not made on any such condition, but simply for the purpose of relieving the defendants from loss in case the plaintiff should lose on the transaction, and should fail to pay.

As a matter of fact, the "property in the thing," namely, the securities, did pass "on the happening of the event." The gaming ended in a heavy loss to the plaintiff, thereupon his account was closed, and the securities, held with his consent to cover any such loss, surely might be supposed to pass immediately upon the closing of the account to the defendants?

Finally we have the case of *Hattersley* v. *Percy, Barclay and Co.* Here the plaintiff sued, amongst other things, for the return of "cover" which he had deposited with the defendants, amounting to £170. The figures were not disputed, but the defendants wanted plaintiff to take the amount in shares in their Company, and upon plaintiff refusing declined to pay anything. The defence was that the transactions were gaming and wagering, and consequently no action could lie. Mr. Justice Kennedy, who tried the case, found them to be gaming and wagering; but whilst professing to be ruled by the decision of the Court of Appeal in *Strachan* v. *The Universal Stock Exchange*, which would have restored all the cover, he held that "the plaintiff is entitled to recover the cover to the amount of £149." Plaintiff's counsel naturally asked why, if it was a gaming and wagering transaction, and if the decision of the Court of Appeal—to the effect that, under such circumstances, the "cover" cannot be retained by the holder—was to be followed, the plaintiff was not entitled to the return of the whole of the cover. All that Mr. Justice Kennedy could say to that was that "the difference between the two amounts had been expended by the defendants with the plaintiff's consent." But if the whole transaction, being a gaming transaction, was void, as the Court of Appeal has held, how can Mr. Justice Kennedy, relying upon the Court of Appeal, hold that the defendants were entitled to retain that part of the cover which, as they say, was required to make good gaming losses?

We are not touching the merits in dealing with the actions we have quoted. Our object is to show that it is most difficult to reconcile the various rulings of the judges themselves, and that it is much to be desired that there shall be authoritative and accepted interpretation of the law relating to "cover." If the law itself makes that impossible it ought to be amended so as to be intelligible.

"WITH ALL RESPECT."

The decision of the House of Lords in *Helby* v. *Matthews and others* will commend itself to the plain man. Helby, a dealer in pianos, hired a piano to one Brewster under an agreement, by which Brewster was to pay 10s. 6d. each month, and if he kept on paying until he had paid £18 18s. the piano was to be his; if not Helby might terminate the hiring and retake possession. Brewster paid seven instalments, then pawned the piano to one

Matthews, and died. Matthews having acted in good faith refused to give up the piano when Helby demanded it. The Judge of the Bloomsbury County Court said Matthews must return the piano to Helby; the late Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Day, sitting as a Divisional Court, said ditto; the Court of Appeal dissented, and said the piano must not be returned; and now the Lord Chancellor, the other Lords concurring, has decided, "with all respect," that the Court of Appeal is wrong, and that Helby must have his piano.

To laymen it is difficult to understand how Lord Esher and his colleagues could have arrived at any other conclusion. The Factors' Act of 1889 provides that where a person, "having bought, or agreed to buy" goods, obtains possession of them with the consent of the seller, and sells or pledges them to a third party, who receives them in good faith, and without notice, the latter acquires a title to the goods as against the true owner. But this only applies to where there has been a sale outright. In the case of Helby *v.* Matthews, as in all these hire-purchase agreements, there was no sale outright. The hirer could buy if he chose to pay £18 18s., or he could return the piano at any moment and be responsible for nothing more than the charge for hire up to that moment; or the hirers could take back the piano if the purchase or the hiring-money was not paid. Here the instalments fell into arrear, and the hirer exercised his option.

The decision of the House of Lords in "Helby *v.* Matthews" will be loudly welcomed by the hire-purchase people. The odd thing is that the Court of Appeal, differing from all the other Courts, should have misread what seems to be a very plainly-expressed clause.

THE IMPERIAL MARBLE COMPANY, LIMITED

Referring to our remarks upon this subject in our last issue, a correspondent writes:—

> I am pleased to note your warning to the public in regard to the Imperial Marble Company, Limited, which has been inviting subscriptions for the modest sum of £80,000. I see you state that there is some question as to the validity of the patents. I am inclined to believe that there will not be much difficulty on that account. If I remember rightly, however, there has been for the past two or three years another patent in existence for this same purpose, and this, of course, will affect the value more than the validity of the Moreau-Rae so-called "wonderful invention." The patent I refer to is, I think, known as the Oolite Marble Patent, and seems to go considerably further than those offered to the public in this instance. It would appear to the non-technical mind that the acids and solutions employed for the production of the so-called marble loosen and disintegrate the original substance of the limestone. The new material should, therefore, be particularly liable to the influence of the weather, especially frost. This defect is provided for in the case of the Oolite Patent, by which a glazed surface is given to the marble before the process is completed. It strikes one as curious that when an amount of only £6,000 is required for full and complete development, especially in face of the list of shareholders, whose names are given in the forefront of the prospectus, it was necessary to appeal to the public for capital at all. Why, it must have cost much more than half the amoune in question to advertise and distribute the prospectuses! The parading of the names of Right Honourables and Honourables, Lieutenant-Colonels and Generals as shareholders is a matter which shows of itself very great weakness. It seems, too, one of ill-omen, as witness the Elliott Smoke Annihilator and the Ruby Mines of Montana, in which the same tactics were adopted. If the promoters and directors had any faith in the concern they would have been able to get the capital to thoroughly prove and develop the patents in question.

We think so too.

"GOOD SIR RICHARD.

Sir Richard Webster waxed wroth on Wednesday when Mr. Herbert Gladstone announced that the Government intend to deal with the Parliament and Delaney Streets site, and consequently must oppose the Westminster Improvements Bill. According to the ex-Attorney-General it was "little short of a breach of faith that this motion should be made now . . . Gentlemen of position and responsibility had been lured on for months and years to promote their schemes. . . . As bad a breach of faith had been committed as had ever come to his notice," etc., etc. But what are the facts? A syndicate was empowered to utilise the site as far back as 1887, but it could not raise the capital necessary to the undertaking, and which it undertook to raise. Its powers were renewed in 1890, and again in 1892. For eight years, or nearly eight years, the syndicate had the option and did nothing. Now, Ministers rightly deciding that the matter is one that should be taken in hand by the Government itself, have stood on their strict rights. The powers they had delegated lapsed, and the Government takes advantage of the full discretion that has reverted to it. The only just criticism that can be made upon their action, or rather that of their predecessors, is that the concession was granted in the first instance.

AN UNSATISFACTORY CERTIFICATE.

The business of Messrs. G. E. Johns, Son, and Watts may be, for aught we know, a very prosperous business, well worth the £70,000 the vendors are asking for it. But be that as it may, the certificate attached to the prospectus, and given by Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, Browning and Co. is as unsatisfactory a certificate as can well be imagined. What is it the public want to know from accountants when a business is turned into a joint-stock undertaking? They want to know how it stands, what profits it has made in the past, how the profits of last year compare with the profits of other years. And this is what Messrs. Jackson, Pixley—of course upon instructions—offer when dealing with a business that has been running for half a century—

> 56, Coleman Street,
> London, E.C.,
> 3rd May, 1895.
>
> To Messrs. G. E. Johns, Son, and Watts,
> 40, City Road, E.C.
>
> Gentlemen,—We have audited the books of your firm for nearly twenty years past, during which time the business has largely developed, and the sales have continuously increased.
>
> We certify that for the three years ended December 31st, 1894, the average annual net profit was £7,586. In arriving at these figures due provision has been made for depreciations and for expiration of leases.
>
> The unmanufactured stock has been taken at cost price, and the manufactured stock at or below the equivalent of cost.
>
> The profits mentioned above are sufficient to pay the interest on the debentures and preference shares in your proposed company, and to pay an ample dividend on the ordinary shares.
>
> We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants,
> JACKSON, PIXLEY, BROWNING, HUSEY & CO.,
> Chartered Accountants.

Why not give us the profit for the separate years, and for more than three years, and let us judge whether "due provision" has been made for depreciation by giving the particulars upon which judgment may be formed? The report, as it stands, is as bald and bare as it is possible for report to be.

Colonel North should make a good thing out of his camphor deal, now that the Japanese have got Formosa, and are likely to want a good deal of its camphor, for the manufacture of cordite, and other purposes. The Colonel has the control of nearly the whole of the present stock of camphor, and has all the materials at his command for a very pretty "corner."

Not content with his camphor deal, Colonel North is buying, or has bought, all the cloves in the market. Apart from the pudding and sauce of domestic life, cloves are required for certain "essential oils" used in the preparation of well-known patent medicines.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Hamburg Lotteries. E. L. (London).—Have nothing to do with them. **Big Blow.** B. B. (Castle Douglas).—We cannot advise you to put more money into the concern. **St. Augustine, Limited.** A. C. G. (Liverpool).—You "let things slide" and now you are helpless. **Price of Shares.** Cautious (Eye).—San Jorge Nitrates are quoted, as we write, 5 ¼. The other shares you mention are not quoted. **Two Shares.** R.M. (Portobello).—We think you had better hold over for a time, and it would probably be to your advantage to buy some more to average, but the purchase would be a very speculative one. **C. Eastwood and Co.** W. McG. (Glasgow).—The matter shall have attention. **Goole Moss Litter Company.** Ellesmere (Moseley).—We have read Messrs. Sanders and Sanders' letter—a very beguiling letter—but, notwithstanding the 12½ per cent dividend and the rest of it, we cannot advise you to take the advice of your interested correspondents and buy. Have nothing to do with the shares mentioned. **Middleburg Coal and Exploration Company:** B. (Derby).—Surely the very terms of the circular should be sufficient to prevent your buying. **Nitrate Rails.** J. T. M. (Huddersfield).—We think these shares at their present quotation a good deal above their value, and we expect to see them lower, but you would be running a considerable risk in taking the course you suggest. **Colonial Company, Limited.** Shoulder (Callander).—We fear not. It is possible, but very unlikely. **Van den Bergh's Margarine.** C. L. P. (Bristol).—The company has only been established a month or two, and it is much too soon to speak confidently, but, as we said when it came out, it is hopelessly over capitalised. The margarine business has fallen upon evil times. **Ben Evans, Limited.** G. C. (Northampton).—Hold. You have an excellent investment. **Orfon Belt, Limited.** W. C. H. (Liverpool).—The company has a very valuable property if the reports of well-known experts are to be believed, and the quotation is likely to go higher.

INSURANCE.

Said So.—You will do much the best by assuring with No. 2 office. In this matter we are taking into account the probabilities of the future as well as the figures presented to you with reference to the present. There is no better company than No. 2. The observations in your letter convince us that facts have not been put before you in a proper way. **T. W. P.** (Caythorpe).—Both companies are exceedingly good, and you may continue payment of premiums without the least anxiety. **Constant Subscriber.**—You can buy shares in established companies to pay you a better rate of interest than you are likely to get by taking shares in the new one you mention. **Rex.**—The Reliance was amalgamated with the Norwich Union Life Office. You may continue paying your premiums without any fear that the claim will not be fairly paid in due course by the Norwich Union, which is a strong office. **Senex.**—We recommend you to apply to two or three offices for quotations. A special calculation is necessary. **Bladud.**—Nos. 1, 3, 2, and 4. **F. W. B.**—We think you would regret the change if you made it

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

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COMEDY THEATRE.—Every Evening at 8.20.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
A Comedy in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Fanny Brough.
Preceded at 8 o'clock by a Musical Sketch. Doors open at 7.30. Box Office open 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. E. T. Bradley.

LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, and for a limited number of nights, at 9.10, A STORY OF WATERLOO, a Play in one act, by A. Conan Doyle: Corporal Brewster, Mr. Irving; after which DON QUIXOTE, by the late W. G. Wills; Don Quixote, Mr. Irving. Preceded at 8.15, by BY-GONES, by A. W. Pinero. MATINEES of KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr, Saturday, June 1, and June 8; (100th performance) and Wednesday, June 5, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. NANCE OLDFIELD, Miss Ellen Terry; and THE BELLS, Mr. Irving; Evenings of June 3, 4, 6, 7. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.
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"WE have had many and various Wild Easts and Wests; but it is very sure that there has been nothing to equal Africa in London."—*Westminster Gazette.*
"THE SAMOLIS are quite natural; they 'play-act' with the delight of children in the pastime, and they provide a number of unrehearsed effects which are by no means the least charming part of the spectacle."—*Daily Graphic.*
CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOMALI DISPLAY.—The genuine and unstudied nature of the entire display is its great charm and at once impresses the spectator.
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The whole tone of the entertainment is that of the good, old-fashioned Minstrels, whom everybody delighted to hear.—*Dispatch*, April 14th.
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Order at once of all Agents and Bookstalls, as the entire first issue has been bespoke by the trade.
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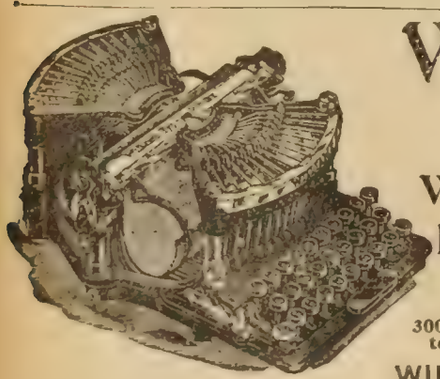

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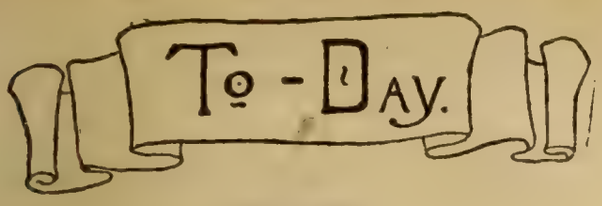

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
NOBODIES AT HOME. VI. A MAN OF LEISURE. BY GEORGE GISSING. ILLUSTRATED BY L. BAUMER 129
NORTHWARD HO! 131
SARAH BERNHARDT AT HOME 132
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 135
FEMININE AFFAIRS 136
THE TRIAL OF MRS. PAT CAMPBELL 139
CHRISTIE'S AND ITS STORY 140
IN THE CITY 142
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 145
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 148
CLUB CHATTER 149
GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE BULLY 153
THE RED COCKADE. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE 154
THE PEOPLE'S PICNIC. BY ERNEST BRAMAH 159

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE is doing good work. While his colleagues are wasting their time ploughing the sea sands, filling up cups, and performing such-like political labours, this gentleman is accomplishing work that will bring happiness to millions of human beings. We cannot make this earth a Paradise to our toiling millions; we cannot—though a good many worthy people imagine we can — introduce the Millennium by Act of Parliament; we cannot remove misery and poverty from our cities; but we can do much to brighten and cheer the dull grey lives of the poor, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone is finding out the secret of doing it. To listen, during a summer's afternoon or evening, to a fine military band, may not appear a very great blessing to politicians who have persuaded themselves that the whole enjoyment of human life can be supplied by the political platform and the ballot-box, but just think what it means to the tired labourer and his still more tired helpmeet; to the City clerk, on his twenty shillings a week; to the struggling shopkeeper, whose wretched profits can never enable him to spend a shilling upon such wild luxuries as "amusements." To such it means the one streak of sunshine in a long day of monotonous gloom.

ONCE upon a time England was merry England. Each village green had its maypole and its Morris dance; each town its sward for archery and quarter-staff. We laboured and we played, we sorrowed and we laughed. Then dawned the period of devil-inspired Puritanism that said: "All happiness is a sin; God hates to see men happy; God hates that men should, for a moment, do aught else but groan or sigh!" So every innocent delight was stopped, and the whining out of Psalms, and the droning out of Pharisaical prayers were held to be the only worthy occupations for mankind. For centuries we have stifled in this dismal swamp of hypocritical morality. It has driven our men to the public-house, and our women to the streets. It has sapped the brain and the heart of the nation; it has degraded us and defiled us.

Now at length there are signs that the tide of public opinion is turning. A member of a Liberal Government, ruled by the Nonconformist conscience, has actually dared to think that innocent recreation is no sin, that our working classes may listen to music without being damned. Who knows that the reaction will stop here? Who knows but that future generations of Englishmen may find the avenues of innocent amusement opened up to them? Perhaps one day our toiling masses may laugh, and may make love; may play their games upon the green grass, and sit in pleasant converse under the trees; may take their bit and sup, sip their tea and quaff their ale unscowled at by our Stigginses and our Chadbands. Once again joy may creep into their lives to mitigate its weariness; the week may come to mean something more than a dull round of uninteresting labour, varied only by the squabbles of a reeking slum, lightened only by a Saturday night's bestial orgie, and crowned by a Sunday spent in leaning against a post at a muddy corner.

THE old Roman policy of bread and circuses, showed knowledge of human nature. Amusement is as necessary to man as food—a good deal more necessary than parish councils and district committees. When we are happy we are decent citizens. Who can wonder that our masses, deprived of all the happiness and enjoyment of life, turn sullen and discontented, while a little effort, a little expense on our part would give them simple pleasures that would make their lives a blessing instead of a curse to them. A great nature may rise superior to the need of pleasure. It can say, in the words of Carlyle, "I will put all manner of happiness behind me." A Socrates may remain equable in a house of wretchedness; an Æsop can be cheerful under galling slavery; but the average man is at his best when he is at his happiest. We are taught and elevated by pleasure. A game of cricket turns your country bumpkin at once into a man. He becomes alert and full of thought; his brain begins to stir, his heart and soul go out into his hands.

A STRAIN of music lifts the worn-out woman into another life. The sordid room, the squalling children sink out of sight. For a brief moment she catches a glimpse of the meaning of life. When Lord Salisbury suggested that circuses would please the villagers more than parish councils he was howled at, as though he had insulted the human race. I would to Heaven we could have given them circuses. The Parish Councils' Bill might have been cut up for pass-in checks. It is art, it is literature, it is enjoyment, that are our real schoolmasters. It is through our capacity for pleasure that we learn to advance. Give our masses free libraries and free picture galleries, music to set the hearts of the old men throbbing and the feet of the children dancing. Give them pleasant restful places where they can breathe God's air and see the sky. Let their young men strain their muscles and their minds; let their young girls laugh. Do this, and our platform quacks may be left to swallow their own remedies.

THE *Westminster Gazette* is doing excellent service by pointing out to the Liberal party what an utter mistake it has made in chaining itself to the juggernaut of Local

Option. As a friend of the party the *Westminster Gazette* urges the Government to abandon the measure, for the *Westminster Gazette* has satisfied itself that the great body of Liberal voters is against the absurdity. Every impartial observer is bound to agree with the *Westminster Gazette*, but what a curious light the business throws upon the whole question of party politics. Our green-tinted friend does not advise the Liberal party to throw over Local Veto because Local Veto is wrong, because it is immoral, because it is despotic, but merely because it will lose votes, and land the party in ruin.

"We thought," says the *Westminster Gazette*, in effect, "that it was a popular measure, which would win us followers; therefore, we adopted it. It is clear now that it is an unpopular measure, likely to lose us followers; therefore, let us hasten to abandon it." So, at last, even the party organs are compelled to acknowledge what this boasted government by party has brought us to. Each party is merely a popularity-hunting machine. The duty of a Parliamentary leader is not to do that which seems right to him in the position into which it has pleased God to call him, but to catch votes. Our leaders are not to lead, but to follow; not to listen to their consciences, but to the voice of their patrons; not to ask themselves whether a thing is right or wrong; merely to ask themselves, will it pay? A more unconsciously cynical avowal it would be difficult to imagine.

There is, of course, a great and grave distinction between a debt of honour and a debt to a tradesman. The partially-gilded youth recognises this. He pays his losses at the card-table at once, because such debts are not recoverable by law. He does not pay his tailor, because the tailor has his legal remedy. It is not dishonourable, apparently, to obtain credit by what amounts practically to false pretences. One may not impose on the confidence of one's equal, but one may impose on the confidence of one's tradesman. If he finally obtains a shilling in the pound for the pleasure of having enabled you to keep up a position to which you are not in the least entitled, he has none the less had his legal remedy; he is much to blame, in fact, for not having made inquiries into your financial position, which inquiries would have been considered an impertinence, justifying you and all his other customers in withdrawing their patronage. In a word, he is a bad man, and has tempted you into extravagance, and you are a white-robed angel. This is the doctrine that we are daily asked to believe.

An unpaid bill is the passport into Bohemia—into the Bohemia of '84 Pommery and cigarettes, as into the Bohemia of pipes and beer. It shows a proper scorn for commerce—a holy and aristocratic scorn for anything approaching business principles. Debt is regarded as a kind of genteel accomplishment—an accomplishment which does not require any exceptional abilities. A child can work it, and afterwards plead its minority. If a man is physically and mentally incapable of earning by his own efforts the wages of a bricklayer's labourer, he may still owe the income of a prince; and as long as he pays his debts of honour it will be considered by the other partially-gilded that the debt to a tradesman is a fine and spirited thing. One would be glad to see a little less of this uncommon honour, and a little more common honesty.

Last week, the *Daily Chronicle* referred to two bad cases of this sort, where persons attributed their bankruptcy "to racing losses and to extravagant living, quite unjustified by their actual means or future prospects." It proposes as a further deterrent to such reckless and dishonest conduct that the bankruptcy courts should be "endowed with certain punitive powers to meet cases of this kind." That might be very well; but it would be still better if the whole tone of public opinion on the subject could be changed—if it were generally held to be as disgraceful to swindle your supposed inferior at business, as to swindle your equal at cards. Against the sneers of a disgraced epigrammatist at the middle classes, and the commercial spirit (still stale in our ears), we may well experience some healthy revulsion, and see if there is not something to be said for plain and fair dealing between man and man.

Dr. Macgregor has discovered somewhat late in life a fact that a good many people could have told him years ago—namely, that politics are a delusion and a snare. Dr. Macgregor went into Parliament with the idea that by so doing he could accomplish practical benefit to the crofters. He has discovered that Parliament is utterly powerless to perform any work that is of the slightest real service to mankind. The popular opinion concerning Parliament is an utterly false one, and, indeed, the exact opposite to the truth. Parliament is merely the thunder that makes a great noise about an event after it is accomplished. Parliament simply registers facts. It is only the clown in the human pantomime, who comes on after everything is done in time to take the applause. The only work in this world is done by the individual man. A reform is invariably accomplished before the Bill embodying it is ever introduced into Parliament, and by the time the Act is passed the necessity for it no longer exists.

A certain class of politicians imagines that Parliament is an active power. It is nothing of the kind; it is an automatic registry of public opinion. One shallow agitator is under the impression that Parliament will create an eight hours' day; he might just as well ask it to regulate the rising and setting of the sun. Another is confident that a short Act could completely alter the position of women in this world and turn all the laws of Nature topsy turvy. Others go about praying to it that it may make men sober, and temperate, and moral. They really think that six hundred amiable gentlemen sitting together in a chamber have only got to say the word and the regeneration of mankind will be accomplished; as though a few words from Sir William Har-Court could banish selfishness and greed from the earth, or as if the battle between good and evil could be won by a Royal Commission. It is individual effort, it is man's own striving, it is the public opinion created and enforced by the words of strong thinkers that really regulate our lives. It is what Tom does, what Dick strives for, what Harry accomplishes, that is the motive power of the world. Politics are a mere kill-time.

Give any tradition a hundred years to run, and after

that it does not much matter whether it is true or false; in either case it will continue to hold its own. It has long been decided that all Americans are rich, all Germans profound, all Greeks perfidious, all Frenchmen polite and volatile, all Italians jealous, all Scotchmen careful to the point of miserliness, all Irishmen humorous and hot-tempered, all Englishmen brave and bad-mannered. There may, in some one or other of the cases, be something to justify the character given, but it had better be understood that the character has been given—given once for all—and no amount of facts can alter it now. Who would dream of putting an Irishman on the stage who was not perfectly in accord with the typical Irishman? Who would dare to represent a Frenchman without the pliant backbone and the constant removal of the hat which, we have decided, mark the race.

Frenchmen have decided that English women all wear spectacles, have prominent teeth, and large feet. They have established it as a tradition—said it so often that they now actually believe it. It seems in some vague and mysterious way to comfort them. If a sudden turn of their mercurial temperament should bring them a moment of depression, they have only to reflect that the English women are all exceedingly ugly, and forthwith they smile again and hum gaily their tra-la-la. This is all right—they are free to believe anything that they can, but it would be absurd of us to think that in any ordinary Frenchman personal experience of the actual facts would alter his pre-conceived notion of the English woman. Even M. Daudet, who presumably has at least the average powers of observation, has been able to see apparently quite enough feminine spectacles and front teeth to confirm him in the stereotyped opinion of the English woman.

I do not know the extent of M. Daudet's researches on the subject. But he spent seven hours in a London cab, and he may have observed many things through the glass darkly. It is much less surprising that any man should keep a prejudice than that he should convince himself out of it. There have been Frenchmen, of course, who have held different opinions about English women; but these are exceptions, and M. Daudet has followed the ordinary rule. The Englishman's belief that a beautiful English woman is the most beautiful woman in the world has been endorsed by one of M. Daudet's own countrymen, who spent a far longer period in this country than M. Daudet has done; but that is no reason why M. Daudet should agree with him. But I should like to know where he saw all those front teeth, and why the natives of this island see so little of them.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

A Country J.P. writes me a very sensible letter with reference to my recent remarks on our jury system:—

"Some of the absurdities of our jury system require attention from the Home Secretary, and it would be a great relief to the jurymen if juries were no longer called in places where there is no business for them to transact.

"The waste of the public time by holding unnecessary Quarter Sessions and Assizes at places where there is no business to be transacted can hardly be over-estimated. If we consider that a judge's salary is not less than £5,000 a year, and his number of working days is not over a couple of hundred in the year, one must fairly say that he costs the country five-and-twenty pounds for every working day. Now, at every place to which he goes to hold an Assize he employs at least three working days; in addition to his salary he also receive some ten or twelve pounds a day for travelling and other expenses, and his retinue has also to be paid for and maintained, such as Judge's Marshal, and other functionaries.

"It may be asked what remedy is to be found for all this inconvenience. The answer is an obvious one. Formerly, when there was a prison in every separate county, however small, and when railways did not exist in the country, and locomotion was difficult, and crime, in proportion to the population, was far more common than it is at present, it was thought necessary to hold Assizes and Quarter Sessions at every county where there was a gaol; but under Lord Cross's great Act, whereby all the prisons were taken out of the local control and placed under the Prisons Department, and the unnecessary prisons were closed in all the smaller counties in England and Wales, half the local prisons were got rid of. But though the separate prisons for each county have been abolished, the separate Assizes and Quarter Sessions in each county go on just the same as if a gaol delivery was still required in every county. Of course, the natural course to have adopted when these small prisons were abolished would have been to have grouped the several counties forming each prison district, and let them form a single county for Quarter Sessions and Assize purposes.

"At present we have the absurdity of Quarter Sessions and Assizes being held at places where there is no prison, and the prisoners have to be brought from the adjoining county to be tried in their own county, and if found guilty they have to be sent back to the prison from which they have been brought. If the counties were grouped for Quarter Sessions and Assize purposes, the area from which the jurymen would be taken would be so much increased, and instead of it being the turn of every juryman to serve on a jury on an average once, say, in two years, as is the case in the smallest of the counties, if that small county were joined on to a large county, or a group of other counties, his turn might not come round oftener than once in ten years, or even a longer time, and it is obvious that, supposing, say, two or three counties were grouped for Assizes or Quarter Sessions purposes, only half or one-third the number of jurymen would be required in the course of the year that are required at present."

John Aged E.—Your only plan is to send type-written copies to papers for which they are suitable. Make your stories as interesting as possible at the beginning.

Telegraph Clerk writes me that the figures contained in the pamphlet issued by the provincial telegraphists, which figures were disputed by Mr. Morley in the House of Commons, were based upon official figures supplied by the postmasters themselves. The postmasters asked the secretary of the Post Office in every case if they should supply these figures, and were told to do so. Mr. Morley's figures, my correspondent tells me, remain a mystery to the telegraph clerks. As to postmasterships given to telegraph clerks, "only two in twenty-four years have been given to telegraph indoor men of all ranks in Liverpool, one of the largest offices in the provinces, with a telegraph staff (of operators, etc.) of about five hundred appointed officers, and one of these two was given to a young man who married a relative or ward of a late Postmaster-General. So that the promotions through postmasterships don't affect us much!" I have also received a very long and a very careful letter from an Edinburgh telegraph clerk, to which I will refer next week.

Average Woman.—Teach the young self-control. That is the secret of temperance in all things. F. G. L.—There are many matters I would like to deal with in To-Day, but I have not the space; something must be sacrificed.

Clerk.—Apply to any good commercial school.

D. J.—The Remington, the North, and the Maskelyne, are all good machines. You would be able to procure a second-hand one from N. Taylor, Chancery Lane, London. F. Eycott wished to know the derivation of his name. A correspondent has kindly sent me the following explanation: "Eye," an island, or more properly a firm spot in the midst of a swamp or marsh. "cott," a cottage or dwelling. Hence F. E.'s ancestor was a man who lived in a cottage on an island. Microscope.—J. G. Wood's "Common Objects of the Microscope," contains a good deal of the sort of information you want, and I believe Macmillans publish a book in their "Nature Series," which would also be very helpful. To what microbe do you refer? There are a number of varieties.

W. B., writing with reference to my paragraphs on the power of imagination, suggests the following simple experiments:

"Let three ordinary table tumblers be filled—one with water, one with stout or porter, and one with ale. Well, ninety-nine men out of every hundred, if asked whether they could tell one from the other by taste, either look upon the querist as possibly a bit soft or else reply, "Why certainly," and treat a suggestion that they could not do so with derision. Now, let this cocksure party taste each glass, merely taking a teaspoonful or so, and then allow himself to be thoroughly blindfolded. You can hand him one after the other of the glasses, or continue handing him, say, the ale repeatedly, and he will alternately say it is water, porter, ale, etc., in scarcely a single instance being correct; thus proving it was mere guess-work. If the onlookers can keep their risible inclinations within them, this may go on for a bit, but when the victim hears the roars of laughter which can be restrained no longer, he, if he was more than usually cocksure,

is not a little mortified. The same can be done with three cigars, all of which have been smoked for a few minutes by one person. Two can be completely extinguished and one kept alight, and the blindfolded person cannot tell which is alight and which is out, if they are placed one at a time in his mouth to smoke. If any of your readers have doubts about these experiments being true, let them submit themselves to the ordeal, but let them also keep their tempers when they get the chaff which is sure to come."

F. P. calls my attention to a speech made by Mr. Collin, at Formby. Mr. Collin, according to his own account, travelled the other day with a Yankee, and talked with him about politics. "I never know what Government is in power; I never read the papers," said the Yankee to Mr. Collin—according to Mr. Collin—"but when the elections come I find out on which side the publicans are voting, and I go and vote on the other." I know those teetotal anecdotes.

Liverpool Juryman tells me that the man Keene, convicted of dishonesty to his employer, Mr. Jones, had been in Mr. Jones's service for ten years, not five as I was informed, and that up to twelve months before his conviction he had been in receipt of only fifty pounds per annum salary. I believe this Mr. Jones is rather a prominent citizen, and does a little in the philanthropic business.

H. H. M.—Some of these agencies are quite *bona-fide*, and others are not. In the absence of any direct evidence against the firm you mention, it would be unfair to assume that they were not acting in the ordinary business way.

W. J. (Yorks.).—It is practically hopeless for a girl to think of earning her living on the stage unless she has great influence. The profession is overcrowded with young men and women, and it is no exaggeration to say that from a quarter to a third of them are literally on the verge of starvation, while another third ekes out a precarious and wretched existence.

W. G. C.—Mr. Zangwill's remarks in the *Idler* were mere literary chaff, and had no reference to the matter you mention.

D. W.—I have mislaid the magazine in question. I think it was the *North American Review*.

A. A. F.—The case is hardly bad enough to call for much comment.

D. T. O. calls my attention to an interesting article by Mr. Lane, sent to the *Devizes Gazette*, on the subject of the depression in agriculture. Mr. Lane traces this undoubted depression chiefly to the ill-effects of a monometallic system, and argues his case strongly. Bimetallism would undoubtedly cause loss to our wealthy capitalists, and it is almost entirely from them that the opposition to it is drawn.

C. M.—Write to the firm, certainly. The chances are they have overlooked the matter.

Bogus Managers.—I would call the attention of the editors of the *Era* and the *Stage* to the occasional appearance in their columns of an advertisement of Miss Fortescue, otherwise Miss Gertrude Tempest. Miss Tempest appears to be a survival of the old bogus manager, of whom I for one have had painful experience. She gets together a company, takes them out "upon the road," and leaves them stranded hundreds of miles away from home, without a penny to bless themselves with. The theatrical profession could easily stop this sort of thing if it liked to take the pains, and my contemporaries could greatly assist by refusing their help to such people, especially when the character of the advertiser has been pointed out to them.

Jack Spraggon writes me in reference to the Sheridan case as follows:—"The thanks of every fox-hunter—of every sportsman, in fact, of every man—are due to you for the way you have dragged into broad daylight the brutal conduct of Mr. Sheridan. In my time I have ridden some hundreds of horses, and in my opinion a horse is equal to a dog in courage, affection, and sensitiveness, and a blackguard who can so treat the best of animal friends that God has given us ought, as you say, 'to be whipped at the cart-tail from one end of the country to the other.' I only wish, as a hunting man, that I could help do it! I cannot end without a word of thanks to you, sir, for the great pleasure To-Day affords us.

P. T. R. (Aberdare), who is a solicitor, writes me to contradict Co. Wicklow J.P.'s assertion—that magistrates can only inflict fines for cruelty to animals. "J. P.'s information," writes my correspondent, "is incorrect. 12 and 13 Vic., cap. 92, secs. 2 and 18, give power to one justice to fine up to £5, and in default of payment to commit up to two months; and sec. 18 provides that if the conviction is before two justices, or one of the Metropolitan police magistrates, such justices or magistrate may commit the offender to the House of Correction for any period not exceeding three months, with or without hard labour. Several instances occur to my mind of the power to convict being exercised. The Act does not apply to Scotland, but it does to Ireland." So I do not apologise to the Dorsetshire magistrates for accusing them of blackguardly connivance with crime in only inflicting a fine of £5 upon the beast Sheridan.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

If there is a thing as shikes yer trust in the jestice of the yooniverse more'n another it is ricin'. Ho yus, it's all over an' done with nar, but that laust Derby feerly knocks me. 'Ere was that bloomin' ole 'Ankin. If 'e knows one end of a 'orse from another it's all 'e does. Wins'dy lawst week I 'appened ter awsk 'Ankin whort 'e were backin'. I only done it ter 'ave a bit of a gime with 'im, knowin' as 'e never put a 'ipeny on a 'orse in is life. "No," 'e says, "I ain't becked nutthink, but I'll risk 'awf a dollar ter show yer the foolishness of it." "Very well, then," says I, "whort's it ter be?" "Lord Rosebery's," says 'e. "Garn!" says I. "Dan't be silly. Give yerself a chawnce. Why, it ain't even talked abart." No more it was darn ar wye, though theer was them as 'ad it strite. "One's as good as another," says 'e. "I ain't no perticler berliever in Lord Rosebery, but 'e's better than some of 'em." Well, yer know whort 'Ankin is—as obstinit as any bloomin' moole. 'E goes an' puts 'is money on Sir Visto. An', blimey, the 'orse won! And theer was me, knowin' a bit, 'ad put my money on a real one as didn't get a plice 'cos 'e thought 'e were droorin' of a 'ansom keb and pide by time! Ho, sick'nin' I call it! One o' the 'awdest things in this life is fur a joodishus man, whort 'as mide 'is bet on form an' knollidge, ter stand artside an' lose 'is money, while some bloomin' juggins as knows nutthink spots a winner on 'is luck. Oh, it's enough ter make yer chuck it!

* * * * *

Whort with a bad Epsim and a Bangholdye on the top of it, blest if I ain't gort the reglar 'ump! It don't seem as if I 'ad no more sperrit left in me. Why, these lawst too dyes I've allard young coppers to stand up an' tawk ter me withart awns'rin' of 'em back or nutthink. Boys 'as run awter my 'bus, fur ter git a free ride on the step, and not one o' theer bloomin' young 'eads 'ave I punched, nor even tried ter punch. Why, I ain't even yoosed any langwidge to 'em—nort whort you'd prop'ly call langwidge! I dessay as it mye pawtly be the effecs of the 'ot weather, yer see, when it's 'ot yer 'as ter drink sutthink; yer cawn't keep on drinkin' beer, unless yer wornt ter feel like a Seturday night all dye, and so it 'as to be lemonide or sutthink of ther sort, and that lowers yer—reg'lar brings yer darn. Ho, it's a crool world—whort ain't bad for your 'ead is bad fur your stummick! Lawst summer, as fur as I remember, 'Ankin went teetotal; this summer 'e's gorn wus. 'E's stawted a noo idea as yer didn't ought ter drink nutthink at all before the cool o' the evenin', and precious little then. 'E comes art to 'is wuk of a mornin' withart so much as a cup o' tea inside of 'im, 'e sticks at it all dye withart touchin' a drop of anythink, and then 'e 'as one glawse o' gingerbeer afore 'e goes to bed. Thet's pretty be'iveyur fur a man as put money on Sir Visto, I don't think. 'Struth, at one time 'e said 'e'd send 'is winnin's as a donytion to the Anti-gamblers, and so 'e would 'ave done if it hadn't bin fur 'is ole missus. She said as she alwis 'eld as 'orse-ricin' an' gamblin' was wicked, but thet to chuck awye anythink as yer might 'appen to 'ave grabbed was darn-right foolish. Ho yus, she's a bit short in the temper, is 'Ankin's ole missus, but she ain't haltergither whort you'd call an unjoodishus woman. She wouldn't do fur me, but she does very well fur 'Ankin. Many a time, if it 'adn't bin fur 'er 'e'd 'ave mide a bigger idjut of 'isself along of 'is pollertics nor whort 'e 'as done, and that's syin' a good deal tew.

COSTUMES FOR THE SEASON. The "Harris Flax and Silk Cloth." Artistic and elegant. Drapes beautifully. Write for patterns to J. Harris & Sons, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, London, or Derwent Mills, Cockermouth

CLUB CHATTER.

About the quaintest use to which the pneumatic tyre principle has been applied, is the brim of the hat. In Fleet Street, the other day, I saw several people eagerly looking at a soft cloth hat in the window of an outfitter's shop. It was called, I think, a "sleeping hat," and by pictorial illustration you understood the advantages claimed for it. One man sat in the corner of a railway carriage with his hair dishevelled; another sat in the centre, with a silk hat on, looking very joyless; while at the other end you saw the wearer of the sleeping hat, with his eyes closed, and a beatified smile on his face, reflecting, no doubt, some very beautiful dream going on inside. The novelty lies in inflating the brim with air, and so constructing a kind of pillow that is impervious to the jostling of the carriage. Possibly there is something in the idea, but I could not help wondering whether the dishevelled man in the other corner had originally sported one, and suffered from a certain explosive tendency that the pneumatic tyre has never overcome.

I have often thought as to whether the pneumatic principle could not be applied to boots. Say, a half-inch tyre was inserted into the edges of the sole and heel, so as to prevent any ungainly appearance. I fancy that for a long distance tramp there would be many advantages.

I have to thank the editor of the *Armagh Guardian* for sending me a pattern of the cloth which has been selected by the Duke of York for a new suit, and which under this auspicious patronage is being rapidly ordered in the West-end. The cloth comes from the mills of Messrs. Sherrard Smith, of Caledon, Armagh, who specially designed it for the Duke. It is a beautiful piece of work of a bluish green tint, with a little brown interwoven. What can be done by Royal patronage is strikingly instanced by the Caledon mills. Only a little while ago Caledon was patronised by the Empress Frederick and the Czarina, and Her Majesty herself gave an order for some of the dress fabrics. Things changed at once; a distressful village became a thriving centre, and a tumble-down old mill was transmuted into a flourishing factory. The Duchess of York did enormous service to Spitalfields, and if he did not hate being turned into a fashion model, I am sure the Prince of Wales would do good to every British clothing industry.

In a blushing and retiring manner French straw hats are showing themselves in London shops. The Frenchman's idea of the straw hat is, as I suppose you know, one with a somewhat narrow, turned-up brim, bound with black silk at the edges. When you get over the impression that you are not regarded as having stolen a child's sun hat and cut off the streamers from behind, it is just about as comfortable as the English flat brim and that is about all you can say for it. Meanwhile the Alpine straw hats are becoming more and more the fashion, but if you prefer the ordinary hat get one with the largest possible plaits.

There is a good deal of gray about for frock coats this summer, but invariably in a dark shade. By way of contrast, both for lounge suits and morning coats, the favourite colours are very light. Brown waistcoats with brass buttons, very open at the collar, are generally worn, and everyone has gone in for the soft-fronted shirt. It is difficult to describe the pleasant change of having no glazed cuirass of linen to stand between you and a breath of pure air in this sweltering weather. They are generally made with broad-pleated fronts, and blue and pink are the form.

On two consecutive days last week I had two opportunities of hearing how Englishmen cheer. One was at the Derby and the other at Lords, when the Doctor scored yet another century. With the sun glaring in our eyes it was impossible to see much of the Derby, as all the jackets that were in any way similar in colour became the same in the rush. First Beckhampton was winning, and then we heard Curzon, and then it was all over. There followed one of the most remarkable silences that has ever oppressed a crowd of thousands. It was almost in a whisper that a man mentioned "Sir Visto has won." The strange quiet was broken by a few racing tipsters, who blended in one sentence the excellence of their vaticination and a desire to give the Premier a cheer.

It came slowly, and in a half-hearted fashion. A few hats were thrown up, and one of those suppressed outbursts of enthusiasm that you give a man with whom you sympathise, more than you congratulate, was raised. To say, as some of the papers have done, that the result was immensely popular, is ridiculous, and I quite agree with the *Globe* in describing it as being "coldly received." Lord Rosebery, looking very tired, and apparently disappointed at the reception, led back the winner. To those who heard the cheers when Ladas won, those that awaited Sir Visto were something like "Nays" against "Ayes."

I must again hark back to a subject that I have more than once discussed in these columns, and that is the necessity of protecting the public from the bookmaker. These men should be licensed, and the licensing committee should assure themselves of the applicant's financial position, so that the mere fact of the small backer receiving a card with the notification that the bookmaker was duly registered, should satisfy him that his money was safe. After the Jubilee the settlement was a crying scandal. Any number of men belonging to recognised clubs, either levanted altogether, or compounded with their creditors on a very one-sided basis. Some paid as little as six to one against a twenty to one chance. A number of correspondents assure me that after the Derby things were just as bad. The ready-money bookmakers told them they could take half their winnings or lose the lot. This is no idle threat. If the man refuses to be a party to this swindle, the bookmaker has only got to tell him that he is a "welsher," and some of the evil-faced pugilists that surround him will knock him into sections.

If these men are not going to be licensed, by all means let us have the *pari-mutuel*, with offices all over the country, so that the man who has to come home on the London and South Western need not draw his money on the course, but cash his ticket next day in comfort. Speaking of the London and South Western, I am told that my recent attack on their carelessness in admitting roughs on their trains has had a good effect, and that they have determined to employ an extra staff of detectives. Waterloo was, I believe, alive with watchers on Derby Day. I am glad to recognise this good move.

The other cheer that I referred to was that awarded to Dr. Grace. The thousands who watched the progress of his score with bated breath simply leapt up as one man and cheered again and again when the champion had driven to the boundary a peculiarly easy ball from Nepean, and totalled his first thousand runs. In his way the doctor is a little terror to the fielders. He delights in chaffing the captain, and between the overs he runs about and talks to first one and then another—talk he must. He loves his joke, and the other day scored a good one off a bowler at Gravesend, who was arranging the field. "Put a couple of men there," said the doctor laughing, indicating a place in the long field. The bowler ignored him, and to his regret, for ball after ball went precisely to the stop he had indicated.

By the way, the doctor is not above taking an interest in the doings of the Turf, and on Friday he confided to all his friends that Ella Tweed was the only horse in the race for the Oaks, which shows that the cobbler should stick to his last.

What can one say now of the great doings of Mr. W. G. Grace? At each succeeding performance one marvels and wonders whether the English language is equal to doing full justice to the most remarkable athlete of all time. Here we find a man who, in about six weeks' time will complete his forty-seventh year, playing better than he has done for nineteen seasons, getting, as it were, a new lease of life, and actually scoring a thousand runs in first-class matches before the end of May. The idea of a national testimonal is an excellent one, and I fell sure it will be well supported by every class of cricketer. For thirty-one years this great batsman has remained the figure-head of the noble summer pastime, and he has done far more than anyone else to bring cricket to its present state of popularity with the public.

During the winter months, I understand, he took great pains to get himself into condition for the cricket season, running almost daily with the Clifton Beagles, and having constant practice on matting wickets in company with the Gloucestershire professional, John Painter. Certainly the results have been most satisfactory. Mr. Grace reduced himself in weight by about ten or twelve pounds, and he is now not only in better form in batting than he has been for many years past, but is distinctly smarter and quicker in the field, getting down to balls and stopping them with much more accuracy than in previous seasons.

By the way, couldn't a wealthy club like the M.C.C. spend a few shillings on some canvas, so that all the stands could be covered? There are thousands who patronise cricket at Lords, who can only afford to set aside an hour or so to the game, and therefore do not feel inclined to pay for the higher-priced enclosures. It would be a great boon, and a Lords' crowd deserves well of the powers.

After the successive triumphs over Essex, Warwickshire, and Cambridge University, it began to look probable that history would repeat itself, and that Surrey would not lose another match at the Oval; but such hopes were very soon rudely dispelled, the team giving a most feeble exhibition against the Rest of England, and being badly beaten in a single innings with 75 runs to spare. The many fine performances of the Surrey eleven seemed to fully justify a match against England, but the result has been most disappointing, as a more dull or one-sided game has not been seen this season. Before luncheon on the first day the issue was practically decided, and from that point the only question was how easily England would win.

As a testimonial to Mr. Walter Read the match was a great success, there being splendid attendances on the first two days, but from a cricket point of view it always suffered from the fact that the result was for so long felt to be inevitable. Various excuses have been put forward for the Surrey men, but a defeat by an innings and 75 runs takes a lot of explaining, and it must be admitted that they were fairly beaten by a better team. Not for the first time their batting broke down before the bowling of the Leicestershire professional, Pougher, who has been several times designated "the destroying angel of Surrey." Pougher's success was the more remarkable as he only came into the team at the last minute, when Davidson met with an accident.

It was something of a fluke that Pougher was put on first with Mold, as W. G. Grace was about to hand the ball to Martin. However, on second thoughts, he said Martin had had enough bowling at Gravesend on the previous Friday and Saturday, and so Pougher had better have a chance. The manner in which Pougher made use of his chance is now a matter of cricket history, his magnificent bowling rendering a victory for England practically certain.

I have so often found out what an excellent lot of readers I have, and how willing they are to give me the benefit of their experience, that I appeal with confidence to them to help me to carry out the idea of a correspondent, and send in any recipes they may have for the making of summer drinks. There is no need for them to be expensive in price. Any waiter is generally up in the details of a drink that costs its weight in gold. What I suggest is a refreshing drink, the ingredients for which can be found at any country hostelry, and the cost of which is within the reach of the average man.

The Anti-Gambling League favours me with a copy of the "Bulletin." This sheet is crammed full of matter concerning the said A. G. L. We are told that "the work and position of the League have advanced by leaps and bounds in the past twelve months." An urgent appeal is, however, made for more funds. I notice that the cash in hand amounts to the small sum of 5s.

I suppose the mention of "leaps and bounds" refers to the Bankruptcy Court. Five shillings isn't much to go on with, although it is just sixty pence too much. So I hope we have heard the last of one of the most ill-advised, meddlesome, and ridiculous crusades that was ever taken seriously. I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. John Hawke, and as his enthusiasm is blended with sound business qualities, I have little doubt he will bow to popular feeling, and regretfully, but firmly, decide to let us work out our evil ends.

I notice that several English horses are going to run in the Grand Prize of Paris next Sunday. It is now some time since one of our racers secured this most coveted trophy, and it is hardly to be expected that Kirkconnel or Solaro will break the spell of bad luck. Last year Cannon should have won on Matchbox, but the French riders hemmed him in, and it is even said, held him by the knee.

Then again in 1893 Ravensbury was the first horse past the post, for a snapshot of the finish clearly proves this assertion; but the verdict was given to Ragotsky, and how the Frenchmen did cheer then, to be sure.

Ascot is going to be the meeting of the year. The entries for the Stakes and Royal Hunt Cup are much above the average, and a large number of two-year-olds are expected to make their *début*.

I understand that numerous alterations are anticipated at Ascot. Should the present stand be pulled down, then it is to be hoped that the new one will be erected on a different scale, and in such a manner that all who pay the heavy sum charged for admission will obtain a good view of the racing.

Fancy a speech on a racecourse. Yet this occurred at Epsom on Thursday. Colonel North, at the City and Suburban meeting, struck a vein of bad luck, and it looked as though the Derby meeting was going to be drawn blank. However, the one-eyed Powerscourt gave the Colonel a much-needed turn, and in response to the demonstration which followed, the Nitrate King gave utterance to a few remarks on Epsom in general and the number board in particular.

The Colonel, on being asked to increase his speculations, astonished several bystanders by stating that he

would like to borrow £1,000 to settle his present liabilities with. The Colonel, of course, was only joking.

ALL lovers of dogs will be interested in the Bill relating to their pets, which is now awaiting its second reading in the Lords. A capital explanation of the purposes of this Act is to be found in a recent number of *Our Dogs*, a paper which, to my mind, is by far the most interesting of all the journals devoted to the welfare of dogs. A very important clause in the Bill is as follows:—"A police officer may destroy any dog found in any highway or place of public resort, which is affected with rabies, or which he has reasonable grounds for believing to be affected with rabies, or to have been bitten by a dog or other animal affected with rabies."

Now, after the news that rabies is on the increase in the north, many people will probably come to the conclusion that it is high time this Bill is made law. But will the passing of the Act have the required result? I don't think so for a moment. As the journal very sensibly points out, "in 99 cases out of every 100, policemen do not happen to be on the spot when the ravages of mad dogs are committed." Besides, the average policeman is not capable of judging whether a dog is really mad or not, and if such a man is to be allowed to destroy any

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dog "which he has reasonable grounds for believing to be affected with rabies," the next canine census will probably be a very small one.

I know that people who dislike dogs have an idea that a mad dog is only kept by his owner out of pure cussedness. They forget that if a man owns several valuable dogs it is far more to his interest that rabies should be stamped out of the country than that they should be allowed the chance of spreading by neglect of proper precautions. But this end will not be attained by allowing policemen to kill all dogs they may think should be destroyed. Here, again, I thoroughly agree with the writer's opinion, which is that "the only really effectual method of stamping out rabies is twelve months' universal muzzling, rigidly enforced, with no exemptions, coupled with quarantine regulations."

Talking of dogs, reminds me that the Ladies' Kennel Association holds its first show, confined to ladies' exhibits only, at the Ranelagh Club Grounds next Saturday. The meeting is sure to be a success on account of its novelty.

The present season of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels terminates on Saturday. During the recess, the hall will be reseated, redecorated, and every effort used to make it the most comfortable family resort in London. The Company have a short vacation tour, going to Portsmouth and Brighton.

The Major.

MATABELE ANCIENT GOLD REEFS, LIMITED.

MANY people are already acquainted with the vast and rich auriferous area extending over Matabeleland from south to north. The number of claims pegged out in all directions in this new dependency of the Empire is now great, and mining camps at every turn are swarming with energetic Europeans, who are rapidly demonstrating the potential wealth of the country. The Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs Company, Limited, has been formed to share in this golden harvest. Although gold has not hitherto been found combined with conglomerate or "banket," in Matabeleland, there are strong indications of extensive gold-bearing quartz veins running through the country of great length and thickness, and yielding ore containing a very high percentage of gold. These reefs are called "ancient," because they abound in indications of crude workings thousands of years ago by a primæval race superior to the indigenous negro inhabitants. At the same time their ignorance of the science and modern appliances of our day compelled the Aboriginees to be content with superficial results, while they have left the cream of gold-yielding strata untouched and ready for highly remunerative manipulation by modern British miners.

The Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £80,000 in £1 shares, of which £70,000 has been issued. These shares are paid up to 17s., and investors who are prompt in availing themselves of so exceptional an opportunity can secure what is believed to be a decidedly progressive investment at the low price of 10s. a share. Thus there is left a reserve issue of £10,000 in case it should be required in the future. The company has been formed to acquire 110 claims; 40 of these are situated at Belingwe, about fifty miles from Buluwayo, and sixty contiguous to the latter centre, and ten on the Shangani River, lying to the north-west of both the before-named localities. The Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs Company, Limited, have acquired their mining rights from the British South Africa Company, whose report, issued early in the present year, referred specially to the encouraging prospects of large gold production held out by the various reefs which have been specified.

Mr. Colenbrander has reported on the 50 Belingwe claims, and speaks of them most hopefully. Ten of these are on the China reef, 10 on the Talu, 10 on the Mandarin, and 10 on the Manchuria reef. These 40 blocks are all included in the Belingwe district, which is at present pre-eminently conspicuous for the production of gold. The blocks named are in close proximity to each other, in the heart of a locality already noted for numerous paying properties. So rapid and successful is the development of gold mining in this part of Matabeleland that a new and substantial township is springing up which cannot fail in a few years to expand to great dimensions. Lang's Syndicate has done much to bring the attractions of Belingwe to the notice of investors. This whole district is said to be studded with well-defined reefs which run through it in every direction. It is the favourite hunting-ground of prospectors and syndicates whose knowledge of Matabeleland in general and of Belingwe in particular is most extensive and discriminating.

The 60 claims in the Buluwayo district are located on the well-known Christmas reef. Shafts have been sunk at different points to a depth of 250 ft., and quartz taken out at varying depths has assayed as high as 42 ozs. to the ton! The reef bears traces of ancient workings down to 30 or 40 ft., at which depth the operations conducted by primæval miners countless ages ago were apparently stopped by an influx of water. It is not uninteresting to notice that in a ruin on a hill in the neighbourhood has been discovered a quantity of ancient pottery-ware, the inference being that it was probably used for smelting purposes. A river and a plentiful supply of timber exists in the locality, and we are credibly informed that a very much higher price has been offered to the vendors than that at which the Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs Company, Limited, have succeeded in purchasing it. The 10 remaining claims, which complete the total 110 comprising the property of the company, are upon the Dutch Oven reef, near the Shanghai river, the position of which has been previously described, and if the fortunate results already achieved by owners of mining properties in the immediate vicinity may be taken as a guide, there is every ground for believing that the company's prospects in this quarter also are re-assuring. The Shangani district is less explored than the others we have named, but it is believed to teem with auriferous wealth, and with such facilities as water and timber for conducting mining operations at a minimum cost, it may be added that it cannot be many years before railways running north and south, and communications with the coast eastward, will be constructed, bringing a large population to the region.

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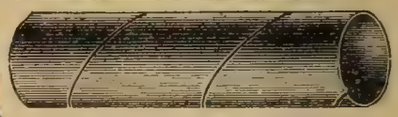

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GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE BULLY.

When George was a brakesman he filled up his spare hours in mending the shoes of the village. He had formed an attachment to Fanny Henderson, a domestic servant at a farm-house not far away from the Dolly Pit. She was not only a comely girl, but of a sweet and most lovable disposition. George, always thrifty, mended shoes and clocks, and did all kinds of odd jobs to increase his stipend of one pound and fifteen shillings a fortnight, and in this had probably in view his proposal of marriage to Fanny Henderson. Of all the delightful chapters in Smiles's book, the story of George's courtship is to me the most interesting. The young brakesman one day, among other shoes to mend, found a pair of Fanny's; and a friend of Stephenson lived to tell Smiles himself how George, having mended them, went about for ever so long with the shoes in his pocket; and once in a way he would whip them out, and holding them at arm's length—two tiny, pretty shoes—would exclaim with exultation, "What a capital job I've made of them!"

Stephenson was not a teetotaler, but he was a strictly sober man; and one can imagine how easily a handy, clever, respectable villager such as he, with his sweetheart's shoe in his pocket as the talisman of his love, might excite the jealousy and enmity of the bully and blackguard of the place. Ned Nelson was this big, overbearing pest, and one day he insulted George, and then challenged him to fight. George accepted the gage of battle, and all Black Callerton was in a state of excitement and anxiety on his account. They feared that George, if he were not killed, would be lamed for life. It was common enough in those days for quarrels to be fought out in pitched battles. I was myself, in later years, present at more than one encounter in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield, where the men stripped, and the fight was conducted with all the formality and discipline of the prize ring. "Art thou really goin' to feight him?" George's friends asked. "Ave, I'll feight him!" said George, going on with his work and attending his night school with unabated zeal. He neither trained nor practised for the encounter. On the other hand, Ned Nelson gave up work, and devoted himself to getting into condition. "Gi'e it up, lad," George's neighbours and friends advised, seeing that he was not a boxer, and was much under Ned's weight, though a wiry, strong young chap with an iron constitution. But George only smiled and said "I'll feight him, nivver fear for me, lads!" The day arrived; the men appeared with their backers. The ring was made, the combatants stripped, and the crowd trembled for the young engineman. After the usual preliminaries the battle began, and, to his opponent's astonishment, George hit out with such telling effect that Nelson staggered to his corner, puzzled and in pain. Stimulated by his opening success, and his blood being up, George went for his man with such tremendous energy in the next round or two that Ned Nelson was half-blinded before, in proper pugilistic sense, the fight had fairly begun. There was no sparring in George's method, no waiting for action, no dancing about; he made for his opponent with the vigour of youth, and the strength of the man who is in the right. The bully of the village was vanquished. Goliath was defeated amidst the joyful demonstrations of the crowd; and George, with his sweetheart's shoes in his pocket, went over to the little farm to assure Fanny Henderson of his safety. Soon afterwards, having saved enough money to furnish a little cottage of his own, he married Fanny, and took her from the farm to Wellington Quay in the pretty old fashion of saddle and pillion.—*The Idler.*

SAYINGS OF BUDDHA.

Earnestness is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

As rain breaks through an ill thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind. As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, "It will not come nigh unto me." As by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled, so the fool becomes full of evil, though he gather it little by little.

To the sinful man sin appears sweet as honey; he looks upon it as pleasant so long as it bears no fruit; but when its fruit ripens then he looks upon it as sin. And so the good man looks upon the goodness of the dharmo as a burden and an evil so long as it bears no fruit; but when its fruit ripens, then he sees its goodness.

He whose wickedness is very great brings himself down to that state where his enemy wishes him to be. He himself is his greatest enemy. Thus a creeper destroys the life of the tree on which it finds support.

Pleasures destroy the foolish; the foolish man by his thirst for pleasures destroys himself as if he were his own enemy. The fields are damaged by hurricanes and weeds; mankind is damaged by passion, by hatred, by vanity, and by lust.—*Selected from "The Gospel of Buddha," by Paul Carus.*

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

When the English garrisoned Roxburgh Castle in 1313 they kept very strict guard, as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood. An Englishwoman was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; looking out on the fields below she saw some black objects like a herd of cattle approaching the moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel. "Pooh" said the soldier, "it is only the James's cattle, he has forgotten to shut them up; but if the Douglas comes across them he may rue his negligence." The black things were Douglas and his soldiers, who had covered their armour with black cloaks, creeping on hands and knees while they set ladders to the castle wall. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. The women were accustomed to frighten their children with the name of Douglas. Another soldier's wife was singing to her child—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret thee,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand with an iron glove laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time another just ascended the walls, near the sentinel. He gave the alarm, and rushed at the man, who instantly killed him. The rest of the Scots followed up, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and child.—*From "Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott.*

Racine was one day asked by Louis XIV., in the presence of Madame de Maintenon what was his opinion of the literature of the day. "I think, sire," answered Racine, "that it is a great improvement on the time when such works as Scarron's sold." As the unfortunate man immediately recollected, Scarron was Madame's first husband. She and the King looked at each other, and there was a long silence. Racine retired. He was never invited to Court again.

Bolieau, under the same circumstances, was more fortunate. On his blundering into some remark about "Scarron's bad comedies," the King observed to Madame de Maintenon, "It would appear that Bolieau only esteems Molière." "Sire," returned Bolieau, without attempting any excuse, "I think he is the only one who can write a good comedy."

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT NÎMES.

IT will be believed that I looked on the city with no common emotions. I had heard enough at Villeraugues—and to that enough M. de Géol had added by the way a thousand details—to satisfy me that here and not in the north, here in the Gard, and the Bouches du Rhone, among the olive groves and white dust of the south, and not among the wheatfields and pastures of the north, the fate of the nation hung in the balance; and that not in Paris—where men would and yet would not, where Mirabeau and Lafayette, in fear of the mob, took one day a step towards the King, and the next, fearful lest restored he should punish, retraced it—could the convulsion be arrested, but here! Here, where the warm imagination of the Provençal still saw something holy in things once holy, and faction bound men to faith.

Hitherto the stream of Revolution had met with no check. King and nobles had crumbled and sunk before it, almost without a struggle; it remained to be seen whether the third and last of the governing powers, the Church, would fare better. Clearly, if Froment were right, and faith must be met by faith, and bigotry of one kind opposed to bigotry of another kind, here in the valley of the Rhone, where the Church still kept its hold, lay the materials nearest to the enthusiast's hand. In that case—and with this in my mind, I took my first look at the city, and the wide low plain that lay beyond it, bathed in the sunset light—in that case, from this spot might fly a torch to kindle France! Hence might start a conflagration as wide as the land; that taken up, and roaring ever higher and higher through all La Vendée, and Brittany, and the Côtes du Nord, might swiftly ring round Paris with a circle of flame.

Once get it fairly alight. But there lay the doubt; and I looked again, and with eager curiosity, at this city from which so much was expected; this far-stretching city of flat roofs and white houses, trending gently down from the last spurs of the Cevennes to the Rhone plain. North of it, in the outskirts rose three low hills, the midmost crowned with a tower, the eastern-most casting a shadow almost to the distant river; and from these, eastward and southward, the city sloped. And these hills, and the roads near us, and the plain already verdant, and the great workshops that here and there rose in the faubourgs, all, as we approached, seemed to teem with people; with people coming and going, alone and in groups, sauntering beyond the walls for pleasure, or hastening on business.

Of these all wore a badge of some kind; many the tricolour, but more a red ribbon, a red tuft, a red cockade—an emblem, at sight of which my companions' faces grew darker and darker. Another thing characteristic of the place, the tinkling of many bells, calling to vespers—though I found the sound fall pleasantly on the air—was as little to their taste. They growled together, and increased their pace; so that insensibly I fell to the rear. As we entered the streets, the traffic that met us, and the keenness with which I looked about me, increased this distance; presently, a long line of carts and a company of National Guards intervening, I found myself riding alone, a hundred paces behind them.

I was not sorry; the novelty of the shifting crowd, the changing faces, the southern patois, the moving string of soldiers, peasants, workmen, women, amused me. I was less sorry when by-and-by something—something which I had dimly imagined might happen when I reached Nîmes—took real shape, there, in the crooked street; and struck me, as it were, in the face. From a barred window a little above the roadway, on which my eyes alighted for an instant, as I passed under it, a white hand waved a handkerchief—for an instant only, just long enough for me to take in the action and think of Denise! Then, as I jerked the reins, the handkerchief was gone, the window was empty, on either side of me the crowd chattered, and jostled on its way.

I pulled up mechanically, and looked round, my heart beating. I could see no one near me for whom the signal could be intended; and yet—and yet it seemed odd. I could hardly believe in such good fortune; or that I had found Denise so soon. However, as my eyes returned to the window, the handkerchief flickered in it again; and this time the signal was so unmistakably meant for me that, shamed out of my prudence, I pushed my horse through the crowd to the door, and hastily dismounting, threw the rein to an urchin who stood near. I was shy of asking him who lived in the house; and with a single glance at the dull white front, and the row of barred windows that ran below the balcony, I resigned myself to fortune, and knocked.

On the instant the door flew open, and a servant appeared. I had not considered what I would say, and for a moment I stared at him foolishly. Then, at a venture, on the spur of the moment, I asked if Madame received.

He answered very civilly that she did, and held the door open for me to enter.

I did so, confused and wondering; and having crossed a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble, followed him up a staircase, everything I saw round me, from the man's quiet livery to the mouldings of the ceiling wearing the stamp of elegance and refinement. Pedestals, supporting marble busts, stood in the angles of the staircase, there were orange trees in jars in the hall, and antique fragments adorned the walls. However, I saw these only in passing; in a moment I reached the head of the stairs, and the man opening a door, stood aside.

I entered the room, my eyes shining; in a dream, an impossible dream, that held possession of me for one moment, that Denise—not Mademoiselle de St. Alais, but Denise, the girl who loved me and with whom I had never been alone, might be there to receive me. Instead, a stranger rose slowly from a seat in one of the window bays, and, after a moment's hesitation, came forward to meet me; a strange lady, tall, grave, and

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very handsome, whose dark eyes scanned me seriously, while the blood rose a little to her pure olive cheek.

Seeing that she was a stranger, I began to stammer an apology. She curtesied. "Monsieur need not excuse himself," she said, smiling. "He was expected, and a meal is ready. If you will follow Gervaise," she continued, "he will take you to a room, where you can remove the dust of the road."

"But, Madame," I stammered. "I am afraid that I am trespassing."

She shook her head smiling. "Be so good," she said.

"And my horse," I answered standing bewildered. "I have left it in the street."

"It will be cared for," she said. "If you will be so kind?" And she pointed with a little imperious gesture to the door.

I went then in utter amazement. The man who had led me upstairs was outside. He preceded me along a wide airy passage to a bedroom, in which I found all I needed to refresh my toilet. He took my coat and hat, and attended me with the skill of one trained to such offices; and in a state of desperate bewilderment, I suffered it. But when, recovering a little from my confusion, I opened my mouth to ask a question, he begged me to excuse him; Madame would explain.

"Madame——?" I said: and I waited for him to fill the blank.

SHE SIGNED TO ME TO STAND BY THE PILLAR, AND HERSELF KNELT DOWN.

"Yes, Monsieur, Madame will explain," he answered glibly, and without a smile; and then, seeing that I was ready, he led me back, not to the room I had left, but to another.

I went in, like a man in a dream; not doubting, however, that now I should have an answer to the riddle. But I found none. The room was spacious, and parquet-floored, with three high narrow windows, of which one, partly open, let in the murmur of the street. A small wood fire burned on a wide hearth between carved marble pillars; and in one corner of the room stood a harpsichord, harp, and music-stand. Nearer the fire a small round table, daintily laid for supper, and lighted by candles, placed in old silver sconces, presented a charming picture; and by it stood the lady I had seen.

"Are you cold?" she said, coming forward frankly, as I advanced.

"No, Madame."

"Then we will sit down at once," she answered. And she pointed to the table.

I took the seat she indicated, and saw with astonishment, as I did so, that covers were laid for two only. She caught the look, I think; for she blushed faintly, and her lip trembled as if with the effort to suppress a smile. But she said nothing, and any thought to her disadvantage which might have entered my mind was anticipated, not only by the sedate courtesy of her manner, but by the appearance of the room, the show of wealth and ease that surrounded her, and the very respectability of the butler who waited on us.

"Have you ridden far to-day?" she said, crumbling a roll with her fingers as if she were not quite free from nervousness; and looking now at the table and now again at me in a way almost appealing.

"From Sauve, Madame," I answered.

"Ah! And you propose to go?"

"No farther."

"I am glad to hear it," she said, with a charming smile. "You are a stranger in Nîmes?"

"I was. I do not feel so now."

"Thank you," she answered, her eyes meeting mine without reserve. "That you may feel more at home, I am going presently to tell you my name. Yours I do not ask."

"You do not know it?" I cried in astonishment.

"No," she said, laughing; and I saw, as she laughed, that she was younger than I had thought; that she was still little more than a girl. "Of course, you can tell it me if you please," she added lightly.

"Then, Madame, I do please," I answered gallantly. "I am the Vicomte de Saux, of Saux by Cahors, and am very much at your service."

She held her hand suspended, and stared at me a moment in undisguised astonishment. I even thought that I read something like fear in her eyes. Then she said, "Of Saux by Cahors?"

"Yes, Madame. I am driven to fear now," I continued, seeing the effect my words produced, "that I am here in the place of someone else."

"Oh, no!" she said. And then, her feelings seeming to find sudden vent, she laughed and clapped her hands. "No, Monsieur," she cried gaily, "there is no error, I assure you. On the contrary, now I know who you are, I will give you a toast. Alphonse! Fill M. le Vicomte's glass, and then leave us! So! Now, M. le Vicomte," she continued, "you must drink with me, à l'Anglaise, to——"

She paused and looked at me slily. "I am all attention, Madame," I said, bowing.

"To la belle Denise!" she said.

It was my turn to start and stare now; in confusion as well as surprise. But she only laughed the more, laughed with childish abandon, and clapping her hands, bade me "Drink, Monsieur, drink!"

I did so gallantly, though I coloured under her eyes.

"That is well," she said, as I set down the glass. "Now, Monsieur, I shall be able—in the proper quarter—to report you no recreant."

"But, Madame," I said, "how do you know the proper quarter?"

"How do I know?" she answered naïvely. "Ah, that is the question."

But she did not answer it; though I remarked that, from this moment she took a different tone with me. She dropped much of the reserve which she had hitherto maintained, and began to pour upon me a fire of wit and badinage, merriment and *plaisanterie*, against which I defended myself as well as I could, where all the advantage of knowledge lay with her. Such a duel with so fair an antagonist had its charms; yet I was not sorry when a clock, striking eight, produced a sudden silence and a change in her, as great as that which had preceded it. Her face grew almost sombre, she sighed, and sat looking gravely before her. I ventured to ask if anything ailed her.

"Only this, Monsieur," she answered. "That I must now put you to the test; and you may fail me."

"You wish me to do something?"

"I wish you to give me your escort," she answered, "to a place and back again."

"I am ready," I cried gaily. "If I were not I should be a recreant indeed. But I think, Madame, that you were going to tell me your name."

"I am Madame Catinot," she answered. And then—I do not know what she read in my face, "I am a widow," she added, blushing deeply. "And for the rest you are no wiser."

"But always at your service, Madame."

"So be it," she answered quietly. "I will meet you, M. le Vicomte, in the hall."

I held the door for her to go out, and she went; and wondering, and inexpressibly puzzled by the strangeness of the adventure, I paced up and down the room a minute, and then followed her. A hanging lamp which lit the hall showed her to me standing at the foot of the stairs; her hair hidden by a black lace mantilla, her dress under a cloak of the same dark colour. The man who had admitted me gave me in silence my cloak and hat; and without a word Madame led the way along a passage.

Over a door at the end of this was a second light. It fell on my hat—as I was about to put it on—and I started and stood. Instead of the tricolour I had been wearing in the hat, I saw a small red cockade!

Madame heard me stop, and turning, discovered what was the matter. She laid her hand on my arm; and the hand trembled. "For an hour, Monsieur, only for an hour," she breathed in my ear. "Give me your arm."

Somewhat agitated—I began to scent danger—I put on the hat and gave her my arm, and in a moment we stood in the open air in

dark, narrow passage between high walls. She turned at once to the left, and we walked in silence a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, paces, which brought us to a low-browed doorway on the same side, through which a light poured out. Madame, guiding me by a slight pressure, we passed through this, and a narrow vestibule beyond it; and in a moment I found myself, to my astonishment, in a church, half full of silent worshippers.

Madame enjoined silence by laying her finger on her lip, and led the way along one of the aisles, until we came to a vacant chair beside a pillar. She signed to me to stand by the pillar, and herself knelt down.

Freed from her control, and at liberty to survey the scene, and form my conclusions, I looked about me like a man in a dream. The body of the church, dimly lit, was rendered more gloomy by the black cloaks and veils of the vast kneeling crowd, which grew each moment more dense. The men for the most part stood, beside pillars, or at the back of the church; whence came now and then a low stern muttering, the only sound that broke the heavy silence. A red lamp burning before the altar added one touch of sombre colour to the scene.

I felt the silence, and the crowd, and the empty vastnesses above us, grow upon me, begin to weigh me down; until my heart fell to beating quickly with expectation of I knew not what. And then out of the silence about the altar came the first melancholy notes, the wailing refrain of the psalm, Miserere Domine!

It had a solemn and wondrous effect as it rose and fell, in the gloom, in the silence, above the heads of the kneeling multitude, who one moment were there, and the next, as the light sank, were gone, leaving only blackness and emptiness and space. As the wailing, pleading, almost desperate notes, floated down the long aisles, borne on the palpitating hearts of the listeners, a hand seemed to grasp the throat, the eyes grew dim, men's heads bowed lower. Miserere mei Deus! Miserere Domine!

At last it came to an end. The psalm died down, and on the darkness and dead silence that succeeded, a light flared up suddenly, and showed a pale, keen face and eyes that burned, as they gazed; not at the dim crowd, but into the empty space above them, whence grim, carved faces peered vaguely out of fretted vaults. And the preacher began to preach.

WE STOOD LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER.

In a low voice at first, and with little emotion. He spoke of the ways of God with His creatures, of the immensity of the past and the littleness of the present, of the Omnipotence before which time and space and men were nothing; of the certainty that as God, the Almighty, the Everlasting, the Ever-present decreed, it *was*. And, then, in fuller tones he went on to speak of the Church, God's agent on earth, and of the work which it had done in past ages, converting, protecting, shielding the weak, staying the strong, baptising, marrying, burying. God's handmaid, God's vicegerent. "Of Whom alone it comes," the preacher continued, raising his hand now, and speaking in a voice that throbbed through the spaces of the church, "that we are more than animals, that knowing Who is behind the veil we fear not temporal things, nor think of death as the worst possible, as do the unbelieving; but having that on which we rest, outside and beyond the world, can view unmoved the worst that the world can do to us. We believe; therefore we are strong. We believe in God; therefore we are stronger than the world. We believe in God, therefore we are of God and not of the world. We are above the world! and in the strength of God, who is the God of Hosts, shall subdue the world."

He paused; and then in a lower tone he continued, "Yet how do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? They trample on God! They say this exists, I see it. That exists, I hear it? The other exists, I touch it. And that is all. But does it come of what we see and hear and feel that a man will die for his brother? Does it come of that we see and hear and feel that a man will die for a thought? That he will die for a creed? That he will die for honour? That, withal, he will die for anything—for anything, while he may live? I trow not. It comes of God! Of God only.

"And they trample on Him. In the streets, in the senate, in high places. And He says, 'Who is on my side?' My children, we have lived long in a time of ease and safety; we have been long untried by aught but the ordinary troubles of life, untrained by the imminent issues of life and death. Now, in these late years of the world, it has pleased the Almighty to try us; and who is on His side? Who is prepared to put the unseen before the seen, honour before life, God before man, chivalry before baseness, the Church before

the world? Who is on His side? Spurned in this little corner of His world, bruised and bleeding and trampled under foot, yet ruler of earth and heaven, life and death, judgment and eternity, and all the countless worlds of space, He comes! He comes! He comes, God Almighty, which was and is and is to be! And who is on His side?"

As the last word fell from his lips, and the light above his head went out, and darkness fell on the breathless hush, the listening hundreds, an indescribable wave of emotion passed through the crowd. Men stirred their feet with a strange, stern sound, that spreading, grew into muttered thunder; while women sobbed, and here and there shrieked and prayed aloud. From the altar a priest in a voice that shook with feeling blessed the congregation; then, even as I awoke from a trance of attention, Madame touched my arm, signed to me to follow her, and gliding quickly from her place led the way down the aisle. Before the preacher's last words had ceased to ring in my ears or my heart had forgotten to be moved, we were walking under the stars with the night air freshening us; a moment, and we were in the house and stood again in the lighted salon where I had first found Madame Catinot.

Before I knew what she was going to do, she turned to me with a swift movement, and laid both her bare hands on my arm; and I saw that the tears were running down her face. "Who is on My side?" she cried, in a voice that thrilled me to the soul. "Who is on My side? Oh, surely you! Surely you, Monsieur, whose fathers' swords were drawn for God and the King! Who, born to guide, are surely on the side of light! Who, noble, will never leave the task of government to the base! O——" and there, breaking off, before I could answer, she turned from me with her hands clasped to her face. "O God!" she cried, "give me this man for Thy service."

I stood inexpressibly troubled; moved by the sight of this woman in tears, shaken by the conflict in my own soul, somewhat unmanned, perhaps, by what I had seen. For a moment I could not speak; when I did, "Madame," I said unsteadily, "if I had known that it was for this! You have been kind to me, and I—I can make no return."

"Don't say it!" she cried, turning to me and pleading with me. "Don't say it!" And she laid her clasped hands on my arm and looked at me, and then in a moment smiled through her tears. "Forgive me," she said humbly, "forgive me. I went about it wrongly. I feel—too much. I asked too quickly. But you will? You will, Monsieur? You will be worthy of yourself?"

I groaned. "I hold their commission," I said.

"Return it!"

"But that will not acquit me!"

"Who is on My side?" she said softly. "Who is on My side?"

I drew a deep breath. In the silence of the room, the wood-ashes on the hearth settled down, and a clock ticked. "For God! For God and the King!" she said, looking up at me with shining eyes, with clasped hands.

I could have sworn in my pain. "To what purpose?" I exclaimed, almost rudely. "If I were to say, yes, to what purpose, Madame? What could I do that would help you? What could I do that would avail?"

"Everything! Everything! You are one man more!" she cried. "One man more for the right. Listen, Monsieur. You do not know what is afoot, or how we are pressed, or——"

She stopped suddenly, abruptly; and looked at me, listening; listening with a new expression on her face. The door was not closed, and the voice of a man, speaking in the hall below, came up the staircase; another instant, and a quick foot crossed the hall, and sounded on the stairs. The man was coming up.

Madame, face to face with me, dumb and listening with distended eyes, stood a moment, as if taken by surprise. But at the last moment, warning me by a gesture to be silent, she swept to the door and went out, closing—not quite closing it behind her.

I judged that the man had almost reached it, for I heard him exclaim, in surprise at her sudden appearance; and then he said something in a tone which did not reach me. I lost her answer too, but his next words were audible enough.

"You will not open the door?" he cried.

"Not of that room," she replied bravely. "You can see me in the other, my friend."

Then silence. I could almost hear them breathing. I could picture them looking defiance at one another. And I grew hot.

"Oh, this is intolerable!" he cried at last. "Are you to receive every stranger that comes to town? Are you to be closeted with them, and sup with them, and sit with them, while I eat my heart out outside? Am I—I *will* go in!"

"You shall not!" she cried; but I thought that the indignation in her voice rang false; that laughter underlay it. "It is enough that you insult me," she continued proudly. "But if you dare to touch me, or if you insult him——"

"Him!" he cried fiercely. "Him, indeed! Madame, I tell you at once, I have borne enough. I have suffered this more than once, but——"

But I had no longer any doubt, and before he could add the next word I was at the door—I had snatched it open, and stood before him. Madame fell back with a cry between tears and laughter, and we stood, looking at one another.

The man was Louis St. Alais.

(To be continued.)

NELSON AND JUNOT.

When Junot attempted to leave Egypt for France, suffering from a wound, he fell into the hands of the English and was conducted on board a vessel in Nelson's fleet. The day after his arrival an elegant barge appeared, manned by a dozen men dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented with silver leopards. The captain went to Junot and said, "Come on board. Our hero, the great Nelson, wishes to see the French prisoners." Junot, indignant at the manner in which the command was expressed, returned, "Go and tell your Admiral Nelson—who, to me, is neither a hero nor a great man, for I am accustomed to a measure far too large for him—that I will not obey an order given with such brutality. His rank is higher than mine. Had he expressed the desire civilly I would have gone to him. Now, it is too late." His irritation had carried him away, for he really felt a hearty admiration for Nelson, to whom his angry answer was reported. The next morning the same barge returned bearing an immense basket full of fruit and claret as a present from the Admiral to Junot. Lady Hamilton had added some oranges to the gift.—*From "Mdme. Junot's Memoirs."*

THE PEOPLE'S PICNIC.

The Provincial suggested it, insisted on it, and carried the whole affair through. There were things he had missed, he said, and things he could afford to miss, but Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday was one of the experiences from which no exemption could operate. It was as London as was the Row, Fleet Street, or St. Paul's. It was something to be seen and talked about afterwards at Pogstall-sub-Marsh, and if no one knew how to set about getting there he would undertake to run the thing himself.

Directly the Heath is reached we are carried back twenty years by the association of ideas that inseparably connects the half-holiday and the boy fishing. There they sit in several degrees of rapturous attention, heedless of sun, dust, babel, and badinage. The ponds are more suggestive of a brickfield than a dewy meadow; around them float empty bottles, sticks and holiday *débris*. Cocoanut "shies," flung by fair but inexperienced hands, hurtle in dangerous proximity, but nothing moves them, and they conscientiously drop the lines into the two feet of mud and water, and hopefully watch the pieces of timber which it is no misnomer to call "floats." They haven't caught anything; they never will, but—some memories are ineradicable—we know that they are happy.

The Provincial has been watching the cocoanut pitches in the background, and has discovered two things. In the country, he says, you get as many nuts as you knock off, but here, whether you displace one or a dozen, it is all the same, you only get one. His other observation refers to more subtle craft on the part of the cocoanut man. The rows of sticks on which the nuts are placed are about a yard apart, and each row is four or five sticks deep. The first peg stands about six inches above the ground, the next a foot, the next eighteen inches, and so on. The Provincial notices that nuts knocked off the first peg of each row are seldom replaced, and as women and children nearly always bowl up instead of throwing, these empty pegs form a fairly efficient barrier. These examples of Metropolitan duplicity the Provincial mentally notes for the edification of Pogstall.

The dust and heat are fearful, and the people seem really to enjoy shovelling their feet along the powdered clay and throwing up clouds of it. The shows are innumerable, and each enterprise relies on some individual and particularly noisy way of attracting public attention. One has a foghorn worked by machinery, another a brass gong, a third a gigantic rattle. Outside the home of the "Electric Lady," the subject herself—a tall girl with her hair down—leans against the canvas, and nonchalantly munches apples, while her manager hoarsely harangues the crowd below. "You can touch 'er where you like," he says, liberally, "and whether it's 'er 'ands, 'er 'air, 'er face, or 'er clothes, you get a helectric shock."

The lady conjurer is also out on her platform, but here the crowd is thinner, and even when she produces a live rabbit from a hat, previously shown to contain nothing but sawdust, the spectators only seem to be slightly bored. Neither the Three-legged Child, the Half-man Half-Elephant, nor the Mermaid ("A puzzle to the Medical Fraternity; she sets at Defiance all the Laws of Nature") show themselves publicly, but occasionally a "Zulu" rushes out and prances about in what is presumably a vain attempt to remember his native war dance. But the tents form only a fraction of the show. Besides dozens of cocoanut grounds, there are all varieties of shooting ranges and skittle-alleys, all sorts of swings, boats, and mechanical horses. Things to hit with hammers, to hit with fists, to pull, to turn,

to wrench, to push, and to blow. Innumerable places where to get refreshments, and it is even possible to order a pancake, and see it cooked from beginning to end. What is more, there are people who do it! Up by the flagstaff a man is working out conic sections on a blackboard, and is prepared to prove that the Millennium is bound to commence at an early date in the next century. Less spiritual food is provided by a telescope through which, on the payment of a penny, you can look at the Abbey at St. Alban's—and if fortunate see it. Down in the valley glitters the white tent of the Ambulance Corps, an object of engrossing interest to a somewhat morbid crowd, whose chief hope is that a case will soon be brought in. There will be many before the day is passed, but it is surprising what some of these pallid, small-bodied East-enders can stand. A girl, leaning carelessly over the side of a swing when at its highest point, is caught by the head on one of the side beams, dragged from the seat, and dropped some fifteen feet on to the ground. Instead of requiring the ambulance, she gets up and slangs the swing man for objecting to her finishing her time without another payment.

Whatever individual taste may demand or reject in other matters, there is at least one point of unanimity: that scent squirts are *de rigueur*. "Did you notice that lovely girl with the red and blue paper feathers in her hat?" says the Provincial eagerly, when he has reached me, after tossing in an eddy of the crowd. The latter part of his description, distinctive as it might seem, would afford no clue at all, but as it happens I had noticed her; she had emptied half a scent-squirt down my neck. When I tell the Provincial, he appears sightly and altogether unreasonably jealous. I tell him that he has only to buy some scent, and go after her if he wishes for a similar civility. "I simply couldn't do it," he expostulates. "How on earth can I go up to a girl to whom I have never spoken and douse her with scent? It would be a frightful ordeal. And besides, it isn't scent; I saw a man filling the things, and he was using a tub of particularly muddy water from the ponds." But the Provincial is not neglected, and before half an hour passes he has saturated a pocket-handkerchief in wiping himself dry. He mentally calculates that some hundred gallons of water, at about ten shillings a gallon, have helped to lay the dust.

"It's a great show," said the Provincial that evening, after we had changed everything and got rid of all the external dust. "I am glad we went; I wouldn't have missed it for a lot. And if I am spared a long life I hope never to go through it again!"

Ernest Bramah.

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AN AFRICAN DEVIL-FISH.

BY

B. P. NEUMAN.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

THERE was nothing to do after four o'clock except to go on the rotten hulk we Europeans called a Pier, and pretend to fish, or throw coppers to the little niggers who were always ducking about as if there were no such things as sharks in the economy of nature. That at any rate, was my conclusion after three months at Sanspire.

Some of the men used to go in and play cards, one or two would ride, and young Padgett, the Protestant chaplain, would have played tennis if he could have found a fellow-suicide to join him. Luckily he couldn't.

Well, one afternoon I was standing on this same Pier with Jobson. Jobson was the English doctor (Medical Officer, he liked to be called), a recognised authority on French novels and D. T. He happened to be sober, and we got talking about the length of time a man could live under water. I suppose it was watching the little blacks put the subject in our heads.

"Three minutes and a fraction is the home record," said Jobson, "but I've seen black fellows out here keep under for twice that."

"That sounds rather fishy," I said, raising my eyebrows.

"If you mean that for a joke, it's a beastly bad one," he answered, screwing up his little red eyes, as if in pain; but talking of fish—it's a rum thing——" here he stopped and looked hard at me.

"What is a rum thing?" I asked, a little surprised at his manner.

THE CREATURE LOWERED HIS HEAD.

For answer he pointed out to sea in two or three different directions. Each time I followed his finger and saw a distinct black line, sometimes quite still, sometimes moving gently.

"Sharks," he remarked laconically, "they say they never eat black meat, but if you or I were to go in, out there, you'd see a fine scramble."

"Do they ever come in nearer shore than that?" I asked.

"I've never seen them, but I suppose they must, when it gets dark. Every now and then some poor little black devil gets snapped up."

"I thought they did not eat black meat," I said.

"That's only what these black fools say," he answered. "According to them it's some unnatural monster that does the

mischief. He lives in some of the pools, and roams about at night. You wouldn't get a black fellow to go down to the beach after dark if you were to offer him a pint of whisky."

"I should have thought he would have faced the devil himself for that," I said.

"So should I, but I tried it on with old Kwamim—you know the old chap. He squirmed and wriggled, and tried to wheedle me into giving him the whisky, but go down he wouldn't. I reasoned with him, too, in a quiet, gentlemanly way. 'Why, you old blockhead,' I said, 'the sea's swarming with sharks, and of course, they're a bit bolder in the dark. But they don't go walking about among the rocks, and I don't ask you to go into the water."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh, he jabbered away in his lingo, something about when Kofi (it was one of his brats that was snapped up) was killed, how part of poor Kofi's body was found all torn and mangled, but not by sharks' teeth; he said it looked more like—but there, you know what a rocky old fool Kwamim is."

This was on Wednesday. On Sunday evening after dinner I lit my pipe, and went out for a stroll. Bandon, who lived with me, had gone over to see the Governor. Padgett had been extra dull, I hadn't had a letter by the last mail, and altogether was feeling a bit hipped. As I sauntered along it struck me one side of my jacket was heavier than the other. I felt in the right-hand pocket, and there lay Bandon's Smith and Wesson. I remembered then he had been out shooting at a mark, and no doubt had borrowed my jacket. Wandering on in an aimless sort of a way, I followed the track that led down to the shore. The night was still, and dark and hot. The very idea of going indoors made me feel hotter. As for bed, it simply wasn't to be thought of. I walked out as near to the water as possible, and sat down with my back against a slab of rock, causing a huge sensation among the shore crabs. The stillness, and the soothing influence of my best briar, soon sent me into a half-sleep, which ended in the strangest kind of nightmare I ever had.

I seemed to be standing beside, and looking down upon my own body. It lay there, propped against a stone, lifeless. Then I became conscious of a Presence hovering over the inert form, and I heard a voice "Behold, I breathe into thee the breath of life." Then, it seemed, I retook possession of my body. And now I was sensible of the approach of some other and baleful influence. I *felt* it, but I could not see, for my eyelids were heavy, so that I could not open them. Only I felt upon my cheek a cool breath. It was hardly cold, yet it made me shiver, and even in my sleep I thought "It is Death himself." And with that horror upon me, I started up, and forced my eyes wide open.

Well, when I was asleep, I had thought myself awake, but now, when I was awake, I thought I must surely be fast asleep, and the victim of another nightmare. For as I sprang up, I almost touched a horrible—an indescribably horrible—face that had evidently been bending over me. It must have been this creature's breath I had felt on my face. It—I can never think or speak of it as "he"—stood for a moment silhouetted against the cloudless, evening sky, its head pushed forward, its hands working at its hips like fins. It was stark naked, and the black skin shone sleek and dripping like a seal's. But it was the face itself that was so unspeakably awful. It was of the regular negro type, only with the peculiarities exaggerated. But the lips were bloodless, and seemed to hang in folds over the huge, white teeth. And the eyes looked as if there was a film over them, yet there was a cold, hungry, cruel gleam in them, the very memory of which makes me shudder even now. All this observation was the work of a moment. The creature lowered his head, thrust it out still further, and made as though to dart at me. Instinctively I plunged my hand into my pocket, pulled out the revolver, and fired straight at the beast. I don't know whether it was hit or not; I rather fancy not, for my hand was shaking like an aspen leaf. Anyhow, the black devil was startled. It made a strange sinuous movement, seemed to bend back upon itself, somehow, and went splash into a deepish pool formed by some rocks that jutted out and curved round so as to make a miniature kind of harbour.

As for me, I didn't stop to investigate. I simply bolted, and got home dripping with sweat, my heart going like a steam-hammer. I quite admit it: a man could hardly be more frightened and live. Luckily, Bandon hadn't come in, so I just got a nip of brandy and went to bed.

I have read somewhere of men, who, after some strange and horrible experience, have found difficulty in realising that it had actually happened. It wasn't so with me. I had looked into the devilish face. I had heard the splash, and seen the churn of the water where the thing fell in. From that moment to this, I knew and have known that it was no mere fancy. Besides, there was the empty barrel of the Smith and Wesson to bear witness.

I kept my experience to myself—I didn't want to get chaffed—but I remembered my conversation with Jobson, and I determined to tell him about it. As ill-luck would have it, something always came in the way, and I couldn't get a chance of speaking to him for several days. Then at last—it was a Wednesday again—just as I was turning in after dinner I saw him going down the road to the beach. His face was even redder than usual, and I thought he walked a little unsteadily. However, I hailed him, and called to him to come and have a pipe with me. He shook his head surlily, and rolled on. In spite of his manner, I hurried after him, and tried to persuade him to come in. He was half drunk, and in a beast of a temper.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"What business is that of yours?" he growled, and added something in a very slightly lower tone about "damned impertinence," and "young puppies."

Well, of course, I ought to have taken no offence, for anyone could see the state he was in, but I was only a youngster, and my blood was soon up. So I turned on my heel and left him. How often I've wished I could have that five minutes over again.

When I got back I found Padgett had looked in. He was a good plucked one was Padgett. Tall and slim and dark, with thin lips and a fighter's jaw. We got out the chessboard and started a game. I felt as nervous as a cat, and at every little noise I jumped as if it had been an earthquake. I never played as I did that night. At last I moved my king half-a-dozen squares, and said "check" to Padgett's queen. He looked hard at me, and said, "Look here, old chap, there's something up with you. I hope you are no

going to have a touch of the fever. Anyhow, I'll go over and get Jobson to look round."

Just then, through the open window that looked shoreward, I heard a scream. I suppose my senses must have been sharpened by the state of my nerves, for I could have sworn I recognised Jobson's voice, and in the hoarse cry I seemed to hear surprise and terror and agony all in one, yet all distinct.

"Did you hear that?" I cried, jumping up, and laying my hand on Padgett's arm.

"Yes," he said coolly, "that's Carter's mare: she whinnies like that, till sometimes I feel as if I should like to shoot her."

At that moment in came Bandon, and Padgett began telling him my symptoms. Between them they almost persuaded me I was in a bad way, and I began to laugh at myself for being frightened at a horse's neigh. Bandon produced a nauseous draught, which he said was sovereign if taken at once. Padgett promised he would get Jobson to call round in the morning. So I took the draught and turned in.

Next morning when I woke there was Padgett standing by the bed with a face a yard long. I had slept splendidly in spite of Bandon's poison, and felt perfectly well. I jumped up. "Sorry to disappoint you, old man," I said, "but the fever's all a myth."

"You look all right," he said. "I'm very glad——"

Then he stopped short.

"What on earth's the matter?" I asked. I could see there was something wrong.

"Well," he said, "as you seem all right I suppose I had better tell you at once. Poor Jobson——"

"Then it *was* his voice I heard," I cried, the truth flashing upon me in a moment.

"I think it must have been a sort of unconscious cerebration," he replied. "His voice could never have carried so far."

"Was he drowned?" I asked, though I knew the answer.

Padgett shook his head. "No, worse than that. He seems to have been worried to death by sharks, though I never knew the sharks came in ashore like that. He must have fallen into the water, too, for part of his body has been found all mangled, but with some of his clothes on." Here Padgett shuddered, and sat down on the bed.

"Do you know what made him go down to the shore at that time?" I inquired.

"Why, he seems to have had a row with old Effua, who cooked for him. She'd been telling him some story they believe about evil spirits that haunt the shore by night. He'd been drinking, poor chap—you know what a temper he had—and he got nasty with her, and at last he swore he'd go and smoke a pipe with the Evil Spirit. She implored him not to go, but that only made him swear at her."

Then I told Padgett my own story from beginning to end.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he asked.

"Because I knew you would none of you believe me. Look here, Padgett," I added. "I'm going to see this thing through. If this is that black devil's work, it'll be bolder than ever now. We'll wait a night or two, then we'll go down and see for ourselves."

Of course, there was a great to-do over Jobson's fate. He had been too quarrelsome to be popular, but now his faults were forgotten in pity at his cruel death. It was put down to the sharks, and there was some talk of putting up a notice warning people of the danger. However, as the white men never bathed from the shore, and the black boys didn't count, the idea wasn't carried out.

SHE IMPLORED HIM NOT TO GO.

When the excitement had cooled down a bit, Padgett and I laid our plans. Since Jobson's death the loathing and terror I had felt when I thought of the beast had changed to a perfect fury of hate. I felt myself half responsible for Jobson's fate, and I swore solemnly I would avenge him or die. I don't know what Padgett thought of the theology or morality of these sentiments. He didn't say much, but his eye told me I might depend on him. We took Bandon into our confidence. He was a bit hot-headed, but as full of courage as they make them. Of the three I believe I was the only coward, and just then anger and remorse gave me courage.

We agreed to meet on the next Monday night by the pool where I had my experience. We were to saunter down separately about ten o'clock, when, as a rule, not a soul would be stirring. I got a stout trunk strap and buckled it so as to fit tightly round my waist. To this I fastened a thickish line, twisted it several strands, strong enough to stand almost any strain. I was to undress on the rocks, go in the water at the pool, and swim out and back while Padgett was to hold the line and haul in if I signalled. Bandon was to be close by with his revolver ready to help haul, or to shoot, as occasion might arise. We agreed to keep perfect silence. We went on Sunday afternoon, and marked on the rocks with a piece of chalk the exact spots for Padgett and Bandon to occupy.

Monday night proved dark, which was just as well. It was insufferably hot and muggy, even for that ill-favoured coast. We were too excited, though, to care much about the heat. The thought of poor Jobson and

that sleek, black beast took possession of me more and more. We had supper, or pretended to, in my room about half-past nine. Bandon and I did the pretending: Padgett made a hearty meal. Then he got up and said Good-night. A quarter of an hour later Bandon mixed a stiff glass of whisky and water and went out, his revolver in his pocket. I waited another quarter, and then followed.

We had agreed that while Padgett and Bandon should go down in tennis shoes, and make as little noise as possible, I should take no particular pains to conceal my whereabouts, for, of course, I was to be the bait.

The bait! When I had pulled off my clothes, fastened the line round my waistband, thrown the slack to Padgett, and poised myself on the edge of the pool, a chill of abject terror passed over me. The darkness, the stillness—we had not exchanged a syllable—Padgett with his pale, intent face just showing in the gloom, Bandon, revolver held ready in his hand, and the dark pool with its horrid mystery, all conspired to unnerve me. I felt if I delayed a moment longer my part would be impossible. I thought of Jobson, and plunged in. Not head foremost, I couldn't screw up my courage to that. I simply jumped in. It was deeper than I expected; the water was up to my shoulders at once. I struck out, but feebly, for every time I pushed out leg or arm, I imagined myself coming in contact with something cold and black and deadly. The water seemed to me thick and oily. However, I swam round to the mouth of the little harbour. Outside the surf was running pretty high, so I kept within the shelter of the rocks. As I swam backwards and forwards I began to lose my feelings of fear. But when I had been in the water some time—I should have said half an hour at least, but Padgett tells me it was just seven minutes—I came to the conclusion that the beast must be otherwise occupied just then, and it was no good waiting about indefinitely for him. Accordingly I swam in, and made for a point where the rocks rose from the water to a height of some two or three feet, and ran pretty level for a bit, so that they looked like a low wall. I clambered out, and stood on this wall trying to unfasten the knots in the line. My face was turned towards Padgett, and I was just going to call to him and announce my decision.

THE REPORT RANG OUT.

My lips were open, but the cry that escaped them was of surprise and horror and agony. As I heard my own voice I thought of Jobson's death-cry. I had heard nothing behind me, not a stir in the water. But suddenly I felt a cold arm wrap itself round my ankle and pull with tremendous force, while at the same moment a horrid stab of pain seemed to pierce my leg, as if my muscles and tendons were being scraped out with a blunt knife. Over I went into the water, and the next moment was struggling with the monster for dear life. I struck down at its head, and it let go its hold on my leg, and began snapping at my breast and face. As it clutched at me, its long nails or claws seemed to tear furrows in my flesh to get a deeper hold. It was dragging me with all its strength to the opening seawards. Fortunately, Padgett had wound the line two or three times round his wrist, else the sudden jerk would probably have pulled it out of his hand. As it was I felt it tighten, and renewed my struggles. Suddenly the beast ceased snapping, let itself sink, seized hold of my left leg, and began to drag me down. Then, in despair, I drew up my right leg and thrust down every ounce of strength left in me. My heel came crash on something hard, and I felt myself free. Instantly, I turned and struck out for the shore. I could see Padgett hauling in with all his might. Bandon had left his post and scrambled on some rocks that overhung the pool nearer to where I was struggling. There he was stooping down, shading his eyes with one hand, the revolver in the other. A dozen strokes would place me in safety. A moment later I saw Bandon spring up. "Look out!" he screamed, "he's coming again; turn on your back." Over I turned, just in time to see its onset. There was no stealth about it this time. On it came, swishing through the water at a terrific pace. Low as it swam I could yet see the awful brute head. There was a great gap in the huge, white teeth—I suppose my heel must have struck it in the mouth—and the tusks that showed and the folds of the lip were both flecked with blood. Escape was impossible; I gave up, and ceased swimming. And now it was close upon me. It seemed to spring half out of the water as it flung itself right upon me with an almost inconceivable fury, hands and teeth and feet tearing and snapping and jerking. Dreadful as it was, that spring was my salvation. For the first time Bandon got a safe shot. The report rang out once, twice. I felt myself hauled on to the rocks, and then I went straight off into a magnificent swoon.

I came to, spluttering and choking, with some of the strongest brandy I have ever tasted going down the wrong way. However, the intolerable smart of my wounds soon drove that out of my mind, and brought back the memory of my battle with the beast.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Dead," answered Bandon grimly. "First shot had him somewhere in the body, second hit him bang in the throat. Nothing could live after that. Saw him drifting down to the surf like a log."

They helped me on with my things, and up to the house. Then we doctored my wounds—ugly ones they were, too—as well as we could, and agreed to keep the thing quiet. There would have been no end of a row, and we didn't want to pose as heroes, be set down as champion liars, or be put on our trial for wilful murder. So we just held our tongues.

I am thankful to say I did not stay much longer at Sanspire, but before I left I got hold of Effua and Kwamim, and by dint of bribery and cross-examination extracted from them this preposterous statement, in which I am bound to say they were practically agreed, though I had them up separately.

They said if a man's first child happened to be a boy who was in any way malformed it was considered dedicated to the powers of evil, and must be handed over to the Devil. But even so, the parents had a choice left them. They could carry the child to a certain wood swarming with snakes, and leave it there. It would grow up to be a devil-snake, that is, a snake with a man's body and the cruelty and malignity of a devil. It would crawl upon its belly, its gaze would fascinate, its bite would kill. Or they could carry it further, to where the larger beasts are still found, and then it would grow up to share their nature and introduce a new element of cunning and ferocity. (Kwamim said in his father's time there was a devil-hyæna that used to lurk round the neighbourhood of Sanspire.) Or they could leave it on the shore, and then it grew to be a devil-fish, stronger and fiercer, they said, than any shark. And as they said this they lowered their voices and said they all knew there was one haunting the shore now "and poor Mastaire Jobson——"

I shut them up and sent them off, but I told Padgett and Bandon what they said.

"By Jove!" cried Bandon, "that's a rum thing. Why, when that beast made his final grab at you, his hands, or fins, or flappers, or whatever you like to call them came right out of the water. He was close to me then, and even in the dark I could see that on one there were only three fingers—a great thumb, then a first finger, and then the other three I suppose all clubbed together. It looked like a great knob."

"And that," he concluded, "explains it all."

Does it?

HOME ONCE MORE.

A CHAT WITH MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.

There is, as was justly recorded by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy in the charming verses which he wrote to his present wife on his first seeing her, a delightful touch of Arcadian simplicity about the lady who some two years ago provided a distinctly new sensation to the epicurean brain of the jaded music-hall goer.

Neither matrimony nor a long stay in the Land of the Almighty Dollar has robbed Miss Cissie Loftus of her pristine charm of manner and appearance, and when she received me—writes a representative of To-Day—in the pretty, quiet rooms where she and her husband have set up their household gods, I could scarcely realise that two long years had passed since I first had the pleasure of seeing my girlish hostess within a week of her *début* as a mimic in the countryfied cottage at Herne Hill, which was then her home.

"Of course, I am delighted to get back to England," she said, smiling, in answer to a question, "and as far as we now know I do not contemplate another visit to America, not but what I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in the States. My audiences were very kind to me, though to tell the truth," she added confidentially, "I did not find the American stage differed in any way from our own. In fact, the plays I went to see were, with scarce an exception, written by English dramatists; and further, no one—if I leave out Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Maggie Clive, a famous music-hall artiste who sings Irish fighting songs — lent themselves to my peculiar kind of imitations."

CISSIE LOFTUS.

"I should like to ask you a somewhat indiscreet question: do those you 'take off' so admirably always enjoy the process?"

"That is a difficult thing to answer," she replied with a half smile, "Yvette Guilbert, for instance, was kind enough to actually ask me to add her to my repertory, and among those who have been good enough to help me in every way by repeating their songs over to me, and so on, have been Miss Letty Lind, and more lately Miss Saidie Jerome, the American girl, who is now making such a success in *Gentleman Joe*. Occasionally, however, an objection *is* raised. For instance, I am now debarred from imitating Eugene Stratton and Gus Elen; the latter

would have given me every facility, but the music-hall syndicate by whom he is engaged object; still, I am adding quite a number of imitations to my original list, and this is the first time London audiences will have seen me in costume. I think my Japanese doll song, which I sing in orthodox Japanese toilette, is sure to go well."

"*Apropos* of costume, Mrs. McCarthy, is it true that you intend later to go on to the stage?"

With a pretty blush, she turned to her husband, who had remained a silent and amused witness of our interview, "my wife," he remarked pleasantly, "acted during a week of *matinées* at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in a little play of mine called *The Highwayman*, and with notable success."

"And did you enjoy this plunge into legitimate comedy?" I asked her.

"Yes, indeed, more than I can say," she answered quickly, "I have always been devoted to acting. I wonder if I may dare to confide to you my greatest ambition? Perhaps you will think it very presumptuous, but I long to take the part of Nora, in Ibsen's *Doll's House*!"

"Then have you also fallen a victim to the Norwegian dramatist?"

She laughed. "Well, I confess I am more or less an Ibsenite, and the part of Nora positively fascinates me. You must not think, however, that I am narrow in my tastes, I thoroughly enjoyed acting in Justin's *Highwayman*, and such a part as the title *rôle* in *Ma Cousine*, would, I am sure, suit me extremely well."

"You see," she added after a pause, "when the public have thoroughly got used to you in a special line they do not much care to see you engaged on any other kind of work, and for one playgoer who would go to see me act, there are a hundred who would come to hear me imitate, say, Miss May Yohe, or Arthur Roberts."

"And can you imitate anybody and everybody at will?"

"No," was the unexpected answer, "take, for instance, *Gentleman Joe*, notwithstanding his strong individuality I find Mr. Arthur Roberts an anything but easy study. I can sometimes take off a singer after having only heard and seen him once or twice; with others I have to see and hear them again and again, and then, perhaps, the result is not all that I could wish."

"I believe you said just now that this was the first time you have appeared before an English audience in costume. Do you find that it adds much to the illusion?"

"It cannot but do so in the imitations of such an actress as, say Sarah Bernhardt, or such a singer as Yvette Guilbert; in both these cases their clothes are essentially a part of their personality."

"One word more; have you any plans for the immediate future?"

"After my London season at the Palace I shall probably make a tour in the provinces, but it is very difficult to look forward."

And after one more glance round the pretty sitting-room lined with portraits of many of her friends, including—in strange contrast to one another—a fine photograph of Réjane, and the counterfeit presentment of two of the nuns with whom she was at school before her triumphant appearance at the Halls, I bade Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCarthy good-bye.

M. A. B.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but you must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer, which, when quite young, I was prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was wont to importune me with the old dear doctrines of the Church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested: "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied: "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me, but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition, as if everything were titular and ephemeral but him. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent well-spoken individual affects, and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him: "Go, love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such a greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the doorpost, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb, and give the dollar which by-and-bye I shall have the manhood to withhold.—Emerson.

SALLA AND BELOCCA.

When Mapleson was on tour in Dublin Mdlles. Salla and Anna de Belocca were in the company. On arriving at the hotel, both ladies chose the best suite of rooms in it, each saying at once, "These will do for me." "I shall have them," said Salla. "I am *prima donna*." "There are two *prime donne*," returned Belocca, "myself and Patti." This began a furious quarrel. Mapleson went to the hotel-keeper, and ascertained that there were some other rooms nearly as good; he enjoined the man to declare that they were for Lady Spencer, wife of the Viceroy, and stand to the statement. He then called him up, and said loudly, "Both these ladies must have equally good rooms. Where are the others?" "The only others as large are reserved for the Countess Spencer," returned the hotel-keeper. "But we could see them," exclaimed both singers at once. "Oh, yes," said the man, leading the way. Belocca instantly flew upstairs past him into the suite, and locking the door in their faces, shouted through the keyhole that Lady Spencer must get on as best she could; leaving Mapleson to congratulate himself on the effect of his stratagem.—*From "Napoleon's Memoirs."*

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

The Mrs. Fawcett who is writing a life of the Queen is, of course, the accomplished Miss Garrett, who married the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., the blind Postmaster-General. She is a sister of the well-known lady doctor—Dr. Garrett Anderson.

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Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, whose "Quaint Corea" is just announced, is the charming American actress who wrote last year that delightful book, "When we were Strolling Players in the East."

* * * *

There has been a good deal of abuse of the present number of the Yellow Book, but I must confess to having read it with plenty of interest. One thing Mr. Lane certainly does. He has the courage to discover his own authors, and then to do his best to boom them. In this way young and unknown authors get a chance which no one else seems disposed to give them, and it must be owned that Mr. Lane shows great judgment. The merit of several of his private authors has been recognised the moment he "published" them. I do not agree with the strictures which have been passed on the poems which are so plentiful this month. I must say that some of them seem to me very good indeed. Who could, for instance, fail to be charmed with Mr. Le Gallienne's and Mr. Marriott Watson's songs? And Mr. Norman Gale's poem contains some of his best lines—which is saying a very great deal. The illustrations I own do not interest me, but Ella Darcy's "Pleasure Pilgrim," though most unreal, struck me as very clever. There are few magazines with which I would rather face a railway journey than the Yellow Book.

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I am stocking Archibald Constable and Co.'s new edition of the Waverley Novels—a fac-simile of the dear old forty-eight volume edition published by Cadell, with fine engravings after Wilkie, Landseer, and other famous artists. When I was a boy I picked up this entire edition volume by volume as I could afford it from second-hand bookstalls—those little octavos with their white labels and maroon covers had such a fascination for me. But I shall not, of course, cease to stock A. and C. Black's Scott, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, which I look upon as *the* edition of Scott for a working library. Constable's Scott will be only 1s. 6d. a volume, which is the price Wm. Blackwood and Sons ought to have charged for the delightful standard edition of George Eliot's novels which they have lately begun to bring out. They are certainly the most agreeable George Eliots to handle, but they look like eighteen-penny books and not like half-crown books to an age which wants so much for its money. Both volumes of "Adam Bede" are now out, and also both volumes of "The Mill on the Floss."

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Mr. Joseph Hatton's books are always good stock, and his last novel, "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe," is no exception to the rule. It is a capital story, well told, and the descriptions of Derbyshire scenery are so good that any illustrations would be superfluous. I wish every new novel sold as well as this does.

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At the Rider Haggard dinner of the Authors' Club Sir Walter Besant, so my customers tell me, regaled the members with the following observations on his three favourite books: "I take three books by different authors, all of which have that same firm grip, by which I mean that if you begin them you simply have to go on with them. The first of these is Zola's 'L'Assomoir.' I took it home with me on a Saturday night; I read it before dinner; I read it all the evening after dinner; I read it all Sunday; I was unable to stop or put it down, it had such a very extraordinary grip. The second was 'She,' which is shorter. I read it on a single night; it was impossible (while the book was in my hand) to take my eyes from a single page. The third was 'The Light that Failed.' I took that home with me, and began to read it after dinner, say at 8.30. I read it till ten, and tried to go to bed: but at 10.30 I had to start it again, and I read it right through. These three books simply seized me. I have nothing more to say now, except that I feel it is a very great honour Mr. Haggard's dining here with us this evening, and I must ask you to signify your pleasure in a way that is usual."

* * * *

A popular critic tells a more than ordinarily amusing error in the type-written copy of a review on Alphonse Daudet. It was taken down from dictation, and the beginning of the third paragraph ran thus: "But I am illegitimate," said Daudet. "The Empress is illegitimate," replied de Morny. The critic had said "a Legitimist."

* * * *

A short time ago Mr. Grant Allen was within an ace of being burned out of house and home. He lives on the edge of the famous Devil's Punchbowl, at Hindhead, above Haslemere. The Devil's Punchbowl caught fire while Mr. Allen was away in London for a literary reception at a brother author's house. He was about to fly home when he had another telegram saying that the wind had changed and the house was safe. A fire would have been a most serious thing for him, for he is in the middle of dramatising "The Woman Who Did," which has had a most extraordinary success. He has had no less than seven applications for the right of translating it into German. It will run as a *feuilleton* in one of the German newspapers, and it has already in a few months gone through fourteen editions in England and four more in America.

* * * *

Mr. Horace Cox has brought out the third edition of Mrs. Alec. Tweedie's "Girl's Ride in Iceland" at a shilling with all the original pictures.

* * * *

Paying a visit to England at present is Mr. Herbert Stuart Stone, the head of the well-known Chicago firm of publishers who observe Boston traditions, though their house is in the Western city. Mr. Stone looks a mere boy to be the head of such an important house. He is a tall fair-haired, clean-shaven man, singularly prepossessing, and well-bred looking. His firm publishes the æsthetic little chap-book, well known in literary circles over here, which was edited at one time by Mr. Bliss Carman, the poet.

* * * *

Coming out from the Authors' Society dinner at the Holborn the other night I saw Mr. Henry Blackburn, whose illustrated guide to the Royal Academy is almost as much an annual feature as the Academy itself. He is a slight man, rather below the middle height, with a clean-shaven, very remarkable-looking face, unusually long from forehead to chin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Church.—You would find Besant's "London," published at 7s. 6d., very useful. I believe there is a book called "The City Churches," but cannot trace it.

Country Cousin.—I think the best collection for you to get would be that published by J. S. Virtue and Co., entitled "Pictures of 1895." A feature of this book is that it only contains accepted works at the Academy and New Gallery.

W. B. J.—There is no such paper as the *Journal of Textile Manufacture*, but there is the *Textile Manufacturer*, published at Manchester.

W. N. (Cottingham).—It has been mentioned in several quarters that the title, "The Crack of Doom," has been used before. The complete edition of Edgar Allan Poe's tales is not yet out. It will be published in America, edited by Edmund Clarence Steadman and G. E. Woodberry.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—We are just back from the Park, where we saw one of the greatest crowds of the season. The Princess of Wales was there with Princess Maud. The dear lady was looking very white and sad, but extremely charming in a silk dress striped with very narrow lines of black on a white ground, and a pretty short grey cloth cape lined with white satin, and frilled with chiffon round the neck. Her little bonnet was of coarse black mohair straw, trimmed with petunias and black ribbon. Princess Maud looked pretty, but very delicate, in a grey cloth dress and coat, and a very becoming hat trimmed with pale pinkish mauve flowers and "cabbages" of chiffon. But she was still prettier one morning in a toque made entirely of flowers. As well as we could see from our cool seat under the trees the blossoms were heliotrope and pansies.

Little Prince Edward creates a great sensation when he takes his airings in the Park in one of his father's carriages. The very coachman has a lurking smile about the corners of his lips as he notes the eager gaze of the crowds at the small personage sitting behind him. Not that Prince Edward is content to sit very much—he is far too lively a young man for that. His nurses have to let him stand up on their knees, and indulge in the peculiar gymnastics of children his age. It looks almost as if they were bobbing up and down in an imaginary bath. He wears pelisses of English satin or Irish poplin, and is such a jolly, fat, healthy-looking little fellow.

BALL DRESS.

None of the Royal Princesses go in for the very full skirts any more than they did for the very large sleeves. The Duchess of Fife, whose gowns always fit so perfectly to her lovely little figure (Redfern makes them), has been wearing a heliotrope cloth, with jet stars on the yoke. The Duchess of York was in the Park this afternoon, but we missed her. However, we had seen her a day or two before in a very pretty blue cloth, also a Redfern dress, made most becomingly with a white vest, and open in front, with large gilt buttons down each side of the smart little coat.

Sunday Park is good value for the student of clothes just now. Light silk skirts, with every variation of chiffon blouse, seem to be almost the livery of girlhood. Most of the blouses have accordeon-pleated sleeves to the elbows, and collars of lace or batiste at the back, ending in pointed pieces in the front. These deep collars are very picturesque, but they do not suit everybody, being rather trying to all but the best complexions. I saw a square one the other morning made of cream-coloured satin, and trimmed with a double ruffle of deep yellow lace, split up the back the same as it was in front. It made its brunette wearer look perfectly lovely, the cream colour and deep yellow neutralising the sallow of her skin and bringing out all its creaminess and pinkness to perfection. But then a moment later we saw a white collar on a pale anæmic-looking girl, who looked simply ghastly from the proximity of this trying mass of dead white.

Some of the smartest women appear to wear black habitually on Sundays, relieved with ribbons matching the lining of the silk or crêpon dress. One such was made very full and lined with cherry-coloured satin. A belt of striped black-and-white ribbon with a narrow satin cherry-red edge encircled the waist and fastened under an up-and-down bow at the back. By "up-and-down" I mean one that has two of the ends pointing upwards, and two downwards. This is *the* bow of the moment for belts. The one at the back of the neck is horizontal—not vertical like the other.

I hope you admire the pretty ball dress sketched for you this week. It is from a model designed by Mrs. Craig, Court dressmaker, 19A, Brook Street, who makes for duchesses, marchionesses, and other great ladies who have plenty of money to lavish on pretty frocks. The material of the one in question is white satin lined with pink, the rose tint of which shows through the white with very soft and pretty effect. The front of the bodice is trimmed with pink roses arranged in three lines, the central one being straight, while the outer ones diverge slightly outwards. This is a very becoming arrangement.

A rose on one shoulder nestles among the folds of the satin sleeves, also lined with pink. The green leaves of the flowers make a beautiful effect upon the white skin, enhancing its whiteness. Soft white lace droops over the arms. The sash is white satin ribbon. It should not be difficult to look pretty in such a frock as this. Should it?

Yours affectionately,

Susie.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Elfinella.—The price of accordeon-pleated chiffon blouses on a silk lining is from four guineas upwards, according to make. They are smartest with sleeves to the elbows only, long snède gloves meeting them there. This is the style one sees just now in carriages in Hyde Park. But it is more consistent with our English notions to have cuffs added which reach to the wrists. Only very pretty arms look nice uncovered in the daylight, and when the gloves are taken off, they present a very unfinished appearance.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I DUNNO as you'll mind my 'avin mentioned a gel of the nime of Lizer. I meets 'er hevry mornin'—she goin' to 'er work at the lorndry just as I'm goin' ter mine. She's a nicish, cheerful, saucy sort of a gel tew, though pline, 'er 'air bein' carrits. She 'as a 'ole mother whort she surports, and if yer wcrnts a treat—a reg'lar right-dorn sick'ner—yar go and talk to Lizer's mother. We bein' nyburs more or less, I sees 'er nar and agin, and I knows. If you've been a-winnin' a parceil of money on a rice, and 'ave gort yerself artside of a good dinner, and the sun's shinin', and yer feels friendly t'wards yer feller man, and pretty 'earty all rarnd, then, I says, go and 'ave five minutes chat with Lizer's mother. You'll come art with yer 'ead 'anging darn, and yer beckbone like a bit of chewed string, and a worse 'ump on yer nor yer cud metch in all Sanger's. She's one of them womin as enjy's bad 'ealth, an' is alwise mikin' it art wus than it is. Thur's a lot o' thet sort. If yer speaks shawp to 'em fur mikin' theirselves art nor they is, yer feels as if yar're be'ivin' like a broot, seein' they're as bed as they are. "Well, missus," I says to 'er, one dye lawst winter, "'ow are yer findin' yerself?" "I'm no better," says she, "as ye might see fur yerself without awskin? Nor I shawnt be no better till we 'as the 'ot weather, if we ever *does* 'ave it." Lawst Sunday I tackled 'er agin, and awst 'er 'ow she were goin'. "Goin' ter my tomb," says she, in 'er yooshal cheerful wye. "This 'eat's killin' me." If I cud find any weather as that old lyedy 'ud own sooted 'er proper, blest if I waredn't clap it in a glaws kise, and send it ter the British Mooseeim as a gift ter the nyshun! It's a mawvil ter me 'ow Lizer can git along with 'er. But then Lizer's yoosed to it; when 'er mother says she's dyin' she don't tike no more notice than if she'd said she were sneezin'. Ho, yes, with all 'er dyin' she'll artlive me, that old gel will! Yer might bump 'er down a bloomin' coal-pit, and she wouldn't die. She'd come up grumblin' abart the keerlessness of the people as dropped 'er.

* * * *

Them coppers is a tricky lot nar-a-dyes. They tikes some beatin', I give yer my wud. The other dye they was ridin' a plice where a bit o' bettin' were goin' on. Well, they didn't warnt ter fill up the bloomin' street, because, by the time they'd done thet, them inside would 'have 'ae the office and cleared art. So they gits one of them grite pantechnikin vans, packs it full o' coppers, puts a tec on the box fur to drive it, and hup they comes. Why, they was on 'em afore them pore chaps inside knew where they was. It were like 'avin' a reg'ler 'ile-storm o' coppers dropped on yer. They gort the 'ole lot of 'em, which is 'onay and balm ter the Hanty-Gamblers, I surpose. Mind yer, it's a dodge as cawn't be plied very horftun, but I don't dart as they 'as plenty more ter foller on with. It creites a sort o' feelin' o' mistrust, yer know. If a blomin' pantechnikin can turn itself into a reg'lar nest o' coppers yer don't fell sife anywhere. Yer mye 'ave 'em droppin' darn the chimney, or disguisin' of themselves as the Selvishun Awmy, or anythink. It give me a reglar turn ter read abart it—sims as if there was coppers hev'rywheer.

COMEDY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.20, a Comedy, in three acts, entitled

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

BY JEROME K. JEROME
AND
EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Mr. Cyril Maude,
Mr. Arthur Playfair,
Mr. W. T. Lovell,
Mr. Ernest Leicester,
Mr. Edward Righton.

Miss Lena Ashwell,
Miss Alice Mansfield,
Miss Ettie Williams,
and
Miss Fanny Brough.

The "DAILY TELEGRAPH" says: "A delightful and amusing little comedy, as bright as sunshine and as refreshing as the scent of May! That was the unanimous verdict of a well-contented audience last night. If it be true that there is a reaction against the modern uncomfortable play, then here is a good chance of proving it. The authors have treated us to a cheerful and amusing comedy."

The "TIMES" says: "The play is refreshing in its simplicity, in its cordial recognition of the good as well as the bad of human nature, and in the genial humour, which, like the suspicion of onion in the salad, animates the whole. The piece was accorded a hearty welcome."

The "STANDARD" says: "A frequent complaint against certain modern plays is that they are too advanced, too fantastic to please the average theatre-goer. To such dramas Messrs. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts supply a species of antidote in their 'Prude's Progress.'"

The "PALL MALL GAZETTE" says: "The funny side is distinctly funny, not great but good. You can unbend very pleasantly at the Comedy when you get tired of problem plays and over-ambitious comedies. We enjoyed a very pleasant evening."

"JUDY" says: "Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts have provided at the Comedy some excellent amusement for the idlers of to-day."

The "LITERARY WORLD" says: "A leading novelist said it was the greatest dramatic pleasure he had had for many a long day, to see the unqualified success of a play written by two genuine literary men."

The "MAN OF THE WORLD" says: A pleasanter, wittier play is not to be seen now at any theatre in London."

"MODERN SOCIETY" says: "Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in his speech at the Dinner of the Theatrical Fund, expressed a wish that we might soon see a revival of real comedy. The fashion may perhaps be set by 'The Prude's Progress,' which achieved a genuine and complete success at the Comedy Theatre."

The "SKETCH" says: "Are we going back to the Robertson school? asked some during the evening, and really in the pleasant blend of farce and sentiment, there was something that suggested the old days of the old Prince of Wales'."

"VANITY FAIR" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is a very clever and amusing piece of work, and one everybody should go and see."

"GALE'S LICENSED VICTUALLERS' MIRROR" says: "Have we at last got rid of the drama of the woman with a past, and the problem play? It looks like it, judging by the success of Messrs. Jerome and Phillpotts' comedy, 'The Prude's Progress,' produced at the Comedy Theatre on Wednesday night. It is a bright, fresh, sweet little comedy, as natural and as pleasant as 'Sweet Lavender,' which is about the highest praise we can give it."

The "DAILY GRAPHIC" says: "The play is brightly written, sympathetic, and decidedly exhilarating. It was received with every conceivable manifestation of approval and delight."

The "NATIONAL OBSERVER" says: "It is so well written, the dialogue is so genuinely witty and graceful, that the success of the work was achieved long before the middle of the second act."

"FUN" says: "The authors have given us a real good thing. It is homely without being silly, pretty without being namby-pamby."

The "REFEREE" says: "The Comedy Theatre is again in luck. . . . . The authors, Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, tell a story that is always interesting . . . . There are some rich comic scenes in the piece . . . . 'The Prude's Progress' is clean, which is something to be grateful for in these days, and honest, which is—oh, such a relief from the sickening affectation of inferior writers, and clever, which is rare enough to save it from the disdain of those who only ask for literary merit. It is a play, not 'with a past,' but with a future."

The "TOPICAL TIMES" says: "How pleasant to record the success of a pure, sweet, delightful play! No nauseous heroines. No French *cocottes*. No problems as to whether a man loves a woman for the sake of her moral or her physical attributes. Instead of the ghastly ghosts of English drama, an amusing play, harmless in plot, witty in dialogue, and clever in construction, was presented to the public on Wednesday at the Comedy Theatre, under the guidance of Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. They are the authors of 'The Prude's Progress,' and truly may well be satisfied with the result of their efforts."

The "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is quite a refreshing change. Frankly old-fashioned in plot, homely in sentiment, postulating no moral. The new play at the Comedy is delightfully *not* up to date."

"BLACK AND WHITE" says: "The piece is vastly entertaining; for a number of the situations are novel, all the characterisation is distinct, and much of the dialogue is brilliant."

"The UMPIRE" says: "These Bloomsbury interiors are pleasant places for the mind to dwell upon. They are so peaceful, so human, so refreshing in comparison with the crude realism of the up-to-date writer."

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says: "A corner of the mantle of Charles Dickens has fallen upon the shoulders of Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts."

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in the "SATURDAY REVIEW" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is a shrewd, good-natured, clever Cockney play (Mr. Jerome will not think me foolish enough to use cockney as a term of disparagement), interesting and amusing all through, with pleasantly credible characters and pleasantly incredible incidents, ending happily but not fatuously, so that there is no sense of facts shirked on the one hand, nor of problems stage-solved on the other. The play, from which, thanks to its unattractive name, not much was expected, won its way, and was very favourably received."

"WOMAN" says: "The play seems to recall our old friends, 'Our Boys,' and 'Sweet Lavender.' We have a good old-fashioned love story, a true touch of human nature, and plenty of genuine, wholesome fun."

The "LIVERPOOL POST" says: "There has not been so pretty a play seen for years."

LOMBROSO'S EXPOSURE OF WOMAN.

LESS SENSITIVE THAN MAN, BUT MORE IRRITABLE.

"I believe that in the study of the normal woman with which I preceded my 'Female Offender,' I have made some entirely new and original observations on woman."

WOMAN has been the theme of so many writers in all ages, that it will be interesting to know what manner of man is he who, in the expiring years of the nineteenth century, believes that he can tell us anything new anent the fair sex. The man who lays claim to doing so is Professor Cæsar Lombroso, the Turin *savant*. He has propounded a number of strange theories during his time, amongst the best known of them being the theory of atavism, which is now widely accepted by scientific men as explaining the tendency to degenerate that sometimes shows itself, in individuals and in communities. Civilisation and education have been thought to stamp out certain characteristics, yet the Professor finds that after having laid dormant for generations, or perhaps for centuries, they are prone to reappear. An atavistic characteristic is one to which we revert, and is degenerate in its nature, and this distinguishes it from heredity. Dr. Lombroso carries his investigations still further, and maintains that when this reversion takes place it is accompanied by physical evidences of degeneration, to be found in the conformation of the body or in anthropometrical measurements.

When I last met the Professor in Turin he was bewailing the excision of many chapters of his recent work on the "Female Offender."

"The best part of my work is sacrificed to English 'cant,'" he declared with sorrow rather than indignation in his voice.

"But, Professor, what is this about the normal woman which you tell me has been kept out of the English translation of your work?"

"In the first place I completely disprove the old-fashioned idea that woman is more sensitive than man, or that she supports pain better than the other sex."

"How can you do this?"

"By means of observations made on subjects of all classes of society, and of all ages, I have ascertained that in many respects women feel less than men. Her sense of smell is not so strong. A man will detect an odour where a woman cannot do so. Her general sensitiveness is also less. For instance, she does not feel tickling of the palm of the hand to the same degree as a man. And again, as to her power of supporting pain, the fact of the matter is that her sufferings in similar operations are not so intense as are those of a man. To back me up in this I have collected the opinions of surgeons, dentists, and others who perform painful operations, and whose experience can take them back to the time when anæsthetics were not in general use as they are at present."

"We have always been told, Professor, that women are more resigned, that they don't make such a fuss over a cut finger as we molly-coddling men. Isn't it that they resign themselves to suffering more easily than we do?"

"Heroic resignation requires a great force of will, and certainly it is not this quality that one is accustomed to find in woman."

Professor Lombroso made this declaration emphatically.

"If the resignation be as a matter of habit," continued the doctor, "this can only be explained by my contention that her relative want of sensitiveness to pain enables a woman to tolerate what would be excruciating agony to a man. The same observation holds good as to emotional suffering. You will see a man lose flesh and waste away under such emotional trial as watching over a sick bed. Women, on the other hand, bear up in such trials, and are nurses *par excellence*. It is ridiculous to suggest that the exercise of the will can diminish the force of the emotions; it can only check their manifestation. Now, women very rarely suppress their emotions, and it is because they are so prone to showing them that we have given them the credit for having a greater sensitiveness than that possessed by man. It is very easy, therefore, to understand that a woman should resist pain better than a man, when, as a matter of fact, she is not called upon to suffer it with the same intensity. Woman feels less because she thinks less."

The professor was unmasking woman with a vengeance. I was beginning to wonder where he would stop. However, he proceeded to develop the "where there's no sense there's no feeling," on which to base his arguments.

"We have been misled by taking the exterior manifestations of pain for the pain itself. Women have not a greater sensitiveness than men; they are simply more irritable. Again, the sensual desires of the normal woman are nothing like so strong as those of a man, and their non-satisfaction does not cause her the physical sufferings that a man is called upon to endure. Platonic love is the creation of the feminine mind, and it is because she has a lesser degree of sensuality that she believes such relationship with a man to be possible."

"You are not popular with the ladies as it is, professor, and I don't think this last work of yours will serve to make you popular."

"Certainly not, as it is published in England," replied Dr. Lombroso. "It is entitled the 'Female Offender,' and is made up of a series of tables and a few chapters on female criminals whose crimes are attributable to madness, etc. The real—the only female delinquent, the woman you call the unfortunate, is suppressed. It will seem a sort of contradiction to what I have said about woman's lesser sensuality, to find in every great city a whole class of women indulging in a *quasi*-sensual occupation. There is the born prostitute just the same as there is the born thief. Felony and prostitution are the two forms, male and female, of crime. The psychological as well as the anatomical identity of the male offender and the born unfortunate could not be more complete than it is. You will find that the unfortunate shows a lack of moral sense, and is quite indifferent to the ignominy of the position of a fallen woman, as the male offender is to the social infamy attaching to the prison. In the male offender and the prostitute there is the same desire for easy pleasures, orgies and drink, the same improvidence and the same tendency to laziness. The male criminal is a felon because he finds it the easiest way to obtain what he desires; the unfortunate would be a thief if she did not find it easier to get what she desires by means of prostitution. The girl who has been an incorrigible thief up to fourteen or fifteen years of age has been known to abandon this form of crime the moment she abandoned herself to a fast life. The born unfortunate is by nature a thief, and though she may not indulge in pilfering, she is psychologically none the less a criminal. She rarely does damage to society, and is, in a certain sense, socially useful, as she keeps the number of

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"recognised" criminals with whom Society has to deal, lower than it would be if she had to resort to other means than she does to obtain the necessities of life. The born unfortunate is a type which has its counterpart in the different and higher grades of Society."

After these explanations, the conversation turned on the repression of crime, and more general subjects.

"I am so struck with the little society does to extirpate crime," remarked the Professor, "that I have written a treatise on the benefits of crime which I shall publish some day. A few murderers are put away every year, but as a rule the punishments inflicted on offenders are of such a nature as to ensure their reappearance in the courts at regular intervals. It is only in England and Geneva that anything practical is being done to suppress crime. You have splendid measures for reforming youthful offenders. We are doing nothing. In Latin countries the horror of crime does not even exist. It is regarded with curiosity, as a curious thing. You, in England, have, I believe, a real and sincere horror of crime. That is an advantage, for it is the first essential to undertaking its practical repression. Women in England appear to be doing good work. The *rôle* played by them in your national life is very different to that which they are allowed to have in France and Italy, where they are kept narrow-minded and ignorant. My daughters are in a sense tabooed by their acquaintances because they interest themselves in their father's work."

The Misses Lombroso, who were present when this remark was made, smilingly hinted that they didn't think things had got quite to that point yet.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Ellen Wellington. A Pronounced Duseyite.
Charles Fleet. A Devoted Bernhardite.

Ellen.—Well, my dear Charles, you need not lose your temper. I grant you that you have more experience as a playgoer than I have. You have followed the "Divine Sarah" with a devotion that is simply sublime from the day you first saw her, a shadowy spectre as Doña Sol in *Hernani* at the Comédie Française, but there is surely no reason why I, who have only seen the golden-voiced Sarah in her more mature days, should not be subjugated by Eleonora Duse!

Charles. My dear girl, I want you to analyse your impressions, to sift the false from the true, and first of all to put before your mind clearly what the author intended.

Ellen. My dear boy, that is precisely what my favourite new critic tells me not to do. He says that Duse knows a precious sight more about the play in which she is acting than the author does who wrote it, and that Duse's views on the *Lady of the Camelias* are infinitely preferable to those of Dumas.

Charles. I never heard such rubbish in my life. This is the essence of the new criticism—contradiction.

Ellen. How fierce you look!

Charles. Not a bit. But I do hate these new-fangled notions and the detestable modern habit of calling people clever and original because they say that black is white.

Ellen. What on earth do you mean? Where is Duse wrong let me ask?

Charles. Alexandre Dumas in his youth sketched what Browning calls "the soul side" of a woman of pleasure, in fact, a "soiled dove." He wanted to show that there is after all something dovelike still in a soiled woman. He painted his heroine in the valley of the shadow of death. He made her a pale, interesting, and consumptive creature—capricious, if you like, fanciful if you like, full of whims and oddities, a reckless, helpless waif until she is saved from annihilation by the strong arm of love.

Ellen. Very pretty! But how does all that disagree with Eleonora Duse's reading of Camille?

Charles. In every single respect. Duse, to my mind, is not interesting, she is not of the particular class from which the author took his Marguerite, she is not Bohemian, she is not pale or consumptive, or whimsical, in fact, she is as unlike the woman Dumas drew as a woman can possibly be. She is an Italian peasant, not a Parisian cocotte.

Ellen. That does not affect me very much. It does not matter to me one row of pins if Camille is a soiled dove or a soiled matron, so long as I can watch the variety, the changes of expression, the bye-play, the artistic recklessness of this—to me—fascinating individuality.

Charles. But where is the poetry?

Ellen. My dear boy, where can you extract one drop of poetry out of this common-place French penny journal and even vulgar romance?

Charles. That is where you show you do not understand the author. Perhaps the word poetical may be strained, but there is at least a strong strain of sentiment.

Ellen. But I hate it! I detest sentiment! It makes me sick!

Charles. Then you should not discuss this particular play.

Ellen. What is there to fascinate you in the first act?

Charles. The admirable contrast between the gay and serious woman, the reckless and thoughtful woman, the Bohemian and the woman within sight of eternity—and over all the crown of a pure love.

Ellen. What do you mean?

Charles. Armand Duval is a type of unselfish love in contrast to the dissolute crew and demi-reps who surround this feeble creature. Mark how gradually the dawn of a purer and brighter existence is impressed on the audience, the thrill at the introduction of Armand, the sudden interest in the man, the delight of his companionship, but, alas! the failing strength—the inevitable, when Camille faints, valsing in the arms of the man she feels she can love. It is all too late. "Oh, the pity of it!"

Ellen. But how theatrical!

Charles. You will make me angry if you talk such nonsense. Why not theatrical? It is a play written for the theatre, to be played in a theatre for the amusement of playgoers.

Ellen. But Duse prides herself on her horror of what is theatrical.

Charles. Then she should take to darning stockings or milking cows. The theatre is not her trade.

Ellen. That is a little severe.

Charles. Not a bit. An artist who does not or will not understand that the fainting of Camille in the dance is effective and necessary, that the omission of the letter scene, where Camille, heart-broken, writes to her lover, is a ridiculous blunder, that the scene with the father is ludicrously underplayed, that the gambling scene is spoiled by the indifference of Camille, and that the death is more scientific than idealistic does not understand the play.

Ellen. But do you not admire Duse in anything?

Charles. Certainly, in the plays that either appeal to her nationality or to her stern avoidance of dramatic colour.

Ellen. Name them.

Charles. The *Cavalleria* and "*Locandiera*," which belong to Italy, and perhaps the best thing she has ever done, *Les Divorcons*, where she showed how a play, turned into a farce by Chaumont and Daubzay, could be restored to comedy, except, of course, in the supper scene, where Duse was simply ridiculous, because she did not, or would not understand it. She was too genteel for that.

Ellen. To get back to Camille. How many have you seen?

Charles. Not Doche, no. I am not old enough for that, but Charles Fechter, who was the original Armand, told me it was a superb performance, which delighted the author, and made Jules Janin, the great critic, enthusiastic about the play.

Ellen. Well, Doche apart, what memories have you got of Camille?

Charles. Aimée Desclee, Sarah Bernhardt, Helena, Modjeska, Helen Barry, Anna Ruppert, Adelina Patti, and Eleonora Duse.

Ellen. Which were the best?

Charles. Not much to choose between Desclee and Bernhardt and Modjeska. On the whole I should vote for Desclee, though Bernhardt's death-scene was infinitely beautiful, and Modjeska's scene with the father admirable.

Ellen. And now for the worst?

Charles. Unquestionably the Italians, Patti and Duse, because they did not understand the play; in fact, their apparent object was to go outside the spirit of it—to depoetise it in fact, and make it commonplace.

Ellen. I assure you that I saw dozens of people crying when Duse played Camille.

Charles. And yet the actress and artist is incapable of shedding a tear. But was it not the play that made you and your friends cry, not the actress? When Bernhardt writes that letter to the lover she is doomed to discard, it is the actress who is acting on the lachrymal glands, not the play at all.

Ellen. Do you really think that your idol, Sarah Bernhardt, is as good as ever? Has she not become a little mannered, stagey and tricky. Does she not pull the old effects out of the conjurer's box?

Charles. Few actresses after the enormous amount of hard work she has gone through have ever shown less wear and tear. She is a marvel. She has played *Izeyl* and the *Tosca* as well, if not better, in London this year than she has ever played the parts in her life. She is a positive demon for work, and nothing seems to tire her. And in this she shows a good example to her younger sisters in the art.

Ellen. What do you mean?

Charles. Duse can only play two or three nights a week, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell is begging for a relief from *matinées* which will suit Mrs. Tree very well, as she is dying to play *Fédora* before the end of the run, and I believe Mrs. Tree will make a hit.

Ellen. You see that Mrs. Pat has gained her point and shaken the Haymarket dust off her feet in order to play Juliet to the Romeo of Forbes Robertson.

Charles. Yes, this clever lady has scored off the managers all round. She got out of the Adelphi and secured the prize of Mrs. Tanqueray; she turned her back on the St. James's and won Kate Cloud; she came from behind this same cloud, and blossomed into Mrs. Ebbsmith; she shuffled out of the rags of the radical into the gorgeous raiment of Fédora, and now she is on the high road to Juliet and old Italy. Fancy! An Italian woman playing Juliet! That, at any rate, will be a novelty.

Ellen. You know everything, you critical and cantankerous fellow. Mind you, I like you, though you "can't abear" my beloved Duse, as the children say. But tell me, has Forbes Robertson ever played Romeo in London? We were discussing it the other day, and somebody said that he was the Romeo to the Juliet of Mary Anderson at the Lyceum.

Charles. No. Terriss was the Romeo at the Lyceum, but Forbes Robertson played Romeo to Mary Anderson's Juliet in an American tour.

Ellen. But surely Forbes Robertson was the Romeo to the Juliet of Modjeska when at the Court?

Charles. Most certainly he was, and who do you think was the Mercutio on this occasion, and one of the very best I have ever seen?

Ellen. I can't guess.

Charles. Wilson Barrett. I never saw a better Mercutio, but I have seen some pretty bad ones—to wit, George Vining and Herbert Standing.

Ellen. When on earth did Herbert Standing play Mercutio?

Charles. At the Lyceum, when Irving played Romeo.

Ellen. Was it——

Charles. My dear, we will change the subject. It is painful.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Lady May Yohé is going back to America.

To be strictly accurate, I should say that she is going on a visit to the States, for she does not intend to reside there permanently. She has signed with the well-known and popular New York manager, Frank Sanger, who has arranged to play her in New York, and then right round the American provinces, for a period of about one year, and he has planked down £5,000 as a guarantee that he will carry through his undertaking as per contract. The exact date for beginning has not yet been settled. It will not, however, be later than Christmas. It may be in September

The departure of her charming little ladyship will leave a decided gap in the ranks of professional London; for, while ill-health continues to prevent the return of Nellie Farren, Lady May is beyond question the most attractive "boy" on the stage.

I am getting rather tired, and I expect that you are also, of the everlasting gush poured out over Irving's knighthood. I am very pleased that he has got it. I was equally pleased when the City Fathers had the good sense to make Augustus Harris a sheriff, despite his connection with theatricals, and I was equally pleased when later on he was knighted. I feel pretty sure that Sir Henry Irving knows the value of the fulsomeness and footle talked about his title—especially when it comes from *the* profession. His elevation does suggest one thing to me, and that is this: Why should there not be a separate and distinguishing order for literature and the arts? As it is, a man who is supposed to have demonstrated artistic ability of a high degree is "honoured" by the bestowal of a title that puts him on social equality with a Jubilee Mayor or a political partisan. Surely artists and men of letters deserve to be placed apart and not chucked in with the herd. The way in which they have earned distinction differs from the spending of lavish funds for party purposes, or successfully vending groceries in a country town. I humbly submit that the Queen might well institute a new order, like the Thistle, the Bath, and the Garter, which she might be graciously pleased to style the Honourable Order of the Gasometer. Then, when the time came round for the yearly decoration, you would look eagerly for the names of your various brilliant friends who were made Commanders or Knight-Commanders, as the case might be. You would no longer confuse them with the ordinary ruck. The simple letters K.C.G. would be an ample indication of the particular ladder by which they had risen to eminence.

It is so jolly hot to-day I can't write any more, so excuse a short letter from

Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London Est. 1866.—Advt.

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IN THE CITY.

CHILD INSURANCE.—I.

Sir Richard Webster's Bill for the restriction of insurances on the lives of children is being fiercely opposed by the insurance companies, or such of them as are concerned with industrial insurance. It is also meeting with strenuous opposition from representatives of workmen, who consider its restrictions a libel upon their class. We have here immense influence arrayed against the Bill—the influence of great corporations, including that mighty organisation the Prudential Insurance Company, with its numberless agents, and the influence of large bodies of workmen, whose opposition in many cases may be keen enough to influence their votes at a general election. Ought this influence to prevail? We think not.

The Bill prohibits the insurance of any child under two years of age where the insurance is limited to death, the payment of any sum exceeding £2 on the death of a child between the ages of two and five years, of more than £3 between the ages of five and ten years, of more than £5 between the ages of ten and sixteen years. It also prohibits double insurance, but where other benefits are included, the child may be insured so soon as it has reached the age of one year. Other clauses deal with certificates of death and other matters, but the controversy centres upon the prohibition of insurance for death alone under the age of two years, and it is with that matter we propose to deal.

In its last Thursday's issue the *Sun* published an interview with Mr. Wynne Baxter, the Coroner for East London, in which that gentleman says:—

> I have never had a single case where there has been the slightest suspicion of the child having been insured with the object of neglecting it, and getting the insurance money.

And commenting upon this utterance, the *Sun* says:—

> If we take authority, where is there a weightier one than that of Mr. Wynne Baxter? . . . And he says that he knows of no single case in which there was even a suspicion that a child had been so much as neglected for the sake of the insurance money. . . . The class who insure are not the lowest.

Mr. Wynne Baxter's experience cannot be disputed, but we are much surprised at his statement. It is in flat contradiction to that of other coroners. Thus the coroner for the Liberty of Westminster, Mr. John Troutbeck, asked for his opinion of the effect of child life-insurance, replied:—

> My opinion is that it is prejudicial to child life.

And so with provincial coroners. For example, the deputy-coroner for Nottingham says:—

> My opinion is that in cases of neglected children the insurance-money is very often the climax, or, I may say, the last incentive to allow the child to die.

The coroner for Exeter, a solicitor of fifty years standing, says:—

> Undoubtedly the number of child cases has increased, together with the increase of the practice of child insurance in Exeter. My opinion of the effect of child life insurance, or children's insurance, is very unfavourable. . . . I have ascertained the opinion of other coroners. I have solicited the opinion of the coroners of the County of Devon. They are without exception of my opinion.

The coroner for Oldham, where there is an exceptionally good working-class, says:—

> I have in both capacities (as coroner and medical man) formed the opinion that child insurance has a decidedly prejudicial effect.

We might quote the opinion of scores of other coroners, but we have quoted sufficient to show that if the *Sun* rests its case upon authority it leans on a broken reed. As for its opinion that the "lowest" of the population—what Mr. Bright used to call the residuum—do not insure, it is sufficient to quote the opinion of Mr. Dewey, the manager of the Prudential Insurance Company. Mr. Dewey was examined before the Lords' Committee on the Children's Life-Insurance Bill of 1890, and we give the question put to him by the Bishop of Peterborough, and his answer. (Page 140, Question 2,899.)

> Q. The evidence, you may take it from me, is very extensive to the effect that a very considerable number of disreputable people, living vicious lives, and living under very unhealthy conditions, do succeed in getting their children insured.
> A. Yes; I have no doubt they do.

It is probably true that actual murder in the legal sense, prompted by the desire to obtain insurance money, is rare. It is safer, and probably truer, to say that the insurance-money is often the climax, the last incentive to allow the child to die. It is not the only incentive. The child has always been a burden, and neglected. Its health has degenerated, and then the insurance money comes in and operates as a bait to continue the neglect.

Much reliance is placed by the Industrial Insurance Companies and their champions in the press, upon certain figures submitted to the Select Committee by Mr. Dewey. The leading insurance organ, the *Post Magazine*, says that before a case for the Bill can be made out "his figures must be controverted, and, though put in evidence in 1890, they have never yet been controverted." We wish to be fair, and therefore give them:—

Annual Rate of Mortality per 1,000.

Age	Insured in Prudential.	England.	Difference in favour of insured children.
Under 1 year	99·46	165·59	66·13
2	63·24	65·59	2·35
3	32·39	36·14	3·75
4	18·62	24·33	5·71
5	13·48	17·92	4·44

These figures do not seem to us in any way conclusive. All they show is that children insured in the Prudential, taking the average, live longer than the average child, taking the whole of England. But, in the first place, Mr. Dewey claims that much greater care is taken by his Company than by others to prevent the acceptance of what we may call criminal applications for child insurance, and in the next it is not contended that any but a small proportion of insured children have their lives endangered by the fact of insurance. On the other hand, the great bulk of insured children are the children of the best of the working-classes, the most careful, thrifty parents, among whom the ratio of death is smaller than with the average, so that the fact of the deaths among the insured in the Prudential being below the average for the whole country is no proof that insurance is not the cause of the loss of many young lives.

Of course, in the majority of cases where children's lives are insured they do not die, otherwise there would be no profit to the insurance company, even though the premiums are high, and the lapses many. But the profit upon death that may be made by the unscrupulous parent is very considerable. Let us give an illustration. A miner and his wife had six children, the eldest a girl of twelve years of age, the youngest a child of fifteen months' old. All the children were insured, and the youngest was insured thrice over. The father was a worthless rascal, and the children were horribly neglected. The chief-constable of Rotherham, the town in which they lived, came to hear of their condition, visited the house, and found the youngest child in a moribund condition. In a few hours he would have been dead. His condition was so extreme that the chief-constable had him photographed and weighed. But taken to the hospital he recovered, and the parents were prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. Now suppose the six children had died, how would the account have stood? The total amount payable on their deaths would have been £28 17s. The amount paid by the parents weekly to secure this sum was sevenpence. The eldest child's life was worth about £9 7s., and so on down to the youngest life, about £2 15s.

Of course, if the agent showed proper care this would not happen, but then very often his one object is to secure the insurance. Take the admissions of the agent, or one of the agents, who got the insurance in the case just cited. We cannot do better than quote the evidence of the chief constable as given before the Select Committee. (Page 56. A. 1278.)

> I asked him if he had a medical examination before insuring the life. He said, "No"; that it was only in cases where the amount insured for exceeded £10 that they made a medical examination; otherwise they never did. I then asked if he noticed the condition of the child at the time he made the entry, and he said, "No." He did not notice whether the child was ill or well. He took the mother's word for it. I then pressed him whether he got any percentage upon effecting the insurance. He hesitated considerably. He said, "Must I answer the question?" I said he must. He then admitted that in those houses where the payment of a penny a week had commenced, and the weekly premiums had been paid for twelve weeks, he received a shilling, and that therefore it was to his interest to effect a third insurance upon the child to get another insurance.

Thus the unscrupulous agent, with his pecuniary interest in increasing the number of policies, is the ally of the unscrupulous parent, and the fact that such agents are opposing Sir Richard Webster's Bill is quite worthless in considering its merits. It is significant that, taking the Prudential policies, the number effected on lives under one year of age is much larger than those effected when the age is greater.

We think we have shown that the contention that life is n jeopardised by means of child insurance cannot be maintained. Equally untenable is the plea of the workmen that it is an insult to their class to alter the law for the purpose of safeguarding life. As well might it be said that the Archbishop of Canterbury treated all the clergy as if they were black sheep when he introduced his Bill for dealing very sharply with the black sheep amongst the clergy; or that Parliament branded all grocers as dishonest when it passed the Adulteration Acts, or traduced all shipowners when it passed the Plimsoll Act. And it has to be remembered that the Friendly Societies Act conferred upon the working classes a very great privilege and boon not enjoyed by others when it repealed, so far as they are concerned, the Act of George III., which forbade all insurances except where an insurable interest could be shown.

In another article we shall deal with Sir Richard Webster's Bill, and consider whether it is likely to effect the object it has in view, and to do so in the least objectionable way.

HELBY V. MATTHEWS.

REFERRING to the comments in our last issue upon this subject e correspondent writes:

> I don't quite agree with your remarks in this week's TO-DAY respecting the piano "hiring" affair. How is a man, such as a pawnbroker, or dealer, to be protected, if he buys an article from a man, and finds afterwards it was only hired or stolen? How is any business to be done in that case? Surely it rests with the lessees of pianos to see they have a good man to deal with, and if he sells the instrument they should only have recourse to him and not to the buyer. Would you like anyone to take away your things after you had bought same, unless your money was returned. Perhaps you *meant* the latter?

We said nothing about the equity of the matter. What we said was that the common sense of Lord Herschell's ruling would "commend itself to the plain man," because there was no sale outright, and without such sale the hirer had no right to sell or pawn the piano.

IT appears that the Imperial Marble Company, Limited, about which we have had something to say, did not get enough money to go to allotment, and the agreement entered into by the promoting syndicate has consequently lapsed. The original syndicate, the Marble (Moreau-Rae) are now going to develop the business with a capital just half that asked for by the Company, and the public are asked to take £16,618 of this smaller capital. Better not.

WE hear that another financial daily newspaper is about to be started. Well, the more the merr er, but the last venture in that direction was not encouraging. The *Daily Oracle* was run for less than two years—and sunk not far short of £40,000 sterling. It had a circulation of about 2,000.

WE compliment Messrs. Lyons and Co. upon the way in which they put the Calvert testimonial dinner upon the table. It was excellently done. A capital dinner to a capital fellow.

NEW ISSUES.

Thomas Furness and Co.'s Stores, Limited. Capital £200,000.—We have no doubt that Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co. have a valuable business to sell, but there is little in the prospectus just issued to prove it. Messrs. Furness and Co. wish to sell what they describe as the "well-known, old establised and prosperous business of Wholesale Tea, Grocery, and Provision Merchants, Lard Refiners, and Food Produce Importers," to the public for £187,500, and they say that the assets they hand over are worth £142,525. If that be so—and we do not say it is not—then the public is to pay £44,975 for the goodwill. Together with the business proper of Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co., the company is to get the newly-acquired business of the Shipowners' Stores Supply Association, but all we are told about this concern is that the profits are "certified by Mr. Walton to be at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum on the purchase price.' That information is of little value without knowing "the purchase price," and about that the prospectus is silent. We do not say that the Shipowners' Store Supply Association is not a valuable business. Our complaint is that the public are asked to take it for granted.

It is the same all through. When we look for the profits of Thomas Furness and Company all we find is the turnover for several years past, and we are gravely assured that "as the vendors are taking the whole of the ordinary shares in part payment of the purchase money, they have not thought it necessary to set out the annual net profits derived from the business." As if the people who are to subscribe the £100,000 preference shares ought to be satisfied by the mere fact that Messrs. Thomas Furness and Company are content with £87,500 in cash. We have little doubt that Messrs. Furness & Co. could have given particulars as to their business that would have been quite satisfactory. Probably they thought it unnecessary, relying upon their name, but the reticence is to be regretted.

The Oriental Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital £137,500.—To acquire and work part of the Oriental Block situated in the Colar Gold Fields of India. Some prospecting work has been done, and the prospectus speaks confidently of the value of the property, but there are no reports. The purchase price is £62,500, payable in cash or shares, at the option of the directors.

The Ceylon Tea Trust, Limited. Capital £60,000.—Formed to acquire and work tea plantations in Ceylon. Half the prospectus is taken up with quotations from the *Financial News* on Tea plantations as investments, he *Financial Times* respecting Ceylon tea in the Russian market the *Times of Ceylon* which gives a list of tea companies paying good dividends, and the *Ceylon Observer* which concerns itself with market quotations. There is no doubt that even at present prices tea can be grown at considerable profit in Ceylon. But whether the Ceylon Tea Trust, Limited, will make such a profit must depend very largely upon the honesty and sagacity that directs its purchase of land, and how that may be we do not know. The chairman of the board is a glove manufacturer in Winchester Avenue. The rest of the directors are unknown to the "Directory of Directors,"

The Nine Mines of Novita, Limited. Capital £100,000.—It seems that there is a place, a department we should say, called Cauca, in the Republic of Colombia, and that through this department of Cauca run two rivers known as Tamani and Sipi, and at the bottom of these rivers there is said to be much gold. It is said, too, that the dredging apparatus patented by Mr. Charles Ball is the best of all possible apparatus wherewith to land such gold, and the Nine Mines of Novita, Limited, has been granted concessions in perpetuity — if there can be anything perpetual save revolutions in Central America—to work the rivers. From this dredging the shareholders are to look for fabulous profits. Mr. Robert B. White, "the Experienced Engineer," to quote the prospectus—whose framers apparently want us to believe that there is only one Mr. White with experience—expects the bedrock will yield on an average "several ounces of gold per square yard," and that the gravels will yield from "one to two ounces of gold per cubic yard." But the directors are modest men, and prefer to reckon upon—here we doubt not they are wise—"one-eighth of an ounce of gold per cubic yard only," but even this one-eighth, helped by the Ball system, should, they think, "yield the company profits such as are rarely met with." Descending to figures, the directors submit calculations which show "over £100,000 annual net profit" just to begin with. By-and-by, when "several additional dredgers are at work"—the £100,000, seemingly, is to be earned by the one dredger—"very much larger profits are to be expected." But as 100 per cent. per annum profit is promised at the outset we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised that the vendors are willing to take all the purchase-price in shares, asking only for a trumpery £10,000 for working capital.

We are not acquainted with any of the directors. There are four of them. One is Mr. Charles Ball, the man with the dredger, who is to be managing director; of a second, Mr. Archibald W. Harrison, we know nothing; but the chairman, Mr. Kenneth M'Lea, and the fourth director, Mr. James E. Glinister, are directors of the International Securities Trust, and, with our old friend Baron Grant as chairman and managing director make up the Board of that under-estimated Institution. The Baron wa always a sanguine man.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Pigg's Peak. SUBSCRIBER (Newry).—We do not recommend the purchase. **Pleiades.** W. C. (Liverpool).—The settlement is on the 12th. Take up if you can. The shares are worth what you paid for them. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** SHAREHOLDER (Bristol). Better hold. The company has now a capital manager, and with ordinary luck things should mend. **Modderfontein Company, Block B.** MODDERS (Edinburgh).—We are afraid not, but it is a question for the lawyers. **The Anchor Tin Mine, Tasmania.** ANVIL (Newcastle).—We should be slow to recommend "a considerable Investment" in this concern. **Mechlyn, Harley and Co.** F. M. (Bristol).—Throw the circular into the fire. The assays are essentially misleading. We undertake to say that they were not "fair samples from the different reefs, or anything like it. **Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs, Limited.** R. E. (Birmingham).—No, we do not recommend them. **Price's Patent Candle.** SHAREHOLDER (Bexley),—We should hold. We understand the company is doing better. The present quotation is about 29-30. **West India and Panama.** G. C. (Westbourne Park).—We know of nothing likely to push them up. There is much in what you say, but the company has had many and exceptional difficulties to contend with. **Pawsons and Leafs.** F. M. (Sheffield).—We think the quotation quite as high as it ought to be upon merits. The amalgamation was a great mistake. **Three Shares.** X. Y. Z. (Perth). Sell Nos. 1 and 2. Keep No. 3. **Great Boulders.** DONEGAL (Halifax). We advise you to take your profit. We shall be much surprised if the returns are maintained. **Londonderrys.** A. L. G. (Exeter).—Yes if they ever get up to par again sell, and be thankful that you have got out of it. **Great Eastern Stock.** J. S. (Western).—Hold. You may go farther and fare a good deal worse. **Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway.** G. B. (Leicester).—We think you will do well to hold. **Nitrate Rails.** SHAREHOLDER (Kingston).—In our opinion the present quotation is too high, having regard to merits, and we do not expect to see it maintained for any great length of time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Provident Free Home Insurance Company, Limited, J. H. B. (Edinburgh).—We incline to your view, but if in doubt why not put the question to the association? You will then have an authoritative statement that will leave no room for doubt. **McDowell and Perryman.** J.A. T. (Glasgow).—We do not know Mr. McDowell's address. **Health Soap Company.** J. R. H. (Burnley).—Nothing; at any rate, nothing worth having. **Provident Association of London.** G. A. B. (Hammersmith).—They are returned under cover. A CONSTANT READER. (Finchley).—We have done our best to decipher the name of the Company you are interested in without success. **Fall in Quotation.** J. B. (Leicestershire).—It is due to the debenture issue. You have a very sound investment. **Touting Circulars.** H. M. (Bedford). Why waste our time and yours in asking for an opinion as to the genuineness of the profits? Do you think that if the man had an infallible system, one certain to secure profits, he would be anxious to give you the benefit of it? **Outside Brokers.** ANXIOUS (Glasgow).—We can add nothing to what we said last week. The decisions cannot be reconciled with each other. In this matter going into Court is as much a gamble as the original transaction. Better keep out of the Courts—and Stock Exchange transactions. **Promotion of Company.** C. P. (Derby).—It is impossible for us to advise you without further particulars than you send. **Offer of Debentures.** DOUBTFUL (Norwich).—We have already given our opinion as to this issue. Have nothing to do with it. **Delivery of Certificate.** S. M. (Birmingham).—There is often great delay. It seems unnecessary, but the brokers say not, and you have to submit to it. **Bodegas.** SHAREHOLDER (Swindon).—You will see them in the Official List. You have an improving investment, and you should hold to it. **Outside Brokers.** M. (Grantham).—Of course the odds are in their favour, just as they are in favour of the bank at Monte Carlo, only more so. You may win in dealing with the outside broker, as you may win at the green table, but you are more likely to lose. **Price of Shares.** J. S. (Bury).—It is impossible for us to tell you whether the shares that have been sent you will be worth par in three months' time In your place we should sell them for what they would fetch, and that would be a good deal less than par. **Stamp Distribution (Parent) Company.** SHAREHOLDER (London).—Yes, we understand the directors are to be examined.

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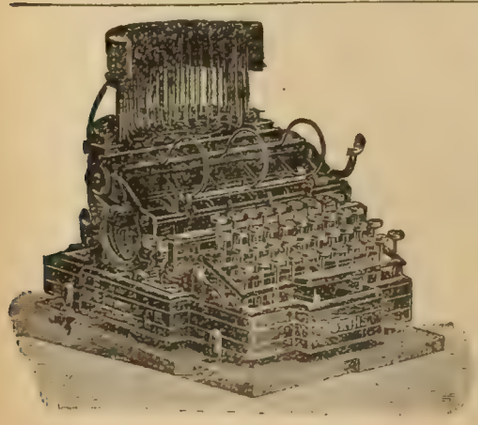

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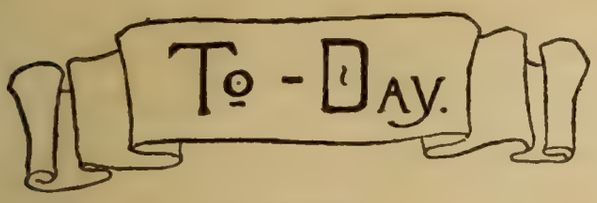

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
An African Devil-Fish. By B. P. Neuman. Illustrated by H. R. Millar ... 161
Home Once More. A Chat with Miss Cissie Loftus ... 165
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 167
Feminine Affairs ... 168
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 170
Lombroso's Exposure of Woman ... 171
A Dramatic Dialogue ... 172
The Ruminations of Randolph ... 173
In the City ... 174
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 177
London's Latest Star. A Chat with Mr. Harry Tate ... 180
Club Chatter ... 181
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville ... 185
The Troubles of a Best Man. By Alex. Stuart. Illustrated by L. Baumer ... 190

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

A procession as organised by the English authorities is always a ludicrous affair. A State pageant in London generally arrives in somewhat the following order: Seventeen hundred and forty street urchins yelling—six hot policemen unnecessarily earnest—butcher's cart (the butcher boy always in great form)—mounted policeman with the vaguest notion as to where he is to go and what he is to do—one carriage—interval of half an hour—more crowd—pickpocket escorted by police—Post Office van that has gone three miles out of its way to show its own importance—open carriage containing a stout lady and elderly gentleman trying to look as though they were used to it—six more policemen greatly excited—band of 'Arrys singing the latest music-hall song—two mounted policemen, each one vigorously instructing the other—military-looking man on horseback (he has evidently lost himself)—interval of twenty minutes—large posse of police with an air of business—three carriages—two Hussars—Equerry-in-Waiting—another Hussar—interval of fifteen minutes.

Then a costermongers' barrow, accompanied by four policemen, who do not seem to know what to do with it, followed by shopboy walking in the middle of the road. He is stopped by mounted policeman, and ordered back. He goes back, is met by another mounted policeman and ordered to return. He returns, and is told that he cannot go that way. As there appears no way for him to go the situation becomes critical. It is solved by a burly constable shaking the boy and giving him the very best possible position in the front of an old lady who has been waiting for two hours. Old lady expostulates. Boy is again shaken; he appears, however, to bear no malice—distant noise of music, arrival of six Horse Guards—interval of fifteen minutes—twelve Horse Guards—two carriages and a nondescript person on a horse, supposed to be a foreign potentate, or a groom (crowd takes its choice)—interval of twenty-five minutes—twelve mounted constables shouting—the British Army represented by twenty-five Horse Guards—closed carriage drawn by four seedy-looking horses, whose shortcomings are hidden under red covers—more British Army, to the number of twelve—crowd—man with an axe—more crowd—twenty policemen—and the thing is all over. And this is how we impress our foreign guests, and make the monarchy popular with the sight-loving masses.

To find the *Daily Chronicle* complaining of too much style in literature is a hopeful sign of the times. Our literary prigs have been making literature ridiculous for the past ten years, degrading the great English language by their mountebank tricks, and a school of criticism has arisen to extol artificiality, contortion, and affectation, and to condemn simplicity and directness. To express your meaning in a sentence when it might have been hammered out over two involved pages; to employ a familiar word where an uncouth monstrosity could be dragged in, and to construct your sentences according to the recognised rules of the language has been to lay oneself open to the charge of "cockneyism"—whatever that may mean. In my school-days our elders used to be fond of inducing us to play a complicated literary game, the name of which I forget. A sentence was put before us which read like nothing but unmitigated nonsense, but after an infinite amount of rearrangement and reconstruction of the words an intelligible meaning was discoverable.

This absurd game has since come to be dignified by our critics into a school of English literature; and for an author's meaning to be plain to an averagely-educated reader is sufficient to stamp him as being outside the pale of letters. A folly always increases until its own weight of absurdity topples it over and crushes it, and I, for one, am glad to see that the nonsense has reached decaying stage. The great authors always wrote so that a child could understand them. Style in its true sense simply means the individuality of the writer shining through his words. There is no such thing as good style or bad style. Good style in one man becomes intolerable affectation in another; our shallow critics have talked about it as though it were a definable quantity. They might as well urge folks to adopt a "style" in faces or in voices.

An admirable Bill is before Parliament, entitled the "Funeral Expenses of Children Insurance Bill," backed by Sir Richard Webster. The object of the Bill is to check the terrible trade in child death. It is proposed to prohibit insurance of children under the age of two years, and to limit the pecuniary advantages receivable by parents upon the death of the children up to the age of sixteen years. Certificates of death, where insured children are concerned, are not to be quite so easily obtainable as at present, and the insurance companies will have to be a little more careful that they are not encouraging murder. Clause 7 of the Bill explains very neatly the attitude of those among us who object to child insurance. "Nothing in this Act," says the clause, "shall prohibit the insurance on the lives of children *where the person insuring has an interest in the life of the person insured.*" In the ordinary case, the death of a child is, in itself, a pecuniary advantage to the parents. We object to their making even a few shillings over and above this out of the unfortunate little corpse.

I shall be glad to know when Lady Henry Somerset has satisfied herself as to the truth or otherwise of the

statement she made concerning myself. Lady Henry Somerset gave out at a public meeting that I had said in To-Day that one person in every four died a drunkard's death. This I promptly and emphatically denied at the time. Lady Henry Somerset did not accept my denial; she replied that she was going to make inquiries and substantiate her quotation. I know that Lady Henry Somerset likes to take a fairly long time to answer charges brought against her, and I do not wish to bustle her at all; but when in the midst of her campaign for making everybody moral, according to her views, by Act of Parliament, she finds a few moments to spare I should be glad if she would fufil her promise. If I ever made such a statement as she attributes to me, I should be a fool who ought not to be allowed to talk to the public at all, and Lady Henry Somerset, by exposing me, would remove an antagonistic influence from her path. If Lady Henry Somerset made a mistake—and it would be a very gross mistake—it is about time she acknowledged it. A cause that needs assistance from such methods of argument must be in a very unhealthy condition.

It would seem as if our county magistrates sympathised with cruelty to animals, and rather wished to encourage it. As the Bench is generally composed of retired army men, parsons, and fox-hunters this is extraordinary. But the fact remains that they invariably meet barbarity with fines so trivial that the impression left on criminals must be that brutality is a very slight offence. The other week I commented upon the action of a bench of Dorsetshire magistrates, who fined the brute Algernon Brinsley Sheridan (who, I hear, has since left the country for the Cape—God help the unfortunate horses at the Cape!) five pounds for torturing his own animal to death. A Wicklow Justice of the Peace at once wrote me to say that a five pounds' fine was the highest punishment that could be inflicted for cruelty to animals. This I have since found to be either a falsehood, or a mistake so grave as to stamp my Wicklow correspondent as utterly incompetent to sit upon a bench. No wonder there is a cry throughout the country against the Great Unpaid when we find them perfectly ignorant of the rudiments of the law they are supposed to administer. Since the Sheridan case I have watched the attitude of magistrates towards cruelty, and I find that the average price for gross barbarity towards animals is thirty shillings! Six hundred gentlemen at Westminster waste their time in squabbling over matters that are of no earthly importance to any person outside a political club, but, of course, they cannot be expected to ask a question of the Home Secretary upon a matter where no votes are to be gained.

This tolerant attitude towards brutality permeates the nation. Hideous sights are to be witnessed from year's end to year's end at every street corner in London where it is the custom for the omnibuses to stop. Piccadilly Circus and Baker Street are little hells. There is a terrible hill for the horses to fight against, and parish authorities, drivers, conductors, and the public all seem to combine to see how much pain they can inflict upon the animals. Nothing pleases an English lady more than to stop a 'bus half way up a greasy hill. To save herself a dozen yards' walk she would be quite content to see any horse break its heart. To feed our natural love of cruelty the parish authorities have hit upon a very ingenious design: they carefully keep watered the one spot where the omnibuses stop and start. By this means the wood and asphalte is turned into a slimy rink, upon which the poor maddened beasts plunge and strain in vain, seeking to move their three tons load of grinning humanity. A handful of gravel would save incalculable suffering; one would think that it might be to the advantage of the omnibus companies themselves to go to this expense, if only to save their horseflesh.

Tolstoi in his "Kreutzer Sonata," referred to the deleterious and demoralising effects of music. He has found few to agree with him. Its refining influence is generally undoubted, and the institution of the Press Band will do much to enliven the Embankment during the mid-day hour. It is playing as I write, and is—owing to the fortunate position of this office—distinctly audible. (Here, boy, shut that window). There are many men who have found intellectual labour much lightened and assisted—(shutting the window's no good!)—by the sounds of harmony. When they are at work they find that music invigorates them. (And how that tune maddens me!). Ideas come more freely. (Could it be murder to shoot a cornet?) Let me see, what was I saying? Ideas, as I have said, come much more freely—(every bang on that drum simply stuns me!)—when the senses are soothed and lulled by some soft and gentle strain. (Thank heaven, they've stopped!).

It is most gratifying to find that men whose hours are for the most part taken up with hard work should employ their scanty leisure so well as in the study and practice of music. (They've begun again!) It is a pity that this love of music is not more general. If it were we should hear less of the brutality, the ruffianism (will *nobody* throw the moiety of a brick at that drum?) that so often disgrace our London streets. I can only express my hope that a fair measure of public support will be given to the Press Band, and——. But perhaps, after all, the Press Band is right, and the luncheon hour is meant for luncheon, and not for editorial paragraphs.

In the days of my extreme youth I was presented with a very moral and consolatory book. It showed conclusively that riches were not worth having, and that it was much pleasanter to be poor. It pointed out that high position was only a misery to those who held it, and left me with a general impression that if I ever met a king I ought to pat his head, pity him, and treat him kindly. It was the same with other things. Beauty, the authoress of the book told me, was only skin-deep; she seemed to forget that much the same criticism might be passed upon plainness, which, on the contrary, she extolled as, apparently, the brightest jewel in a woman's crown. I began to suspect log-rolling here. When she went on to show that cleverness not only was not everything, but, as a matter of fact, was rather immoral, I felt quite sure of it. I distrusted that book. But in one point I am inclined to believe that authoress was quite right—in her pity for monarchs.

Only last week a man was found on the way to Bal-

moral with a loaded revolver in his possession. He intended to interview the Queen, and had upon him a paper headed "To the Queen." He had also a letter to Mr. Gladstone informing him that he would shortly become King. His intentions may be guessed, and though there is no probability that he would in any case have had the slightest chance of carrying them out, it is satisfactory to know that he has been pronounced a lunatic and is in safe keeping. To the general public the man is an object of pity, and in spite of the fact that in a letter to Mr. Vanderbilt he proposed to marry the millionaire's daughter, his mind is evidently unhinged. He is to be regarded not as a criminal, but as a sufferer. But there is the point of view of the Monarch also to be considered, and it is this which leads me to pin my faith to one lesson in the moral and consolatory volume that I have mentioned.

If one is shot, or shot at, it is but poor comfort to be told that the shooter did not know what he was doing, and that—had he been sane—he would probably have emptied his revolver on a cat or a critic instead. The irresponsibility of his action does not lessen the unpleasant nature of its effects, and kings have—and always will have—a good deal of this kind of thing to put up with. If your average maniac is going to kill, nothing less than a king or queen is good enough for him. The worst of our private subjects will probably get through his life without one attempt being made upon it. The best of monarchs has not such good fortune. This was not the reason why the improving authoress of my childhood referred, in her happy and unhackneyed way to the fact that the head which wears a crown lies uneasily; but it is a good enough reason to prevent the recurrence of any more pretenders in English History. That the Queen was in no danger in this case is, seriously, even more a matter for congratulation than if Her Majesty had escaped danger.

Could anyone give me the address of the working man, W. Blomment, who rescued a woman on May 27th from a pond in Clapham Common, and who thereby lost time and spoiled his clothes, and was rewarded by the Home Office with a shilling? No great courage was perhaps needed, but the man certainly behaved well and suffered for his promptness. It is such a case as the Pluck Fund should meet.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

J. T. (Smethwick), is grieved at the insertion the other week of a story called "The Derby Loser." "I must say," writes J. T., "I never read such sentimental twaddle." Gentlemen of the J. T. stamp make one almost despair of the British public. I know it is not always safe to joke with one's readers, so I took the precaution to put a footnote to the "Derby Loser" explaining matters. The story was sent to me as a serious production. It struck me as so excellent a burlesque of the moral story, that I inserted it exactly as I received it, without altering the spelling, grammar, or English. And yet "J. T.," with this footnote staring him in the face, really thinks the story was accepted by me as a good specimen of English literature!

A. A. L. is a correspondent of a happier description. He writes: "It was a happy idea of yours to insert the story, "A Derby Loser"; I have not read anything so funny for some time.

W. P. O.—We are saying the same thing in different ways. If we are sure only of the appearance of things what is that but a dream? The reality behind may be anything or nothing. Once admit that the reality may be, in one point, different from its appearance, and there is no logical reason why it should not be totally different. How do you prove that there is a reality at all?

R. P.—Detention during Her Majesty's pleasure is a mere form of words. The period will be determined by the Home Office. Criminals committed in this matter are generally lunatics, and the period of their detention is decided by the medical experts.

S. F. W. asks me whether it is good grammar to write—

"Dear Tallsy—*he* the gods do love—
Hath echoed well my voice."

"He" is quite correct according to one analysis, and may be also correct according to another. It depends upon whether the sentence, "he the gods do love," is used in apposition to Tallsy, the nominative, or whether it is a mere complement of the chief sentence, "Dear Tallsy, hath echoed well my voice." I must confess the couplet appears extremely clumsy. I am sorry to say so because S. F. W. is so delightfully complimentary to To-Day. He concludes his letter as follows: "May I congratulate you upon the capital reading you give my many friends and the public in To-Day. By Jove, sir, stick to your guns, and keep cheerful, and there is a handsome future before you. Let us have some more of what you wrote in the week before last on Peace and War regarded from the point of a nation's intellectual welfare; you have struck a golden-headed nail, but it wants further driving in. It is comforting to thing that our dear England, which to my mind was getting old and sleepy, has at last brought forth a generation of young and fearless men headed by yourself."

H. G. D.—If you wrote to the Editor he would, I expect, return you the manuscript. The biggest publishers are the best—Longmans, Chatto and Windus, Smith, Elder and Co. You can rely upon perfectly fair dealing from any of the big firms. I don't agree with you about the Germans. It is easy to see the faults of a people as of a person, but I think more sympathy with them would show you their better side.

N. M. N. (Liverpool) writes me at length with reference to the case of the man Keene, employed by Messrs. Demster and Co., and about whom I have heard much from Liverpool. My correspondent tells me that Keene held an important position at Messrs. Demster's, and daily handled large sums of money. His position of a necessity brought him amongst commercial men possessed of decent incomes, and his work forced him to associate with them. The poor fellow had to keep up in fact the appearance and position of a gentlemen on £60 a year, and with this salary to go about and transact business with the representatives of other firms. Mr. Alfred L. Jones, the head of the firm of Demster and Co., is a very philanthropic gentleman I am told. I am afraid England knows this type of philanthropist. The country could do with less of them.

A. E. H. wishes to know if there is any society in England for the procuring of business situations abroad. I can hear of no such society myself. I should say it was impracticable.

Seidl writes: "I have now been in England about two months, and have taken in most of the London dailies, in the hopes of finding really good criticisms on vocal or instrumental concerts, but my efforts have thus far been in vain. I, therefore, write these few lines to ask if you will kindly, through your 'answers' column, inform me which paper is the best. What I want, is a thoroughly good criticism of music, and not an announcement of any social event." This is rather severe criticism on our musical press. Whether it is deserved or not I will not say. I cannot advise my correspondent, as I don't know of any such paper myself.

Sir Visto asks me to say a few plain words to some ten or twelve religious bigots at Cork, who by their action have prevented the Gaelic Athletic Association from opening their grounds on Sunday. As my correspondent points out, this will turn the Sunday into a curse for the working-men of Cork, who cannot enjoy themselves on any other day in the week. I had hoped that Catholic Ireland was not much troubled with these narrow-minded bigots.

R. T. H.—The Roman Catholic Church has never been narrow-minded in these matters. H. B. G.—Your employer is bound to give you a character, and if he issued one that was not true it would be an actionable case. W. B. S.—I thank you for your kind letter. J. C. S.—The Queen unveiled the Albert Memorial at Edinburgh on August, 17th, 1876. Alpha.—I know of no preparation that will preserve fading ink. Possibly a picture restorer might be able to assist you. Octopus.—Your letter surprises me. I know the gentleman personally. At least, I often meet him. You will understand my difficulty, therefore, in saying anything more about the matter. A. L. B.—Answers to legal inquiries can only be given to subscribers. J. H. S. (Dublin).—Consult any good doctor.

C. B.—To what department of the Navy do you refer?

Bliss wishes to know the duties of a "best man" at a wedding. I believe his first qualification is that he shall be a bachelor. Before the ceremony his work is purely imaginary; at one time he was supposed to look after the bridegroom and make sure that that gentleman had no chance of escaping from his contract, but the breach of promise law removes the necessity for this now. He has to attend the bridegroom at the church, and pay all the fees—not out of his own pocket—after the ceremony is over. He usually signs the register as a witness. If there is a breakfast he would have either to propose or respond to the health of the bridesmaids.

THOMAS FURNESS & COMPANY'S STORES (Limited), West Hartlepool, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Stockton-on-Tees, Darlington, &c.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

Capital £200,000, divided into 100,000 Five and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. The whole of the ordinary shares £100,000, will be taken by the vendors in part payment of the purchase-price. The preference shares rank in priority to the ordinary shares, as to both capital and dividend. The first Preference dividend will be paid on 1st January, 1896, and thereafter it is intended to pay preference dividends half-yearly. It is not proposed to create either debenture, debt or mortgages, so that the preference shares are the first capital charge upon the undertaking.

ISSUE of 100,000 FIVE AND A HALF PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each, payable—5s. per share on application, 5s. on allotment, and 10s. on the 18th July, 1895, with the option of paying up in full on allotment, dividends being calculated upon amount paid from dates of payment.

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The Company is formed to acquire, carry on, and extend the well-known, old-fashioned, old-established, and prosperous business of wholesale tea, grocery, and provision merchants, lard refiners, and food produce importers of Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co., of West Hartlepool and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in conjunction therewith their retail distributive businesses at West Hartlepool, Darlington, Stockton-on-Tees, Saltburn, Thornaby, and Richmond, together with the Shipowners' Stores Supply Association, 39, Emmett Street, and Bridge Road, London, E., which Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co. have recently acquired, and which business will form an important addition to their already large business.

The business of Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co., was established in the year 1854, and has steadily grown until it has acquired its present important position.

The senior partner, Mr. Thomas Furness, and his son, Mr. John T. Furness, have agreed to act as joint managing directors of the Company for a period of not less than seven years, and have associated with themselves on the direction the managers and heads of departments who have taken an active part in the management of the business for some years past.

Out of the proceeds of the present issue a sum of £12,500 will be retained by the Company as additional cash working capital, and as the whole of the stock-in-trade, book debts, and other assets will be taken over by the Company, the vendors discharging the outstanding liabilities, the Company will have sufficient working capital at its command for carrying on the existing business, and for the contemplated extensions.

Messrs. Thomas Furness and Co., have acquired the business of the Shipowners' Stores Supply Association, which is included in the purchase. The profits of this business are certified by Mr. Walton to be at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum on the purchase price.

The vendors will transfer to the Company the whole of the properties, free of encumbrances, as on the 1st June, 1895, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.
The freehold and leasehold properties, plant, machinery, etc., which have been valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons, and Cassell at	39,210	0	0
The whole of the stock-in-trade, investments, book-debts, cash-in-hand, standing in the books of the vendors on the 1st June, 1895; the goodwill of the business of the Shipowners' Stores Supply Association, and all assets of every kind in connection therewith	90,815	19	10
Additional cash working capital	12,500	0	0
	£142,525	19	10

As the vendors are taking the whole of the ordinary shares in part payment of the purchase money, they have not thought it necessary to set out the annual net profits derived from the business.

It is not proposed to create either debenture debt or mortgages, and as only £5,500 a year is required to provide the dividend of 5½ per cent. on the preference shares, it is obvious that these shares constitute a safe home investment.

The vendors have agreed that after the dividend is paid upon the preference shares, a sum equal to at least 10 per cent. of the remaining profits of each year shall be carried to a reserve fund, until at least £50,000 has been accumulated, which reserve may be applied to the extension of the business.

The purchase price has been fixed by the vendors at £187,500, of which £100,000 is taken in ordinary shares (being the total ordinary share capital of the Company), and £87,500 in cash, or partly in cash, and partly in preference shares, the vendors reserving to themselves the right to subscribe for, and to be allotted one-third of the preference share capital now offered for subscription. The further cash working capital of £12,500 is thus provided for in the present issue.

Application for a quotation for the preference shares on the London Stock Exchange will be made in due course.

Application for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and should be forwarded to the Company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from the Company's bankers, brokers, or solicitors.

8th June, 1895.

LONDON'S LATEST STAR.

A CHAT WITH MR. HARRY TATE.

It is the custom of London music-hall managers, by an assumption of generosity, to call a substitute for an absent artiste an "extra turn." In the profession itself, I believe, these substitutes are known as "fog turns." The explanation is that when we are treated to a fine specimen of a "London special," and singers and their coachmen are looking for the Empire in the middle of Wimbledon Common, the deserving but unappreciated lights of the profession frequent the halls in the hope that managers will give them an opportunity of filling out an emaciated programme. As a rule their efforts are on a level with their social position, and when I saw at the Pavilion the other night that there was to be a substitute for Mr. Eugene Stratton, I was preparing to vacate my seat when the ever-courteous Mr. Glenister warned me that I should miss one of the best shows of the evening. The artist was Mr. Harry Tate, who in a few words announced that he intended to imitate Harry Freeman, George Beauchamp, R. G. Knowles. George Robey and Redfern. Here we had an attempt to give a series of leading men, everyone representing a different school of acting and singing.

It was a big order, but Mr. Tate did it so well that if you had come suddenly into the hall you would have mistaken every impersonation for the genuine personality, The following evening I had a short chat with Mr. Tate, who was waiting for his brougham to run him down from the Pavilion to the Tivoli.

In a quiet and unassuming fashion he told me of the remarkable success that had attended his efforts.

"I owe my good start" he said, to Mr. George Le Brunne. He had heard me sing at various smoking concerts, and offered to give me lessons, and encouragingly assured me that success would reward me, even in a market where mimics were considered a drug. My first reception was more than I expected, for on that occasion eight weeks ago, I was brought before the curtain five times.

Is mimicry a study or a gift? You have heard till you are tired all that Miss Cissie Loftus has to say.

"Habit—I fancy. When I was a very small boy I went in for imitating my schoolmaster, my spiritual pastors and masters, and in fact every respected member associated with my childhood. The result was that I walked about as a rule with a liberal assortment of black and blue fleshy ornaments. For a time afterwards I dropped it, and then I gradually took it up again. I found myself regarding every performer with the one idea, "Can I imitate you, or can I not?"

"Then mimicry has its limits?"

Certainly. Anyone who pretended that he could imitate anyone he saw would be a pretender in a very comprehensive sense of the word. You can tell at once whether or not you can reproduce the look, the voice, and the mannerism of a player. If you feel that you can, then you must devote at least three or four evenings to him, and goodness only knows how many hours before a pier glass making his face at yourself, and hiding your own voice in imitating his. But the work is fascinating.

"Have you any big scheme for the future?" I asked in conclusion, for Mr. Tate had been regarding the clock anxiously.

"Yes, one that I hope will take the town. I am going to imitate Cissie Loftus imitating Yvette Guilbert."

"In woman's dress?"

"Yes, in the white dress, and the long gloves, and the pale face."

"Things will be complicated after that," I hazarded. "Tate imitating Cissie's imitation of Yvette Guilbert, Cissie following by imitating Tate's imitation of Cissie's imitation of Yvette."

"Complicated, certainly," said Mr. Tate thoughtfully.

CLUB CHATTER.

How can I dress like a gentleman on £20 a year? The solution of this problem has been put to me by a very kindly correspondent, who suggests that among my readers there are thousands whose incomes vary from £150 to £250 a year, and who are compelled to dress well, even fashionably, and yet can only set aside some such sum as £20 a year for their outfit. The question I do not think is so difficult to answer as on the face of it, it appears. Why so many look badly dressed in any and all kinds of clothes is their adoption of the ridiculous notion that there is such a thing as cheapness. The result is that they saddle themselves with a variety of garments that are quickly useless, whereas by expending a few extra shillings, they would have secured handsome and wearable stuff. Naturally my suggestions are based on the justifiable assumption that my readers have a certain good wardrobe behind them.

Clothes are like their wearers, very human. They will do much, but they cannot do everything, and they want a lot of rest. To go first of all into the question of trousers. A man buys a pair, and forthwith starts to wear them out. The necessary crease behind and in front is destroyed by degrees, and the insidious bagginess undermines their constitution. They are not treated to a day or two off, and never know the rejuvenating influence of a stretcher or press. There is not a trouser that has ever been made, or that is ever likely to be made, that can retain a semblance of respectable health if it is worn more than two or, at the most, three days running.

Accordingly a man who wants to be well-dressed cannot do with less than four pairs a year, while two pairs in stock can be reckoned as bearing the brunt of river excursions or the seaside. This then does away with, say, £3 12s., allowing 18s. a-pair. On the second year and in the following years this number, providing they are well looked to, may be readjusted. As long as we are now in their immediate neighbourhood, we may as well, to save time, treat of boots. A pair of patents are absolutely necessary, and here I give a warning that I have more than once sounded against paying extravagant prices. Nine firms out of ten refuse to guarantee them for twenty-four hours. If the leather is thin in any part they crack like a match. Twelve months ago I bought a pair that cost me nearer £2 than any other round sum I can think of. Within forty-eight hours they were useless, broken in two places.

I wrote to the bootmaker, and, if you remember, protested against the swindle in these columns. The bootmaker apologised in a fashion that suggested hopefulness of immediate custom, and two manufacturing firms sent me in printed forms, showing that with every pair they sold they absolutely declined to be responsible for any length of wear. Therefore, buy at the cheapest and best market, say, at 15s. The other pair of boots necessary is a good pair of calf leather at about 18s.

So far we have disbursed some five pounds. Now for the coat. You must get a frock coat and vest, and if you can only afford one, get it in black. This costs from £3 10s. to £4 at the least, but at a good tailor's you will secure a garment that will be *chic* for twelve months, and do honest serviceable work in another direction for another twelve or so. For the remainder of the costume you have to get a lounge coat and waistcoat. This represents another £3. If you have bought your nether garments judiciously, you need not worry about a complete suit, and you have at your disposal a wardrobe that enables you to accept an invitation to any "function"—to use a vulgarism—between ten and six in the day.

Purposely, I have omitted any reference to a dress suit, because to the ordinary man one is good enough for three years, and an economy in other directions has to provide the money for this. As to hats, well, you want at least three. A silk hat at eighteen shillings, say; a felt hat at 12 shillings, and a straw hat at three shillings. This represents thirty shillings more.

Overcoats have to be considered. You want two halves a year. By that I mean that a good winter coat and a light summer coat will easily do for two seasons or even more. The winter coat at four guineas and the summer coat at £2 10s., on this basis, adds another £3 7s., and leaves you £2 18s. for linen, gloves, and ties, and a fair margin for repairs. No doubt this scheme could be modified to suit pockets unable to run to £20.

To complete my correspondent's inquiry, I may briefly add that you can wear pratically anything you like up till one o'clock in the day; after that you can wear much about the same if you have no calls to make, but if you have a call to make a frock coat is *de rigeur*, and after dinner complete black is indispensable whether it only takes the form of the black frock suit. I regret this last suggestion deeply, because I have always fought against the graveyard clothes of the evening, but fate and fashion are stronger than I am.

Mr. Fleming, ink manufacturer of Glasgow, sends me the following letter from West Kensington, written to him by a lady, and having reference to his advertisement in To-Day:—

"At the request of my friends, I write to ask you not to make black ink, but curative colours—such as blue, violet, red, and yellow. Black is the symbol of death and decay. It came into the world through evil agency, and is against God's divine laws. Your friends earnestly pray that you will help us in this important matter.

The lady signs herself "Snowdrop," a flower that has always been associated in my idea with a short life and a substantial period of death and decay.

I have for some weeks past thrashed at a certain railway company for their carelessness in admitting well-known roughs on to their race trains. A leading sporting journalist met me the other day, and congratulated me on the attack. He said that it had been one of the ambitions of his life to enter on a similar crusade, but that the advertisement manager was inexorable. However, he agreed to give me an introduction to a racegoer of over thirty years' standing, who had seen winners under various financial conditions, and who could tell me more in five minutes than I could learn in as many years.

What this informant told me was surprising—indeed, if I admit his facts, the state of things at the present day at certain meetings is nothing short of criminal. "How do these 'rampers' get on to the grand stand," he said, "as easy as a member? They could not get through the principal entrance, naturally, because there they have the detectives. But there's another entrance to every enclosure on every racecourse, and that's the one that leads directly on to the course. Well, the men on that gate are in league with them. You can take my word for that, and if you doubt it, watch if you don't see what I tell you does go on."

"These gatekeepers are pretty often superannuated constables—got a nice comfortable sum for life, and

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Deafness Cured.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

Costumes for the Season. The "Harris Flax and Silk Cloth." Artistic and elegant. Drapes beautifully. Write for patterns to J. Harris & Sons, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, London, or Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.

don't care if they got the "sack" to-morrow. These roughs—well-dressed, mind you—simply walk up to them and pretend they have forgotten their pass out cheques. The man gives him a bundle of twenty as quick as a flash, and they are sold on the course to these blackguards at 3s. 6d. or 5s. a-piece instead of £1, and the gatekeeper gets half of the profit. Yes," he continued emphatically, seeing a certain trait of surprise on my face, "if you've got any doubt, watch the gatekeepers carefully at a few of the best meetings. That's why your ticket is snatched, your watch stolen, and your head smashed in. The crowd in the ring tell those outside whether you've money on you or not. Take Brighton—Brighton, I wouldn't win a fiver there unless I'd got five pals to protect me."

I asked him if he had any system to stop this, and he assured the last could be heard of the whole thing in a week if the railways drove the roughs away like dogs. At Birmingham the detectives simply walked up to them on their arrival at the station, and gave them a warning that if they were seen on the course they would be arrested, and they never took the risk. "But," as he put it, "the Jockey Club never cared a hang for anything short of suspending a jockey, and they never will."

In an excellent moment some excellent gentleman struck upon the excellent idea of founding "Hospital Saturday," when all the pretty school girls and girls who had views in regard to their future station in life were to come up to Fleet Street, the Strand, and the West End generally—the preference being given to the places where there were most public-houses—and collect money for the hospitals. The idea might have worked out excellently, but the originality of the notion struck every struggling Sunday School, Ragged School, Dorcas Society, Heathen Saving Society, as being so good that Hospital Sunday has become a regular weekly function. The result has been, apparently, that every hospital is in a worse state than it was before. Earnest appeals for funds are now a regular feature of the advertisement columns in the daily press. And why? Because "Hospital Saturday" made every man compound with his conscience in such an easy and agreeable style. Originally you gave a sovereign or so once a year, but nowadays you simply change half-a-crown into coppers, and get thirty smiles, at a penny apiece—thirty times as satisfactory as a formal letter of acknowledgment from a secretary for ten times the amount. A few days later you see an announcement of the sum collected, and thank God in the manner of the Pharisee that you are not like the man who took a train to Brighton on Hospital Saturday in order to avoid the nuisance.

But what I want to know is, What supervision do the police keep over the irregular army, who turn up every Saturday, and cadge. You see some announcement that the object of the subscription is to send youngsters into the country for one day. No particulars are given as to what parish the children belong to or as to what church they affect. It was shown two years ago that even the recognised hospital collection had given a chance for peculation, and what is to be said of unknown women and girls, with only a printed bill as a recommendation, collecting for some problematical charity that may exist or may not exist. In the best interests of those to whom charity is a God's gift, the police should see that these weekly collections are square and above board.

The capital performances of the Surrey eleven during the past fortnight make it difficult to understand the miserable exhibition made against England in Mr. Walter Read's testimonial match. Then the team played in a style that made it hard to realise that the county had carried off the championship in 1894, being outplayed in batting, bowling, and fielding, but the Surrey men have soon recovered their form, and will, no doubt, be struggling hard for the first position among the leading counties with Lancashire and Yorkshire. They had very bad luck in being robbed by rain of a certain victory over Warwickshire, but then followed on by beating Notts and Gloucestershire in brilliant style. I was heartily glad to read of Mr. Key's dashing innings at Nottingham, as a few of his detractors were beginning to talk of his standing out of the eleven. The real cause of Surrey's recent successes has been the splendid bowling of Richardson and Lockwood, and while these famous professionals keep well, Surrey have no cause to fear. Richardson shows every day that his trip with Mr. Stoddart has done him no harm, while Lockwood, who scarcely did himself justice for a single day in Australia, has quite got back to his best standard, and is fully sharing Surrey's honours with Richardson.

Mr. N. F. Druce, the young batsman whose remarkable advance is one of the great features of the present season, is like his brother, the Cambridge University Captain, a Surrey man by birth and residence. By any other county, of course, his services would be eagerly sought after, but Surrey, with so many good young professionals, are very naturally desirous of playing the same team as often as possible, not caring to put out a regular player for any young amateur, however good, who may be only available for a few matches. Should Mr. N. F. Druce be able to play constantly after the University contest at Lord's it is quite likely that he will be asked to do so, but I scarcely think the Surrey committee will disorganise their team if he can only take part in a few engagements.

Last year Mr. N. F. Druce only got his place in the Cambridge eleven at the last moment, and in the whole season scored but 91 runs in seven innings. The improvement he has made, therefore, is remarkable, as last Monday, when the season had only been in progress six weeks, he actually headed the batting averages, having scored 548 runs in nine innings, three times not out. I fully expect we shall see him representing the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's and the Oval. When the brothers Druce were at Marlborough they played in beautiful style, and their coach predicted a great future for them, and it must be very gratifying to him to see at last that his opinions are being justified.

It was not to be expected that Dr. W. G. Grace would keep up the extraordinary form he had shown in the early part of the season, and last week he brought his average down considerably, despite the fact that he made 91 and 21 against Sussex, and 17 and 10 against Surrey. His powers of attraction are indeed greater than ever, for I should say that a Surrey and Gloucestershire match at the Oval had never before drawn such tremendous crowds. With an unusually weak team Gloucestershire had practically no chance against Surrey, and yet there were over 10,000 people present each day. Of course, they had come to see the veteran champion, and probably the majority of them were vastly disappointed when he got out for two small scores. By the way, I see Dagonet calls it absurd to speak of a man as a veteran at 47, but considering that Dr. Grace has been playing first-class cricket for thirty-one years, and has a son at Cambridge, I fail to see how the term is at all misapplied. You could count almost on the fingers of one hand the number of men over forty-five now taking part in first-class cricket with any degree of success.

Quite a large number of Englishmen journeyed over to Paris, but what went they out to see? The English heroes, Kirkconnel, Solaro, and Newsmonger, failed

lamentably, and how Sir John Blundell Maple came to assure usin the paddock that Kirkconnel would nearly win passes all understanding. The fact that there had been many strange rehearsals of form during the season induced owners to start their representatives on the off-chances, and thus the field, sixteen, was the best on record. In the year of its inauguration, 1863, the Ranger, owned by A. N. Savile, defeated ten competitors.

THE business done by the Pari-Mutuels was prodigious. Everyone appeared to have a wager on the race, with the result that £64,120 was invested. This sum does not represent the total amount laid out on the race, for in the various rings some very big bets were recorded. The English horses were routed, and Mons. Edmond Blanc — who is so closely connected with Monte Carlo, carried off the spoils of victory with Andree. The winner was perfectly trained, and we can derive what consolation we please from the fact that she is descended from English parents.

THE Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery are always greeted with enthusiasm when they put in an appearance on a racecourse, and nothing delights the French folk more than to see the President watching a race. President Faure visited the horses in the paddock, and took a deal of interest in the proceedings. Madame Faure seemed rather bored. She was very quietly dressed in gray silk.

NOT since Archer got home on Minting in 1886 has an English horse got home first, and whilst travelling home in the London, Chatham and Dover midnight special we could hear prominent sportsmen arguing about the respective merits of the English and French horses, and opinion certainly seemed to be in the favour of the foreigners.

FORTUNE is smiling upon the Prince of Wales's racing efforts, and no one will begrudge H.R.H. the turn. Since the day he first saw a horse race—at Ascot, by the

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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JOHN JAMESON'S OLD IRISH WHISKEY, UNBLENDED,

Railed free at 45/- per Case.

SAMPLE BOTTLE POST FREE FOR 4s. 2d.

KELLY BROTHERS, 39, Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

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QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

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UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

way, in company with the Queen, H.R.H. has always evinced a deep interest in what has for years been termed the sport of kings. The Prince has sunk thousands of pounds in bloodstock, and has always borne his turf reverses with the fortitude of a true sportsman.

What makes the victory of Florizel II. more acceptable is the fact that the horse was bred by the Prince of Wales. I alluded last week to the coldness with which Sir Visto's success was received, but the journalist who says that but little enthusiasm prevailed at Manchester on the Cup afternoon must surely have had his ears stuffed with cotton-wool.

Lord Marcus Beresford still manages the Prince of Wales's horses, and to him belongs the credit of entering Florizel II. in long distance races. Lord Marcus's knowledge of racing matters is unequalled. He picked up many a wrinkle during his term of service as starter to the Jockey Club, and now that he is devoting most of his time to the Royal stud, there is a chance of the purple jacket being carried to the fore in the Derby.

When the Prince first commenced racing he met with cruel luck—luck what would have caused many a man to abandon the game in disgust. John Porter, however, gradually coaxed his charges into winning a few prizes, but it was a terrible disappointment when the Imp, after winning the Jubilee Stakes for the late Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, failed to carry off a nice prize for the Prince, who paid a big sum for the colt.

With Ascot near at hand, I cannot refrain from mentioning that a trusty correspondent at Newmarket informs me that the Prince of Wales's filly, Thais, is sure to win a race at the meeting on the Royal Heath. Thais is by St. Serf—Poetry, and her Ascot engagements are the Coventry Stakes, New Stakes, and Windsor Castle Stakes.

Whilst Lord Rosebery continues to find amusement on the racecourse, the Hon. A. J. Balfour spends his leisure hours golfing or cycling. It was only at the commencement of the present season that Mr. Balfour learned to ride his safety, but during the Whitsuntide recess he went on quite a long tour through Gloucestershire.

The London and North-Western Railway will run cheap Excursions every Saturday during June, July, August, and September, leaving Euston at 8.15 a.m., for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and numerous other stations in North Wales, for three, eight, ten, fifteen, and seventeen days.

Last year the Great Western Railway Company issued a nicely illustrated pamphlet, containing a list of farmhouse, seaside, and country lodgings, hotels, and boarding-houses in Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall, showing the accommodation obtainable and the features of interest in the locality. This book was so successful that it has this year been extended to the whole of the districts served by the Great Western, including Jersey and Guernsey. Copies can be obtained free from the company.

If you want to see some fine wrestling go to the Alhambra, where the Turkish wrestlers are engaged. The show is exciting throughout, and I believe every bout is genuine. To contrast the styles of French, Spanish, and Turkish champions is not a chance you get every day. After I left the hall I had a strong desire to cheat sleep of an hour or so in order to re-read portions of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and "Lorna Doone." It's one of the best things that Mr. Moul has given us for a long time, and Mr. Moul makes few mistakes.

I am asked to call attention to a project to raise a subscription to place a memorial window to Philip Massinger, in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Massinger is a little overshadowed by the great names of his period, but he remains a splendid figure in English literature notwithstanding. Subscriptions should be sent to Rev. W. Thompson, St. Saviour's Rectory, Southwark. The Major.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

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To Armagh, Bundoran, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Ardglass, Downpatrick, and Newcastle (co. Down), viâ Liverpool or Fleetwood and Belfast, for 16 days.

To Armagh, Bundoran, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Downpatrick, Ardglass, Newcastle (co. Down), Dundalk, and Newry, viâ Holyhead, and Greenore, for 16 days.

On SATURDAY, June 15th

(Friday midnight) to Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle and the English Lake District, for 3 and 6 days.

To Blackpool, Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Southport, Wigan, Preston, Crewe, Whitchurch, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Llandrindod, Llangammardi and Llanwrtyd, Wells, Wellington, Stafford, the North Stafford Line, Ashton, Halifax, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, etc., for 3 or 6 days.

To Londonderry viâ Liverpool and Steamer direct for 16 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars (see small bills) which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

London, June, 1895.

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FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, June 1895.

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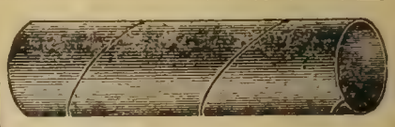

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THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEARCH.

HAD not seen Louis since the day of the duel at Cahors, when, parting from him at the door in the passage by the Cathedral, I had refused to take his hand. Then I had been sorely angry with him. But time and old memories and crowding events had long softened the feeling; and in the joy of meeting him again, of finding him in this unexpected stranger, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to rake up old grudges. I held out my hand with a laughing word. "Voilà l'Inconnu, Monsieur!" I said with a bow. "I am here to find you, and I find you!"

He stared at me a moment in the utmost astonishment, and then impulsively grasped my hand and held it, and stood looking at me, with the old affection in his eyes. "Adrien! Adrien!" he said, much moved. "Is it really you?"

"Even so, Monsieur."

"And here?"

"Here," I said.

But then to my astonishment he slowly dropped my hand; and his manner, and his face changed—as a house changes when the shutters are closed. "I am sorry for it," he said slowly. And then, with an unmistakable flash of anger, "My God, Monsieur! Why have you come?" he cried.

"Why have I come?"

"Ay, why?" he repeated bitterly. "Why? Why have you come—to trouble us? You do not know what evil you are doing! You do not know!"

"I know at least what good I am seeking," I answered, purely astounded by this sudden and inexplicable change. "I have made no secret of it, and I make no secret of it now. No man was ever worse treated than I have been by your family. Your attitude now impels me to say that. But when I see Madame la Marquise, to-morrow, I shall tell her that it will take more than this to change me. I shall tell her——" I continued——

"You will not see her!" he answered.

"But I shall!"

"You will not!" he retorted grimly.

Before I could answer, Madame Catinot interposed. "Oh, no more!" she cried, in a voice which sufficiently evinced her distress. "I thought that you and he were friends, M. Louis? And now—now, that fortune has brought you together again——"

"Would to heaven it had not!" he cried, dropping his hand like a man in despair. And he took a turn this way and that on the floor.

She looked at him. "I do not think that you have ever spoken to me in that tone before, Monsieur," she said in a tone of keen reproach. "If it is due—if, I mean," she continued quietly, but with a sparkling eye, "it is because you found M. le Vicomte with me, you infer something unworthy of us. You insult me as well as your friend!"

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed.

But she was roused. "That is not enough," she answered firmly and proudly. "For one week more this is my house, M. Louis. After that it will be yours. Perhaps then—perhaps then," she continued, with a pitiful break in her voice, "I shall think of to-night, and wonder I took no warning! Perhaps then, Monsieur, a word of kindness from you may be as rare as a rough word now!"

He was not proof against that, and the sadness in her voice. He threw himself on his knees before her and seized her hands. "Madame! Catherine! forgive me!" he cried passionately, kissing her hands again and again, and taking no heed of me at all. "Forgive me!" he continued, "I am miserable! You are my only comfort, my only compensation. I do not know, since I saw him, what I am saying. Forgive me!"

"I do!" she said hastily. "Rise Monsieur!" and she furtively wiped away a tear, then spoke to me, blushing but happy. "I do," she continued. "But, mon cher, I do not understand you. The other day you spoke so kindly of M. de Saux; and of—pardon me—your sister, and of other things. To-day M. de Saux is here, and you are unhappy."

"I am!" he said, casting a haggard, miserable look at me.

I shrugged my shoulders and spoke up. "So be it," I said proudly. "But because I have lost a friend, Monsieur, it does not follow that I need lose a mistress. I have come to Nîmes to win Mademoiselle de St. Alais' hand. I shall not leave until I have won it."

"This is sheer madness!" he said, with a groan.

"Why?"

"Because you talk of the impossible," he answered. "Because Madame de St. Alais is not at Nîmes—for you."

"She is at Nîmes!"

"You will have to find her."

"Why," I exclaimed, "this is childishness! Do you mean to say that at the first hotel I enter, I shall not be told where Madame has her lodging?"

"Neither at the first, nor at the last."

"She is in retreat?"

"I shall not tell you."

And with that we stood facing one another; Madame Catinot watching us a little aside. Clearly the events of the last few months, which had so changed, so hardened Madame St. Alais, had not been lost on Louis. I could fancy, as I confronted him, that it was M. le Marquis, the elder, and not the younger brother, who withstood me; only—only from under Louis' mask of defiance, there peeped, I still fancied, the old Louis' face, doubting and miserable.

I tried that chord. "Come," I said, making an effort to swallow my wrath, and speak reasonably, "I think that you are not in earnest, M. le Comte, in what you say, and that we are both heated. Time was when we agreed well enough, and you were not unwilling to have me for your brother-in-law. Are we, because of these miserable differences——'

"Differences!" he cried, interrupting me harshly. "My mother's house in Cahors is an empty shell. My brother's house at St. Alais is a heap of ashes. And you talk of differences!"

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"Well, call them what you like!"

"Besides," Madame Catinot interposed quickly, "pardon me, Monsieur—besides, M. St. Alais, you know our need of converts. M. le Vicomte is a gentleman, and a man of sense and religion. It needs but a little—a very little," she continued, smiling faintly at me, "to persuade him. And if your sister's hand would do that little, and Madame were agreeable?"

"He could not have it!" he answered sullenly, looking away from me.

"But a week ago," Madame Catinot answered in a startled tone, "you told me——"

"A week ago is not now," he said. "For the rest, I have only this to say. I am sorry to see you here, M. le Vicomte, and I beg you to return. You can do no good, and you may do and suffer harm. By no possibility can you gain what you seek."

"That remains to be seen," I answered stubbornly, roused in my turn. "And to begin with, since you say that I cannot find Mademoiselle, I shall adopt a very simple plan. I shall wait here until you leave, Monsieur, and then accompany you home."

"You will not!" he said.

"You may depend upon it I shall!" I answered defiantly.

But Madame interposed. "No, M. de Saux," she said with dignity. "You will not do that; I am sure that you will not; it would be an abuse of my hospitality."

"If you forbid it?"

"I do," she answered.

"Then, Madame, I cannot," I replied, "But——"

"But nothing! Let there be a truce now, if you please," she said firmly. "If it is to be war between you, it shall not begin here. I think, too—I think that I had better ask you to retire," she continued, with an appealing glance at me.

I looked at Louis. But he had turned away, and affected to ignore me. And on that I succumbed. It was impossible to answer Madame, when she spoke to me in that way; and equally impossible to remain in the house, against her will. I bowed, therefore, in silence; and with the best grace I could, though I was sore and angry, I took my cloak and hat which I had laid on a chair.

"I am sorry," Madame said kindly. And she held out her hand.

I raised it to my lips. "To-morrow—at twelve—here!" she breathed.

I started. I rather guessed than heard the words, so softly were they spoken; but her eyes made up for the lack of sound, and I understood. The next moment she turned from me, and with a last reluctant glance at Louis, who still had his back to me, I went out.

The man who had admitted me was in the hall. "You will find your horse at the Louvre, Monsieur," he said as he opened the door.

I rewarded him, and going out, without a thought whither I was going, walked along the street, plunged in reflection, until marching on blindly I came against a man. That awoke me, and I looked round. I had been in the house little more than three hours, and in Nîmes scarcely longer; yet so much had happened in the time that it seemed strange to me to find the streets unfamiliar, to find myself alone in them, at a loss which way to turn. Though it was hard on ten o'clock, and only a swaying lanthorn here and there made a ring of smoky light at the meeting of four ways, there were numbers of people still abroad; a few standing, but the majority going one way, the men with cloaks about their necks, the women with muffled heads.

I WAS TOLD THAT EVERY ROOM WAS FULL.

Feeling the necessity, since I must get myself a lodging, of putting away for the moment my one absorbing thought—the question of Louis' behaviour—I stopped a man who was not going with the stream, and asking him the way to the Hotel de Louvre, learned not only that but the cause of the concourse.

"There has been a procession," he said gruffly. "I should have thought that you would have known that!" he added, with a glance at my hat. And he turned on his heel.

I remembered the red cockade I wore, and before I went farther paused to take it out. As I moved on again, a man came up quickly behind me, and as he passed thrust a paper into my hand. Before I could speak he was gone; but the incident and the bustle of the streets, strange at this late hour, helped to divert my thoughts; and I was not surprised when, on reaching the inn, I was told that every room was full.

"My horse is here," I said, thinking that the landlord, seeing me walk in on foot, might distrust the weight of my purse.

"Yes, Monsieur; and if you like you can lie in the eating-room," he answered very civilly. "You are welcome, and you will do no better elsewhere. It is as if the fair were being held at Beaucaire. The city is full of

strangers. Almost as full as it is of those things!" he continued, querulously, and he pointed to the paper in my hand.

I looked at it, and saw that it was a manifesto headed "*Sacrilege! Mary Weeps!*" "It was thrust into my hand a minute ago," I said.

"To be sure," he answered. "One morning we got up and found the walls white with them. Another day they were flying loose about the streets."

"Do you know," I asked, seeing that he had been supping, and was inclined to talk, "where the Marquis de St. Alais is living?"

"No, Monsieur," he said. "I do not know the gentleman."

"But he is here with his family."

"Who is not here" he answered, shrugging his shoulders. Then in a lower tone, "Is he red, or—or the other thing, Monsieur?"

"Red," I said boldly.

"Ah! Well, there have been two or three gentlemen going to and fro between our M. Froment, and Turin and Montpellier. It is said that our Mayor would have arrested them long ago if he had done his duty. But he is red too, and most of the councillors. And I don't know, for I take no side. Perhaps the gentleman you want is one of these?"

"Very likely," I said. "So M. Froment is here?"

"Monsieur knows him?"

"Yes," I said drily, "a little."

"Well, he is here, or he is not," the landlord answered, shaking his head. "It is impossible to say."

"Why?" I asked. "Does he not live here?"

"Yes, he lives here; at the Porte d'Auguste on the old wall near the Capuchins. But——" he looked round and then continued mysteriously, "he goes out, where he has never gone in, Monsieur! And he has a house in the Amphitheatre, and it is the same there. And some say that the Capuchins is only another house of his. And if you go to the Cabaret de la Vierge, and give his name—you pay nothing."

He said this with many nods, and then seemed on a sudden to think that he had said too much, and hurried away. Asking for them, I learned that M. de Géol and Buton, failing to get a room there had gone to the Ecu de France; but I was not very sorry to be rid of them for the time, and accepting the host's offer, I went to the eating-room, and there made myself as comfortable as two hard chairs and the excitement of my thoughts permitted.

The one thing, the one subject that absorbed me was Louis' behaviour, and the strange and abrupt change I had marked in it. He had been glad to see me, his hand had leaped to meet mine, I had read the old affection in his eyes; and then—then on a sudden, in a moment he had frozen into surly, churlish antagonism, an antagonism that had taken Madame Catinot by surprise, and was not without a touch of remorse, almost of horror. It could not be that she was dead? It could not be that Denise—no, my mind failed to entertain it. But I rose, trembling at the thought, and paced the room until daylight; listening to the watchman's cry, and the mournful hours, and the occasional rush of hurrying feet, that spoke of the perturbed city. What to me were Froment, or the red or the white or the tricolour, veto or no veto, endowment or disendowment, in comparison to that?

The house stirred at last, but I had still to wait till noon before I could see Madame Catinot. I spent the interval in an aimless walk through the town. At another time the things I saw must have filled me with wonder; at another time the hoary, gloomy ring of the Arénes, rising in tiers of frowning arches, high above the squalid roofs that leaned against it, and choked within by a Ghetto of the like, huddled where prefects once sat, and the Emperor's colours flew victorious round the circle, must have won my admiration by its vastness; the Maison Carrée by its fair proportions; the streets by the swarthy crowds that filled them, and stood about the cabarets, and read the placards on the walls. But I had only thought for Louis, and my love, and the lagging minutes. At the first stroke of twelve I knocked at Madame Catinot's door; the last saw me in her presence.

It needed but a look at her face, and my heart sank; the thanks I was uttering died on my lips as I gazed at her. And she on her part was agitated. For a moment we were both silent.

At last, "I see that you have bad news for me, Madame," I said, striving to smile, and bear myself bravely.

"The worst, I fear," she said pitifully, smoothing her skirt. "For I have none, Monsieur."

"Yet I have heard it said that no news is good new?" I said, wondering.

Her lip trembled, but she did not look at me.

"Come, Madame," I persisted, though I was sick at heart. "Surely you are going to tell me more than that? At least you can tell me where I can see Madame St. Alais."

"No, Monsieur, I cannot tell you," she said in a low voice.

"Nor why M. Louis has so suddenly become hostile to me?"

"No, Monsieur, nor that. And I beg—as you are a gentleman," she continued hurriedly, "that you will spare me questions! I thought that I could help you, and I asked you to see me to-day. I find that I can only give you pain."

"And that is all, Madame?"

"That is all," she said, with a gesture that told more than her words.

I looked round the silent room, I walked half-way to the door. And then I turned back. I could not go. "No!" I cried vehemently, "I will not go so! What is it you have learned, that has closed your lips, Madame? What are they plotting against her—that you fear to tell me? Speak, Madame! You did not bring me here to hear this! That I know."

But she only looked at me, her face full of reproach. "Monsieur," she said, "I meant kindly. Is this my reward?"

And that was too much for me. I turned without a word, and went out.

Outside I felt like a child in darkness, on whom the one door leading to life and liberty had closed, an his hand touched it. I felt a dead, numbing disappointment that at any moment might develop into sharp pain. This change in Madame Catinot, resembling so exactly the change in Louis St. Alais, what could be the cause of it? What had been revealed to her? What was the mystery, the plot, the danger that made them all turn from me, as if I had the plague?

For awhile I was in the depths of despair. Then the warm sunshine that filled the streets, and spoke of coming summer, kindled lighter thoughts. After all

it could not be hard to find a person in Nîmes? I had soon found M. Louis. And this was the eighteenth century and not the sixteenth. Women were no longer exposed to the pressure that had once been brought to bear on them; nor men to the violence natural in old feuds.

And then—as I thought that—I heard a noise burst into the street behind me, a roar of voices and a sudden trampling of hundreds of feet, and turning I saw a dense press of men coming towards me, waving aloft blue banners, and crucifixes, and flags with the Five Wounds. Some were singing and some shouting, all were brandishing clubs and weapons. They came along at a good pace, filling the street from wall to wall; and to avoid them I stepped into an archway, that opportunely presented itself.

They came up, and swept past me with deafening shouting. It was difficult to see more than waving arms and staves and swart excited faces; but through a break in the ranks I caught a glimpse of three men walking in the heart of the crowd, quiet themselves, but the cause and centre of all; and the middle man of the three was Froment. One of the others wore a cassock, and the third had a reckless air, and a hat cocked in the military fashion. So much I saw, then only rank upon rank of hurrying shouting men. After them again three or four hundred of the scum of the city, beggars and broken rascals and homeless men.

I STEPPED INTO AN ARCHWAY.

As I turned from staring after them I found a man at my elbow; by a strange coincidence the very same man who, the night before, had directed me to the Hôtel de Louvre. I asked him if that was not M. Froment.

"Yes," he said with a sneer. "And his brother."

"Oh, his brother! What is his name, Monsieur?"

"Bully Froment, some call him."

"And what are they going to do?"

"Groan outside a Protestant church to-day," he answered pithily. "And to-morrow break the windows. The next day, or as soon as they can get their courage to the sticking point, fire on the worshippers, and call in the garrison from Montpellier. After that the refugees from Turin will come, we shall be in revolt, and there will be dragoonings. And then—if the Cevennols don't step in—Monsieur will see strange things."

"But the Mayor?" I said. "And the National Guards? Will they suffer it?"

"The first is red," the man answered curtly. "And two-thirds of the last. Monsieur will see."

And nodding coolly he went on his way; while I stood a moment looking idly after the procession. On a sudden, as I stood, it occurred to me that where Froment was, the St. Alaises might be; and snatching at the idea, wondering hugely that I had not had it before, I started eagerly in pursuit of the mob. The last broken wave of the crowd was still visible, eddying round a distant corner; and even after that disappeared, it was easy to trace the course it had taken by closed shutters and scared faces peeping from windows. I heard the mob stop once, and groan and howl; but before I came up, it was on again, and when I at last overtook it, where one of the streets, before narrowing to an old gateway, opened out into a little square, with high dingy buildings on this side and that, and a meshwork of alleys running into it, the nucleus of the crowd had vanished, and the fringe was melting this way and that.

My aim was Froment, and I had missed him. But I was at a loss only for a moment, for as I stood and scanned the people trooping back into the town, my eye alighted on a lean figure with stooping head and a scanty cassock; that wishing to cross the street, paused a moment striving to pass athwart the crowd. It needed a glance only; then with a cry of joy, I was through the press at the man's side.

It was Father Benoît! For a moment we could not speak. Then, as we looked at one another, the first hasty joyful words spoken, I saw the very expression of dismay and discomfiture, which I had read on Louis St. Alais' face, dawn on his! He muttered, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" under his breath, and wrung his hands stealthily.

But I was sick of this mystery, and I said so in hot words. "You at any rate shall tell me, father!" I cried recklessly.

Two or three of the passers-by heard me, and looked at us curiously. He drew me, to escape these, into a doorway; but still a man stood peering in at us. "Come upstairs," the father muttered, "we shall be quiet there." And he led the way up a stone staircase, ancient and sordid, serving many and cleaned by none.

"Do you live here?" I said.

"Yes," he answered; and then stopped short, and turned to me with an air of confusion. "But it is a poor place, M. le Vicomte," he continued, making as if he would descend again, "and perhaps we should be wise to go——"

"No, no!" I said, burning with impatience. "To your room, man! To your room, if you live here! I cannot wait. I have found you, and I will not let another minute pass before I have learned the truth."

He still hesitated, and even began to mutter another objection. But I had only mind for one thing, and giving way to me, he preceded me slowly to the top of the house; where under the tiles he had a little room with a mattress and a chair, two or three books and a crucifix. A small square dormer-window admitted the light—and something else; for as we entered, a pigeon rose from the floor and flew out by it.

He uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he fed them sometimes. "They are company," he said sadly. "And I have found little here."

"Yet you came here of your own accord," I retorted brutally. I was choking with anxiety, and it took that form.

"To lose one more illusion," he answered meekly. "For years—you know it, M. le Vicomte—I looked forward to reform, to liberty, to freedom. And I taught others to look forward also. Well, we gained these, and the first use the people made of their liberty was to attack religion. Then I came here, because I was told that here the defenders of the Church would make a stand; that here the Church was strong. I came to gain a little hope from others' hope. And I find pretended miracles, I find imposture, I find lies and trickery and chicanery used on one side and the other. And violence everywhere."

"Then in heaven's name, man, why did you not go home again?" I cried irritably.

"I was going a week ago," he answered. "And then I did not go. And——"

"Never mind that now!" I cried harshly. "It is not that I want. I have seen Louis St. Alais, and I know that there is something amiss. He will not face me. He will not tell me where Madame is. He will have nothing to do with me. He looks at me as if I were a death's head! Now what is it? You know and I must know. Tell me."

"Mon Dieu!" he answered. And he looked at me with tears in his eyes. Then, "This is what I feared," he said.

"Feared? Feared what?" I cried.

"That your heart was in it, M. le Vicomte."

"In what? In what? Speak plainly, man," I cried.

"Mademoiselle de St. Alais'—engagement," he said.

I stood a moment staring at him. "Her engagement?" I whispered. "To whom?"

"To M. Froment," he answered.

(*To be continued.*)

A WEDDING IN SIAM.

As soon as a young man and woman become engaged in Siam a bamboo house is built for their reception, and they are not allowed to speak to each other until it is completed. On the day of the wedding it is decorated with bright-coloured hangings, covered with fruit and flowers. Fruit and cakes are spread out on mats among the grass in front of the hut. The guests advance in single file to the music of pipe and tabret, and bearing trays of presents, more fruit, and cakes. The bridegroom, in plum-coloured silk and white muslin jacket, is not expected to approach his bride, who, dressed in red and yellow silk, waits upon the company. The priests pour holy water over their heads. This makes a change of dress necessary, and the bridegroom is often presented with one by the girl's father, who sends a lad bearing it on a tray. After the ceremony the newly-married pair are conducted separately home, with torches.—*From "Siam and the Siamese, as described by the Missionaries."*

THE TROUBLES OF A BEST MAN.

BY

ALEX. STUART

Illustrated by L. Baumer.

I WAS about to sit down to a quiet cup of tea when I saw Miss Snippet coming up the road, and I knew she was coming to see me and tell me all about the wedding. I had been invited to it, but as I am just recovering from an attack of influenza my doctor advised me not to risk it. He said he would refuse to hold himself responsible for the consequences if I should catch the tiniest cold in my present condition. And he knows my condition *so* well that it would be sinful if I disregarded his advice. But now I was going to have my reward. So I set another cup and saucer and waited. Miss Snippet is my dearest friend, and I cling to her all the more because other people dislike her. They say they are afraid of her tongue. But that is only when they have provoked her; and then it is right that they should be afraid All the same, I must admit that dear Tibbie leans more to justice than to mercy when she discusses the characters of our acquaintances. But, perhaps, that is because I am too apt to lean the other way. Tibbie is always telling me that I am too tenderhearted; but I can't help it, I feel so acutely. Of course, I am younger than Tibbie, for I am quite sure she is over forty, though she would lead me to infer the opposite. I can never understand why anyone should wish to conceal their true age. I don't care how many people know that I am thirty. If it pleases them to know so much about me, it does me no harm. Only I object to be made out older than I am, and there is no other way of preventing that but by letting your true age be known. Dear Tibbie is taller than I am, but what a lovely figure she has. Some think that she is too thin, but I don't. Elegant figures must be thin; fat people may be good-natured, but watch them getting up out of their chairs. Oh, I should hate to be fat!

"So dear wee Jenny is married and away," I said to Tibbie, after I had kissed her on both cheeks and poured her out a cup of tea. "I was thinking about her all yesterday, and wondering how everything went off."

"She is certainly away," said Tibbie, smiling dubiously into her teacup. "But if ever I am married—which Heaven forbid—I hope to be married with a little less trouble. There, don't excite yourself, Alice, it is all right. But perhaps I had better tell you the whole story from the beginning."

"Yes, do!" I said eagerly. And in my heart I blamed the doctor for being so absurdly nervous about me. But I daresay he knows best, and he says I am so high-strung that I cannot be too careful of myself. All the same, I wished I had risked everything and gone when I looked at Tibbie's face. I could see that she had been enjoying herself beyond all expectation.

"Of course," she began, quietly sipping her tea, and with a distant look in her eyes, "you know Tom. He is certainly not the man I should have chosen for Jenny. When she told me that she had accepted him I spoke to her once for all upon the subject, and told her my mind pretty plainly. But as I saw it pained her I never referred to it again. Yesterday morning, however, when she was being dressed, I kissed her, and said: 'Well, dear, I hope Tom and you will be happy, but you know what I think.' She answered very pertly that she had no time to remember what I thought, and she hoped she never should. Now, you know, Alice, that I am not easily irritated, but that sort of thing hardens one, and I wasn't sorry for her an hour or two afterwards, though I could see that she was trying very hard not to cry. Tom would be a very good husband if he had a fortune in the bank. He is quiet and stupid enough for anything, and he is really handsome. But he has only two hundred a year now, and he won't have a penny more twenty years hence. And that is one of the things I told Jenny, and I hope with all my heart that I may be found to have been wrong. Well, you may have heard Tom speak of his great friend Mr. Chisholm. By the way, Mr. Chisholm told me that he was not accustomed to hear his name pronounced Chiselum; I suppose I had been calling him something like that, though I wasn't aware of it. Tom used to rave about this creature, pronouncing him the cleverest, nicest, handsomest fellow in the whole world. Naturally we looked forward with interest to see him, and we were all dreadfully disappointed when we did see him. He has quite the look of a third-rate actor—that sort of style you know. And Tom had told me that he wrote plays, or books, or something, so I asked Mr. Chisholm

THE CLERK IS VERY DEAF.

in what theatres his plays were being acted. He blushed, and said that he had not even written a play. I said, 'Why, Tom told me that your plays were all the rage of the town.' He smiled—I never saw such a creature to smile—and said that he was afraid Tom had been exaggerating. I said I was afraid he had. I suppose my voice let out more of my meaning than I had intended, for he blushed crimson, and rather tried to avoid me for the rest of the evening. But when he was going away, I said I hoped that he knew all his duties as best man! He tried to look funny, and said that he had been carefully reading up 'Oliver and Boyd' on the subject. I said I hoped he was wiser after he had finished than when he began. He laughed, and said he wasn't quite sure; so I laughed too, and said I was quite sure he wasn't. It was quite impromptu on my part, and everyone laughed at poor Mr. Chisholm. I think he was glad to get away. The next time I had the pleasure of meeting him was at the church porch, where I saw him struggling frantically to cover his hands, which were very red and large, with a pair of lavender gloves. I said, 'Are you sure you have not picked up a lady's pair by mistake, Mr. Chisholm?'

"'I told them to give me a size larger than usual, and they've given me a size smaller," he said. But he looked sufficiently comical, and Tom and I laughed very heartily at him. Then he assumed a very gallant air indeed, and had the impudence to say that he hoped very soon to have the pleasure of saluting me as one of the bridesmaids. I smiled. 'Mr. Chisholm,' I said, 'I don't know what your company or your manners are in Scotland, but in this part of the world a marriage is not conducted on the same principles as a costermonger's dance.'

"He was about to reply, but I said, 'Don't you think it is time now for Tom and you to go in and see the clergyman, and give him the license? Of course, Mr. Chisholm ought to know best. But Jenny will be here in a minute.'

"Then Tom turned as white as a sheet. 'Chisholm,' he gasped, 'I've forgotten to bring the license, and there is no time to run back for it.'

"'No, you have not forgotten it,' said Mr. Chisholm, cheerfully, 'I saw you with it this morning, and you put it down on your desk. So I kept my eye on it, and just as we were starting I ran back, and whipped it into my pocket.'

"'You are the best fellow alive,' said Tom, looking awfully relieved, and clutching eagerly at the blue envelope which Mr. Chisholm handed to him. Then his face grew ghastly. 'Oh, Chisholm! You idiot,' he groaned, 'this is a mining prospectus.'

"Mr. Chisholm swore at himself, and looked almost as ghastly as Tom.

"'Well, you *have* studied "Oliver and Boyd" to some advantage, Mr. Chisholm,' I said. 'What do you think of yourself now? But something must be done at once. I shall go back and stop the carriage, and you can explain matters to the clergyman. The marriage can't go on, can it, Mr. Chisholm?' But he had disappeared inside the church. So I hurried away, leaving Tom the very picture of a fool in misery. I met Jenny and Papa just getting out of the carriage at the gate of the churchyard. But I had scarcely begun to tell them the state of affairs when Mr. Chisholm rushed up, and said it was all right. He was so excited and out of breath that he could scarcely speak. 'Clergyman perfect gen'lman, quite understood the case. I bring it to him after ceremony over. No difficulty at all.' 'You look as if you had been drinking,' I laughed. 'Not at all,' he said. 'I mean, no thank you. Glorious day, Mr. Snippet. I'll go on now, as Tom is waiting for me.'

"When at last we all got into the church I heard Mr. Chisholm painfully endeavouring to explain to the clerk, who is very deaf, the exact relations of the parties to each other. The result was that Mr. Chisholm stood up to be married to Jenny with Papa as his best man. Tom had evidently consented to give Jenny away. The clergyman stooped down, and asked Mr. Chisholm if he were the bridegroom. You could have melted a candle at the creature's face as he shook his head. After they had at last got properly placed, things went on quietly enough until it came to Mr. Chisholm's turn to do something again. There was a dead silence, and everyone was staring at Mr. Chisholm struggling frantically to pull Tom's glove off. 'I told you it wouldn't come off,' he said reproachfully to Tom, in a loud, creaking whisper that might have been heard through the whole church. 'I must *flipe* it.' And he pulled the gloves off inside out. 'Well,' I said to him afterwards when we were at home again—all except Mr. Chisholm's hat, which in his excitement he had left behind—'do you think it would be possible to find a worse man than yourself, Mr. Chisholm? Whatever did you mean by trying to supplant Tom in yon shameless way? I am sure Jenny did not want you for a husband, and I don't think I am specially anxious to have you for a brother-in-law.' He was very far through by this time and quite harmless.

HE UPSET HIS GLASS.

"When we were going in to luncheon I saw that he had quite made up his mind to have that pert little Lucy Wren as his partner. So I gave Lucy to someone else, and reserved Mr. Chisholm for myself. I asked him if he had his speech ready. And he could only smile the way that sick persons do, and shake his head. He was quite unnerved. So much so, that when his time came I had to tell him twice that everyone was on tiptoe of expectation to hear him. He rose with a most horrible smile on his face, and upset his glass as he did so. But instead of talking about the bridesmaids he began to give poor Tom a sort of certificate of character, pausing for about half a minute between each sentence, and speaking in such a husky, trembling tone, it was almost impossible to hear him. So I said, loud enough for him to hear, 'I believe your toast is *the bridesmaids*, Mr. Chisholm, *not* the bridegroom.'

"That pulled him up, and a minute afterwards he almost fell into his seat beside me. I kept him near me for the rest of the day, and I don't think he was happy. I positively enjoyed being cruel to the creature, he had exasperated me so much.

"'Well, Miss Snippet,' he said, when he was going away, 'I hope with all my heart that I shall never be best man again.'

"'Why,' I said, 'I don't see why you should object if your friends don't. You have had nothing to do all day but forget a few things, and make yourself ridiculous to amuse people; and it does not take a wise man

to do that. Did you ever forget yourself, Mr. Chisholm?'

"'I am afraid I shall if I stay beside you much longer,' he said, trying to smile sweetly.

"'Then please go away at once,' I cried, looking horrified, 'for I am quite sure I don't wish to have you left on *my* hands.'

"I shall never forget the look he gave me. I believe that man hates me, Alice."

"Poor Mr. Chisholm," I said, after Tibbie had finished. "Do you know, I feel almost sorry for him."

"Then you are wasting your sympathy on a fool," said Tibbie, quite sharply. And I thought it best to let the matter rest there as far as Mr. Chisholm was concerned. But I do think, dear Tibbie was just a trifle too hard on him.

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WESTRALIA.

BANQUET AND TESTIMONIAL TO MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT.

The eminent services of Mr. Albert F. Calvert as an explorer of Western Australia and as a mining engineer and a writer were fittingly recognised on Tuesday, June 4th, when a banquet was given at the Imperial Institute in Mr. Calvert's honour, and a substantial testimonial presented to him. Among the gentlemen who assembled on the occasion were many who had taken a leading part in developing the resources of Western Australia. The Hon. Sir Malcolm Frazer, K.C.M.G., Agent General for Western Australia, was in the chair, and he was supported by Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Somers Vine, Lord Granville Gordon, General Delafosse, Sir William Davies, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Henderson, Captain E. Carrington Arnold, Mr. W. C. Punchard, Mr. Herbert B. Rendall, Mr. F. E. Harman, Mr. Edmund Poole, and Mr. H. Blackwell, junr.

The Chairman said:—My Lords and Gentlemen, before proceeding with the toast it devolves upon me to inform you that numbers of letters of regret at inability to attend have been received from gentlemen whom we had hoped to have seen here to-night. They include letters from the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Datre Sri Amar d Raja Abdul Rahman, C.M.G., Prime Minister to the Sultan of Jehore, Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., C.B., Agent-General for New South Wales, Hon Duncan Gillies, Agent-General for Victoria, Hon. Thomas Playford, Agent General for South Australia, Hon. Sir Westby Percival, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New Zealand, Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B., Acting Agent General for Tasmania, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Ashburnham, Sir Francis Evans, Mr. S. Yardley, C.M.G., Major-General Sim, Major-General Shaw Stewart, and others. Sir William Robinson, Governor of Western Australia, writes as follows:—"I feel honoured by the invitation to be present at the Dinner to Mr. Calvert. But as I think I mentioned I have a long standing dinner engagement for the 4th of June, which will make it impossible for me to attend. Mr. Calvert's confidence and practical interest in Western Australia have done so much to bring the resources of Western Australia to the notice of the English public that, if only on that account, I regret very much my inability to be present." Sir Richard Garth writes as follows:—"If I were able to dine out at all at a public dinner I would most gladly accept your kind invitation to do honour to Mr. Calvert on the 4th of June. I have been reading his books on Western Australia with the greatest interest, and I am sure he deserves the best thanks of that great Colony, as well as of all true Englishmen for the exertions which he has made, and is making, to develop its magnificent resources."

After the usual loyal toasts the Chairman proceeded: My Lords and Gentlemen, we are assembled to-day, as you are all aware, in order to do honour to our esteemed friend, Mr. Calvert (cheers). As the English representative of the Government of Western Australia I feel that, although I do not know so much of Mr. Calvert personally as I ought, yet in proposing this toast I shall have with me the good feeling and good wishes of all Colonists. Mr. Calvert first visited the Colony—I will not say how many years ago,

MR. CALVERT REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF THE EVENING.

but a good many; and visited it, I am told, almost accidentally. He was paying a visit to Australia, and was induced by some belief he had, perhaps almost intutively, in the future of the Colony, or by some report which he may have read, to visit that Colony. Ever since then, as we all know, he has taken great interest in it; and in an admirable little paper which comes out periodically, the *West Australian Review*, he has most persistently and consistently advocated the gold resources of the Colony, and has pointed out what, in his opinion, would be the result of the travels and researches of the explorers and prospectors amongst whom he himself takes rank. I am glad to learn that the interest which Mr. Calvert has taken in Western Australia has not been to his personal disadvantage (cheers). And I would say, if I may be permitted to—do not take it as personal; I speak generally—that all you who take an interest in Western Australia may benefit by that interest (hear, hear). We are in Western Australia only at the bottom of the hill. I, myself, was resident in the Colony for twenty years after fifteen years experience of other Australian Colonies before—looking for gold, wishing for gold, thinking of gold all that time. It was only about two years before I left, in 1890, that we claimed the first goldfield in Kimberley. Since then, the discoveries of gold have followed one another in rapid succession. It is not for me here to expatiate on the different goldfields, or in any way to follow the matter in detail, because those who have read the chronicles of Mr. Calvert in the *West Australian Review* will find there recorded in the most truthful, exact, and detailed manner, how the discoveries have followed one upon another. The difficulty has prevailed heretofore which still exists—the difficulty of providing the means of transporting the machinery which is essential to the proper development of the gold industry, by extracting the gold at low cost, and also of transporting the food and other supplies necessary for those engaged in the goldfields. But that difficulty, I am happy to say, is very rapidly being overcome. The Colony, as most of you are aware, has recently been seeking to borrow money in this, the chief market of the world, and has done so, I am proud to say, very successfully. We have expended that money with the greatest care, and the result will be that before another year is past, all the principal goldfields of the Colony will be in direct communication by rail with the chief ports (cheers)—as they are now by telegraph. This will be the case with respect to Coolgardie I hope by the end of this year, for I have just shipped out 6,000 tons of rails by steamer, in order to hasten on the work. I repeat that I hope Coolgardie will by the end of the year be in direct communication with the ports of Albany, King George's Sound, and Freemantle; and whereas, in the past the transport of machinery has been costing £40 per ton, in future it will, I suppose, be taken direct on to the ground for one-tenth of the money. Then, again, as to the Murchison, in which Mr. Calvert has a great belief. We shall have a railway open to the centre of these goldfields, directly following Coolgardie, which is at a rather greater distance. Though, at the present time these goldfields are worked at a great disadvantage with respect to machinery, yet already two millions of money value has been extracted from them; and I

SILVER SERVICE PRESENTED TO MR. A. F. CALVERT.

venture to hope that when these lines of communication have been established, that amount will be increased tenfold. We know that the gold is there, and we feel confident that capital only is needed to bring it out. Of course, out of one pack of cards everyone cannot hold the ace of trumps—everyone cannot even hold a good hand of trumps, and it is the same with mines. Even those who have most to do with them have to be careful in dealing with them; but you may be sure of this fact—the gold is there. Millions of money lie there waiting to be taken away; and only capital, labour, and a certain degree of patience are required to accomplish all this (hear, hear). But I am, perhaps, digressing somewhat from the subject I have in hand—the toast of the evening. Mr. Calvert is a member of a family who have distinguished themselves in the past in the development of other countries. His great anxiety is that that what he does take in hand he will make a success, so far as it lies in frail human nature to assure it (hear, hear). I have pointed out that the Colony of Western Australia has made great efforts since it has taken the management of its own affairs, and those who join their fortunes with it now will doubtless reap the benefit of those efforts. It is not those who linger on the road and wait for some else to show them how it is done who win the prize—it is those who push forward and keep to the front, those, like my friend Mr. Calvert, who, if they believe in anything—and his belief is very large and expansive—go on steadily, and secure as a result not only success for themselves, but the esteem of all around them (cheers). One word before I sit down. Mr. Calvert by his writings of late—and his writings are voluminous — and by his addresses to different learned societies, which also count in numbers, has brought Western Australia very much to the front in this country—(cheers) — and if anything were needed to show him how his friends appreciate those services, I would point to the service of plate which is behind me. That is there as an evidence of the friendship of men whose sympathy and fellow-feeling for him I am sure Mr. Calvert will appreciate (cheers). This service, which now, in the names of those here present, I have the honour to hand over to him, I hope he will take as an evidence on the way, so to speak, of the progress he is making in the development of the gold industry of Western Australia (cheers). I am authorised, in the position I have the honour to be placed in, to request your acceptance, Mr. Calvert, of this very beautiful service of plate, which is behind you, and I beg of you, all who are present, to drink with all the honours and upstanding the health of our guest, Mr. Calvert (cheers).

The toast was drunk with musical honours.

The testimonial consisted of valuable silver plate, and included a tea and coffee service, six swan-shaped flower vases and a large salver. The salver bore the following inscription. "Presented to Albert Frederick Calvert at a Banquet held on the 4th June, 1895, at the Imperial Institute, by friends in the United Kingdom, in recognition of his valuable and practical services towards the development and advancement of the Colony of Western Australia, during the past five years." The presentation was made by the Hon. Sir Malcolm Fraser, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Western Australia. Executive Committee—Lord Granville Gordon, Sir W. C. Davies, Lieut-Col. Frederick Henderson, F. E. Harman, W. C. Punchard, Herbert B. Rendall, Edmund Poole, H. Blackwell, Junr., Capt. E. Carrington Arnold.

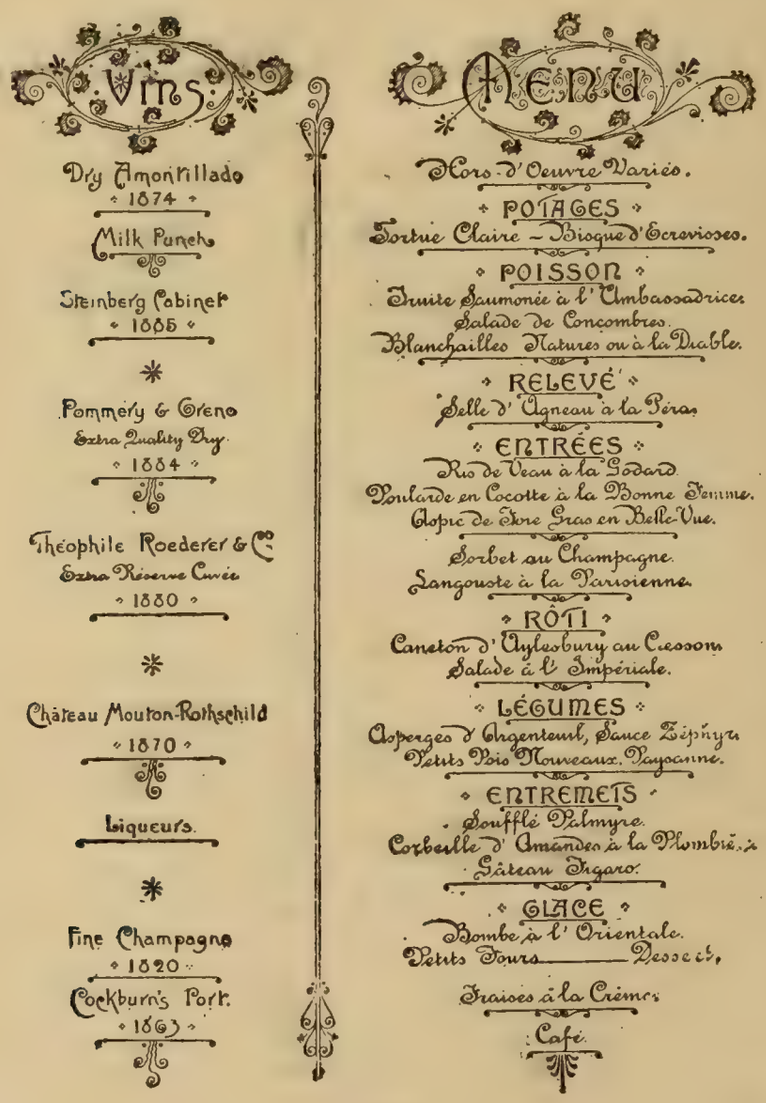
FRONT PAGE OF INVITATION CARD.

Mr. Calvert, who was received with loud cheering on rising to reply, said:—

My excuse for replying very briefly to the toast which, sir, you have been good enough to propose, is, that I am still quite overcome by the magnificence of this banquet and by your reception of me here to-night. It is impossible for me to thank you as I should wish. There are thoughts we are told, which do often lie too deep for expression, and I think all of us have in our experience found it difficult, if not impossible, to put into words the sentiment which we feel. It is indeed a delight, however, to find that our labours have not been entirely in vain, and I assure you that the present occasion will, as intervening years leave this 4th day of June in the far distance, for ever be a bright spot in my life. The great Colony whose cause I have endeavoured in a humble way to advocate, has at last weighed anchor and is rapidly forging ahead. It has been no simple matter, however, to make a territory twenty times the area of England, to haul forward. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that West Australia carries a heavy cargo in her great auriferous reefs. Now, however, I think I can say with confidence that she answers to her helm, and steers on an even keel. It was only to be expected that jealousy, malignity, and greed would for a time hinder her progress; but on such subjects it is unnecessary to dilate on an occasion like this. We are here for enjoyment, then let us gather rosebuds while we may, old time is still a flying. It must certainly be owned that we have more reason to rejoice in our general prosperity than to fret over individual instances of misfortune and indiscretion; and despite my unswerving faith in the Colony, I am simply astonished at the marvellous progress that has been made in so short a time. (Hear, hear.) Although at the present moment, and I trust for many years to come, Western Aurstralia will be widely popular on account of her mineral wealth; it must be borne in mind that her standing as a gold-producing country is of very recent origin. When I first became interested in the welfare of the colony, gold mining was practically unknown, and if I remember rightly, her total return for the whole year barely amounted to 300 ozs., for 1884 the return was over 200,000 ozs., and it is expected that that figure will he found to be far more than doubled this year. (Cheers). And apart from the prestige and wealth that accrues to Western Australia from this industry, I welcome it for the vast benefit it will be to other industries of the Colony. Capital and labour I have contended were only required to place the Colony in the rightful position among her Australian sisters. The gold will supply the capital, and labour is following as a matter of course. Give these

two advantages and the right men at the head of affairs, and the future of the colony is assured. Our past and present experience makes us bold and confident that such men will always be found. (Hear, hear). Dating back from the inauguration of responsible government, and the bearing in mind the magnificent services rendered to the colony by the Governor, Sir Wm. Robinson, and the Premier, Sir John Forrest, and our chairman, the Agent-General, I can only join in the universal feeling that Western Australia's interests could not possibly be in safer or more able hands. Let me say with Horace, "Carpe Diem," or perhaps I should put it more correctly, "Carpe Noctem." (Laughter.) I do not suppose you will expect me to recapitulate the views which I hold regarding the West Australian goldfields. But this I may be allowed to say, that facts have already in a great measure verified my predictions. I could not, with any show of either reason or modesty, venture to prophesy which district of "Westralia the Golden" will eventually prove the richest, but this I will assert, that hundreds, nay thousands of miles of her area are in a high degree auriferous. Only those who have followed in the footsteps of such men as Oxley, Sturt, Sir George Grey, Sir John Forrest, Mr. Eyre and others, can form any conception of the great natural obstacles which have had to be encountered in traversing the vast expanse of Australia. When I come to speak of the magnificent set of plate you have presented to me, I am again at a total loss for adequate words in which to express my thanks. The honour you have done me and the magnificence of the gift alike overwhelm me, and I can only ask you to understand the deep thanks that I should try in vain to express. For the kind manner in which Sir Malcolm Fraser has spoken of me I am also deeply appreciative, and I may remind you, my lords and gentlemen, that, although Sir Malcolm is always prone to under-estimate the importance of his work here, that he has been a co-worker with Sir William Robinson and Sir John Forrest since the inauguration of responsible government—(Hear, hear)—we, who are to some extent behind the scenes, know the great responsibility that devolves upon the office of the Agent-General, and we can appreciate and applaud the great services Sir Malcolm Fraser has rendered the colony in this country. Gentlemen, I have said my say. Truly I can plead with Marc Antony that "I am no orator" but I can honestly say that I thank you Sir Malcolm Fraser, my lords and gentlemen from the bottom of my heart for the splendid greeting you have given me to-night.

Lieut.-Col. Henderson, as a member of the organising committee, then proposed the health of the distinguished chairman, Sir Malcolm Fraser.



MENU.

The Chairman having replied, the proceedings then ended.

During the evening music was performed by several vocalists under the direction of Mr. Templar Saxe, and also by the string band of the Royal Horse Artillery.

HOW TURENNE REPORTED A VICTORY.

The enemy marched up to us; we beat them. I am a little fatigued. Good night.—*From Prince de Ligne's Letters.*

I remember once, at a dinner party, a bore told a long yarn about a servant, who had come to him after being butler to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, who sat next him, at once rapped out, "Decanterbury, you mean." He could not have delivered himself of this joke more neatly, if it had been led up to.

TO-DAY
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THE CHOLERA CLOUD.

BY

LOUIS TRACY.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

DICK TEMPLE had joined his regiment at Rawal-Pindi during the cold weather. He had gone to India strong in the belief that the climate was somewhat akin to the innermost chamber of a Turkish bath, flavoured with whisky-and-soda instead of iced water; so when he found that a pair of blankets at night and a stiff concoction of rum-and-milk before early morning parade were absolute necessities on account of the cold he protested, with the mild profanity affected by cavalry subalterns, that the heat of India was a fraud, got up by cynical Anglo-Indians for the benefit of country-cousins in England.

Early in March he began to change his opinion, and when white mess kit was in orders about the middle of April he sat down and wrote to his mother that the Plains were not built on the lines of Paradise after all.

That night after dinner he found himself near the Colonel—Bear Brabazon he was called, because he would never shoot a bear, but had stabbed over forty of them with a short hog spear. From him Dick sought information.

"Will it get much hotter, sir?" he said.

"What! Already! I thought I heard you say not so long ago that the sun was a humbug?"

"This is a wonderful country for changing a man's opinions," replied Dick, colouring a little under the Colonel's gaze, as he could not remember the exact conditions under which the C.-O. had picked up his utterance. But Brabazon seemed to be in a more reflective mood than usual, so his junior ventured to pursue the subject:—"I suppose this is nothing to what we shall experience later on?"

"It is difficult to tell you the nature of the real hot weather. At present it is bearable, but there are hours and even days when human endurance is stretched to its limits almost unconsciously by the strain of continued heat. It is worst at night. Our sheets do not burn as yet when we lie down. We have not yet required the services of the *christi** to water the bed in order to render sleep possible. There is no need just now to stop the punkah to prevent the hot air from scorching us. All these things will come; but they are not the worst features of the hot weather—the incidentals are what trouble you most."

"The incidentals?" said Dick.

"Yes; some night in the middle of June, when all else is still save the laughing snarl of the jackals quarrelling over the remains of a dead pi† in the next compound, you are quietly dozing off to sleep when there comes from the west a wind that makes you spring up and tie a wet towel round your head. You call your bearer, light a cheroot, and prepare to walk about all night in your pyjamas. If you go out into the road you will find half the people in the station doing likewise. Nobody dares to go to sleep in that wind, and it puts the fear of God into the hearts of the short-necked, podgy men who boast that they drink beer all the year round. Next morning you hear from the civil surgeon that fifteen people had died during the night from heat apoplexy. That's the genuine, unmistakable hot-weather night, and the natives call the wind 'Loo.'"

Then Temple said that which he ought not to have said, but which every novice who goes out to India always does say until he is stopped by a kindly adviser:

"I suppose it is a bad time for cholera?"

"Yes." This shortly, with a quick glance at the speaker.

Poor Dick! He went on:

"Has the regiment ever had cholera, sir?"

* Water-carrier. † A pariah or mongrel dog.

"Yes," said the Colonel, who bounced up from his chair and strode out of the mess.

To Dick there came the senior subaltern—

"What's the matter with the Bear?" he queried. "I met him in the verandah, and he looked as though the dry-rot had set in."

"I don't know," said Dick. "I asked him if the regiment had ever had cholera, and he ——"

The senior subaltern blew a long and expressive whistle, regarding the other in round-eyed amazement.

"Didn't you know, you silly Johnnie, that the Blue Dragoons have had it twice; that we lost nearly a third of the regiment each time; that there is an infernal tradition about our having it three times; that we go home in October, and the third dose is due now; that ——"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Dick, now thoroughly annoyed with himself and everyone else. "How was I to know all these things if no one told me?"

Next day Temple was orderly officer. He dined in his patrol jacket, and after dinner rode off across the parade-ground to turn out the guard. The brilliant radiance of a tropical moon burnished the brown plains; the dust-laden trees, and the white-washed barracks with a glorious silver sheen that lent an air of Eastern glamour to the scene. Dick was more of a polo-player than a poet, but his soul was softening into tenderness under the witchery of the hour when his eye suddenly chanced upon a curious bank of mist that shrouded the block in which his own troop was quartered. The gaunt buildings were rendered ethereally indistinct by its presence, and the effect, if picturesque, was undeniably eerie. Dick reined in his pony when he met his troop sergeant-major, from whom he inquired the meaning of this strange phenomenon.

The man saluted and glanced round nervously before he replied—"That is the cholera cloud, sir!"

"The cholera cloud! And what is that?"

"It means, sir," this with a deep sigh that sounded oddly when coming from a stalwart dragoon—"God help us—it means that we are in for it again!"

"Cholera! Nonsense!"

"I am afraid you will soon alter your mind upon that point, sir," and the sergeant-major turned away as he saluted, leaving Dick with the impression that he had outraged a regimental tradition. In the barrack-rooms all the men were awake, smoking, playing cards, even passing round bottles of spirits, without exciting the wrath of the corporal on duty, but by this time Lieutenant Temple had perceived the wisdom of holding his tongue.

All that night there were mysterious figures flitting across the moonlit parade-ground, and in the morning a firing-party was requisitioned for funeral service. Then the dread fight with an unseen foe commenced. Ere long it was in orders that the band should not play the "Dead March," as its too frequent repetition jarred upon the nerves of all in the cantonment. Soon the firing-parties were abandoned, and men were buried in batches instead of singly. In the course of six days there were five vacant places at the officers' mess-table, and the lines upon Bear Brabazon's face became tighter and more painful in their intensity—for the Blue Dragoons were fairly launched in their final conflict with the only enemy they feared.

Dick Temple was again orderly officer, and he set out late in the evening to attend to his duties. When he entered the quarters of "C" troop—to the men of which he now felt attached by a new and stronger tie of comradeship than he had ever before experienced—he found them listless, sullen—indifferent to fate or fortune. The regiment would long since have been moved into cholera camp if trouble were not brewing among the border tribes, and it was better for the peace of India that the Blue Dragoons should die quietly at their post rather than cause any alteration in the disposition of the forces available for instant action. The troopers were absolutely heedless of their surroundings. Some sat or lay on their cots in heedless despondency; others defiantly drank raw spirits as a preservative against the disease. Dick's eye filled with tears as he realised that nineteen men were gone from his own troop alone, and that some among those he was looking at would be carried to the hospital before the day dawned—to die there in frightful, appalling, helpless agony.

The corporal at his side shared his agitation, and did not scruple to speak. "It's hard, sir," he said, "to see the old corps a-dwindlin' away like this." Then he blazed up with sudden animation, "There is talk, sir, of a row in the bazaar. Is there any chance of it? Just one gallop into the brown of 'em, if it was only with the flats of the sabres, an' the 'ole damn business would be settled. The men are just a-killin' theirselves with funk."

Dick could not explain that the Government of India were unable to procure riotous mobs at the exact moment when British Cavalry required rousing out of a deadly lethargy, but he gave the corporal two ten-rupee notes to be converted into "necessaries" for the men.

He walked back sadly across the parade-ground to the bungalow which he shared with another subaltern, and flung himself on his camp-bed, wondering whether or not his turn would come next. He resolved to write a cheerful letter to his mother, and rose to procure some notepaper for the purpose when he happened to look at a collection of foils, boxing-gloves, polo-sticks, etc., which he had arranged on a vacant wall-space at the end of his room.

Whatever it was that attracted his attention, it promptly roused him to a state of great excitement. He snatched two objects from their hooks on the wall, ran with them into his neighbour's room, and rapidly communicated some project to his half-awakened auditor, who, however, soon showed as much eagerness as did Dick himself. After some hurried manipulation of the articles Temple had brought with him, the other man—who answered to the name of Strawberry, because his father happened to be a duke—shoved his right leg into a top-boot and his left foot into a tennis-shoe, the respective fellows being missing, and the two rushed forth into the half light of the Indian night.

Then there came to the ears of the sleepless but weary occupants of the barrack-rooms the sound of a vigorous kick, followed by a series of well-remembered bounces, away out in the silence of the *maidan**. More kicks and more thuds, with the fleeting scurry of men running across the gravel towards the grass. Windows were thrown more widely open, and heavy-limbed troopers peered anxiously into the dimness of the night to ascertain the cause of this unwonted commo

* Parade-ground.

HE REINED IN HIS PONY.

tion. Sergeants and corporals speechless with indignation ran off to see what frightful breach of regulations was taking place; but they did not return, nor was the aid of the picket requisitioned. And now to the kicking and thumping there were joined the laughter and ejaculations of excited men, to such an extent that a farrier, who had a moment ago felt a spasm that sent the blood from his cheeks and caused his hair to tingle with the sudden sweat of fear, forgot the dread significance of the pain, and hastily drew on his boots to rush off and join his mates. In less than five minutes the parade-ground was alive with fantastic forms, whilst the huge oil-lit barracks were empty.

Colonel Brabazon was sitting up late in his quarters discussing the desperate position of the regiment with the P.M.-O.* of the district when the distant din of the revel reached their ears. In India, and especially in a frontier station, one must be prepared for anything, but both officers were utterly unable to account for the tumult. They ran out of the compound and hastened towards the parade-ground. Coming upon a sentry they asked him what was the matter.

"It's Mr. Temple and Lord Densmore, sir. They're a-playing football with the men—and don't I wish I was there!" Colonel Brabazon saw that the man was excited, so took no notice of his concluding remark, whilst the P.M.-O. became apoplectic with fury and haste, for he was of gross habit.

"Playing football!" he stuttered. "With the thermometer at 104° and choleraic germs in the air! Perspiring in the midst of zymotic conditions! Great heavens! was there ever such mad folly! What will they say about this at Head-quarters?"

By this time they had reached the outskirts of the boisterous crowd, and six hundred men struggling around two footballs gave situations and points not dreamed of either by Rugby or Association. The first figure they could distinguish was that of Strawberry standing on one leg, as he had hurt the big toe of his left foot. When a ball came near him he changed feet and kicked; but he was not of much active value, as he could only hop.

When the P.M.-O. had regained his breath he appealed to Colonel Brabazon to exert his authority and stop the mad proceedings of the regiment. "It is simply suicidal," he gasped. "The prostration and lassitude that will follow will be predisposing causes to a most violent outbreak. It is a monstrous violation of every known medical principle, and——"

THEY ASKED HIM WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

Just then a rough-rider succeeded in freeing one of the balls from the throng, and dribbled it towards the spot where the two officers were standing. He was pursued by a wild rush of men, but was getting well away with it when Colonel Brabazon neatly intercepted him, and sent the sphere flying back over the heads of the crowd.

By two o'clock the frolic was ended, and the hot, dusty troopers were wildly clamouring for some share of the contents of a limited number of soda-water syphons. Thereafter they slept soundly and long, and at roll-call next morning it was found that not a single fresh case had been admitted to the hospital during the night.

As a matter of fact the fears of the P. M.-O. were not justified by even a solitary touch of enteric-fever, and when Dick Temple sat down to write to his mother he was able to tell her how he had dispelled the cloud that had hung so dismally over the Blue Dragoons.

* Principal Medical-Officer.

CRUIKSHANK ON TEMPERANCE.

George Cruikshank was letting himself into his house one night, when he saw a man with a bundle going through his garden gate. Cruikshank followed him, and the man tried to climb over the wall, when the artist caught him by the leg. He struggled, but is was no use. Cruikshank was powerfully built, and a policeman passing at that moment, the burglar was handed over to him, his captor accompanying them to the police-station. "Ah," said Cruikshank, "this all comes from drink. It leads to everything bad. Look at me!" Stopping under a gas lamp. "You see before you a man who, for the last twenty years, has drunk nothing stronger than water." "I wish to God I had known that," said the thief, "I would have knocked your old head off."—*From The Autobiography by W. P. Frith.*

Just previous to the big boom in oil, a gentleman who knew the condition of affairs, and was certain that prices would go away up, went to a friend, who had more ready cash than knowledge of the world, and said: "Friend John, the price of oil is going to go up, so I would advise you to buy ten thousand barrels." "Buy ten thousand barrels of oil?" was the astonished reply of the man addressed, who looked as if he thought his friend was crazy; "why, I don't use a barrel in a year." —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

SERMONS FOR TO-DAY.

BY

THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, M.A.,

(Chaplain of the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Liverpool.)

"ECCE HOMO."

1 Cor. ii. 16.

"The Mind of Christ."

ONE of the pathetic things in life is the inadequacy of recognition given by the world to its greatest benefactors.

Sometimes the gift which they bestow is too subtile for the clumsy intelligence of its recipients to appreciate.

It is kept for after-ages to raise grateful monuments to their insensible shades. Sometimes they outlive the memory of their achievements, and a rising generation does not know that there is a figure among them which has marked an epoch in the history of thought, and helped to move the world another stage in its "sweep into the younger day."

Such a man has lately joined the majority.

Sir John Seeley wrote one of the books, perhaps *the* book of the century; yet the thirty years since its appearance and the storm which raged around its contents have served to raise a generation to which the very name of "Ecce Homo" is unknown; and while they enjoy the benefits which it brought to religious thought, they are quite unconscious of the source from which those benefits flow. One critic contemptuously writes of it as "a book nowadays scarcely ever referred to," and "that has long since ceased to be regarded as worthy of serious study."

So much the worse for nowadays; but I, for one, feel that I cannot let the grave close over the illustrious author of that book without an expression of my own personal obligation to him for light, which no one else shed at a time when all seemed dark and hopeless.

It was the perusal of "Ecce Homo" that first gave me a clear insight into what "the mind of Christ" really means, and that brought Christianity within the scope of livable reality.

"Ecce Homo" was a green oasis of live religion in a sterile wilderness of theological sand.

In it that Seeley literally rediscovered Christ and Christianity.

Truth was the passion of his nature and the absorbing occupation of his life; and it was the love of this truth that put him on the quest of finding out from primary sources what the character of Christ really was, and what He wished to impress eternally upon the world.

It was a book of this truthful kind that Lord Shaftesbury denounced as "the most pestilential production ever vomited out of the jaws of hell."

There is no doubt that Seeley committed the greatest possible crime in the judgment of a large number of religious people.

He tried to bring Christ and the mind of Christ within the scope of human comprehension.

And this is one of the worst of heresies.

We want something mysterious, vague, cloudy, transcendental, far removed from the commonplace routine of life, and only existing in an exalted realm of fanciful contemplation. And this people call "spiritual." No wonder, then, that when Seeley in "Ecce Homo" spoke of the Kingdom of God as a commonwealth, compared Holy Communion to a club supper, and interpreted the Holy Ghost by the Enthusiasm of Humanity; when he compared with historical calmness Christian and Pagan virtues, and when he worked out an analysis of Christ's system of ethics in language plain and intelligible, and entirely free from the smack of theological schools, many people were shocked, and the author of this strange book was regarded as an arch-heretic.

Its strangeness consisted in its simplicity and candour. It made the case of Christianity stronger than ever it had been before. Every page is a testimony to the lofty qualities of mind and heart in the Christ.

It was a death-blow to the barren polemics of his time, and made it possible for advanced Churchmen to produce so thoughtful a work as the *Lux Mundi* of to-day.

But as have I said, "Ecce Homo" made the mind of Christ too plain.

Such is the force of prejudice, such the imperviousness of mind to new ways of expressing old truths, that I can recall one very painful episode in connection with the issue of "Ecce Homo."

Before my ordination as priest I had an interview with my bishop; the last, I hope, of the race of episcopal schoolmasters. With youthful credulity I thought he was really a father in God, and so confided to him that I had been reading the new book, and should be glad of his counsels about it. To my surprise my father in God became livid, shrieked at me, asked what I meant by touching such pestilential literature, and went near to refusing me ordination at all. It was my first experience, though not the last, of an English Pope putting upon the *Index Expurgatorius* the books which were lifting my soul out of doubt and darkness into certainty and light; and I confess it had its good effect in making me resolve to put no faith in authority, but to cultivate and use the judgment God had given me to think and decide for myself.

That bishop afterwards excluded me from the handshake which he granted to the rest of his young clergy after ordination—a petty punishment for a spirit of inquiry—the episode was a prophecy of life, which I have often found verified, viz., that originality of thought is crime, while stereotyped imitation is the road to sainthood.

And yet it is nobler and better to be true to the faculties with which God endows us than to stultify those powers and win the rewards of treachery to light and treason to conscience. A man like Professor Seeley was my true father in God.

"Ecce Homo" was to me, as to many another floundering soul, the key to a new world of method and thought and frankness. It was the treasure hid in a field—the pearl of great price which one longed to possess.

It was the first book we young men of that day had ever read in which Christ and Christianity were discussed as having any comprehensible practical relation to ourselves and the world we lived in.

Then the book used human language about Christ, though instinct with profound reverence. There was none of the stilted unreality, the tedious technicality of words, which had always characterised religious books. Things which had been obscured with clouds of special phraseology became lucid in this writer's hands, and we saw that Christ and His religion were not apart from the world's history and development, but a vital part of it, and as much allied to the nineteenth century life as its politics and trade.

The title of the book suggests a thought as to its purpose.

It is taken from Pilate's contemptuous introduction of his prisoner to the people, when he was fain to be true to his conscience and release Him—*Behold the Man!*

But that blind mob could not behold the Man.

All that they saw was a somewhat weary figure, that of a provincial teacher, for whose death they were clamouring, under the influence of a panic inspired by their leaders.

They saw the *outside* of a man to whom they imputed treason and sedition, which might bring upon them the swift vengeance of the iron-handed Roman.

But the *real* man was the thought within, the invisible purpose, the mind, which only wisdom and sympathy could see and interpret.

"Behold the Man," has been the cry of many a scoffer, and many a votary since the scene in Pilate's tribunal.

With more or less of caricature the Man has been depicted; but just in proportion as the mind of Christ has been truly portrayed, we have beheld the Man.

No one has interpreted that mind more intelligibly, helpfully, and reverently than the author of "Ecce Homo."

The volume begins bravely and simply by saying that, "Dissatisfied with current conceptions of Christ, the author resolves to trace His biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions about Him, not which Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant, and to publish the result of his inquiry for the benefit of others in similar uncertainty."

"Ecce Homo" claims to be "but a fragment," to ignore theological questions, and to furnish an answer to the inquiry: "What was Christ's object in founding the society which is called by His name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?"

The answer to those questions runs through many chapters, but it may be summed up thus: Christ's object was by means of His new commonwealth—the Christian society—*to unite men together*, to *cure them* of their *natural antipathy* and their *natural selfishness*.

Stripped of all theological clothes and all the disguises of time, the mind of Christ is there laid bare to view.

A Church which does not draw men together, a commonwealth which does not remove dividing lines, a society which does not make the cure of inherent selfishness its primary responsibility is not Christ's kingdom of God. Here is a vital test of a standing or falling Church.

This commonwealth of the Kingdom of God "differs in the mind of Christ from all other states, in that it claims unlimited self-sacrifice on the part of its members, and demands that the interest and safety of the whole shall be set by each member above his own interest and above all private interests whatever."

Moreover, it is "based upon the kindred of every human being to every other," and is therefore absolutely open to all human beings who choose to become members of it.

Here is a conception of the Holy Catholic Church to revolutionise the selfish creed of popular Christianity, which makes its religion but a palladium for its own soul in the next world; to vitalise our sterile lives by self-abnegations, and active sympathy with the interests of others hitherto unimagined, and to rebuke the narrowheartedness which leads to the exclusion of so many from our social and religious sympathies.

Then "Ecce Homo" goes on to show how Christ's society is adapted to attain this object of fusing mankind and minimising its selfishness.

I can only indicate two or three remarkable points.

Two phrases, which have found a permanent place in our language, were coined by Seeley, and are the keynotes of his interpretation of Christianity.

They are:—The solidarity of the race, and the enthusiasm of humanity.

As to the first, he held that it is the nature of the Christian commonwealth to create *a sense of duty to man as man*. It makes us recognise in all we meet, good or bad, attractive or repulsive, their ideal, or that which they might be, and so we come "to love the race in the individual; a love, not of all men, nor yet of every man, but of *the man* in *every man*."

By the enthusiasm of humanity he means a free, spontaneous desire for the good of others, a reverence for human beings, as such, which desires the real and highest welfare of each individual. Where this passion of love exists, where this intense moral sensitiveness prevails, there is no need to draw up lists of actions allowed or prohibited, or to study the subtleties of casuistry, in order to find a universal test of right and wrong.

We have the heart of flesh in place of the heart of stone; a human brain behind our forehead and a human heart beating in our breast; all men are worthy of our respect and sympathy; we do without self-interest or coldness, or reluctance what will be best for them, what exacts sacrifice from ourselves; so we have kept the highest law of humanity: we have the presence of the Holy Ghost within us, and all sin becomes impossible.

And this enthusiasm relies for its source and its food upon contact with a life that burns with such passion itself. "The most lost cynic will get a new heart by learning thoroughly to believe in the virtue of *one* man."

There are those whose lot it has been from earliest childhood to see the fair side of humanity, who have been surrounded with clear and candid countenances, in the changes of which might be traced the working of passions strong and simple, the impress of a firm and tender nature, wearing when it looked abroad the glow of sympathy, and when it looked within the bloom of modesty.

They have seen, and not once or twice, a man forget himself; they have witnessed devotion, unselfish sorrow, unaffected delicacy, spontaneous charity, ingenuous self-reproach, and it may be that on seeing a human being surrender for another's good, not something but his uttermost all, they have dimly suspected in human nature a glory connecting it with the Divine.

In these the passion of humanity is warm, and ready to become on occasion a burning flame; their whole minds are elevated, because they are possessed with the dignity of that nature they share, and of the society in the midst of which they move.

"Our estimate of human nature is in proportion to the best specimen of it we have seen."

"This, then, is what is wanted to raise the feeling of humanity into an enthusiasm; an ideal or type of man which may be noble enough to make the meanest member of the race sacred with reflected glory."

In its highest form this enthusiasm existed in Christ.

Yet it was the will of God to beget no second Son like Him; "and He has been," says Seeley, "so grotesquely perverted, so obscured by scholasticism, and so changed in character, that we cannot always be sure that we see Him truly, and find the kindling that we need."

And so we depend upon those living examples, which revive the power of the original, for the kindling of the passion in our own hearts.

That is why it is of such moment for all Christians to be copies of the pattern of Christ, since they cannot know whose enthusiasm may be fired or quenched by their warmth or coldness.

Such is a brief epitome of "Ecce Homo's" exposition of Christianity.

It has been alleged against its author in newspapers and reviews, which will be regarded by readers as infallible, that he denied in "Ecce Homo" the divinity of Christ. This is absolutely false.

Indeed, I doubt if all the stock theological phrases, coined by councils to dignify Christ, could convey one half the idea of real divinity that is given in this picture of the grace and glory of His life.

We have no longer Pope or Council to canonise our great men.

It is unnecessary. There is a canonisation worth far more.

It is achieved by the instincts of our own hearts, when we enshrine our benefactors in eternal gratitude, and make their example and doctrines a new impulse for our own lives.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore tells me that his connection with Devonshire did not begin at Blundell's School. "In very early days," he writes. "I was taken to the County, to which I belonged of all good right, and of which my forefathers were natives for at least three hundred years. My father was a fellow of Ex. Coll., and after his marriage held the Curacy of Longworth; and thus I happened to be born outside the fair county of my forbears; whereas by stock, education, nurture, and affection I am a true old Devonian."

* * * *

Lord Kelvin, the President of the Royal Society, who is one of the figure-heads at most of the great dinners of the season, is one of our most successful patentees. One of the most important of his patents, both from the view of money and fame, is that which corrects the magnetic variations of the compass both as regards the "true pole" and the effect of the iron used in building ships—a patent adopted in our own and other navies and in many of our great merchant ships. He has also made some of the most important improvements in telegraphic instruments.

* * * *

Messrs. Cassell and Company's "Battles of the Nineteenth Century" keeps well up to the mark—indeed a little schoolboy who came in to buy one this morning says it beats the mark. I lay in a huge pile of them every month and always have to re-order, and this month more than usual because it has Mr. Archibald Forbes's account of Lord Roberts's battles round Cabul and the finish of Austerlitz. The pictures are excellent. Boys love them.

* * * *

The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, father of the novelist Mrs. Henry Woods (not Mrs. Henry Wood, but the author of the recently published "Vagabonds," not to mention "Esther Vanhomrigh" and "The Village Tragedy"), is said never to have taken any exercise except standing up while he was doing his reading. Among other valuable examples of non-exercise are the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and, *absit omen*, poor Oscar Wilde, who attributed his success in literature to his never having wasted any time upon taking exercise.

* * * *

The Kings' Hall in the Holborn Restaurant has one great advantage. From its gallery or its curtained alcoves an outsider, like a bookseller, can see everything that is going on at a great banquet.

* * * *

The banquet given to the leading lady authoresses of the day by the New Vagabonds was a huge success. Nearly four hundred sat down to dinner. The guests were Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Henry Norman, Mrs. Henry Reeves (Helen Mathers), Mrs. Stannard, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Violet Hunt, Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, Miss F. F. Montresor, and Miss Annie Swan. Mr. Moncure D. Conway was in the chair, and proposed the first toast of "The Queen." Mr. Frankfort Moore then proposed "Our Guests," for whom Mr. Anthony Hope replied. Mr. Douglas Sladen proposed "The Chairman," after whose reply there were songs by Miss Carrie Siviter, Mr. William Nicholl, and Mr. James Chilcott, jun. In addition, there were also present Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. Mona Caird, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, Mr. Henry Cust, M.P., Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Bertram Mitford, Mr. Horace Cox, Mr. Heinemann, Mr. Longman, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. James Clarke, the United States Minister to Russia, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Joseph Hocking, Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. Arnold Wright, Mr. A. F. Robbins. After the dinner there was a *soirée*.

* * * *

Mr. Frankfort Moore, I am told, made one of the brilliant speeches which have established him one of the best after-dinner speakers among British authors. It coruscated with epigrams, but it has been reported in full elsewhere, so I must content myself with quoting his remarks, full of sly fun, provoked by Mr. Gosse stepping in where angels feared to tread.

* * * *

"I have already referred to the interests which we have in common. The chief of these is the publishers. Now, I have never yet had reason to grumble at the way I have been treated by a publisher, nor have I ever heard a brother author grumble. We may abuse one another, but we never breathe a word against our publishers. When, therefore, we find ourselves accused—not by a publisher mind, but by an author—of being so rapacious in our demands that we run a very good chance of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs for us, we are inclined to stand aghast. Ladies and gentlemen, I venture to think that you will agree with me that the geese in question are not quite such great geese as a certain gentleman would try to make out. I think you will agree with me that before any sensible goose lays an egg, golden or otherwise, it takes good care to feather its own nest. Speaking plainly, and without parables, let me say that publishers are business-men, quite as good business-men as the majority of authors, and they look on the issue of books without any foolish sentimentality. They publish a book hoping that it will pay them to do so and pay the author also. They know what they are prepared to pay for a book on the chance of it selling; and it is not on record that any author—even the most rapacious—went to a publisher and held a pistol to his head until he signed a cheque for an amount that could not possibly be realised by the sale of the author's book. If an author is rapacious his rapacity very soon defeats its own aim, and no one knows this better than the author.

"But we know this: if a publisher is an author's best friend, assuredly an author is a publisher's best friend. The publishers seen to be doing very well, and we are all glad of their prosperity. Several of them whom I regard as my truest friends go in for billiards, broughams, and babies—and other luxuries. It is my aim in life to get the better of a publisher at a game of billiards, feeling sure that he will never try to get the better of me in any other game. This I think is the boundary of the rapacity of most authors."

Anyone who has read his last book will not be surprised at his having been selected to make the speech of the evening.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. C. B.—Your query has been answered over and over again in these columns. Mr. F. L. Stanton has produced two volumes of poems. One is "Songs of a Day," published in America, the other is "Songs of the Soil." (A. Constable and Co.)

A. A. L.—"Characterscapes" have not been published in book form.

Guide.—Any of Black's guides will answer your purpose admirably.

J. W.—The first book you name is of no value. "The Lives and Characters of the Scots Worthies" is worth about 5s. You might try Mr. J. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C.

W. M. R.—It is not in the publisher's lists.

Canis Peccati.—A very good one is Dr. Ogilvie's, published by Blackie at 32s.

L. C.—One of the best books on the subject is "Psychomancy of the Hand," by R. Beamish, published by Pitman at 7s. 6d.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The largest garden-party of the whole year is now going on at Ascot, and never has dress been more extravagantly eccentric or more deliciously pretty and becoming. White satin must be worked up by the furlong at Court dressmakers' work-rooms. I saw a lovely dress made on an underskirt of white satin, and composed of printed chiné gauze—an ideally soft, transparent, and poetic-looking fabric. It was hung over the satin in a single fold, and as the underskirt was bordered with a ruche of rose-pink satin ribbon, you can imagine how pretty it looked. Chiné ribbons with a pink satin edge formed the waistband and the collar, both tied in a smart bow at the back. The hat to be worn with this was a white crinoline straw, trimmed with a few full-sized La France roses and their lovely large green leaves; a couple of black ostrich feathers gave the relief now considered so indispensable, and a black chiffon ruffle for the neck had a cluster of roses tucked into its folds.

I saw Lady Henry Bentinck the other morning in a very charming dress — a grey crêpon of Princess shape, with long, wing - like pieces hanging at the back from the shoulders a few inches below the waist. It would be impossible to imagine a more graceful gown. Lady Henry is to wear pure white one day at Ascot, and she will look lovely in it.

A frock for Cup Day is in rose-pink satin, with bands of cream-coloured chiné glacé silk, strewn with small, vague pink rosebuds, little touches of green here and there suggesting leaves. This is lined with palest green silk, and is finished at the waist and neck with green ribbons. The hat is a two-cornered one in white-and-green plaited straw, trimmed with pale green and soft-pink roses, white wings and chiffon.

We hear of hundreds of black dresses prepared for Ascot, many of them being really mourning, but quite as many to be worn with colour, as is so much the fashion at present. One of the latter has a bodice of yellow-and-black brocaded silk, the sleeves being in the black crêpon. About three inches below the waist all round is a frill of very closely-goffered yellow chiffon, with a mauve satin edge, and this is carried up both sides of the front, the interval between being filled in with white satin overlaid with a priceless bit of old point in the lovely creamy biscuit tint that neither tea nor coffee baths can imitate.

I do not like the stiff square epaulettes that one sees on many dresses. There is something irrelevant about them. On a pink bodice they are in green covered with guipure, and on black ones they are oftenest in white or pale-tinted satin veiled either with lace or chiffon. This last material when shot in pale colours has often quite a dingy, dirty look. I should be careful about choosing it, for if it were to become in the least crushed it would at once convey the effect of being soiled.

A lovely cloak for the races is in pale green barége brocaded with a small heliotrope sprig, the cape bordered with a ruche of heliotrope satin pinked out at the edges, and consequently very soft of effect.

The sketch given this week is an exact representation of a domino worn in the time of Louis XVI., the dress period now so fashionable in Paris and London. The material is described as yellow brocade, and the trimming consists of small flowers and old lace.

Your Affectionate,
Susie

CORRESPONDENCE.

Perplexed. — The dove - grey and pink would suit you admirably. Carefully select the latter to suit you. You should have it rather bright and deep with your black hair, blue eyes, and fair skin —a very unusual combination by the way. Send for patterns of dove-grey dress materials to Redmayne, New Bond Street, and to Messrs. Pease and Co.'s Successors, The Mills, Darlington, Yorks.

Sunburnt.—I envy you very much in having the opportunity to get sunburned in such a pleasant way. Those long mornings on the river that you describe, spent in rowing, steering, reading, talking, and being made love to by your *fiancé*, seem to belong to a different world from this rushing, dusty, tired metropolis, and you can so easily get rid of the sunburn! A bottle of Rowland's Kalydor will do it. It certainly is uncomfortable to have one's face burn all the evening, but you will find the above an infallible remedy and a very agreeable one. It takes away tan, freckles, and redness of the skin, and makes the neck and arms very white and soft.

Up-to-Date.—As your hall and staircase are small and narrow, you should choose a light paper, which will add to their apparent size. Yellow would be pretty, or pale terra-cotta. Suppose you choose yellow. You could have the panes of your inner door hung with yellow art muslin, run on bamboo rods top and bottom and caught across the centre with orange ribbons; Indian or Persian rugs of the inexpensive sort would cover the floor above the necessary oilcloth or kamptulicon, and you would choose their colours to harmonise with the yellow of the walls. In each corner stand a slender jardiniere with a tall palm or fern, and be content with a bamboo umbrella-stand, which occupies very little space, and serves the purpose as well as a large ar[illegible]tly one.

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A. H. P.—Let me advise you to try one of the "Lucky Bundles" sold by the Manchester and Bradford Warehouse Company, for the presents you intend making. The dress-pieces are wonderful value for the money; I am sure you will find there just the thing you are looking for.

Our Cookery Column.

The following recipes are well suited to the present season:—

Hock Cup.—Mix together in a large punch-bowl a bottle of hock, three large slices of pine cut rather thick, two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, a dozen ripe strawberries, and set the cup on ice. At the moment of serving, pour in a bottle of soda-water. Serve out the cup into the glasses with a ladle.

Cider Cup.—Peel half a lemon very thin, and cut three slices of cucumber. Put these into a quart of cider, and set the vessel containing it on ice. Let this stand a quarter of an hour, then remove the lemon-peel and cucumber. Add half a wineglassful of liqueur brandy, the same quantity of curaçoa, and two bottles of ginger-beer. This last must be added immediately before the cup is served.

Champagne Cup.—To the contents of a quart bottle of champagne add two glasses of brown sherry, a small glass of curaçoa or good brandy, the contents of two bottles of soda-water, two heaped tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, and a sprig of borage. Stir the sugar well in, and stand the vessel containing the cup deep in ice. Serve it in glass jugs filled direct from the vessel in the ice.

Home-made Lemonade.—Slice four large lemons, excluding the pips, into a jug capable of containing a gallon. Add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and pour freshly-boiled water on the whole, completely filling the jug. Stir the lemonade well, and when cold it is ready for use. This is a very easy mode, and quite as good as any other.

Tea-cakes Quickly Made.—Into a pound of flour rub half a pound of fresh butter; add a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of baking powder. Mix this all to a paste with a little milk or water, roll it out, cut it into rounds, and bake the cakes over the fire on a griddle or pan, or in the oven on a flat tin. When they have risen turn them, and when baked to a pretty brown cut them open, insert a piece of butter, close them again, and send them to table very hot.

Salmon Fried a la Juive.—Take slices of salmon an inch and a half thick, wash and cover them lightly with fine and dry salt, and leave it covered for half an hour. Wrap it in a cloth for another half an hour to absorb all moisture. Now dip it into flour (gently knocking off all superfluity), and then into well-beaten eggs. Put the slices into *boiling* salad oil, sufficient to cover the fish. Fry it till half done, then turn it with a fish slice and finish. Remove and place upon a drainer. It should be a rich brown, and quite dry. The peculiarity of Jewish fried fish is that it is usually eaten cold, for breakfast or supper, and is preferable to hot fish. Salmon is at the height of its season just now. Each kind of fish is at its prime at certain times. Cod is best in January, although good from September to March; in other months it is inferior. Brill, soles, and plaice should be eaten from January to April; skate during September and October; whiting in March, April and May. Care should also be taken that the fish is mature, so that the flavour of the meat may be at its best.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Choose button mushrooms of a uniform size. Wipe them clean and white with a wet flannel cloth, and cut off the stalks. Put into a porcelain saucepan; cover with cold water and stew very gently for fifteen minutes; salt and pepper to taste; add a tablespoonful of butter divided into bits and rolled in flour. Stew them three or four minutes longer; stir in three tablespoonfuls of cream whipped up with an egg; stir two minutes without letting it boil, and serve. Another way is to rub them white; stew in water ten minutes; strain and cover with the same quantity of milk as the water which has been removed; stew five minutes; add salt and pepper to taste, and some veal or chicken gravy, or drawn butter; thicken with a little flour wet with cold milk and a beaten egg.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Take two-thirds of good cheese, grated, and one-third of butter; add a little cream; pound altogether in a mortar; then spread it on slices of brown bread; lay another slice over each; press them gently together, and cut them in small square pieces.

Baked Eggs or Œufs au Jus (a French recipe).—Chop half a teaspoonful of parsley, peel and chop one mushroom; mix these with half a teacupful of gravy, pepper and salt. Pour this into a piedish, and place it in the oven till very hot. Break six eggs carefully into it, strew breadcrumbs over them, and bake for three minutes. Heat another half-teacupful of gravy and pour it in; strew on a few more breadcrumbs, and bake till the eggs are set. If mushrooms are not to be had, one tablespoonful of ketchup may be added to the gravy, but less salt will then be required.

Œufs a la Bonne Femme.—Take six eggs, and broil them, and then cut them in half, slice the extreme end off each half, and place them upright on a green bed of watercress. Remove the yolks of each and pound them in a mortar with a little cooked lean ham, parsley, chives, a tiny piece of beetroot, and a spoonful of dry grated cheese. Use a spoonful of cold gravy to mix these ingredients together; fill the white "cups" with this, place a little beetroot finely cut on the top, and border the outer rim of the dish with nasturtium flowers.

Eggs a la Romaine.—I have tried this recipe with great success, having found it in "Side Dishes," by Mr. Charles Senn—Break six eggs, separate the yolks from the whites. Butter six small patty pans, and place a yolk and a teaspoonful of cream in each; season them with pepper, salt, and a little cayenne. Beat the whites into a stiff froth, and dress a proportionate quantity on each yolk. Shape the edges neatly with a knife, and bake the eggs in a moderate oven a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Dust grated cheese over them, and serve them as hot as possible.

Spiced Salmon.—A delicious cold dish for hot weather. Boil a salmon or part of a salmon in the usual way. Set it aside in a cool, dry place, and while it is growing cold prepare the following:—Take a quart of the water in which it was boiled, add to it a pint and a half of vinegar, half an ounce of allspice, the same quantity of whole pepper, a dozen cloves, and a dessertspoonful of salt. If possible, put in two or three bay leaves. Let these all stew together for half an hour. Skim the sauce, add a piece of butter about the size of a hen's egg. Boil all up together. Allow it to become cool, and then pour it over the salmon in a long dish, which will admit of the fish being fully submerged. Next day this will be ready. It will keep for a long time if covered with a piece of muslin. Serve it with lettuce hearts and a good mayonnaise, or Crosse and Blackwell's salad cream. Codfish dressed in this manner is excellent.

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Mr. Old Bore—of the Old School.
Mr. Wildbriar—Of the New School.
Mr. Snap—Of the No School.
Miss K. Bocker—Of the New Woman School.

Old Bore. What does Archer mean by saying that there is no acting to be seen nowadays fit to write about, and that one must go back to the days of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt to make essays out of the actors' art? What! no acting to be seen with Sarah Bernhardt playing better than she has ever done before, with Eleanora Dusé unsuccessfully trying to beat her rival out of the field, with a first-class German company in full swing, and with another visit promised by Rejane? No acting, indeed, and only plays to write about. Why, the acting of Bernhardt and Dusé is as superior to the suburban drama, *Heimath*, in which they are engaged, as is the Lyceum superior to a travelling "fit up."

Wildbriar. Excuse me, but I think you misrepresent Archer. He did not say that at this instant hour there was no acting worth writing about, but he was decidedly of opinion that so far as English art is concerned, he did not trouble himself much about acting.

Snap. Then all I can say is I refuse to take him as a guide. Irving's old Waterloo soldier; Hare's double examples of senility in the *Spectacles* and the *Quiet Rubber;* the performances of Terris, Fulton—specially Fulton—and Miss Millward in the American Adelphi drama; the triple excellence of Gertrude Kingston, Maltby, and Giddens in the *Passport;* the acting of Charles Wyndham and Julia Neilson in the last act of the Criterion play; the all-round excellence of the whole Comedy company in the *Prude's Progress*, are as good in their way as anything Leigh Hunt or Hazlitt ever saw—men who went to the theatre on the average once a week, and had only two London theatres to attend to.

Miss K. Bocker. All these things seem to me very commonplace and conventional. They are cheap performances; but whilst we have a Janet Achurch, an Elizabeth Robbins, a Florence Farr, and an Eleanora Dusé, we can afford to smile at the vulgarity of the Philistines. I suppose these expressionists have never been approached at any epoch or in any age.

Wildbriar. I am with you, dear lady. It is inconceivable that Rachel could have been on the same platform of art as Dusé.

Old Bore. Upon my soul, you take my breath away. You young people intend, I suppose, to take the stage under your special patronage, and to talk as much nonsense about the drama as you do of poetry. You talk and write yourselves silly about your self-opinionated verse-makers till they positively believe in what you say about them, and you fancy that the public listens to poet or reviewer.

Miss K. Bocker. But was anything ever seen on any stage to compare with Dusé's great scene in *Magda?*

Old Bore. I wish you would not talk on subjects you do not understand. I grant the skill of Dusé, particularly in this play, which is perhaps the best thing she has ever done. But the scene you quote proves to demonstration that Dusé is not a great actress at all. She has no voice for passionate scenes, no imagination, no power.

Wildbriar. It seemed to me the most powerful bit of acting I had ever seen.

Old Bore. Let us analyse it. The grunting and groaning of Dusé as an expression of intense sarcasm when her false lover was excusing her neglect was fairly good and clever, but it was repeated to the point of utter boredom. In fact, it was so often repeated that it became an irritation. But worse than that, it was carried on absurdly to what I call the great maternity scene, where Dusé fairly broke down from sheer want of power and physical strength.

Miss K. Bocker. Then what are you pleased to praise in Dusé's *Magda?*

Old Bore. Her comedy, which is as near perfection as it can be. Dusé, I tell you, is a comedian, not a tragedian at all. Look at her comedy in *Divorcons*, her comedy in *Locandiera*, her comedy in the lighter scenes in *La Dame aux Camelias*, and *La Femme de Claude*. See how she broke down in the pathetic scenes of *Camille*, and was absolutely insignificant by the side of Bernhardt in the maternity scene of *Magda*.

Wildbriar. Why are we for ever to have this stagey, theatrical, and melodramatic Bernhardt thrust down our throats? She has reigned long enough. May we not have a new divinity?

Old Bore. Most certainly, if you can get a better. There is no living actress in the world who could come within a hundred miles of Bernhardt's Tosca, or her Izeyl, or her Marguerite, or her Magda, to mention only the parts she has played at Daly's this year. You people are so obstinate, you keep on raving about Dusé, and you never go to see Bernhardt.

Miss K. Bocker. I know her acting by heart, and am sick of the tricks of it.

Old Bore. That is exactly where I find the fault in your Dusé. She is all trick. When Bernhardt turns round and rends her priggish lover and seducer, one feels that she has been a mother, that she has experienced the joys of maternity, that, legitimate or illegitimate, she has felt the "waxen touches of baby fingers," that she has felt the greatest gift that God can give to woman, and that now half-maddened with recollection she can whip this pale-faced coward with the lashes of her scorn. Bernhardt's passion is tremendous, but she never wastes her physical strength. But in this great scene, without voice-power or inspiration, Dusé is spent long before it is over, and all that follows is mere froth and rant.

Snap. There you are absolutely right. I had the privilege of being introduced to Sarah Bernhardt the other evening, and it was just after the tremendous scene in *Tosca*. I assure you she was as cool as a cucumber. There she sat at her glass in full breath, and quite unexhausted. But let us change the conversation. We have had enough of Bernhardt and Dusé, and I am a little weary of the discussion.

Miss K. Bocker. What is the public opinion about the actors' testimonial to Sir Henry Irving?

Old Bore. That it is too rigid and exclusive. A book signed only by actors and actresses and actor-managers, locked up in a box designed by Forbes Robertson, and preluded by the prose of Pinero, is about as good a specimen of the "white elephant" as anyone would care to see. What on earth will he do with it?

Snap. Yes, fancy in his lonely and dejected moments, or in his old age, unlocking the casket, opening the book, and wiping away a tear in endeavouring to decipher the caligraphy of the artists of 1895. The very thought is maddening.

Wildbriar. Some ridiculous person suggested a statue in which the man as he lived could be perpetuated in brass or marble, as if anyone ever heard of a man having a statue before he was dead.

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Old Bore. Why on earth not? Living men and women are photographed, and exhibit their portraits outside theatre doors when they are alive. They have their pictures painted, and are "on view" at the Royal Academy to be stared at. What could be the difference in a Henry Irving in oils at Burlington House, or a Henry Irving in bronze at the Lyceum end of Wellington Street, facing the bridge? It seems to me a distinction without any difference.

Snap. We all know that the testimonial is not representative at all. Managers like Comyns Carr and Arthur Chudleigh are out of it altogether, though Heaven knows they have spoken on and off the stage often enough. Dramatic critics who have chronicled every separate success of Irving from his first appearance in London are also out of it; dramatic authors, who have written for Irving, are thrust into the darkness, and the thousands of playgoers who have experienced delight and pleasure at the hands of Irving are not admitted to this scroll of honour.

Miss K. Bocker. The old world "rogues and vagabonds" who were not allowed Christian burial, the lakers who were accused of stealing the linen off the hedges as they travelled past the country lanes.

Wildbriar. What?

Miss K. Bocker. I assure you it is true. Up in the North, the housewife used to say "Here, Polly, take the linen off the hedges, the lakers are coming." Well, I was going to say that the profession has altered considerably since that day.

Old Bore. Yes, they have been patted on the back by the Court and Society, and I should not be surprised if, in a few years' time, playgoers will be balloted for as to who shall have the distinguished honour of listening to these great creatures. It was not so in my early days. Then the actor did not lecture, or write essays, or argue, or lay foundation stones, or dictate to his clients, or make speeches on every possible occasion. Society did not know him, he kept to himself and his comrades, he lived quietly at Brompton or Islington, and he modestly owned that he was a "servant of the public," and the world went very well then. Nowadays, it is not the public that patronises the play, it is the actor who patronises the public.

Snap. Well, their names are written on the parchment skin of the Irving white elephant testimonial, and that is some satisfaction.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

This 'ere drought's bin sutthink offul. ain't only the fawmers as complines of it—it's me myself. Yer see, when it rines, the moisture sorter soaks inter the pores o' the skin (puttin' it medicul-like), and yer don't wornt ter drink as much as yer otherwise might, Now laust week there bein' no rine, aud the dust comin' up shockin' horf the wood-pivement, yer thirst swelled up till yer cud 'awdly squeeze inter the privit bar of a respeckerble public. It's all very well a man sying' as 'e warnts ter drink, it ain't *'im* as wornts it. It's the bloomin' hatmusphere actin' on 'im, as yer might sye, and the hatmusphere ought to be run in and get fourteen days withart the option fur doin' of it. Honly I surpose as yer cawnt mike the beaks see it. If yer lies on yer back in the street, and then kicks the copper whort 'elps yer up, it ain't no end of a lot o' good your syin' it were the hatmusphere next mornin'. You mye awgy a thing, and you mye prove a thing, but it don't foller as you kin mike them listen to yer as yer wornts ter listen to yer. Nort by no manner o' means. Thet's where ole 'Ankin slips up when 'e's lettin' drive with 'is adwanced pollertics. Whort 'e says is hall right, surposing as yer ever took any bloomin' notice of it—which, in course, yer don't. Mind yer, I ain't syin' as this 'ere hatmusphere knocked me over, nor I couldn't sye it withart tellin' of a lie. I'm one o' them as goes joodishus—alwise 'ave done—alwise shall. But pore ole Ike 'e's gort the sack all along of it. Thet were lawst week. The dust gort in 'is wind-pipe, and 'e went fur to lye the dust, which 'e did and did it 'andsome too. Well, 'e did several things. Fust 'e said as 'e'd bought the bloomin' bus, and 'e wouldn't tike no money, and hanybody might ride in it gritis; then 'e gort inside the 'bus 'is self and went ter sleep with 'is feet up; then when the jumper came an' woke 'im up, 'e throwed that jumper hall over the road. Ho, yus, theer's no dart abart it—'e kerried things a bit too faw! Still, when yur comes ter look at it impawshul, mikin' all allarn'ces fur the man, whort kin yer sye? 'E didn't mike thet thirst. 'E squenched it, and 'e squenched it shockin' injoodishus, but 'e didn't mike it. It was money art of 'is pockit ter 'ave it. 'E d sooner 'ave bin withart it. This is a very tryin' climit, thar's whort it is, and if yer don't keep yer heye on yer gineral joodishusness, it'el give yer the go-by.

* * * *

'Ankin is still a wearin' 'isself ter a shadder on ginger-beer, an' precious little of it. But, 'arrever, there is some 'opes of 'is droppin' of it next week, along of it's bein' 'is birthdye. If 'e won't drink 'is own 'ealth 'oose 'ealth *will* 'e drink? Thet's whort I awsks. And yer cawnt drink a 'ealth when yer're a ginger-beerin' of it, or where wud yer luck be? I dunno as I considers 'im any more joodishuss nor old Ike. Ike goes too fur one wye, and 'Ankin goes too fur the other, and thet's abart the long and the short of it. Hegstremes, my ole fawther yoosed ter sye ter me, is hinjuris. Thet were one of 'is common syin's, thet were, and I've seed the trooth of it since. Like, fur instance, the wye as I treats the coppers on my rowte. It don't do ter be too 'umble with 'em, and it don't do ter be too uppish with 'em. Whort yer wornts is ter strike a mejum line, and stick ter it. It's jest the sime wye with drinkin'. But, 'arrever, I don't wornt ter be blimin' of others and singin' my own prises. 'Ankin's birthdye's a-comin', and I'm much mistook if 'e won't 'ave give up this silliness by then. 'E mye be as nonsensical as yer like on the subjec o' pollertics, but when 'e comes ter the mine facts o' life, 'e 'as a suttun amarnt o' common sense, though 'e's sometimes a pligy long while gettin' at it. Yus, 'Ankin will be thertyite next week, and no nearer bein' Prime Minerster of Hingland nor 'e was when 'e were born. But thur, thet don't metter ter sich as 'Ankin. When a man tikes hup with pollertics, it don't sim ter mike much differ whether the pollertics is bringin' 'im in henny substantial return in the wye of hincome, or whether it ain't. They jest goes a wukkin' of 'emselves inter a fever, and hall fur nutthink. I cawn't hunderstend it—never does anythink fur nutthink myself.

We have received a copy of the *Weekly Dispatch* in its new and enlarged form, its columns being increased from sixty-four to eighty. Amongst the many novelties being introduced, is a special Saturday evening edition, containing all the latest cricket, athletic and sporting news generally. The *Dispatch* has been published now for nearly a century, and in its new form the proprietors promise that nothing will be spared to keep pace with present-day demands. We wish it every success.

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A Sinking Fund will be set aside by the Railway Company in each year sufficient to redeem the Bonds within 20 years. This Sinking Fund will be a first charge upon the net revenue of the line, and as received will be invested by the Trustees before any dividends are paid to the Shareholders.

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The principal of the Bonds is payable in London on the 1st day of March, 1915, but the Company may redeem them at any time prior thereto upon giving twelve months' notice thereof at the price of £105 for each Bond of £100.

Attention is called to the accompanying letter, signed by the President of the Company and the Managing Director jointly, giving particulars in regard to the enterprise, and its present position. From this letter it will be seen that the portion of the line between the Inter-colonial system and Montreal has already been placed under construction, and the Contractors have undertaken to complete the work by January 1st, 1896. In connection with the Ottawa and Parry Sound Railway, which is to form part of the Company's through line, the Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway Company, and connecting lines, will thus have in operation in January next a through line extending through the heart of Canada from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes.

The Railway Company undertakes that no future issues of Bonds will be made except as additional portions of the proposed line, sufficient to authorise such additional issues, are completed, and accepted by the Dominion Government.

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The Issuing House have the right to, and will nominate two Directors in the interests of the Bondholders.

The form of Bond and Trust Deed to secure the same can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Druces and Attlee, 10, Billiter Square, E.C., the Solicitors to the Trustees, or at the offices of Messrs. Renshaw, Kekewich and Smith, 2, Suffolk Lane, E.C., the Solicitors to the Company, where also copies of the Act of Parliament, incorporating the Railway, can be inspected.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation on the London and Provincial Stock Exchanges.

Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if a less amount be allotted than is applied for, the surplus will be applied to the amount payable on allotment.

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And at the Company's London Office, 58, Lombard Street, E.C.

The Subscription List will be opened on Monday morning, the 17th day of June, and will close for town and country on or before Tuesday, the 18th June.

Dated London, 12th June, 1895.

COMEDY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.20, a Comedy, in three acts, entitle

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

BY JEROME K. JEROME

AND

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Mr. Cyril Maude,	Miss Lena Ashwell,
Mr. Arthur Playfair,	Miss Alice Mansfield,
Mr. W. T. Lovell,	Miss Ettie Williams,
Mr. Ernest Leicester,	and
Mr. Edward Righton.	Miss Fanny Brough.

"TRUTH" says: "A sense of reaction and positive pleasure comes with the appearance of such capital and wholesome stuff as 'The Prude's Progress,' which is principally due to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and has been praised by many a critical audience at the Comedy Theatre. A play of this homely, bright and amusing character takes us back to the days of Robertson, and H. J. Byron, and Craven."

"ALLY SLOPER" says: "'The Prude's Progress,' now being performed at the Comedy Theatre, resembles 'The Pilgrim's Progress' in one thing, and one thing only—it is going to be immensely popular with the public. There is no doubt about it, the Comedy management have made a big hit this time, and before long we shall see all London crowding to this cosy little theatre."

"THE CHRISTIAN WORLD" says: "Messrs. Jerome and Phillpotts have certainly presented a clever portrait of a type with which lately we have become painfully familiar in real life."

The "DAILY TELEGRAPH" says: "A delightful and amusing little comedy, as bright as sunshine and as refreshing as the scent of May! That was the unanimous verdict of a well-contented audience last night. If it be true that there is a reaction against the modern uncomfortable play, then here is a good chance of proving it. The authors have treated us to a cheerful and amusing comedy."

The "TIMES" says: "The play is refreshing in its simplicity, in its cordial recognition of the good as well as the bad of human nature, and in the genial humour, which, like the suspicion of onion in the salad, animates the whole. The piece was accorded a hearty welcome."

The "STANDARD" says: "A frequent complaint against certain modern plays is that they are too advanced, too fantastic to please the average theatre-goer. To such dramas Messrs. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts supply a species of antidote in their 'Prude's Progress.'"

The "PALL MALL GAZETTE" says: "The funny side is distinctly funny, not great but good. You can unbend very pleasantly at the Comedy when you get tired of problem plays and over-ambitious comedies. We enjoyed a very pleasant evening."

"JUDY" says: "Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts have provided at the Comedy some excellent amusement for the idlers of to-day."

The "LITERARY WORLD" says: "A leading novelist said it was the greatest dramatic pleasure he had had for many a long day, to see the unqualified success of a play written by two genuine literary men."

The "MAN OF THE WORLD" says: A pleasanter, wittier play is not to be seen now at any theatre in London."

"MODERN SOCIETY" says: "Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in his speech at the Dinner of the Theatrical Fund, expressed a wish that we might soon see a revival of real comedy. The fashion may perhaps be set by 'The Prude's Progress,' which achieved a genuine and complete success at the Comedy Theatre."

The "SKETCH" says: "Are we going back to the Robertson school? asked some during the evening, and really in the pleasant blend of farce and sentiment, there was something that suggested the old days of the old Prince of Wales'."

"VANITY FAIR" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is a very clever and amusing piece of work, and one everybody should go and see."

"GALE'S LICENSED VICTUALLERS' MIRROR" says: "Have we at last got rid of the drama of the woman with a past, and the problem play? It looks like it, judging by the success of Messrs. Jerome and Phillpotts' comedy, 'The Prude's Progress,' produced at the Comedy Theatre on Wednesday night. It is a bright, fresh, sweet little comedy, as natural and as pleasant as 'Sweet Lavender,' which is about the highest praise we can give it."

The "DAILY GRAPHIC" says: "The play is brightly written, sympathetic, and decidedly exhilarating. It was received with every conceivable manifestation of approval and delight."

The "NATIONAL OBSERVER" says: "It is so well written, the dialogue is so genuinely witty and graceful, that the success of the work was achieved long before the middle of the second act."

"FUN" says: "The authors have given us a real good thing. It is homely without being silly, pretty without being namby-pamby."

The "REFEREE" says: "The Comedy Theatre is again in luck. . . . . The authors, Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, tell a story that is always interesting . . . . There are some rich comic scenes in the piece . . . . 'The Prude's Progress' is clean, which is something to be grateful for in these days, and honest, which is—oh, such a relief from the sickening affectation of inferior writers, and clever, which is rare enough to save it from the disdain of those who only ask for literary merit. It is a play, not 'with a past,' but with a future."

The "TOPICAL TIMES" says: "How pleasant to record the success of a pure, sweet, delightful play! No nauseous heroines. No French *cocottes*. No problems as to whether a man loves a woman for the sake of her moral or her physical attributes. Instead of the ghastly ghosts of English drama, an amusing play, harmless in plot, witty in dialogue, and clever in construction, was presented to the public on Wednesday at the Comedy Theatre, under the guidance of Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. They are the authors of 'The Prude's Progress,' and truly may well be satisfied with the result of their efforts."

The "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is quite a refreshing change. Frankly old-fashioned in plot, homely in sentiment, postulating no moral. The new play at the Comedy is delightfully *not* up to date."

"BLACK AND WHITE" says: "The piece is vastly entertaining; for a number of the situations are novel, all the characterisation is distinct, and much of the dialogue is brilliant."

"The UMPIRE" says: "These Bloomsbury interiors are pleasant places for the mind to dwell upon. They are so peaceful, so human, so refreshing in comparison with the crude realism of the up-to-date writer."

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says: "A corner of the mantle of Charles Dickens has fallen upon the shoulders of Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts."

IN THE CITY.

CHILD INSURANCE.

Acting under very strong pressure Sir Richard Webster has withdrawn his "Funeral Expenses of Children Insurance Bill." He was probably well advised in taking this course, but the reasons he gave in announcing the withdrawal illustrate very forcibly the slipshod way in which our legislators do their work. Sir Richard Webster's reasons for withdrawing the Bill—see the *Times* of June 13th—are:—

1. Because "he felt that in drafting this Bill he had not sufficiently considered the various interests involved."
2. Because "the Bill put things too much in the hands of the ordinary Friendly Societies."
3. Because the Bill "did not sufficiently regard the very best of the collecting Societies."

In other words, Sir Richard Webster's explanation of it is that the Bill was withdrawn because it was a crude, an ill-thought-out measure. And yet it might have been supposed that an ex-Attorney-General of England, the man who within the next few months will in all probability be once more at the head of the Bar of England, dealing with a question which was thrashed out by a Select Committee only four years ago, would have been careful to weigh well the objections that might be taken to his proposals, and their probable bearing upon various interests, before submitting a Bill to Parliament. However, we must take our Parliament men as we find them, and we can only hope that Sir Richard Webster has not abandoned the attempt to amend the law. His Bill was open to criticism, but the present law is in urgent need of amendment, and it can be amended without doing any injustice to legitimate interests. Meantime we have received a letter from a correspondent entitled to speak with authority on the subject, from which we take the following paragraphs:—

> The industrial system is no doubt capable of improvement, but not in the direction Mr. Waugh would make it.
>
> Any inprovement that would be in the interest of society would also be an advantage financially for the industrial offices, and they would welcome any real improvement; but if they were to promote any measure for such an object their motives would be at once called into question, so they are not likely to be the first movers in the matter.
>
> What is needed is improved administration and working. There are too many ignorant, untruthful men engaged as canvassers. They do not pay the offices, for they move about from one to another, transferring business, and make the expenses too heavy. I should like to see industrial agents paying a license fee of, say £5 a year, as auctioneers do of £10. That would weed out the duffers, the idle and some of the unscrupulous. There would be less competition, and the offices would be able to keep what they paid for. All other insurance agents should pay £10 a year. That would raise the whole business at once, and stamp out half the evils of every sort complained of.

We think our correspondent's suggestion of a license fee an excellent one. There can be little question that the abuses of child insurance are to some extent due to the low class of agent employed by some of the societies.

We have received interesting communications from the Prudential and the London, Glasgow and Edinburgh Insurance Companies upon our article of last week. They shall have our attention in our next issue.

THE ORION BELT, LIMITED.

In our issue of June 1st, we directed attention to this company, and the promising auspices under which it had been launched. Since then, Mr. F. G. Lowry, so well known in connection with the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, has left for South Africa in order to commence operations, and a cable report on the property has been received by Mr. Chouan, which runs:—

> Tonnage of ore of all claims, five millions (5,000,000), unbroken. Expect to strike reef at 152 feet on 30 (claims), at 464 on 374 claims. Consider property one of the biggest and most valuable on Rand. Will send full particulars by next mail.

Mr. Chouan, who is Managing Director of the Champ d'Or (French) Gold Mining Company, has a reputation as an expert second to none in France, and we are glad to have our opinion of the value of the property endorsed by so high an authority. Let us assume for a moment that Mr. Chouan's estimates will be realised, and see what the result may be.

The average value of the reef here is 10 dwts. of free gold to the ton, and with cyaniding another 8 dwts. is extracted. The cost of working the free gold—that is, all expenses of mining and milling—is 18s. per ton. The figures are vouched for, amongst others, by Mr. M. Davy, General Manager of the Meyer Leeb, from seven years' actual returns from that mine, and from the returns of the New Orion, which possesses the same reef as the Orion Belt, Limited. If Mr. Chouan's figures are correct there are 2,500,000 ozs. of free milling gold on the property, which at £3 17s. 6d. per ounce are worth £9,687,500. The cost of manipulating the 5,000,000 tons of ore at 18s. per ton would be £4,500,000, thus leaving a clear profit of £5,187,500; and that, too, without taking into account the additional profit to be derived from cyaniding the remaining 8 dwts.

It is, however, the intention of the Board to treat the ore by the new direct cyanide process, which has been such a success at the George and May Mine—a process by which not only a big saving in the initial cost of machinery is effected, but which treats both the free milling and the refractory ore at a total cost of less than 10s. per ton. On this basis another interesting calculation may be made. Five million tons of ore containing 18 dwts. of free and refractory gold per ton, makes in all 4,500,000 ozs. At £3 17s. 6d. per oz. this would be worth £17,437,500. The cost of treatment per ton being 10s., would amount to £2,500,000, leaving a nett profit to be derived from the mine of £14,937,500.

These figures may seem to come from the realms of romance, but it is to be remembered that during a portion of last year on the Meyer Leeb Mine, the ore was treated by the old process at a cost of only 13s. 10½d. per ton. As the issued capital of the Orion Belt, Limited, is only £225,000, of which £50,000 in cash is working capital, and as the £1 shares are now quoted only at a premium of about 7s. 6d., they look like a very tempting purchase, even though Mr. Chouan may have been a little over sanguine in his estimate of the amount of ore to be worked.

THE BATTLE OF THE TAPES.

We do not suppose that the decision of Mr. Justice Mathew in the *Exchange Telegraph* v. *Gregory and Co.* surprised any lawyer. The question at issue was whether the Committee of the Stock Exchange is justified in preventing anyone except members of the "House" from obtaining any information as to the transactions that are going on in the Exchange, and as the law stands it is pretty clear that they have this right. If they choose they may supply such information to Dick, Tom, or Harry; if they choose they may withhold it from everybody who is not a member the Stock Exchange. At one time they wished to withhold it from all Outside Brokers, now they wish to withhold it from certain Outside Brokers, including Messrs. Gregory and Co., and Mr. Justice Mathew has decided that in withholding it they are not going beyond their rights.

The *Financial News* says that "the importance of the case to Outside Brokers, especially to those who do business at tape prices, is very great. The judgment is, in fact, fatal to their business, unless they can succeed in making some arrangements for obtaining the fluctations in stocks and shares without infringing anyone else's rights." We shall be surprised if the Outside Broker does not find some means of getting the information necessary to his business. We do not believe it will be possible to prevent such information—the information that is published by newspapers almost as soon as it comes over the tape—leaking into the Outside Broker's office. Nor do we think the action of the Stock Exchange Committee in this matter deserves support.

Of course, the object of the Stock Exchange Committee in compelling the Exchange Telegraph Company to refuse to supply Stock Exchange prices to Messrs. Gregory and Co., and others, is to kill the Outside Broker; but he will not be killed by anything the Stock Exchange Committee can do, because he supplies a want. Readers of To-Day can be in no doubt as to its opinion of many of the Outside Brokers. They are inpecunious and very impudent rogues. But there is a minority, in which we, of course, include Messrs. Gregory and Co., who carry on business on perfectly honest lines, and who do a very large business because, in some respects, they pay more attention to the wants and convenience of the public than members of the "House" are permitted to do. It is necessary to the proper conduct of their business that they should have, from time to time during the day, accurate information as to the course of prices on the Stock Exchange. If they are refused that information—if they have to get it, when they do get it, through irregular channels, and after considerable delay, there cannot be that certainty of accuracy which is necessary for the protection of the speculative public, who will suffer in consequence. It is no answer to say that the Stock Exchange is a private corporation. It is much more than that, and if it will not supply official information to all who may ask for it as to the course of prices, sooner or later Parliament will have to interfere and provide for such information being given by official authority.

BRISTOL LAND SHARKS.

THERE is in Bristol a concern known as the Provincial Union Bank, which carries on business at 1, Queen Square in that city. This so-called bank is a money-lending shop, and from a case that has been laid before us it appears to be among the worst of its class. It may serve to warn Bristolians who may be in need of money against applying to this "bank" if we give the facts of the case to which we refer above.

On the 13th of March last an old servant of the gentleman who is our informant borrowed £50 from these money-lenders on a bill of sale, and agreed to pay back £3 10s. per month with interest at the rate of 1s. in the £ per month. The borrower failed to pay the first month's instalment and the "bank" went into possession. It cost the borrower £8 5s. to get them out. They credited the £3 10s. included in this sum, and went again into possession on or about June 3rd. But prior to that it had come to the knowledge of the borrower's employer that he was in trouble about a bill of sale, and he put himself into communication with the money-lenders with the object of paying them out. In reply to his inquiries he received a letter, dated May 20th, and signed, "Stanley Wording, Manager," which ran :—

> The amount required in settlement is £70 5s. Please let me know per return if you intend paying this, and taking over the bill of sale?

Now, on May 20th the bill of sale upon which £50 had been lent had only been running for two months and a week, and £3 10s. had been paid off. Nevertheless, these people wanted their £46 10s., and an additional £23 15s. as interest. The negotiation fell through, and they entered a second time. Our informant then saw them again, when they demanded £79 9s., made up of the balance of £46 10s. of the original loan, interest provided under the bill of sale, and expenses. Our informant absolutely declined to pay the £79 9s., and took a solicitor with him. The "bank" refused to show the bill of sale, but after a long wrangle they offered to take £70, and ultimately accepted £65.

Our view of these money-lending transactions was fully stated in our review of Mr. Farrow's volume. Money-lenders are not always the rogues, or borrowers the victims, that a sentimental public is apt to assume. Bad security means high interest, and if the borrower, who, after all, has got hard cash from the money-lender, defaults in his payments, he must expect unpleasantness. But default does not excuse such demands as that of the Provincial Union Bank in the case under notice, and it is this sort of attempted extortion that casts odium upon the entire class of money-lenders.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

OUR attention has been directed to the prospectus of the Papermaking, Engineering, and Prize Medal Dandy Roll Patents Company, which asks the public to pay the vendors the very substantial sum of £45,000 for certain patent rights. The suggestion seems so preposterous that we shall be doing the public a service in making some observations upon it.

The vendors are the Dandy Roll and Papermakers' Engineering Company, Limited, a concern registered in August, 1893, with a nominal capital of £2,000. In January, 1894, £220 was paid upon calls, and the vendor, Mr. W. K. Trotman, held 120 vendor's shares, the shareholders numbering eight. It is this company which now asks the public to pay it £45,000 for what it has to sell.

In the prospectus before us we read that Mr. W. K. Trotman, "the inventor of the improved watermarking apparatus," is "a gentleman of great skill and large experience, whose whole business life has been spent in the trade." That sounds well, but, as a matter of fact, until a few weeks before the vendor company was registered, Mr. Trotman was a journeyman, earning £2 a week, with Messrs. T. J. Marshall and Co., of the Campbell Works, Stoke Newington. As for the other two directors of the present company, one, Mr. Edward Trotman, is a brother of Mr. W. K. Trotman, and was until recently a clerk in some business not connected with the paper trade; and the other, Mr. A. J. Hutton, was, as we are informed, at one time secretary of a building society, and afterwards in the tea trade.

It follows that the directors of this company with the long name come before the public with somewhat slender credentials. Yet it is specially important that the directors should be men of wide experience and proved capacity, seeing that the business to be managed is one that, owing to its complicated character, requires, in a special degree, these qualities.

The company proposes to greatly reduce the papermakers' outlay for dandy rolls, but in doing so it would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Even if the invention succeeded —and its value has still to be proved—it would eat up the revenue upon which profit must rest by killing, or greatly reducing, demand. Again, we are told that it is proposed to lay down machinery "for the manufacture of the wire cloth so largely used by papermakers for machine wires," but we are not told, what is none the less the fact, that there are so many manufacturers of this article already that excessive competition has reduced the profits almost to the vanishing point.

And as to the patents—are they valid? Is it not a fact that Mr. Trotman has been forestalled by Matthew Matthews' patent of 1873? Be that as it may, the price asked for these patents, the utility of which has yet to be proved, is preposterous; and we cannot believe that the public will pay it, or anything like it. Indeed, we should be surprised if as many shillings are subscribed by outsiders as the vendors want pounds.

NEW ISSUES.

The Aldine Publishing Company, Limited. Capital £126,500. Formed to acquire and carry on the printing and publishing business of Mr. C. P. Brown. Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons and Cassell give it as their opinion that the property to be transferred to the company, freehold and leasehold premises, plant, machinery, copyrights, stock-in-trade, goodwill, is worth "as a current going concern," £126,781, and the vendors, Messrs. Chadwick and Co., Limited, who have bought from Mr. Brown, ask the public to give for the business £116,500. Mr. Perry will be the managing director. Taking the last three years the profits are said to show an average of £29,949, but "as there was no stock taking the profits for each separate year cannot be stated." Our information is that the business is a sound one.

The Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway Company. Issue of £500,000 First Mortgage Four Per Cent. Twenty Year Sterling Bonds.—The Government of the Dominion guarantee and will pay the entire interest upon these bonds during their currency, and the coupons will be endorsed accordingly. The bonds, of the par value of £100 each, are issued at the price of £99 per bond, and may be recommended as a safe and desirable investment.

The Cigar-Making Machine Company, Limited. Capital £100,000.—If we are to believe the prospectus, this Company will effect "a revolution in the Cigar industry." Well, we have a rooted distrust of companies that promise to bring about revolutions in industries by means of patents, even when the value of the patent is vouched for, as in this instance by "the Press," that is to say by a number of young men who are sent by their respective journals to see the invention, and say what they can in its favour. Of the capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, £52,000 is now offered at a premium of 5s. per share. Why this premium? The only shadow of excuse for it that we can find is the statement at the head of the prospectus that "'a Belgium Banker' writes that on June 4th, 1895, at the weekly public sales on the Brussels Stock Exchange the Belgium company's shares of the nominal value of £20 each were sold at £58 each." Even if "A Belgium Banker"—why not give his name?—is correct, the fact that a company has found it possible to work the patent at a considerable profit in Belgium does not prove that another company will be able to work it successfully in England. The invention may be a profitable one to work, but that remains to be seen, and the purchase price, £60,000, and the premiums on the present issue—*i.e.*, £13,000, together £73,000, is preposterously high.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

First Mortgage Debentures Manchester Ship Canal. A. W. (Brighton).—We do not advise you to avail yourself of the option to convert. We should prefer the cash. The company may overcome its difficulties, but they are serious, and must be a source of anxiety for a long time to come. Anyway, the Three and a Half per Cent. Perpetual Mortgage Debenture is not particularly tempting. **Three Mining Shares.** CHARLES (Liscard).—If and when you can get 9s. 6d. for your South Londonderry, 3s. for South Luipaardi Vlei, and 4s. for Mallina Consols we advise you to sell. We have no faith in any of these properties. **Mysore Gold Fields, Limited.** D. C. M. (Glasgow).—1. We think them high enough at 23s. 2. You are quite right as to the seed, and the price should go better. We thank you for your kindly expressions respecting TO-DAY. **Carrington Gold Mines.** CARRINGTON (Carlisle).—For the present, yes. **African Consolidated Land Exploration.** J. W. (Ealing Common).—We think the quotation quite as much as they are worth, but we should not be surprised to see them higher. You omitted to enclose the paper to which your letter refers. **London Share and Debenture Corporation.** F. T. E. (New Cross).—The company was registered in 1888 with an authorised capital of £1,000,000, of which £10,000 is in deferred shares, participating in profits only when at least five per cent. has been paid on the ordinary capital. All the deferred shares have been issued and paid up, and £36,400 of the ordinary capital has been subscribed and £21,840, or £3 per share paid up. Substantial dividends have been paid upon this capital. **Pleiades.** G. C. (Glasgow)—There has been recovery, which we expect to see go further. **Rhodesian Concessions.** T. M. W. W.—Hold as many as you can. **Evans and Allen.** G. L. (Cardiff).—Our opinion was not favourable.

INSURANCE.

J. T. Rainforth.—Both the Fire offices mentioned in your letter are quite sound, and careful as to the business they accept. **K. R.**—Replies 1 and 4. There is a complete list with names, objects, and addresses in the *Post Magazine* Almanack and Insurance Directory, 6d. Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 2. Which British do you mean? There are four with that prefix; *a* and *b* are both good companies. 3. There is not room for another life office doing business on present lines. 5. There is the Law Guarantee and Trust. **F. H. E.** (Hull).—All the companies mentioned in your list have plenty of funds wherewith to pay claims, although some are financially stronger than others. The amounts of insurance they will accept varies considerably, and the rates of premium may vary also. **J. H. B., No. 1,039.**—We think your friend is under a serious mistake. So many changes have been made that without seeing the policy, we would not venture an answer. Send us the policy, which we will return, and we will tell you.

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A Comedy in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Fanny Brough.
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The Practical Joker,
Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Arthur Playfair. Doors open at 7.30. Box Office open 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. E. T. Bradley.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.
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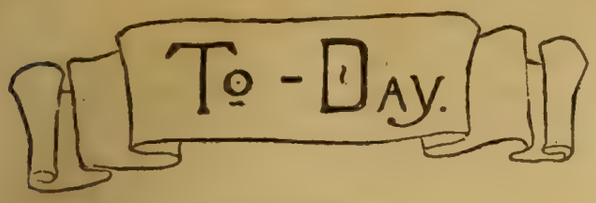

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
THE CHOLERA CLOUD. BY LOUIS TRACY. ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR 193
SERMONS FOR TO-DAY. BY THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, M.A. 197
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 199
FEMININE AFFAIRS 200
IS ACTING WORTH CRITICISM? 203
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 204
IN THE CITY 206
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 209
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 212
CLUB CHATTER 213
THE RED COCKADE. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE 217
"THAT OTHER WOMAN" 221
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT HOME 223

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

A LIVERPOOL correspondent sends me an evening paper, and asks my opinion of it as a news sheet, I have looked through it, and I find that its contents are as follows:—First, we have a few leaderettes commenting upon cycling accidents, falls of girls from precipices, accidents to children, and attempted murders by jealous lovers. Then follows a leader sketching the career of a lady described as "the Jane Cakebread of Liverpool." After that we have two columns eloquently descriptive of a hanging, adorned by such interesting cross-lines as "Affecting interview with his wife," "Arrival of the executioner," "Inquest on the body," "Story of the crime." In the next column we have a "Daring robbery," a few chatty paragraphs relative to a wife murder, and references to a painful scandal, in which a lady guardian is concerned. Next, the paper provides us with a graphic account of the "Drowning of Sunday school children," and of a "Prize fight."

A MURDER at Lichfield, and a wife murder by an old soldier, are both ably reported. A description of the indecent behaviour of a drunken woman is given half a column, and an account of a distressing suicide at Derby is set out with much wealth of detail. "Fatal collision between two steamers," the "Manslaughter of a child by its drunken mother," and the "Murder of a politician" occupy pleasantly the next column. Two or three hundred lines are then given to an account of street rowdyism in Liverpool, and this is followed by the report of another disaster to more Sunday school children—affectionate parents will begin to take a dislike to Sunday schools—and by "A lamentable affair at Bootle." "The sad suicide of a clerk through drink," "A cliff fatality," and "An attempted robbery in Dale Street," form the remainder of the more important items, while the rest of the journal is taken up with the usual reports from the police and bankruptcy courts, the whole costing the sum of only one halfpenny.

THIS is typical of the news our papers supply to us every morning and evening. My correspondent rather blames the paper; I am inclined to blame the public. If they did not enjoy the reading of these horrors, the papers would not supply them. It has been said that "news" has come to mean all the sin and all the evil and all the wretchedness that there is in the world. The unpleasant seems to be the only thing we care to hear about. Each ghastly accident, each revolting murder, each loathsome scandal, is a godsend to the modern newspaper. Read the placards of the evening papers as you walk through the streets, and you can form a pretty good estimate of the tastes of the public. "Disgraceful scandal in high life—Painful incidents—Full description." "Terrible tragedy in the East-end—Loathsome details." "Fatal accident—Heartrending scenes." "Horrible brutality to a child—Special descriptive report."

THE old lust of cruelty is still with us. We stand aghast at the iniquities of the Roman mob who loved to see the blood flow before their eyes in the arena. We of the nineteenth century take our paper home with us and gloat over our horrors in secret. That is the advance we have made, and of which we are for ever boasting! If we hear of a railway accident, and find that only two or three people have been killed, we are quite disappointed. To pretend that we are led to read of these abominations from any other motive than that of enjoyment is to humbug ourselves. Our knowledge of them is of no earthly use to us or to the world. We pore over the sickening details because the reading of them gives us pleasure. We love a good murder, we love a big accident, we love to read of other people's sufferings and miseries. "Dear, dear me, how very terrible!" we say to one another when we meet. "Shocking, isn't it? I wonder they put such things into the paper." Then we go out and buy the latest edition.

ONE can quite understand Irishmen not being particularly enthusiastic over the idea of a statue to Oliver Cromwell, but it is difficult to appreciate the opposition of others, and Mr. Balfour's pooh-pooh attitude I must confess annoys me. Not to be able to perceive greatness is the hall-mark of littleness. As Carlyle pointed out, to the man with the soul of a valet nobody is a hero. Old Noll had his failings—even our modern statesmen have their shortcomings—but he was a great figure in English history—perhaps the greatest—and he did a great work. The advocacy of democratic principles and opposition to tyranny were not in those days the high road to popularity and fortune that they are in these. Cromwell in sixteen hundred and forty-nine stood face to face with the ideas and prejudices of twenty centuries; with, behind him nothing stronger than the infant vigour of a new enthusiasm, and his daring must have been superhuman.

IT has been urged against him that he was not a gentleman; that silly sneer of an effeminate age ran again through the House of Commons last week. I doubt if any man could ever be great who was a gentleman. Napoleon was no gentleman; Christ and His disciples were artisans who disturbed the respectability of ancient Jerusalem. A few simpering men and women, trained to parlour tricks, can in every age, with the assistance of a few tailors, turn out as many "gentlemen" as are required. But "gentlemen," in the modern meaning of the word, are not the people who do the world's work. No thinking man can live who does not feel an utter contempt for

the childish and unmeaning affectations which we call breeding. "Gentlemen" are very nice people in their way; they are useful at tea parties. They can talk Dolly Dialogues; they can sit on a chair and discuss Art; but when the Almighty wants any real business done He makes a man; and a man with a great task before him is apt to be careless and to tread upon our carefully brushed tails. Oliver Cromwell was brutal; brutal work had to be done. He was a bit of a hypocrite, as most Englishmen are; in fact, I doubt whether you can handle an English public in any department of life without hypocrisy. I have known even editors of newspapers, even bishops, who were not quite free from the taint. But Old Noll was a great man notwithstanding, and a man that a nation would do well for its own sake to honour.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is as well that Sir Richar Webster's Bill for the proper control of child insurance has been abandoned. The profits of the insurance companies will not now be decreased, and many thousands of shareholders will feel happier in their minds. The numerous army of excellent gentlemen who act as agents will not find their yearly commissions lessened, and newspapers will not suffer from the falling off of insurance advertisements. The undertaking trade will remain unharmed. A few thousand helpless mites will pay for all this national benefit with their lives, but no doubt they are better out of this world than in it, and it would not be fair, I suppose, to interfere with a great industry merely because of their sakes. Only do not let us have any canting lies about thrifty parents and funeral expenses. The friendly societies do all that is legitimately needful from this point of view. As I have said over and over again, and as I maintain, when a poor man assures his child he is either humbugged into it by the insurance tout, or else he does it with a vague hope that a few shillings, more or less, over and above the funeral expenses, may at some not too distant date come into his hands.

The indignation as to the mistrust of the workingman is sheer clap-trap. Would any insurance shareholder, would any newspaper editor, or advertising manager, care to have his life insured by any human being who had complete control of life and death over him? What would they say if the general of an army insured the lives of his soldiers for his own benefit before entering upon a campaign? Would a shipowner be allowed to insure for his own benefit the lives of his sailors and send them out in any sort of craft that suited his discretion? If my friends would see no harm in this I would see no harm in allowing a poor man with twice as many children as he can afford to keep insuring their lives. He has complete power of life and death over these helpless little ones. It is to his financial interest in any case that they should die. I say that child insurance is a deliberate suggestion to murder. It is an immoral custom maintained by the influence of wealthy corporations, and backed up by a Press dependent upon its advertising department.

"Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress," wrote Charles Lamb. "Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny." Such simple kindliness might recommend itself to the gentle Eliza, but the political economist and the Metropolitan police stand aghast at it. Possibly, beggars have become more professional than in the days of Charles Lamb, and in consequence, they have only themselves to blame if the public has grown more distrustful. Certainly, the Mendicity Society and the police are much given to raking "into the bowels of unwelcome truth"—not so much, they would probably tell us, in order to save a halfpenny as to see that the halfpenny, which might have gone to the legitimate charity, is not absorbed by the common swindler. In the course of their raking they frequently come upon some very queer results.

One of those about whom the Mendicity Society has given us the "unwelcome truth" has just received in recognition of his acts and qualities six months' hard labour. It counts for nothing that he had in his possession a savings-bank book, showing deposits to the amount of £28. That is but a familiar feature in such cases—the usual testimony to proficiency in the great art of begging. Another book was also found on him, and it is in this that the beggar's claim to distinction lies. It is a book of maxims, which bore signs of careful study. The inscription on the title-page, which may be taken as the motto of the man's life, ran as follows:—"Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!" It is a just and noble sentiment. That it should have been found where it was, is very, very pleasing. It is, indeed, almost great. It recalls magnificent and Argentine parallels. Dickens is dead, but Pecksniff lives for ever; and some portion, not inconsiderable, of the perfect Pecksniff spirit seems to have fallen on this beggar with the bank-book. "Let us," he must have frequently said, as he consulted his collection of maxims, "let us be moral!"

"Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!" Excelsior! is a popular motto. Ambition is the spur of action, and who would not sympathise with this beggar's desire to climb. And he *will* climb. We are comfortably assured of it. He will climb that which is known in the profession as the unending staircase, and by a less poetical world as the treadmill. It may not absolutely erect him above himself—there are mechanical difficulties in the way—but it will still be climbing of a sort. Besides, he is a philosophical beggar, and in the seclusion which has been granted him he may find time to meditate upon that motto of his life and modify it. He may reflect that he was, perhaps, never more truly "above himself" than when he went out to beg with his bank-book in his pocket; and when he considers that the result will leave him much poorer than he would otherwise have been, he may even go beyond modification and delete that motto altogether. But let us hope that this temporary reverse will not lead him to give up his morality. If he has to surrender one of his convictions, he has at any rate (on an indictment under the Vagrancy Act) secured another.

I have been looking at the report of the third annual meeting in connection with the women's branch of the Horticultural Society, Swanley, Kent. There is a great demand, I find, for women as head gardeners. I should hardly have expected it, but after all there is no reason

why women should not understand the science of horticulture as well as men. The head gardener, too, works, so to speak, with his gloves on; to dig would be, for him, distinctly *infra dig.* For the humbler walks of the profession, I should say that women were not particularly suitable. The distinctions between the real and the ideal are always fairly well marked, and never more so than in the case of gardening. The ideal gardening is a beautiful and easeful pastime. I have studied it in many magazine illustrations, and in many magazine stories, and I am exceedingly sorry that the real thing is not more like it. If it were, it would be much prettier, much more poetical, much more satisfactory in every way.

The operations of ideal gardening are (judging from the magazine illustrations) but few in number. One of the most important things that you have to do is to hold a small geranium in a pot in one hand, a rake in the other, and look pensive. You may also occasionally tie up a creeper (if you are sure that you will look graceful enough while you are doing it), or you may water flowers in a good blaze of sunlight with a watering-can that might at a stretch hold half-a-pint. You bestow this limited nutriment on a row of exceptionally fine sunflowers, which stand twelve feet high and upwards, and are at their very best with the apple-trees in full blossom behind them. Then, when you've smelt the violets, picked the roses, and gazed dreamily at a pruning-knife, your day's work is over, and you can go home.

It is otherwise, unfortunately, with real gardening. Maggots are ugly, but you cannot ignore them; you must even diligently search them out, parting the glued leaves, and with inexorable thumb-nail destroy them—an operation which would not look pretty in a picture. If you would pick the roses, you must also provide them with stimulant quite unmentionable in romance. I do not profess to understand real gardening; the women's branch of the Horticultural Society is far, far above me. But I am convinced that the conventional representation of the gardener frequently demands revision. A garden is beautiful, and the best of all places in which to be thoroughly lazy, but to make it beautiful and desirable there is a good deal of hard, unsavoury work to be gone through. Nature is prodigal in some matters—bindweed and nettles, for instance—but her more precious gifts must be wrested from her.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Telegraph Clerk writes me a long letter dealing with the troubles of his class. "The duties of a telegraph clerk," he says, "are of an important and highly confidential nature; indeed, he might well claim to be the confidential clerk of the nation. To perform his duties properly he must possess good clerical abilities, a sound general knowledge, and, before receiving promotion, he must show himself able to pass a technical examination such as the Science and Art Department only sets before senior students. A knowledge of foreign languages, although not obligatory, is almost essential, and many qualify themselves in this direction. And what are his emoluments and prospects? After six months attendance in telegraph school, during which period he receives no salary, he begins at twelve shillings a week, and rises slowly, until after fourteen years' service, he will be in receipt of £104 a year, beyond which he is not likely to go, because of an arbitrary system of classification which makes promotion depend on vacancies caused by death or retirement. You will better understand this when I tell you that in Edinburgh there are 147 men in this £104 limit class, and that promotions from it for the past five years have only been at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum. The system of promotion is purely one of chance, no two offices are alike, and it is common experience for clerks in one office to be in receipt of much larger salaries than those at others who may have many more years' service." My correspondent concludes: "I cannot believe, Sir, that you will consider our demands unreasonable, or that we are exceeding our duty in seeking to bring about by the only constitutional means left to us an impartial inquiry into these matters. Your pars will do us a deal of harm, because your opinions are always so clearly disinterested." My paragraphs merely condemned the making of exaggerated statements. I certainly think £104 a year seems inadequate as the highest attainable salary by an expert public servant, after many years of service. But I suppose the wrong could only be rectified by increasing the price of telegrams, and the public, who are always very generously inclined when the money does not come out of their own pockets, might then object. The only advice I could give would be for the telegraph clerks in some constituency where their votes happen to be important, to quickly and unobtrusively band together and wait till the next election. They could then easily make their member interest himself on their behalf.

Fairplay writes me from Liverpool with regard to the man Keene employed by philanthropic Mr. Jones in a position of importance at a salary of £60 a year. My correspondent gives me numerous interesting particulars concerning the dealings of Elder, Dempster and Co. with their clerks.

Nemo.—Methods employed for the regulation of families are of the very simplest. They conduce towards cleanliness and health. For details consult a doctor.

F. H.—Please do not send in MSS. I never give a candid opinion on anything. I used to do that sort of thing when I was young, and found it very inconvenient.

Perplexed.—It is impossible for me to say whether you are being cheated or not. An illustrated book of small editions is a very expensive thing to get out, and charges crop up that cannot be foreseen. If you are dealing with a good firm you may take it for granted in the ordinary way of business that they are not humbugging you. But every publisher expects to make something out of people who are willing to pay for their books being printed. Poor people cannot indulge in this luxury, and rich people are supposed to be willing to pay for it. I thank you for all the kind things you say about To-Day.

C. C. Van L. writes me from Smyrna to assure me that Turkish tobacco does come to England. I am glad to hear it.

J. P. R.—The proposed alteration in the *Idler* will not take place till after the completion of the seventh volume. August next will be the first of the new series. The present size hampers the artists and printers.

S. G. G. draws my attention to an exciting correspondence in a Liverpool paper concerning the decorousness or indecorousness of certain theatrical advertisements. I really do not think the matter calls for any comment one way or the other. It must be remembered that this sort of thing is often a put-up job. I have known cases where a fairly well-known resident was deliberately paid to start an attack upon an exhibition for its indelicacy. Nobody had ever heard of the show previously, but the dodge caught on at once. Simple-minded folk were drawn into the controversy, and argued the subject energetically for and against. For weeks the papers teemed with denunciations, and anti-denunciations, and the showman left that town a richer man than when he came into it, and with "a naughty little twinkle in his eye."

E. W. G.—I could not take notice of correspondence sent to another paper, in spite of the pretty little compliment. F. B. F. and others ask me what I think of the fact that intoxicants are to be sold at the Castle Howard Temperance Gala—somewhere in Yorkshire. It looks as if our temperance friends had come to the determination to enjoy themselves. W. E. A. D.—Thanks for cutting. Magistrates I find can imprison for cruelty, but their object as a rule appears to be to encourage barbarity. J. L. C.—I thank you for your letter. I learned immediately on inquiry that Co. Wicklow J.P. did not know what he was talking about.

F. W. (Torquay) draws my attention to a vigorous denunciation of Sunday music on their pier, but Torquay seems to have its Sunday music notwithstanding. We pay too much attention to the noise made by the bigots. They are, after all, a small minority, and where it is possible it is often good policy to take no notice of them.

Scales.—Many successful entertainers have started as you propose to start. Do not leave your situation until you see a certain income before you, and you cannot come to much harm. You will find that for a long while you will have to give your entertainment free on every possible occasion when it may bring you before useful people. Seek for introductions to professional people, managers, and others. Perform as much as you can in public, and trust to chance gradually leading you to remunerative engagements. It is slow work, but you must be prepared for that.

T. R. B.—It is a mistake, and I thank you for calling my attention to it. H. F. W.—You will find two or three cases subsequent to the ones you mention, by which it has been decided that a master cannot withold a character from a servant. I remember such a case some five years ago in which I was interested myself. I have always found that lawyers pin their faith to one or two precedents and forget other cases contradicting. You are quite right about the cruelty to animals law. In the Sheridan case there were more than two justices present. Thanks for all the kind things you say about us.

W. H. T.—There are a large number of people always willing to try quack remedies. If the stuff is harmless no injury is done them. They are all the happier for it, and if they are simple-minded enough to believe all they read it often does them real good. Faith frequently works a quicker cure than drugs.

C. K. writes me;—"Doubting the simple experiments suggested by your correspondent, W. B. as to the power of imagination, I put the first, and probably the more remarkable one to the test, but not in the 'cocksure' spirit of which he speaks. Having obtained the necessary beverage, viz.—water, stout, and ale, and filled three ordinary tumblers respectively therewith, I carefully proceeded to administer the liquids in the manner prescribed to three other individuals and myself. The results did not confirm your correspondent W. B.'s views, for in each case there was not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the water 'water.' I must, however, admit that as far as the stout and ale were concerned, there was some hesitation in arriving at a decision, and that a rather unsatisfactory one—two declaring that the stout was ale, and two that the ale was stout. I attribute this to the fact that the stout was flat, consequently not having that sharp taste experienced when it is in good condition. I am an extremely moderate drinker myself, as are those who assisted me in arriving at what we considered a satisfactory conclusion, viz.—that a man, or woman for that matter, would be helplessly 'tight' who could not tell water from stout or ale. I am not 'cocksure' of the cigar part of the business, but being of a doubtful nature, will try it at a future date."

A. R.—Thanks for your most kindly appreciative letter. I do not think a sufficient portion of my readers are interested in music to justify my taking up the subject; something else would have to be sacrificed. H. S. A.—"The Red Cockade" will run up to the first week in August. Timon.—I have no opinion of literary style, but I find much plain sense in your pamphlet. I know of places in the country where market-garden produce is actually wasted owing to the impossibility of small growers finding a market. H. S.—It is always sad to see the downfall of a man, and I am inclined to think mercy, when it can be exercised without injury to the rest of the community, not a thing to be carped at. Mooltan.—Messrs. Spink and Son, 1, Gracechurch Street, E.C., would probably make you an offer for the coins if they are rare. Nell A.—If you write to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, as you suggest, you would probably get an answer and an appointment.

———

They say that humour has departed from Ireland, but the following Petty Session case, a report of which has been sent to me by a Belfast correspondent, would go to prove that there is some fun and frolic left in the old island yet:—

Cork, Thursday.—At the last Skibbereen Petty Sessions, Sergeant Peter Hawkins charged Mrs. Honora Hurley, better known as "Norry Greene," with being drunk on the public street.

Defendant (who had to be ejected from the court long before her case was called, owing to her loquacity and stentorian voice), appeared at the witness table with a babe in her arms.

Complainant—The defendant was drunk, your worships——

Defendant (interrupting)—Aisy, misther; aisy, if ye plaise. (Laughter.)

Complainant—She was drunk, your worships——

Defendant—Yerra, be aisy, Misther Sergeant. What do you call dhrunk? (Laughter.) Is it because a poor female 'oman, with a wake constitution, the mother of eleven good childer, an' wan comin', that you say she was drunk. (Laughter.)

Complainant—Drunk in High Street——

Defendant—Shut up there, Mr. Hawkins, you're a big ould fool. (Renewed laughter.) Don't the gentlemen on the bench know Norry betther than all the Hawkinses that ever wore a peeler's jacket. (Laughter.) Sure my first good man was Sergeant-Major Green, when we was over in Malta in the red-coats—what talk you have. I have a grand Bench before me to-day, thank God, though I thought first I was goin' to be thried be court-martial when I saw all the captains and majors and colonels on the Bench; but now, thank God, I see me own Home Rulers on the Bench to-day. (Laughter). 'Taint like ould times now, begor. Ireland for the Irish and Ballyvourney for the Ballyvourney people. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Beechinor, J.P.—Hold your tongue, ma'am, or you'll go into the dock.

Defendant—Urroo! Dock the d——l, Master Jerome. Sure I was often there before, many a time! (Laughter.)

Complainant—She came out of a house in High Street, your worships——

Defendant—I did, and I was hardly outside of it when you nabbed me before I had time to say me prayers. (Laughter.) Miscawnt to ye for polis! that a poor 'oman can't take a pint with ye!

The Court cautioned the defendant.

Defendant—Lay me down aisy this time, gentlemen; I have a clane sheet; I owe ye nothing, havin' wiped off the last debt up in Sunday's Well. (Laughter.) I owes nothing for this year—January, February, March, April, May, June, July, Regatta Day. (Laughter.) Put a couple o' shillin's on me, if ye like, though, God knows, I havn't tuppence. (Laughter.)

Captain Welch—You're fined 40s. or a month.

Defendant (leaving court)—Bad luck to ye above, but ye're the hungry magistrates. (More laughter.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Don't indulge in prurient curiosity. I say nothing further to you in my letters about the miserable Wilde case, for the good and sufficient reason that I am not a scandal-monger. Even if I were, I should practically have very little to purvey, because, happily, the public mind is now occupied with the Shahzada and the Grace testimonial, and there foreall the lies, gossip, and unsubstantiated iniquity that was talked two weeks ago is now, I hope, being rapidly forgotten.

The now notorious scandal has, however, stirred a much deeper feeling than many people suppose. When the proper moment arrives—when panic and sensation have so far subsided that these matters may be discussed with something approaching calmness and propriety, I will tell what has been done, and what it is proposed shall be done in the future. Understand me distinctly, there is no suggestion of detectives, prosecutions, persecutions, and the washing in public of dirty linen. But a large number of people have determined to countenance no longer any philandering with emasculated decadence. There may be a little plain speaking, which may be hurtful to some feelings; but there will be nothing spiteful behind it. It will be blunt, honest, and manly, and I sincerely hope that it will do a lot of good.

I know of nothing more admirable or more useful at the present time than the great Grace testimonial started so very opportunely by the *Daily Telegraph*. It is like an opening wide of the windows, and a great invigorating volume of fresh air suddenly let into a stifling cellar. I know it's an easy thing to sneer at. What has Grace done? Nothing for Art. Nothing for the Beautiful. He has only hit a leather ball with a piece of wood, harder, or more often, or something, than anyone else. And yet day by day thousands of shillings are poured into Peterborough Court from every part of England by enthusiastic cricketers, who, probably, couldn't any one of them make an epigram if they tried, but who one and all could, and probably would, punch your head if you exploited a wordy impertinence at their expense. More power to them! Because a whiff of filthy exhalation has momentarily gone up from a dirty corner of an overcrowded metropolis, don't believe that there is anything wrong with the nation. Look at the scene that took place when the Prince of Wales won the Manchester Cup. The noble sport of horse-racing has its drawbacks, and there are things connected with it which are not desirable, but I would sooner have been squeezed in the midst of that swearing, sweating, madly enthusiastic and wildly cheering crowd at Manchester, than have lolled in the most comfortable stall ever made while an invertebrate member of the Green Carnation Brotherhood nauseated a theatrical crowd with a turgid torrent of epicene contradiction.

It is because I feel as I do feel on these matters that I do not deplore so much as I otherwise should the comparative failure of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*. It was a wonderfully clever play. It was brilliantly acted. But, Lord deliver us, how gloomy it was! Like so very much of Ibsen, which is also very clever, it led nowhere. It meant nothing. It was an essay in introspection. Now introspection is all very well in its way, but you can have too much of it. It profits a man nothing to sit down all day and contemplate his great toe, wondering whether it was ever a tail, a talon, or a tent-peg. Even if he knew he would still love, and lust, and eat bread, and owe money. So it is with the emotions. Our grandfathers used to go out and break the ten commandments like gentlemen, without making a fuss. They had the courage of their sins, and did not go hunting about for excuses in heredity, atavism,

and "neurotic tendency." We are all too anxious in the present day to say, "I couldn't help it—I was born so." Rot, my dear Dick, twaddle—and worse. The road seems harder to some than to others. The hill is sometimes difficult to climb, but there is always credit in getting to the top, no matter how humble the elevation. There is not room for everybody on the highest pinnacles, but that is no excuse for saying that it is useless to climb.

I daresay you will think that I am sermonising, and perhaps I am a little. But in the drama, our pet topic of correspondence, as in everything else, there are signs of a coming change, and, I believe, a healthy one. It may be that with the universal adoption of the bicycle—the Marquis of Queensberry is an expert rider—the blood of the general public is becoming oxyginated and vitalised. In any case there is a reaction from the morbid and the despondent, and it is the frankly dramatic, the blatantly theatrical if you like to put it so, that carries the day. While the attractions of the opera and the delights of the season have collapsed the business at half the theatres, that good old blood and clap-trap melodrama *Fédora* draws crowded houses nightly. *The Home Secretary* at the Criterion also is doing excellently, though it is essentially an artificial, unreal play. Sarah Bernhardt, too, is having a grand time.

It is not generally known that Ada Rehan was last year very nearly following the example of John Drew, and going off "on her own." Her contract with Daly had nearly run out, and Charles Frohman, of New York, offered her forty thousand dollars for a single season. At that particular moment the far-seeing Daly imported Olga Nethersole and boomed her for all she was worth. Whether the circumstance affected the decision of Ada Rehan I do not know, but she signed a fresh contract with Daly, and not long afterwards Daly paid a considerable sum to Miss Nethersole to break his contract with her. She had made such a mark in America, however, that the enterprising Charles Frohman promptly snapped her up, and she will open in New York this autumn with Henry Hamilton's version of *Carmen*, in which she ought to be admirable.

Frohman has been deploring the fact that he cannot get any new and healthy plays in this country. Well, we have still a few competent authors living, and if he were to offer them commissions I daresay they could supply him with all he wants. But in all probability Frohman, like most managers, does not know what a good play is until the critics and the public have told him. George Alexander might assist him in his choice, and give him the refusal of the new play he has been negotiating for from Claude Carton, or perhaps he might induce Charles Wyndham to unlock that mysterious box which is said to contain *The Wicked Major*, never yet acted, though often rehearsed, by the late H. J. Byron; not to mention other plays, including an adaptation by George R. Sims, and an original play by the late James Albery.

There is a bit of a breeze blowing at the Prince of Wales's, but I have not yet learnt what about. I gather that Arthur Roberts holds one view, and that the management maintains another. As neither seems inclined to give way the tension is becoming considerable, but I should not think that either would be sufficiently ill-judged as to take any step calculated to jeopardise such a solid success as *Gentleman Joe*.

I have not very much news this week. I hear that the new play to be produced during Elliot's season at the St. James's is a cross between *Liberty Hall* and the *Pair of Spectacles*, and the part to be played by Elliot is a mixture of the parts played respectively by John Hare and Righton in the plays I have named.

Don't be surprised if, in the autumn, Mrs. Tree temporarily deserts the Haymarket and plays the lead at another house. Which? You must guess. I am sworn to secrecy.—Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

A certain member of the Stock Exchange received the following postcard last week: "If you want to hear of a good financial scheme, go and see Mr. Ben Dixon. He is promoting a company which is certain to pay 100 per cent., and he would be pleased to let you in. His address is the Comedy Theatre. You will find him there every evening at 8.20." One would have thought that a smart man would have quickly seen the drift. This gentlemen, though, not only arrived at the Comedy Theatre at 8.30, but wished to see Mr. Ben Dixon. On being informed that he was at that time on the stage, represented by Mr. Cyril Maude, my stock-broking friend was exceedingly indignant. He said that he had come up from the suburbs on purpose to talk business with Mr. Ben Dixon about the proposed scheme, and went away threatening to write to the *Times*.

I take this from the *Weekly Sun*. It is a journalistic courtesy that one rarely has a chance of appreciating. It occurs in the course of a letter, congratulating the Editor on showing up a grievance at Earl's Court Exhibition. "My experience of London papers," he writes, "in general is that they merely pander to the advertiser, and their remarks upon any public resort are worthless, as they are biassed by the extent of the advertisement. Not one paper in twenty would have studied subscribers' interests by publishing 'Never Again's' letter. Of course, there are exceptions—the *Weekly Sun* and To-Day in particular. Any favourable comments in either of the above papers have far more weight with me than all the rest of the London Press put together." In return I may congratulate the Editor of the *Weekly Sun* on producing the best-class and most readable Sunday newspaper.

There is one good old English song that only France has heard of. The *Gil Blas*, giving the programme of a concert at which Madame Eames-Story appeared, says she rendered "*Summer is cumen in where blue the rose* (vielle chanson anglaise)." As long as we have got rid of the green carnation, which we borrowed from France, and which has become a bye-word in England, it is to be regretted that we should ourselves be charged with painting the rose. By the way, what song is the writer driving at?

I was glad to see that the papers gave all possible prominence to the prosecution of the crowd of stockbrokers who were convicted last week for their disgusting behaviour on a launch on the Thames. From the evidence it would seem that their language was worse than that of the bargee—the most comprehensive expression for absolute profanity and indecency that could be suggested; and what is more, some of them outraged all sense of decorum by stripping naked on the deck, and exposing themselves to the crowds watching them. Can anyone suggest any more abominable conduct, and can anyone give me any idea of how it is possible to encourage such behaviour more than the magistrates did by the fines they inflicted?

It seems that they came to the conclusion that it was impossible to send these fellows to prison for the offence, and so they inflicted some ridiculously inadequate fines. This settles the matter, because if their law is good, I can go down to the Thames Embankment, swear like one of the army in Flanders at everyone I meet, divest myself of my clothes, and get off with a small fine at Bow Street, by telling Sir John Bridge that I simply wanted a bathe, and am heartbroken at the notion that either my language or conduct should have pained a soul. This is logical, for the Thames is as much a public highway as are the banks of it.

The Thames is bad enough already. Oaths and ob-

scenity are shouted from boat to boat, and if all that is to be done is to inflict on wealthy men fines that they could pay in their sleep, for heaven's sake let the Conservancy give decent warning to respectable men and women. These launches are nothing short of a curse —the Paradise of the drunken snob. In only too many cases they are floating grog-shops, where men and women, under the illusion they are enjoying themselves, get drunk, terrorise every oarsman by their erratic steering, and curse and swear in a loathsome fashion. But the magistrates say it is only a mild offence.

The truth is that England has been getting into a very bad habit in regard to the use of obscene language. Originally an oath was used for a particular purpose, and a man felt the better and purer for occasionally saying something emphatic in regard to an unpleasant incident. This did little harm, if it was said quietly and privately. But nowadays foul language goes unchecked. You hear every yard you walk curses from cabmen, newsboys, and sundry loafers, but no policeman ever dreams of interfering. At a public bar, in the music-hall, even at theatres, the same thing goes on. Some men cannot get through a many-syllabled word without interpolating an oath. It is time decent-minded men put a stop to a habit which is vulgar, senseless, and unpleasant.

It was an excellent idea of Messrs. Lyons to start refreshment buffets over London, where for a sum less than you paid at the stony, meagrely furnished A.B.C.'s, you could obtain in comfort, even with a little luxury, a pot of tea for the sum of twopence, and bread-and-butter and cake at a similar moderate rate. Unfortunately for the firm and the public, they are presuming too much on their undoubted success, and have raised the prices. It is a bad move, a very bad move. We all know what a cup of tea costs, and most married men would tremble to think of their housekeeping bill if they had to pay for food even at the low rate that the firm originally started with. I hope that Messrs. Lyons will even now adopt the shrewdness characteristic of their race, and leave well alone.

I have had any quantity of correspondence over my notes on how to dress on £20 a year. Generally speaking, my views are held to be reasonable, although many have shown me that by economising in one way and another they could largely increase the wardrobe on the sum I suggest. On the other hand my scheme is torn to pieces. One reader declares that no one could get a pair of boots worth giving to a cat for less than 65s., and adds that he would not wear a pair of trousers that cost less than 35s., or a straw hat costing less than 12s., and so on in detail. Under these circumstances I am sure my correspondent's income is very much larger than that of those for whom I drew out the plan, and so I congratulate him, although I must condemn his contentions.

Huret has taken down Frank Shorland's number, and beaten his record by fifty-five miles, covering as many as 515 in twenty-four hours. I am sure that every sportsman will congratulate him. He came to England and helped Shorland to establish the world's record last June, although by so doing he lost his own for the time being. What a race we should have had if only the N.C.U. had allowed To-Day to organise a great international twenty-four hours race. That Union kills sport and kills ambition. But cyclists stand it, and now England has lost yet another record—about the only record we had in sport when we competed with other nations on equal terms.

Everyone interested in cricket will have learned with pleasure that the Marylebone Club have decided to take the lead in the matter of the National Testimonial to Mr. W. G. Grace. There was some idea of leaving the management to the Gloucestershire committee, but when the movement showed signs of assuming such huge proportions it was only right that there should be at the head of affairs the governing body of the game. Already Lord Harris and the committee of the Marylebone Club have thrown themselves heart and soul into their work, and have invited, through the medium of the Press, the assistance of every club in the United Kingdom and the Colonies. I confidently expect that something like £20,000 will be realised by the testimonial, and the matter of dealing with this money will, of course, be left to the Marylebone Club, who are naturally anxious that all moneys privately subscribed shall be handed over to them for final distribution. No man will ever achieve such a position in the sporting world as Mr. W. G. Grace has gained for himself, and the success of the testimonial would be immensely popular.

No county match during the present season had been awaited with keener interest than that between Surrey and Lancashire at Manchester at the end of last week. Both sides had an equal number of points in the championship competition, and the question of temporary leadership rested upon the result. It was extremely unlucky for Lancashire that, with so much depending on his efforts, Arthur Mold, the famous fast bowler, should have broken down, but before the accident occurred Lancashire, by their feeble batting and bad judgment in running, had lost their great chance of success. After their brilliant display against Kent, it must have been most disappointing to the supporters of Lancashire to see their side dismissel on a hard and true wicket for 159. From the disastrous start, Lancashire never recovered, and Surrey's victory in a single innings, with 39 runs to spare, was gained in the most genuine fashion.

Abel, by scoring 157, was quite the hero of the game, and up to last Saturday he had surpassed all his previous performances in first-class cricket, having got within 129 runs of his thousand in the course of six weeks' play. Surrey goes on from triumph to triumph, and I fully expect to see them maintain their position at the head of the leading counties. Each successive victory makes it the more difficult to understand how the team gave such a wretchedly poor account of themselves against England at the Oval in Mr. Walter Read's testimonial match.

Cricketers are proverbially superstitious, and Mr. A. J. Webbe, the Middlesex captain, evidently thought his luck had completely deserted him when he lost the toss for his county four times in succession. Against Sussex he would not again trust himself to the ordeal, and so, something in the way of a joke, he handed over the duty of tossing to Rawlin. The experiment had quite the desired effect, as Rawlin called correctly to the coin spun up by Mr. Murdoch. Rawlin was delighted at the success, and coming back to his companions he said, "There, that's as good as fifty runs for the side; now I suppose I shall be rewarded by getting out for a duck." Singularly enough, this is exactly what happened, Rawlin being easily caught at point before he had had time to get his eye in.

I am very glad to see that Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, the Oxford captain, has given the colours to H. A. Arkwright, F. H. E. Cunliffe, and P. F. Warren. All three men have thoroughly earned the distinction, but many captains leave it to the last minute before deciding upon the constitution of their team. That Mr. Mordaunt has acted wisely there can be no doubt, as nothing is more calculated to dishearten a young cricketer than to think he is always playing for his place, and to feel that one failure may rob him of the honour of representing his University in the great match at Lord's.

The Old Welcome Club at Earl's Court numbers 666 members so far elected, and the number of members will be limited to 750. This is by far the largest list of members of the Welcome, and its success is a fair index

of the increased popularity of the present exhibition. The attendance on Saturday was over 72,000, being 9,000 in excess of the Bank Holiday figures.

A bundle of letters have come to hand in regard to my notes on the lack of accommodation for travellers in the villages, and just as many have cited instances of riverside charges, that would take your breath away if you had not been victimised yourself. Six shillings for a leg of fowl, half-a-crown for a plate of cold beef, twenty-seven-and-sixpence for a dinner (without wine) and bed, are only a few instances. A year ago a gentleman announced his determination to fight extortionate charges at hotels, contending that as the Legislature granted publicans special privileges for the specific purpose of meeting the requirements of the

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public, they had no right to abuse their position. This good resolution seems to have gone to join a number of other paving stones in a certain place.

I can honestly recommned any smoker the Flor de Zenana brand of Indian cigars. They are moderate in price, in excellent condition, and have a fine bouquet.

That Bradley, the English sprinting champion, has not lost his old form was proved at Lancaster, when he defeated Downer. Bradley, I think, is sure to retain his title on July 8th, at Stamford Bridge. Downer has done an immense amount of racing this year, and he would do well to take a rest.

I spent a very agreeable evening at St. George's Hall last Saturday, at the concert given by Mr. Templer Saxe and Miss Pauline Ellice. Amongst the successes of the evening were Mr. Franklin Clive, Miss Grace Damian, Miss May Pinney, Miss Jessie Hotine, in a charming song by Edith Cooke, and Miss Ennis Keith, who received an encore for her pretty rendering of "When your pride has had a tumble," from the *Gaiety Girl*. Mr. Norfolk Megone conducted

Quite the event of the week in racing circles has been the inaugural meeting at the new Birmingham racecourse. Birmingham has long been regarded as a hotbed of sport, but, strange to relate, the Four Oaks Park races were never profitable. The new feature, however, looks like taking a prominent place amongst the racetracks of England. Everything has been done to ensure the comfort of both man and beast.

What pleases me most is to hear that every endeavour was made to keep objectionable characters out of the leading enclosures. I pointed out last week that the manner in which the rings at certain meetings were kept was a perfect scandal, and I trust that the executive at Birmingham will not relax their efforts to keep out what we euphemistically term "the boys."

I see that more than one of my contemporaries refer to the execrable manner in which the race gates are held. I have often wondered why one of the big sporting clubs has not taken up this matter before now. A little agitation will do wonders, and as an outcome of my remarks I notice that the ring-keepers are to be given a list of persons who are to be informed that their room is preferable to their company.

The young French sportsmen, M. R. and Max Lebaudy, are making their mark in the world of sport. M. R. Lebaudy is now well known on English racecourses, and his success over here has pleased him so much that it is probable he will erect a palatial training establishment at Newmarket. M. Max Lebaudy is at present serving with the army. He, however, finds time to support his own and other people's horses to a large extent. He is a fine horseman, and will, no doubt, be seen riding on our tracks ere long.

The Major.

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THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

RIVALS.

ROMENT! I said, slowly. "It is impossible!"

But even while I said it, I knew that I lied; and I turned to the window that Benôit might not see my face. Froment! The name alone, now that the hint was given me, let in the light. Fellow-traveller, fellow-conspirator, in turn protected and protector, his face as I had seen it at the carriage door in the pass by Villeraugues, rose up before me, and I marvelled that I had not guessed the secret earlier. A bourgeois and ambitious, thrown into Mademoiselle's company, what could be more certain than that, sooner or later, he would lift his eyes to her? What more likely than that Madame St. Alais, impoverished and embittered, afloat on the whirlpool of agitation, would be willing to reward his daring even with her daughter's hand? Rich already, success would ennoble him; and for the rest I knew how the man, strong where so many were weak, resolute where others faltered, assured of his purpose and steadfast in pursuing it, where others knew none, must loom in a woman's eyes. And I gnashed my teeth.

I had my outward eyes, as I thought these thoughts, on a little dingy, well-like court; on the farther side of which, but far below me, a monastic-looking porch surmounted by a carved figure, formed the centre of vision. Mechanically, though I could have sworn that my whole mind was otherwise engaged, I watched two men come into the court, and go to this porch. They did not knock or call, but one of them struck his stick twice on the pavement; and in a second or two the door opened, as of itself, and the men disappeared.

I saw and noted this unconsciously; yet, perhaps, it was the closing of the door roused me from my thoughts. "Froment!" I said, "Froment!" And then I turned from the window. "Where is she?" I said.

Father Benôit shook his head.

"You must know!" I cried—indeed I saw he did. "You must know!"

"I do know," he answered slowly, his eyes on mine. "But I cannot tell you. I could not, were it to save your life, M. le Vicomte. I had it in confession."

I stared at him, baffled; and my heart sank at that answer, as it would have sunk at no other. I knew that on this door, this iron door without a key, I might beat my hands and spend my fury until the end of time and go no farther. At length, "Then why—why have you told me so much?" I cried, with a harsh laugh. "Why tell me anything?"

"Because I would have you leave Nîmes," Father Benôit answered gently, laying his hand on my arm, his eyes full of entreaty. "Mademoiselle is contracted, and beyond your reach. Within a few hours, certainly as soon as the elections come on, there will be a rising here. I know you," he continued, "and your feelings, and I know that your sympathies will be with neither party. Why stay then, M. le Vicomte?"

"Why?" I said, so quickly that his hand fell from my arm as if I had struck him. "Because until Mademoiselle is married I will follow her, if it be to Turin! Because M. Froment is unwise to mingle love and war, and my sympathies are now with one side, and it is not his! It is not his! Why, you ask? Because—you cannot tell me, but there are those who can, and I will go to them!"

And without waiting to hear answer or remonstrance—though he cried to me and tried to detain me—I caught up my hat, and flew down the stairs; and once out of the house and in the street hastened back at the top of my speed to the quarter of the town I had left. The streets through which I passed were still crowded, but wore an air not so much of disorder as of expectation; as if the procession I had followed had left a trail behind it. Here and there I saw soldiers patrolling, and warning the people to be quiet; and everywhere knots of townsmen, whispering and scowling, who stared at me as I passed. Every tenth male I saw was a monk, Dominican or Capuchin, and though my whole mind was bent on finding M. de Géol and Buton, and learning from them what they knew, as enemies, of Froment's plans and strength, I felt that the city was in an abnormal state; and that if I would do anything before the convulsion took place, I must act quickly.

I was fortunate enough to find M. de Géol and Buton at their lodgings. The former, whom I had not seen since our arrival, and who doubtless had his opinion of the cause of my sudden disappearance in the street, greeted me with a scowl and a bitter sarcasm, but when I had put a few questions, and he found that I was in earnest, his manner changed. "You may tell him," he said, nodding to Buton.

Then I saw that they too were excited, though they were fain to hide it. "What is it?" I asked.

"Froment's party rose at Avignon yesterday," he answered eagerly. "Prematurely; and were crushed. The news has just arrived. It may hasten his plans."

"I saw soldiers in the street," I said.

"Yes, the Calvinists have asked for protection. But, that, and the patrols," De Géol answered with a grim smile, "are equally a farce. The regiment of Guienne, which is patriotic and would assist us, and be some protection, is kept within barracks by its officers; the mayor and municipals are red, and whatever happens will not hoist the flag or call out the troops. The Catholic cabarets are alive with armed men; in a word, my friend, if Froment succeeds in mastering the town, and holding it three days, M. d'Artois, governor of Montpellier, will be here with his garrison, and——"

"Yes!"

"And what was a riot will be a revolt;" he said pithily. "But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, M. le Vicomte; and there are more than sheep in the Cevennes Mountains!"

The words had scarcely passed from his lips, when a man ran into the room, looked at us, and raised his hand in a peculiar way. "Pardon me," said M. de Géol quickly; and with a muttered word he followed the man out. Buton was not a whit behind. In a moment I was alone.

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I supposed they would return, and I waited impatiently; but a minute or two passed, and they did not appear. At length, tired of waiting, and wondering what was afoot, I went into the yard of the inn, and thence into the street. Still I did not find them; but collected before the inn I found a group of servants and others belonging to the place. They were all standing silent, listening, and as I joined them one looked round peevishly, and raised his hand as a warning to me to be quiet.

Before I could ask what it meant, the distant report of a gun, followed quickly by a second and a third, made my heart beat. A dull sound, it might be of men shouting, or the passage of a heavy wagon over pavement, ensued; then more firing, each report short, sharp, decisive. While we listened, and as the last red glow of sunset faded on the eaves above us, leaving the street cold and gray, a bell somewhere began to toll hurriedly, stroke upon stroke; and a man dashing round a corner not far away, made towards us.

But the landlord of the Ecu did not wait for him. "All in!" he cried to his people, "and close the great gates! And do you, Pierre, bar the shutters. And you, Monsieur," he continued, turning to me, "will do well to come in also. The town is up, and the streets will not be safe for strangers."

But I was already halfway down the street. I met the fugitive, and he cried to me, as I passed that the mob was coming. I met a frightened, riderless horse, galloping madly along the kennel; it swerved from me, and almost fell on the slippery pavement. But I took no more heed of either than I had of the innkeeper. I ran on until two hundred paces before me I saw smoke and dust, and dimly through it a handful of soldiers, who, with their backs to me, were slowly giving way before a dense crowd that pressed upon them. Even as I came in sight of them, they seemed to break and melt away, and with a roar of triumph the mob swept over the place on which they stood.

HE LED THE WAY THROUGH.

I had the wit to see that to pass that way was impossible; and I darted aside into a narrow passage darkened by wide, flat eaves that almost hid the pale evening sky. This brought me to a lane, full of women, standing listening with scared faces. I hurried through them, and when I had gone, as I judged far enough to outflank the mob, chose a lane that appeared to lead in the direction of Father Benôit's house. Fortunately, the crowd was engaged in the main streets, the byways were comparatively deserted, and without accident I reached again the little square by the gate.

Probably the attack on the soldiers had begun there, or in that neighbourhood, for a broken musket lay in two pieces on the pavement, and faces at upper windows followed me in a strange unwinking silence as I crossed the square. But no man was to be seen, and unmolested I reached the door of Father Benoît's staircase, and entered.

In the open the light was still good, but within doors it was dusk, and I had not taken two steps before I tripped and fell headlong over some object that lay in my way. I struck the foot of the stairs heavily, and got up groaning; but ceased to groan and held my breath, as peering through the half light of the entry, I saw over what I had fallen. It was a man's body.

The man was a monk, in the black and white robe of his order; and he was quite dead. It took me an instant to overcome the horror of the discovery, but that done, I saw easily enough how the corpse came to be there. Doubtless the man had been shot in the street at the beginning of the riot—perhaps he had been the first to attack the patrol; then the body had been dragged into shelter here, and his party had swept on to vengeance.

I stooped and reverently adjusted the cowl which my foot had dragged away; and that done—it was no time for sentiment—I resumed my purpose, turned from him; and hurried up the stairs. Alas, when I reached Father Benôit's room it was empty.

I stood a moment in the failing light, wondering what I should do next; what could I do? and in my doubt I walked aimlessly to the casement. In the dull, almost blind wall which met my eyes across the court, was one window on a level with that at which I stood, but a little to the side. On a sudden, as I stared stupidly at the wall about it, a bright light shone out in this window. A lamp had been that moment kindled in the room, and darkly outlined against the glow I saw the head and shoulders of a woman.

I almost screamed a name. It was Denise!

She moved from the window even while I held my breath, a curtain was drawn, and all was dark. Only the plain frame of the window—and that fast fading in the gloom—remained; only that and the gloomy, well-like court, that separated me from her.

I leaned a moment on the sill, my heart bounding hotly, my thoughts working with inconceivable rapidity. She was there, in the house opposite! It seemed too wonderful; it seemed inexplicable. Then I reflected that the house stood next to the Old Gate I had seen from the street; and had not someone told me that Froment lived in the Port d'Auguste?

Doubtless this was it, and she lay in his power in this house that was one with it. I leaned farther out, partly that I might cool my burning face, partly to see more; and my eyes greedily scanning the front of the house traced the line of arrow-slits that marked the ascent of the staircase. I followed the line downwards; it ended beside the porch surmounted by a little statue, by which I had seen the two men enter.

They were still fighting in the town. I could hear the dull sound of distant volleys, and the tolling of bells, and now and then a wave of noise, of screams and yells, that rose and sank on the evening air. But my eyes were on the porch below; and suddenly I had a thought. I followed the line of arrow-slits up again—it was too dark in the sombre court to see them well—and marked the position of the window at which Denise had appeared. Then I turned, and passing through the room, I groped my way downstairs.

I had no light, and I had to go carefully with one hand on the grimy wall; but I knew now where the monk's body lay, and I stepped over it safely, and to the door, and there putting out my head, looked up and down.

Two men, as I did so, passed hurriedly through the little square, and before reaching the Gate, dived into an entry on the right, and disappeared. About the eaves of the highest house, that towered high and black above me, a faint ruddy light was beginning to dance. I heard voices, that came, I thought, from the tower of the Gateway; and there, too, I thought that I saw a figure outlined against the sky. But otherwise, all was quiet in the neighbourhood; and I went in again.

No matter what I did in the darkness at the foot of the stairs; I hate to recall it. But in a minute or two I came out a monk in cowl and girdle. Then I, too, dived into the entry, and in a trice found myself in the court. Before me was the porch, and with the barrel of the broken musket, which I had snatched up as I passed, I struck twice on the pavement.

I had no time to think what would happen next, or what I was going to confront. The door opened instantly, and I went in, and the door closed silently behind me.

I found myself in a long, bare hall or corridor, plain and unfurnished, that had once perhaps been a cloister. A lamp hung against a wall, and opposite me, on a stone seat sat two persons talking; and three or four others were walking up and down. But at my entrance all paused, and looked at me eagerly. "Whence are you, brother;" said one of them, advancing to me.

"The Cabaret Vierge," I answered at a venture. The light dazzled me, and I raised my hand to ward it off.

"For the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Come, quickly then," the man said, "he is on the roof. It goes well?" he continued, looking with a smile at my weapon.

"It goes," I answered, holding my head low, so that my face was lost in the cowl.

"They are beginning to light up, I am told?"

"Yes."

He took up a small lamp, and opening a door in a kind of buttress that strengthened one of the arches, led the way through it, and up a narrow winding staircase made in the thickness of the wall. Presently we passed an open door, and I ticked it off in my mind. It marked the first floor from the ground. Twenty steps higher we passed another door—closed this time. Again fifteen steps and we came to a third. That floor held my heart, and I looked round greedily, desperately, for some way of evading my guide. But I saw only the smooth stones of the wall; and he continued to climb.

I halted at last. "What is it?" he asked, looking down at me.

"I have dropped a note" I said; and I began to grope about the steps.

"For the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Here, take the light!" he answered eagerly. "And be quick! if your news is worth the telling, it is worth telling quickly. Sacré! man, what have you done?"

I had let the lamp fall on the steps, extinguishing it; and we were in pitchy darkness. In the moment of silence which followed, before he recovered from his surprise, I could hear the voices of men above us, and the tramp of their feet on the roof; and a cold draught of air met me. Then he swore another oath. "Get down, get down!" he cried impatiently, "and let me pass you! You are a pretty messenger to—there wait, wait until I fetch another light."

He squeezed by me, and left me standing in the very place I would have chosen, in the angle of the doorway we had just passed; before he had clattered down half a dozen steps I had my finger on the latch. To my joy the door—which might so easily have been locked—yielded to my knee, and passing through it, I closed it behind me. Then turning to the right—all was still dark—I groped my way along the wall through which I had entered. I knew it to be the outside wall, and dimly in front I discerned the faint radiance of a window.

Now that the moment had come to put all to the test I was as calm as I could wish to be. I counted ten paces, and came, as I expected, to the window; ten paces farther and I felt my way barred by a door. This should be the room—the last that way; and listening intently for the first sounds of pursuit or alarm, I felt about for a latch, found it, and tried the door. Again fortune favoured me, it came to my hand; but instead of light I found all dark as before; and then understood, as I struck with some violence against a second door.

A stifled cry in a woman's voice came from beyond it; and someone asked sharply, "Who is that?"

I gave no answer, but I searched for the latch, found it, and in a moment the door was opened. The light which poured out dazzled me for a second or two; but while I stood blinking, under the lamp I had a vision of two girls standing at bay, one behind the other, and the nearer was Denise!

I stepped towards her with a cry of joy; but she retreated with terror written on her face. "What do you want?" she stammered as she retreated. "You have made some mistake. We——"

Then I remembered the guise in which I stood, and the gun-barrel in my hand, and I dashed back the cowl from my face; and in a moment—it was of all surprises the most joyous, for I had not seen her since we sat opposite one another in the carriage, and then only a word had passed between us—in a moment she was in my arms, on my breast, and sobbing with her head hidden, and my lips on her hair.

"They told me you were dead!" she cried. "They told me you were dead!"

Then I understood; and I held her to me, held her

to me more and more closely, and said—God knows what I said. And for the moment she let me, and we

"THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DEAD!" SHE CRIED.

forgot all else, our danger, the dark future, even the woman who stood by. We had been plighted before, and it had been nothing to us; now, with my lips on hers, and her arms clinging, I knew that it was once for all, and that only death, if death, could part us.

Alas! that was not so far from us that we could long ignore it. And in a minute or two she freed herself, and thrust me from her, her face pale and red by turns, her eyes soft and shining in the lamplight. "How do you come here, Monsieur?" she cried. "And in that dress?"

"To see you," I answered. And at the word, I stepped forward and would have taken her in my arms again.

But she waved me back. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, shuddering, "Not now! Do you know that they will kill you! Do you know that they will kill you if they find you here? Go! Go! I beg of you, while you can."

"And leave you?"

"Yes, and leave me," she answered, with a gesture of despair. "I implore you to do so."

"And leave you to Froment?" I cried.

She looked at me in a different way, and with a little start. "You know that?" she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then know this, too, Monsieur," she replied raising her head, and meeting my eyes with the bravest look. "Know this, that whatever betide, I shall not marry him now, nor any man but you!"

I would have fallen on my knees and kissed the hem of her gown for that word, but she drew back, and passionately begged me to begone. "This house is not safe for you," she said. "It is death, it is death, Monsieur! My mother is merciless, and my brother is here; and *he*—the house is full of his sworn creatures. You

escaped him hardly before; if he finds you here now he will kill you.

"But if I need fear him so," I answered grimly, holding my ground, for I saw, now that she had ceased to blush, how pale and wan she was, and what dark marks fear had painted under her eyes—child's eyes no longer, but a woman's—"if I need fear him so, what of you? What of you, Mademoiselle? Am I to leave you at his mercy?"

She looked at me with a strange gravity in her face; and I never forgot her answer. "Monsieur," she said reproachfully, "was I afraid on the roof of the house at St. Alais? And I have more to guard now. Have no fear. There is a roof here, too, and I often walk on it; and my husband—my husband shall never have cause to blush for me."

"But I was there," I said quickly. Heaven knows why; it was a strange thing to say. Yet she did not find it so.

Yes," she said—and smiled; and with the smile, her face burned again and her eyes grew soft, and all her dignity fled in a moment, and she looked at me drooping. And in an instant she was in my arms.

But only for a few seconds. Then she tore herself away almost in anger. "Oh, go, go!" she cried. "If you love me, go, Monsieur."

"Swear," I said, "to put a handkerchief in your window if you want help!"

"In my window?"

"I can see it from Father Benoît's."

A gleam of joy lit up her face. "I will," she said. "Oh, God be thanked that you are so near! I will. But I have Françoise, too, and she is true to me. As long as I have her——"

She stopped with her lips apart, and the blood gone suddenly from her cheeks; and we looked at one another. Alas, I had stayed too long! There was a noise of feet coming along the passage, and a hubbub of voices outside, and the clatter of a door hastily closed. I think for a moment we scarcely breathed; and even after that it was her woman who was the first to move. She sprang to the door and softly locked it.

"It is vain!" Denise said in a harsh whisper; she leaned against the table, her face as white as snow. "They will fetch my mother, and they will kill you."

"There is no other door?" I muttered; staring round with hunted eyes, and feeling for the first time the full danger of the course I had taken.

She shook her head.

"What is that?" I cried, pointing to the farther end of the chamber, where a bed stood in the alcove.

"A closet," the woman answered, almost with a sob. "Yes, yes, Monsieur, they may not search. Quick, and I can lock it."

In such a case a man acts on instinct. I heard the latch of the door tried, and then someone knocked angrily; and so long I hesitated. But then a second knock followed on the first, and a voice I knew cried imperatively, "Open, open, Françoise!" and I moved towards the closet. The girl, distracted by the repeated summons and her terror, hung a moment between me and the door of the room; but in the end had to go to the latter, so that I drew the closet door upon myself.

Then in a moment it came upon it me that if, hiding there, I was found, I should shame Denise; it darted through my brain that if, lurking there behind the closed doors among her woman's things, I was caught, I should harm her a hundred times more than if I stood out in the middle of the floor and faced the worst. And with my face on fire at the mere thought, I opened the door again, and stepped out; and was just in time. For as the door of the room flew open, and M. de St. Alais strode in and looked round I was the first person he saw.

There were three or four men behind him; and among them the man whom I had cheated on the stairs. But, M. St. Alais' eyes blazing with wrath caught mine, and held them; and the others were nothing to me.

(To be continued.)

"THAT OTHER WOMAN."

"Il-y-en à toujours un autre."

SINCE the world began but one woman has had a perfectly good time, and that was the first. The *Other Woman* came after the Fall, in the train of sin and sorrow; for, although it is not specially mentioned in Holy Writ, there can be no manner of doubt but that she was part of the primeval curse upon Eve—and the worst part, too; "And thou shalt have Another Woman to dwell beside thee, and thy desire shall be towards her to eclipse her utterly, but it shall not be so, and with sorrow shalt thou suffer her all the days of thy life," etc. Could any orthodox reading of the text attain to the bitterness of this obvious, although unrecorded, curse?

As at the beginning of all life, so at the beginning of each individual life there is a short respite. *Every* baby—even a girl—is "just the sweetest baby that ever was," and "in trailing clouds of glory," and embroidered cambric does it enjoy the golden age of Ignorance. But the "shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing girl when she is 'short-coated'"—shorn of her strength, so to speak, like Samson, and delivered to the Philistines. Alas! poor victim of the curse; as soon as you can realise anything, you realise the *other little girl*—the horrid little wretch who *does* everything that is nice; or the "horrider" little wretch who *has* everything that is nice. The *other little girl* never seems to soil her pinafore or break her toys, or make mud pies, or sulk, or scream. *Bogie* never comes for *her*. She has prettier dolls, and bigger lollipops, and longer sashes, and curlier hair than you. She is always being petted and praised, because she is so pretty, or so clever. She does wonders in pothooks when you are struggling with the mysteries of a-b—ab. "See what little May Brown can do!" cry the authorities who so lately worshipped you, and you feel the keen anguish of eclipse, and hate little May Brown with all the force of your childish soul.

You grow bigger and go to school, but you find the other girl there before you. *She* takes the prizes for which you strive. She steals your bosom friends. She borrows your nicest things, and forgets to lend you hers. She says nasty things about the shape of your nose, and laughs at your mortification. She outshines you in hair, in hampers, and in pocket-money. When the final good-bye comes you kiss her and "dear" her, and hope she'll come and visit you, and go home inwardly rejoic-

ing that you have seen the last of her. *Now*, you are going to have a good time at last. Alas! the other girl is a progressive curse, and she culminates in *the Other Woman*. You have but exchanged that odious Selina Smith for the still more odious Rose Robinson.

The *Other Woman* is a terrible creature. Your weak points are always her strong ones. If you are chubby, she is spirituelle; and *Junoesque*, if you are scraggy. She never tans or freckles, and looks equally well by night or by day. She wears the frocks and hats which you long for but cannot afford. She waltzes divinely, and appears cool and charming when you are red and crumpled. She steals your partners remorselessly and shamelessly, and, adding insult to injury, will audibly pity you for being a "wall-flower"—perhaps even offer to introduce some undesirable cavalier whom she wishes to discard. Truly the tender mercies of the *Other Woman* are cruel!

SHE WEARS THE FROCKS AND HATS WHICH YOU LONG FOR.

But it is when *he* comes on the scene that your cup of bitterness is filled to overflowing. Why should she always look her best then, and *you* your worst? You feel nervous and stupid, whilst she is brilliant and self-possessed. Of course she attracts him, and you agonise. How you burn with jealous rage when he is with her, and freeze with mortified dignity when he returns to you; and melt altogether into bitter tears in secret! How you loathe what people call her "taking ways." *Taking*! The Other Woman is always taking something; and the "ewe lambs" of her neighbours are the express objects of her ambition! If she does not take him from you altogether, she takes all she can get; and you have to endure in silence until he ends the torture by declaring himself plainly. Ah, that was the proudest moment of your life; but between ourselves—it was not so much because you had won him, as because you had triumphed over her at last!

Of course, he told you that he had never loved before—and you believed him because you wanted to believe him. All your life you had dreamed of this paradise—a kingdom wherein the Other Woman's foot had never trod, and now it is yours. Like Robinson Crusoe, you dwell securely in your isolated sovereignty. But, one day—like Crusoe—you make a discovery—only a "footprint in the sands of time," perchance—but it is *Hers!*

I said one woman at least had been perfectly happy—but I am not sure about that. Perhaps Eve discovered the truth about *Lilith*, and deliberately planned the Fall to get Adam away from all connection with his past!

Alas, poor Woman! You may outgrow love, and outlive beauty, but the curse clings; and hoar hairs find you anxiously striving to socially eclipse Mrs. de Tomkins!

ARISTOCRATIC DOGS.

A white terrier belonging to the Comtesse de Breteuil had on white doeskin leggings the other morning in the Bois when it was muddy, and I counted five different coats, all embroidered with heraldry, on one fat pug in one day during a stay at Biarritz last summer. Another sight there was a small, elegant perambulator, wheeled by a page, in which was a black poodle with two squeaking puppies, all three curled, beribboned, and bangled in the very latest mode. Incredible as it may seem, some have complete wardrobes, with flannel nightshirts, and other underclothing. Countess Mensdorff, a well-known Austrian *grande dame*, was in the habit of serving the meals of her four dachshunds in the daintiest silver and china on a low table, around which the four little black-and-tan creatures sat, like babies, in cushioned chairs. Napkins were tied around their necks, and two maids, with white aprons and caps, whose sole duty it was to look after the quartet, fed them on chicken, sweetbreads, game, *consommé*, and custards. The Countess had visiting-cards for her dogs, on which were inscribed the following names: Count Aleck Mensdorff, Countess Mabel Mensdorff, Count Bob Mensdorff, and Countess Tiny Mensdorff.—*Vogue.*

CONSISTENCY.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day—"Ah, so you will be sure to be misunderstood?"—Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—Emerson.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT HOME.

Out of the many Presidents with which France has gifted herself during the present century the latest and least known seems, strangely enough, destined to take the greatest place in popular estimation. Slowly but surely he is making his way into the hearts of the French people, and by his tact, broad-mindedness, good nature, and business knowledge of men and things he has known how to win in a few months a position denied to nearly all of his famous predecessors.

Most people know that Felix Faure began life as a tanner's apprentice; comparatively few are aware that he was partly educated at an English commercial school.

This apparently unimportant fact has given him what literally none of his Governmental colleagues possessed—a practical knowledge of England and English life; he has the courage of his convictions, and is never ashamed to confess the affection and liking he has retained for "perfidious Albion." ong before he was President M. Faure's friends used to smile at his love of English clothes, athletic sports, and illustrated newspapers. Any Englishman in his own line of business, that of a skin and leather merchant, was sure of a warm welcome in his charming Havre home, and with the exception of Napoleon III., he has been the first French President able to talk familiarly in their own language with British royalties calling at the Elysée.

M. FELIX FAURE.

Havre may be called the Southampton of France, it is the centre of the Franco-American shipping trade, and is also in constant communication with Great Britain. M. Faure is devoted to the picturesque old town where he has been in turn errand-boy, business clerk, merchant, mayor, and member. Although till lately his name was unknown in England, he has played no inconsiderable part in Governmental affairs. He has twice been Under-Secretary of State, and later, while at the Ministry Marine, he did some good work in connection with the mercantile navy. He it was also who brought in the Bill before the French Chamber for increasing the responsibilities of the employers to those of their workmen injured in their service, and so remarkable was his speech that Bismarck referred to it, and quoted therefrom in the Reichstag. But President Faure does not owe his popularity to these staying qualities, but, as I before hinted, to his great knowledge of the world and natural good nature and tact possessed by him to so great a degree—natural gifts which are shared by both his wife, a charming woman, and his daughter, Mademoiselle Lucie, who, like most French girls, is her father's greatest pet and confidante.

Not one British tourist in a thousand who pays a short or long visit to the gay city ever thinks of asking to be shown the Palace of the Elysée, and yet the stately countrified looking château to be found not so far from the Embassy has played a great part in French history, for there in the apartment which is now M. Faure's study Napoleon I. signed his second abdication, and Napoleon III. planned the *coup d'état* which made him Emperor.

The Elysée is a thoroughly comfortable house. In addition to the beautiful suite of State apartments, where great receptions, balls, etc., take place, are several smaller sets of rooms, and it is one of these that the President and his family have taken for their private use.

President and Madame Faure find their official income—£24,000 a year—anything but lavish, and it is said that the subject of my sketch spends at least as much again. For although the President of the Republic is supposed to have all his material wants supplied by the State—the keep of only three horses is allowed, and if Madame Faure attempted to keep the household expenditure to the sum allotted to her out of the Presidential income she would be less envied than many a prosperous middle-class housewife. Vegetables, fruit, and game are supplied from one or other of the country palaces belonging to the State, and oak logs, coals, oils, gas, and electricity to supplement the income. But nothing can be done on the cheap by Mdme. la Presidente; everything worn, eaten, bought, or given by the hosts of the Elysée is of French manufacture. This is as it should be, and no lady will consider Mdme. Faure extravagant when she is told that the latter dresses herself and her daughter on something under £1,000 a year, this sum being something like a fourth part of what is spent by more than one Parisian *élégant* over her toilette.

Not only in his dress alone does President Faure recall the well-dressed Englishman. During his sojourn in England he acquired many little habits of business-like promptitude and real hard work which, strangely enough, the average Frenchman is curiously lacking in. A famous Parisian once said, "The future is to the early riser," but very few of his fellow-townsmen took any heed of his advice. Poor Carnot only began his Presidential day at ten o'clock. M. Faure as often as not has already breakfasted by six o'clock, and by eight he expects his secretaries to be ready for work, greatly, it must be admitted, to the discomfiture of these last.

Another of the President's peculiarities is that of

answering every letter by return of post, received by him in either private or official capacity. Like his comrade, President Cleveland, he can boast of having one of the largest correspondences in the world. Hundreds of applications for autographs arrive from abroad, numberless demands for money, as often as not accompanied by a veiled threat. Not the least difficult of his delicate tasks is that of choosing among the mass of applications for audiences. The President of the French Republic is theoretically every citizen's servant, and no man's master, therefore, every one who has the slightest excuse for being received is welcomed by the President as a rule.

Unlike his two last predecessors, the President is averse to official luncheons; he takes his mid-day meal surrounded by his family in the pretty suite of rooms where he and his wife spend what scanty leisure they have. Once lunch is over begins the really serious business of the Presidential day.

M. Faure has made up his mind to visit all the great Parisian centres of business and philanthropy. He will soon have exhausted the hospitals, and there is scarce a Parisian workman who is not already familiar with the powerful and jovial personality of the Chief of the State. He also makes a point of showing himself at the annual balls given by the great military and scientific schools, and, crowning virtue of all, he does not show the slightest indisposition to parting freely with his money. As he is known only to possess the large commercial fortune entirely acquired by his own personal exertion less is expected of him than was of the millionaire Casimir Perier, and it is only fair to add that he has shown himself of a far more generous and uncalculating disposition. Every appeal for help of a pecuniary kind is, whenever it be possible, investigated by one of the President's secretaries, and no really deserving poor are ever sent empty away.

It is to many a curious sign of the times that M. Felix Faure and his family were at one time openly stated to be Protestant and are now known to be, on the contrary, rather exceptionally orthodox Catholics. Either of these statements would some years ago have aroused a storm of angry opposition, but now the President is allowed to worship where and when he likes.

M. Felix Faure takes a keen interest in athletic sports. He was one of the founders of the Ligue des Patriotes and has long been known as one of the best fencers in France; indeed, during M. Grevy's presidency he was a frequent visitor to the fine Elysée fencing hall, and during last winter many a noted swordsman found his way, without reference to his political feelings or social position, to the President's Salle d'Escrime.

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STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.

We have recently had inquiries as to whether persons dealing with the Universal Stock Exchange receive fair treatment, and are well advised in doing their business through the company rather than with members of the Stock Exchange. It was not possible to answer these questions without making a special investigation; but as a full answer to them will interest many of our readers, we have made this investigation, and the information we have acquired we now place before our readers.

First as to security. If the operator goes to a member of the "House" he knows him to be a person of fair repute, who meets his engagements; but though his membership answers for the past it does not necessarily follow that he is a man of means when you open an account with him. The risk of default is not great, but it is there, and the operator has no efficient means of satisfying himself as to his broker's financial position. It is different with the Universal Stock Exchange, which claims to possess present funds and cash at command of about a quarter of a million sterling. When we decided to make the investigation upon which this article rests, we invited the managing director to satisfy us that this was not a mere paper capital. He has done so. He gave us an introduction to the company's bankers (the City Bank), and acting upon the authorisation of the company, the manager of that great institution has satisfied us of the very large and adequate resources of the Universal Stock Exchange.

But is is not enough that the company is financially strong. The operator requires to know that he can buy upon fair terms, and be certain of fair treatment throughout. The Universal Stock Exchange's system of business is more favourable to the operator than that of the Stock Exchange itself. Let us compare the two. If the operator sends an order to a member of the "House" his stock or shares will usually be bought at the higher of the two prices last quoted on the tape, and he will have to pay broker's commission. If he buys from the Universal Stock Exchange he can hardly be charged a higher price than a member of the "House" will charge him, because the company binds itself to take the last quotation prior to the receipt of the order. Roughly, it may be said that the price the operator would have to pay would be much the same in either case, but he saves the broker's commission, because the company deals as a principal. Nor does the advantage in dealing with the company, as it claims, end here. For whereas on the Stock Exchange there is carrying over every fortnight, which often means heavy charges, the Universal Stock Exchange has three-monthly settlements, and charges only 5 per cent. interest on the actual value of the stock open. It is claimed by the company that this is a more favourable system for the operator than that of the Stock Exchange.

Does the Universal Stock Exchange deal fairly? It is a necessary question, because there is very natural prejudice against "bucket shops." Most of these concerns will accept even as small a sum as a sovereign, and many of them are without the funds and the will to pay losses. But with the Universal Stock Exchange—which is no more a "bucket shop" than is the Stock Exchange—it is the rule not to open an account without satisfactory bankers' references, so that its customers must be men of some means, presumably well able to protect their own interests. We have been shown many letters from old clients of the Exchange, some of them well-known men, speaking in appreciative language of their dealings with the company. Complaints are, of course, made. We have examined some of them, but in no instance have we found them to be sustained. They usually come from a class of persons well described by Lord McLaren, sitting in the Court of Appeal. "It appears to me," said that learned judge in giving judgment, "that there is a class of impecunious speculators who are affected with what I may call a latent or imperfectly developed form of conscientiousness, which shows itself in this way, that the unreflecting speculator is quite willing to take the profit of the speculation if it succeeds, and it is only under the pressure of losses that his conscientiousness comes into full activity. He then discovers the immoral character of the transactions in which he has been engaged, and declares that it is positively against his conscience to pay, or even to allow the broker to keep a security which has been given to him."

To sum up. At times, and on certain markets, undoubtedly, large profits are made, but, of course, he who enters upon Stock Exchange transactions should reckon with loss as well as profit. To those who, knowing the risks, are willing to run them, we say:—We have satisfied ourselves by careful inquiry that the Universal Stock Exchange is possessed of great financial strength—this upon the authority of the manager of the City Bank—that its dealings with its customers are as "straight" as those of any member of the "House" would be, and that its system of business, as compared with that of the Stock Exchange, is advantageous to the operator. We may add that the record of the Universal Stock Exchange covers a period of over eleven years.—*The Whitehall Review.*

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A CHANGE OF TREATMENT.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by A. S. FORREST.

"YES, I've sailed under some 'cute skippers in my time," said the night-watchman, "them that go down in big ships see the wonders o' the deep, you know," he added with a sudden chuckle, "but the one I'm going to tell you about ought never to have been trusted out without 'is ma. A good many 'o my skippers had fads, but this one was the worst I ever sailed under.

"It's some few years ago now; I'd shipped on his barque, the *John Elliott*, as slow-going an old tub as ever I was aboard of, when I wasn't in quite a fit an' proper state to know what I was doing, an' I hadn't been in her two days afore I found out his 'obby through overhearing a few remarks made by the second mate, who came up from dinner in a hurry to make 'em. 'I don't mind saws an' knives hung round the cabin' he ses to the fust mate, 'but when a chap has a 'uman 'and alongside 'is plate, studying it while folks is at their food, it's more than a Christian man can stand.'

"'That's nothing,' ses the fust mate, who had sailed with the barque afore. 'He's half crazy on doctoring. We nearly had a mutiny aboard once owing to his wanting to hold a post-mortem on a man what fell from the masthead. Wanted to see what the poor feller died of.'

"'I call it unwholesome,' ses the second mate, very savage. 'He offered me a pill at breakfast the size of a small marble, quite put me off my feed, it did.'

"O' course, the skipper's fad soon got known for'ard. But I didn't think much about it, till one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis sitting on a locker reading. Every now and then he'd shut the book up, an' look up, closing 'is eyes, an' moving his lips like a hen drinking, an' then look down at the book again.

"'Why, Dan,' I ses, 'what's up, you ain't larning lessons at your time o' life.'

"'Yes, I am,' ses Dan very soft. 'You might hear me say it, it's this one about heart disease.'

"'He hands over the book, which was stuck full o' all kinds o' diseases, and winks at me 'ard.

"'Picked it up on a bookstall,' he ses, then he shut 'is eyes an' said his piece wonderful. It made me quite queer to listen to 'im. 'That's how I feel,' ses he, when he'd finished. 'Just strength enough to get to bed. Lend a hand, Bill, an' go an' fetch the doctor.'

"Then I see his little game, but I wasn't going to run any risks, so I just mentioned, permiscuous like, to the cook as old Dan seemed rather queer, an' went back an' tried to borrer the book, being always fond of reading. Old Dan pretended he was too ill to hear what I was saying, an' afore I could take it away from him, the skipper comes hurrying down with a bag in his 'and.

"'What's the matter, my man?' ses he, 'what's the matter?'

"'I'm all right, sir,' ses old Dan, ''cept that I've been swounding away a little.'

"'Tell me exactly how you feel,' ses the skipper, feeling his pulse.

"Then old Dan said his piece over to him, an' the skipper shook his head an' looked very solemn.

"'How long have you been like this?' he ses.

"'Four or five years, sir,' ses Dan. 'It ain't nothing serious, sir, is it?'

"'You lie quite still,' ses the skipper, putting a little trumpet thing to his chest an' then listening. 'Um, there's serious mischief here I'm afraid, the prognotice is very bad.'

"'Prog what, sir?' ses Dan staring.

"'Prognotice,' ses the skipper, at least I think that's the word he said. 'You keep perfectly still, an' I'll go an' mix you up a draught, and tell the cook to get some strong beef-tea on.'

"Well, the skipper 'ad no sooner gone, than Cornish

Harry, a great big lumbering chap o' six feet two, goes up to old Dan, an' he ses 'Gimme that book.'

"'Go away,' ses Dan, 'don't come worrying 'ere, you 'eard the skipper say how bad my prognotice was.'

"'You lend me the book,' ses Harry, ketching hold of him, 'or else I'll bang you first, and split to the skipper arterwards. I believe I'm a bit consumptive. Anyway, I'm going to see.'

"He dragged the book away from the old man, and began to study. There was so many complaints in it he was almost tempted to have something else instead of consumption, but he decided on that at last, an' he got a cough what worried the foc'sle all night long, an' the next day when the skipper came down to see Dan he could 'ardly 'ear hisself speak.

"'That's a nasty cough you've got, my man,' ses he, looking at Harry.

"'Oh, it's nothing, sir,' ses Harry, careless like. 'I've 'ad it for months now off and on. I think it's perspiring so of a night does it.'

"'What?' ses the skipper. 'Do you perspire of a night?'

"'Dredful,' ses Harry. 'You could wring the clo'es out. I s'pose it's healthy for me, ain't it, sir?'

"'Undo your shirt,' ses the skipper, going over to him, an' sticking the trumpet agin him. 'Now take a deep breath. Don't cough.'

"'I can't help it, sir,' ses Harry, 'it will come. Seems to tear me to pieces.'

"'You get to bed at once,' says the skipper, taking away the trumpet, an' shaking his 'ed. 'It's a fortunate thing for you, my lad, you're in skilled hands. With care, I believe I can pull you round. How do that medicine suit you, Dan?'

"'Beautiful, sir,' ses Dan. 'It's wonderful soothing, I slep' like a new-born babe arter it.'

"'I'll send you some more,' ses the skipper. 'You're not to get up mind, either of you.'

"'All right, sir,' ses the two in very faint voices, an' the skipper went away arter telling us to be careful not to make a noise.

"We all thought it a fine joke at first, but the airs them two chaps give themselves was something sickening. Being in bed all day they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the foc'sle enquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they'd swop beef-tea an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say he hadn't made enough that day, an' he'd drink to the better health of old Dan's prognotice, an' smack his lips until it drove us a'most crazy to 'ear him.

"Arter these chaps had been ill two days the other fellers began to put their heads together, being maddened by the smell o' beef-tea an' the like, an' said they was going to be ill too, and both the invalids got into a fearful state of excitement.

"'You'll only spoil it for all of us,' ses Harry, 'and you don't know what to have without the book.'

"'It's all very well doing your work as well as our own,' ses one of the men. 'It's our turn now. It's time you two got well.'

"'*Well?*' ses Harry, '*well?* Why you silly iggernerant chaps, we shan't never get well, people with our complaints never do. You ought to know that.'

"'Well, I shall split,' ses one of them.

"'You do!' ses Harry, 'you do, an' I'll put a 'ed on you that all the port wine and jellies in the world wouldn't cure. 'Sides, don't you think the skipper knows what's the matter with us?'

"'Afore the other chap could reply, the skipper hisself comes down, accompanied by the fust mate, with a look on his face which made Harry give the deepest and hollowest cough he'd ever done.

"'What they reely want,' ses the skipper, turning to the mate, 'is keerful nussing.'

"'I wish you'd let *me* nusse 'em,' ses the fust mate, 'only ten minutes—I'd put 'em both on their legs an' running for their lives into the bargain, in ten minutes.'

"'Hold your tongue, sir,' ses the skipper, 'what you say is unfeeling, besides being a insult to me. Do you think I studied medicine all these years without knowing when a man's ill?'

"The fust mate growled out something and went on deck, and the skipper started examining of 'em again. He said they was wonderfully patient lying in bed so long an' he had 'em wrapped up in bedclo'es and carried on deck, so as the pure air could have a go at 'em. *We* had to do the carrying, an' there they sat, breathing the pure air and looking at the fust mate out of the corners of their eyes. If they wanted anything from below one of us had to go an' fetch it, and by the time they was taken down to bed again, we all resolved to be took ill too.

"Only two of 'em did it though, for Harry, who was a powerfully, ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd do all sorts o' dreadful things to us if we didn't keep well and hearty, an' all 'cept these two did. One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid up with a swelling on his ribs which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad for fifteen years, and the other chap had paralysis. I never saw a man so reely happy as the skipper was. He was up an' down with his medicines and his

SITTING ON A LOCKER, READING.

instruments all day long and used to make notes of the cases in a big pocket-book, an' read 'em to the second mate at meal-times.

"The foc'sle had been turned into hospital about a week, an' I was on deck doing some odd job or the other, when the cook comes up to me pulling a face as long as a fiddle.

"'Nother invalid,' ses he, 'fust mate's gone stark, staring mad.'

"'Mad?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses he. 'He's got a big basin in the galley, an' he's laughing like a hyener an' mixing bilge-water an' ink an' paraffin an' butter an' soap an' all sorts o' things up together. The smell's enough to kill a man, I've had to come away.'

"Curious-like I jest walked up to the galley an' puts my 'ed in, an' there was the mate as the cook said, smiling all over his face and ladling some thick sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

"'How's the pore sufferers, sir?' ses he, stepping out of the galley jest as the skipper was going by.

"'They're very bad, but I hope for the best,' ses the skipper looking at him hard. 'I'm glad to see you've turned a bit more feeling.'

"'Yes, sir,' ses the mate. 'I didn't think so at fust, but I can see now them chaps is all very ill. You'll 'scuse me saying it, but I don't quite approve of your treatment.'

"I thought the skipper would ha' bust.

"'My treatment?' ses he. 'My treatment? What do you know about it?'

"'You're treating 'em wrong, sir,' ses the mate. 'I have here' (patting the jar) 'a remedy which 'ud cure them all if you'd only let me try it.'

"'Pooh!' ses the skipper. 'One medicine cure all diseases! The old story. What is it? Where'd you get it from?' ses he.

"'I brought the ingredients aboard with me,' ses the mate. 'It's a wonderful medicine discovered by my grandmother, an' if I might only try it I'd thoroughly cure them pore chaps.'

"'Rubbish!' ses the skipper.

"'Very well, sir,' ses the mate shrugging his shoulders. 'O' course if you won't let me you won't. Still I tell you if you'd let me try I'd cure 'em all in two days. That's a fair challenge.'

"Well they talked and talked and talked, until at last the skipper give way and went down below with the mate, and told the chaps they was to take the new medicine for two days, jest to prove the mate was wrong.

"'Let pore old Dan try it first, sir,' ses Harry, starting up, an' sniffing as the mate took the cork out, 'he's been awful bad since you've been away.'

"'Harry's worse than I am, sir,' ses Dan, 'it's only his kind heart that makes him say that.'

"'It don't matter which is fust,' ses the mate, filling a tablespoon with it, 'there's plenty for all. Now, Harry.'

"'Take it,' ses the skipper.

"Harry took it an' the fuss he made you'd ha' thought he was swallering a football, it stuck all round his mouth, and he carried on so dredful that the other invalids was half sick afore it came to them.

"By the time the other three 'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a pantomime, an' the mate corked the bottle up and went an' sat down on a locker while they tried to rinse their mouths out with the luxuries which had been given 'em.

"'How do you feel?' ses the skipper.

"'I'm dying,' ses Dan.

"'So'm I,' ses Harry, 'I b'leeve the mate's pisoned us.'

"The skipper looks over at the mate very stern an' shakes his 'ed slowly.

THE OTHERS BEGAN TO PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

"'It's all right,' ses the mate. 'It's always like that the first dozen or so doses.'

"'Dozen or so doses!' ses old Dan, in a far away voice.

"'It has to taken every twenty minutes,' ses the mate, pulling out his pipe and lighting it, an' the four men groaned all together.

"'I can't allow it,' ses the skipper, 'I can't allow it. Men's lives musn't be sacrificed for a experiment.'

"'Tain't a experiment,' ses the mate very indignant, 'it's an old family medicine.'

"'Well, they shan't have any more,' ses the skipper firmly.

"'Look here,' ses the mate. 'If I kill anyone o' these men I'll give twenty pound. Honour bright, I will.'

"'Make it twenty-five,' ses the skipper, considering.

"'Very good,' ses the mate. 'Twenty-five; I can't say no fairer than that,' can I? It's about time for another dose now.'

"He gave 'em another tablespoonful all round as the skipper left, an' the chaps what was'nt invalids nearly burst with joy. He wouldn't let 'em have anything to take the taste out, 'cos he said it didn't give the medicine a chance, an' he told us other chaps to remove the temptation, an' you bet we did.

"After the fifth dose the invalids began to get desperate, an' when they heard they'd got to be woke up every twenty minutes through the night to take the stuff, they sort o' give up. Old Dan said he felt a gentle glow stealing over him and strengthening him, and Harry said that it felt like a healing balm to his lungs. All o' 'em agreed it was a wonderful sort o' medicine, an' arter the sixth dose the man with paralysis dashed up on deck and ran up the rigging like a cat. He sat there for hours spitting, an' swore he'd brain anybody who interrupted him, an' arter a little while Mike Rafferty went up and j'ined him, an' if the fust mate's ears didn't burn by reason of the things them two pore sufferers said about 'im, they ought to.

"I'D CURE 'EM ALL IN TWO DAYS."

"They was all doing full work next day, an' though, o' course, the skipper saw how he'd been done, he didn't allude to it. Not in words, that is, but when a man tries to make four chaps do the work of eight, an' hits 'em when they don't, its a easy job to see where the shoe pinches."

ROYAL VISITING-CARDS.

Paris has had the monopoly of supplying the monarchs of the world with visiting-cards ever since they became a social necessity under the Second Empire. The use of the Christian name only is a prerogative which kings and emperors share with servants. The other day a Royalist in Paris showed a correspondent a visiting-card inscribed "Philippe," under a crown. Ten thousand of that sort were ordered by the Duke of Orleans before his father's body was cold. The Emperors of Germany and of Austria on their visiting-cards follow a German custom, and print part of their title. According to fashion's dictum, their visiting-cards should either read "Wilhelm" and "Franz Joseph," respectively, or "Deutscher Kaiser" and "Kaiser von Oesterreich." The Prince of Wales has two sorts of cards, one reading "Albert Edward," the other "Le Prince de Galles," the French term being more often used in royal circles than the other. French being the universal language of royalty, all monarchs have their visiting-cards for general use inscribed in the Gallic tongue. "The" in front of a royal or princely title denotes that the person is a sovereign, or at least the head of a family. In England it is employed in addressing a peer; for instance, "the right honourable." Only one Englishman of non-royal rank makes use of the bold prefix "the" on his visiting-card, and this reads "The Duke of Argyll." His son's and daughter-in-law's cards, on the other hand, read "Marquis of Lorne" and "The Princess Louise." The visiting-card of the Emperor of Austria reads: "François Joseph I., Empereur d'Autriche, Roi de Hongrie." This is the very worst taste, according to the English notions, which strictly prohibit the use of the Christian name in connection with one's title.—*The Argonaut.*

GENERAL GORDON'S BIBLE.

In the "Grand Corridor" also stands a remarkable casket or reliquary, composed of rock crystal and enamel, with silver-gilt mounts. The side panels are of finely-engraved crystal. The casket, which is possibly German work of the seventeenth century, is surmounted by a silver-gilt group of St. George and the Dragon. But its claim to notice arises not so much from its own beauty, which is great, as from the relic which it contains. A thrill of emotion passes through the hearts of all spectators, when they learn that the Bible of that true Soldier of Heaven, General Gordon, rests within. The Book is one of the plainest description, bound in common brown leather, but its much-worn appearance at once shows that it was in constant use. The sacred and much-prized little relic was presented to the Queen after Gordon's sad death.—*From The Idler for July.*

A VOTARY OF TERPSICHORE.

Ten Minutes with Miss Mabel Love.

Notwithstanding her extreme youth, for Miss Mabel Love, happy maiden, is still on the right side of her nineteenth birthday, the light-footed dancer has long been a favourite with London audiences; and if one may judge by her confidences to a representative of To-Day—told between the acts at the Lyric, when all London was attracted by her Marionette dance with Lonnen—has experienced but few of the trials which are said to surround the life of the average dancing-girl.

"Although I am devoted to dancing," began the bright-eyed, fair-haired little sprite, who could, if she chose, boast of being one of the few members of "the profession" who look quite as fascinating at home as before the footlights, "I should not like people to forget that I have acted, first and last, a great deal, and that I thoroughly enjoy taking part in genuine comedy. Since my début as 'Alice in Wonderland,' where I acted the Rose, some of my most pleasant work has been done in 'Mamma,' 'Masks and Faces,' and the 'Harbour Lights,' indeed I should have been by now a full-fledged actress most probably had it not been that the public seemed to take a special fancy to my dancing."

"Then, like most of us, Miss Love, you spend your life pursuing that branch of your art in which you have least interest?"

"Oh, *no*, I cannot say that, for I am never so happy as when dancing; but my ideal is an acting and dancing part combined; I wish that playwrights would realise how much this kind of *rôle* appeals to the public; as it is, a dancer's contribution to a performance is too often just one or two appearances in a tarantula or skirt-dance, which only lasts a few brief moments."

"I suppose you are one of the leading exponents of skirt-dancing in Great Britain?"

"I was one of the first to wear long skirts. But I do not care for that style of dancing, that is for the voluminous skirt, which has of late years become so prominent a feature in stage dancing. Too often these kind of adventitious aids enable those who cannot dance at all to present a graceful appearance. I, myself, do not care for a skirt that goes below the ankle."

"Surely any kind of skirt-dancing is better than the old-fashioned ballet?"

"It may be more graceful, but I confess that I have a weakness for the classical stately ballet-dancing when it is well done; for there no trickery is possible, and the *première danseuse* has to entirely rely on her own resources and natural grace."

"Have you any hints to give to would-be stage-dancers and skirt-dancing amateurs?"

"Certainly," cried my golden-haired hostess, laughing. "The great secret of success in dancing is hard work, unflagging energy, and incessant practice; if people only realised this, there would be less disappointment both among the audience and on the stage. As for amateur skirt-dancers," she added after a pause, "they are heavily handicapped by their want of early training. I do not think that followers of my art can begin to practise too young; and then, again, a Society girl has seldom the time or the patience to give—and even the simplest skirt-dancing needs practice."

"And do you yourself still find it necessary to devote much time to learning new steps?"

"Certainly; here, at home, I practise at least an hour a day, and when I am evolving a new dance I make a point of again taking a set of lessons from that best and kindliest of masters, Mr. d'Auban; and I always find there is something left for me to learn in the way of steps or movement."

"One word more, Miss Love; have you any more novelties for the future?"

"Yes. You know I am going to Paris; and I mean to bring back at least one novelty. You know there is always one new dance there each year, and usually we don't get it till a year later."

CONDE'S COOK.

When Louis XIV. visited Condé at Chantilly, the prince's cook was the famous Vatel, who had formerly served the superintendent, Fouquet. The chief taxed every nerve to provide an entertainment worthy of the King. For some unexplained reason, however, the roast joint was missing at two tables that evening, and Vatel was miserable. Condé himself tried to console him. "Vatel," he said, "the King's supper was superb." "Monseigneur, the roast was wanting at two tables." "Not at all," replied the prince, "nothing could be better." Next morning, after a sleepless night, the cook rose early. He had ordered fresh fish for breakfast from every possible place. He went to take a walk first to refresh himself, and on the way met a fisher-boy bringing up two of his loads from the coast. "Is that all?" exclaimed Vatel. "Yes, monsieur," answered the boy, who knew nothing of the other orders. The *chef* hastened home, and locked the door of his room. Meanwhile fish had been arriving by the shoal, and Vatel was called for, to give his orders. As they found no answer to their knocks and cries, the servants at last forced open the door. Vatel was found lying in a pool of blood on the floor. He had fixed his sword horizontally, and rushed upon it, piercing himself to the heart.—*From Lady Jackson's "Court of Louis XIV."*

THE BOHEMIAN SURVIVAL.

BY

F. GRIBBLE.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

He survives from the forties—that dark age of Bohemianism, when men of letters slept in garrets, and passed their days in public-houses, and for the most part neither washed nor shaved. One after the other all his old comrades have dropped out of the life. Some of them succeeded and settled down; others died of drink before their time, and were buried at the public charge. But this man drank too hard to succeed, yet not hard enough to die—so he has survived into an age which knows him not.

From year to year nothing happens to vary the monotony of his life. He has a bedroom — a shabby uncomfortable little place—in one of the streets in the heart of Bohemia; but he spends very little of his time there. Rising late every morning, he dresses himself in the garb of a bygone generation, and walks down to the Bohemian Club, of which he has been a member ever since the day when it was founded. There is little in common between him and the young Bohemians whom he meets there. They have their hopes, their work, and their ambitions; he has nothing but his memories and his anecdotes. Yet they are kind to him; they never press him for his subscription; they listen patiently to his old-world reminiscences; they take it in turns to pay for his whisky, and to lend him small sums of money. So there he sits and drinks, hour after hour, though always remaining reasonably sober, all through the afternoon and evening, and sometimes well on into the small hours. Then he gets up and goes home to his lonely lodging. That is his life. He has no other life—no other interest.

HE HAD NOTHING BUT HIS MEMORIES AND HIS ANECDOTES.

And is he happy with it all? You would not doubt it if you saw him at the club talking with his juniors, taking their good-natured chaff good-naturedly, and sometimes—for he still has a pretty wit—returning it with interest. You would think it was a real joy to him to move among them, and tell them stories of the past. Perhaps it is. But once—only once — I saw his features in repose; and there is no better way of getting to understand a man than to watch his features in repose. He had been reading the evening paper, and had set it down, to think. I looked and saw that the whole expression of his face was changed. The old look of animation had so vanished that I could not believe that it had ever been there. Every wrinkle seemed to spell out the story of a disappointment or a regret; his mouth twitched feebly; his eyes glistened as with a tear half suppressed; and when someone presently came up and spoke to him, he coughed strangely for a moment or two before he answered. And then, of a sudden, it seemed to me that I understood, and that this old man, who an hour or two before had been sitting telling unseemly stories with lads young enough to be his grandsons, was pitying himself, even as I had pitied him—nay, more so, in that he knew better than I could know, what use he might have made of the life which he had wasted.

S. R. CROCKETT'S CHILDHOOD.

"The Dee Bridge, which is described in *The Raiders*, was close behind Duchrae, and part of our farm-land was a long meadow, a mile of meadow, on which our principal crop, our crop of hay, was grown. Well, at Lammastide, that is to say just when our hay was ready to be stacked, the Dee used to overflow, and these Lammas floods were the terror of all the Dee-side farmers. And though I was only a little boy at the time, I can remember how often I was startled from my bed with a wild cry, in Scots, that the Dee was out and about; a wild cry to arms against disaster and ruin. How we all tumbled from our beds, and in the hastiest attire we rushed out into the night, under the light of the stars, or by flickering torches, the old men, the women, the males, and even such children as I was, each to wrest from the waters some portion of their spoils; for our hay meant the rent of the farm, the bread for the winter, the daily loaf-mass for many days to come. And into the water we went and snatched all the hay that could be saved, and plunged and groaned and struggled in our fight for our bread against the disastrous waters. I can see my uncles, breast-high in the black flood, holding armfuls of rescued hay above the water, whilst my old grandfather, standing in the doorway of the farm-house, pointed with his stick into the night, and guarded the salvage, in shrill Scots. And so we plunged and struggled, and saved, till after long hours of work we withdrew, dripping and triumphant, whilst the defeated Dee rolled on placidly, under the pale light of the stars."—*From The Idler for July.*

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Miss Florence Montgomery, whose new novel, "Colonel Norton" (Bentley, 3 vols.), published after far too long an interval for the wishes of her immense public, took the world by storm with "Misunderstood" when she was twenty-two. That was only just over a quarter of a century ago, and that was not her first book, for she published "A Very Simple Story" when she was only twenty. "Thrown Together," with which she again captured all hearts came out three years after "Misunderstood." Miss Montgomery was born in the purple, she is the daughter of a baronet. She conceived the idea of writing books from poor Mr. George Whyte-Melville, the great sporting novelist who broke his neck (and brought an ancient line to an end) in the hunting-field. He heard her telling stories to her younger sisters, and told her that she must put them into writing, just as Dr. Nicoll is said to have heard Ian Maclaren telling stories, and made him write them down. "Misunderstood" and "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush"! Think of what the world of readers would owe Whyte-Melville and Dr. Nicoll if they had never written a line themselves.

* * * *

Talking of Ian Maclaren, I don't often give myself a holiday, but I should like to take a fortnight off on July 31st, to join the Holiday Conference in the Grindelwald, for the sermons there on August 4th will be by him. Ian Maclaren is, of course, the Rev. John Maclaren Watson, of the Sefton Park Church, Liverpool. My customers who are members of the Authors' Club have never talked to me so much about any of the speeches made by guests of the Club as his. They say it was quiet, so reserved, and yet so brilliantly witty as well as full of the soundest common-sense. His appearance made a great impression on me when someone, Dr. Robertson Nicoll himself, I think, brought him into my shop on the following day. I seem to see before me now the tall, straight, well-knit figure, the clean-shaven dignified alert face, with humour and humanity written large upon it.

* * * *

Ian Maclaren's sermons are by no means the only attractions of the Conference to me, for Mr. A. E. Fletcher, who has just exchanged the editorship of the *Daily Chronicle* for that of the *New Age*, the Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes, and Mrs. Ormiston Chant are also to be there, and I shall have twelve days' holiday in Switzerland, hotel expenses included, for ten guineas. So I learn from Mr. F. A. Atkins, of the *New Age*, who I am sure will give anyone who desires information about the Conference. I cannot remember the name of the regular secretary just now. I think he told me that there was to be a smaller conference in Belgium, with a week at the seaside and three days in Brussels, for five guineas; but I cannot be sure of this.

* * * *

The Prime Minister himself is a customer of mine. Poor, harassed man! If I were he, I think I should follow the example of his collateral ancestress, Lady Hester Stanhope, the friend and confidante of the younger Pitt, who fled from the country, politically unappreciative, in disgust, and went and took up her residence in Syria, under the shadow of Mount Lebanon. Lord Rosebery's mother, the last Duchess of Cleveland, is writing a memoir of her kinswoman. I notice a great change in Lord Rosebery now. He has not been in the shop lately, but anyone who lives in the heart of things can hardly help seeing the Prime Minister from time to time. There are more wrinkles in the full, fleshy, insouciant face, which used to remind me of the late Mr. Corney Grain. It is impossible for him to look depressed, but he does look much graver.

* * * *

My fellow-workers in the writing, and making, and selling of books and journals must have a great fellow-feeling for the little London arabs, whose only day in the country is the one they get once a year from Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's Fresh Air Fund. This year he is going to send away at least 80,000 children. We who in the glorious summer weather of the last few weeks have been kept hard at work in the purlieus of Fleet Street and the Strand can appreciate the feelings of the little ones who live all the year round, night and day, in quarters yet stuffier and more unwholesome.

* * * *

If my old customer, Mr. Joseph Hatton, were a Scotch novelist, I don't know when the booming would stop. Volumes have been written about the circulation of "The Little Minister," yet I suppose "By Order of the Czar" has had twice the circulation; and "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe," Mr. Hatton's last important book, looks as if it were going to be even more popular. I have done splendidly with it. As far as a bookseller on the edge of the W. and W.C. districts, with streams of business-men passing his shop every day, and dodging in to ask for the latest book, can make out, "Jessop Blythe" has been just as cordially received by the chance bookbuyers as by the critical press. The realism of the story is happily relieved by romance that is both possible and probable. The Derbyshire newspapers bear eloquent testimony to the singular truthfulness of the characterisation, and "God's Factory" is accepted as the title of the famous rope-walk as faithfully as if the author had not invented it. The most effective scenes in the book strike me, as very notably the dramatic death of Jessop to the weird music of his favourite madrigal.

* * * *

"The Book Hunter in London," which my friend Mr. W. Roberts, the editor of the *Bookworm*, is compiling, will contain in the introductory chapter an essay on "The Theory and Practice of Book-Hunting." This will be followed by a dissertation on book-hunting in London from the earliest times to the eighteenth century. Other chapters will deal with book auctions and auctioneers, with some famous collections and collectors, with book thieves, with bookstalling in London, with famous booksellers, with lady book collectors, with the prices paid for particular books in past and present times, booksellers' catalogues, and other interesting matters connected with the subject. He will gladly welcome any information or suggestion sent without delay to him, as well as the loan or indication of rare or curious pictorial illustrations of the subject at 86, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

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Mr. W. H. Rideing, editor of the *North American Review* has just arrived in London. He came into my shop a day or two ago.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. O. (Winsford).—You cannot obtain a complete collection of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's works, as many of them have appeared in pamphlet form. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, are the publishers of his principal works.

Delta.—Your Latin Bible is worth ten shillings, the other book fifteen.

A. R. (Leicester).—The second edition of Burns' poems was published in 1787, not in 1829. The latter edition is of no value.

Slang Investigator.—(1) "Slang and its Analogues," by J. S. Farmer and W. E. Henley. You can get a prospectus from Mr. David Nutt, Strand. (2) Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" would suit you. (3) Yes, as a rule.

W. W. F. (Glasgow).—The whole lot is worth about thirty shillings to a bookseller. Only the last-named two are first editions. I am presuming they are bound. If in parts they would be worth more.

A. M. S. (Glasgow).—Your Shakespeare is old, but it is not early. The first collected edition was published exactly 200 years before yours, which is worth about five shillings.

G. B. (Birmingham).—I do not know the recitations.

Reader (Lewes).—You ought to get about ten shillings for them.

W. P. (Garforth) and W. E. W. (Brighton).—I do not know them.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Everyone agrees that this is the most brilliant season we have had for many years, and so you

FASHIONABLE BLOUSE WITH PLEAT.

would say if you could see the Park on these bright and sunny afternoons. Never has outdoor dress reached such a pitch of elaboration, and there are no materials reserved particularly for evening wear, as once there used to be. One sees so many hundreds of dainty, becoming, and pretty costumes that it is difficult to choose among them for description, so that the best refuge is found in generalities.

Well, dear, the first thing one notices is the number of collars of every shape and size. Some of them are pieces of white muslin bordered with lace of a more or less deep tint of écru or yellow, with cuffs to match. Others are square at the back and deep enough to fall below the shoulders. The fronts may be square or long, in the latter case ending at the waist. I bought myself a piece of Irish lawn and several yards of inexpensive Valenciennes lace, and, with the help of my precious little hand-machine, have made myself a variety of these pretty collars, some large, some small; some stand-up, others lie down. And you cannot imagine how they freshen up and otherwise redeem the appearance of a somewhat shabby toilette. Mother said that it would hardly be any saving to make them myself, but I have convinced her to the contrary. The ready-made ones, unless very well sewn, and, consequently, costly, give way in the wash and last only two or three times; whereas mine have all well-secured seams and liberal turnings, and, as I do them up myself, they will last until the fashion of wearing them goes out.

Book-muslin, the dear old thing, is in again, and in pure white looks deliciously cool and sweet. Mother says she used to wear it when she was a girl, with blue satin ribbons round her waist and neck. It is its quality of stiffness that recommends it now, for the skirts must have some independence of fold, or else they look too limp. London dressmakers make them too stiff, however. Paris *couturières* keep them free from horsehair or crinoline linings, and depend on the cut for the due position of the fulness.

A pretty girl we often see in the Park wears white book-muslin lined with white silk, the skirt fitting perfectly below the waist and thence spreading out into immensely full folds about the ankles. It clears the ground by a good inch and a half at the back and sides, just touching the dainty buckled shoes in front. She generally wears yellow ribbons with it and shaded roses in her white crinoline straw hat.

The great ladies of the land incline to grass lawn as a dress fabric. The Duchess of Sutherland looked lovelier than ever in hers when I saw her the other morning. The skirt was frilled round the edge with a narrow flounce of the lawn edged with narrow white lace. A fichu to match was crossed on the chest, and a large bunch of pale pink roses was fastened on it at one side. Yellow ribbons were worn at neck and waist, the broad-brimmed black hat that shaded the beautiful face completed a charming picture.

The Marchioness of Lorne has been wearing a grass-lawn, embroidered in white, silk of the same natural colour as the lawn showing through the open work. Pale blue ribbons zoned the neck and waist, and the becoming little black toque had roses in it. This was before her brother-in-law, Lord Colin, died. Princess Louise is by far the most *chic* of our Queen's daughters, and her slender, graceful figure has a very girlish look.

Most decorative shoes are now worn in the Park, buckles growing larger and larger. The toes are not nearly so pointed as they were some seasons since, and only a few very short women wear high heels.

Grey is in much favour this season, especially in the pale tones. I saw one at Sandown made of glacé silke with the whole of the top of the bodice in white satin starred with jet. The skirt was borderedw ith small black satin butterfly bows, and bands of black satin ribbons covered the seams at graduated lengths, ending in a

FASHIONABLE BLOUSE WITH COLLAR.

bow. You would gather from this that the dress was mourning, but at the neck was a bright cherry-pink

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ribbon, and the small gold toque served as a miniature rose garden.

Alpaca, unless of the most expensive kind, is apt to crush in an irritating way, and then looks shabby very soon. But when it is of the true silky sort it is an ideal material. At Hurlingham, on Saturday, I saw one in hay colour—a sweet cool greyish green—with pale willow-green satin ribbons at the neck, and a white linen collar turned down in points in front and edged with a full fall of deep cream-coloured lace. Owing to the depth of the points this lace fell almost to the waist in front. The belt was not green but black satin, fastened in another point with a few falling ends. Another alpaca gown was in corn colour, with corn-flower-blue ribbons on the bodice, and enormous scarlet poppies in the hat. Quite a rustic idyll of a gown!

The domino cloak is the very latest murmur of the fashion. We have illustrated one intended for evening wear. For races they are made in shot taffetas, glacé silk, or brocade, and are sometimes sleeveless. They are the smartest possible garment when well cut. The prettiest I have seen was in grey-and-pink shot glacé with a ruffle of pink chiffon round the neck. The hood is an indispensable feature. In our illustration the hood is drawn up over the head, but those for afternoon wear in showery weather have a flat hood, bordered with a ribbon ruche, or one made of pinked-out silk. The domino is a very convenient and graceful form of dust-cloak.

Some of the newest "complexion" veils are in the finest black net with small spots in chenille, the whole thing lined with white tulle or the palest pink. They make the wearer's colouring look lovely, but surely they are very hot. Don't you think they must be?

Your affectionate Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Provider.—Chicken pie is far better for an outdoor meal than plain chicken. Take some of Ruffin's delicious pressed beef. There is none like it. His address is 50, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Write for a price-list. I am giving you, in our cookery column, a recipe for Roman punch, but you must be careful with it. It is a most deceptive drink. Carry the salad in an air-tight tin box, the butter in another, and the cheese in a third. The best tables are those that fold up in the picnic baskets. A well-made beafsteak pie, with many hard-boiled eggs on the top, and a light puff paste is a fine thing at a picnic. See that the gravy is good and there is plenty of it. It will be in a jelly. A small ham, daintly served on a fresh paper, with the "handle," as I once heard a cook call it, rolled round with one of the pretty little frills sold for that purpose, will find a pleasant vogue. Do not take a large one. Pay great attention to the character of the wine, and take plenty of mineral waters, so that no one need drink wine for lack of a non-intoxicating beverage. Where there are young men, it is a very mistaken idea of true hospitality to urge them to take a lot of wine.

Our Cookery Column.

Fish Pilau.—I found this recipe in *The Caterer*, and, having tried it, can recommend it. The first we tried it with was a large haddock, weighing three and a half pounds, and fresh out of the sea. Take two pounds and cut it into slices and dip in oil. Let it drip for half an hour, then wipe it, and rub it over with flour. Prick the fish a little, then bruise some onions and green ginger, and lay them upon the slices of fish. Sprinkle it with salt, pepper, and cinnamon, and fry in butter. Fry some more onions (half a pound in all will do) separately, with a little garlic, some ground cloves, and coriander. Add a little water to make it into a sauce. Boil some rice as for curry, dish the fish on the rice, and pour the onion and spice sance over all, having previously strained it carefully.

Roman Punch.—Take the juice of ten lemons and two sweet oranges and dissolve in it two pounds of fine-powdered sugar; add the thin rind of one lemon and one orange and let it stand one hour; then strain it through lawn; stir in by degrees the whites of ten eggs; beat to a froth and freeze the mixture in an ice pail; when wanted mix together a pint of rum, half a pint of brandy, a cup of strained green tea, a pint of champagne, and the contents of a large bottle of apollinaris. Add the ice, stirring it briskly until it dissolves.

Olga Jographo.—I think this must be what you want:—Devonshire Cream.—Strain new milk from the cow into large flat pans or tins; let it stand for twenty-four hours in winter, twelve in summer, to allow the cream to rise; then place the pans on a hot dresser or gas stove, not too hot; let it warm gently, till just on the point of boiling, then take the pans off the stove. Set it aside to cool. When cold skim the cream. Heap it on a dish and serve.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I don't know if yer mye 'ave 'appened ter notice the wye as very 'ot weather destrys yer hinterest in things. It mikes yer reg'lar lizy. Lawst Sunday, as you mye remember, it were feerly offul. In the hevenin' I were standin' in my door-wye, and I seed a yaller cat cumin' a-saunterin' darn the street as prard as if it 'ad bought the 'ole plice. Now, in the gen'ral wye I ain't pawshal ter cats. I shud 'ave picked up a lump o' coal or a bit of a brick and plugged it at 'er bloomin' 'ead. But lawst Sunday I were that limp I didn't as much as rise my awm—let the brute go trottin' pawst me as cawm as if it 'ad bin the Lor' Meer's Show. Theer I stood, not thinkin' o' nutthink and not wantin' to do nutthink, with my pipe gone art and me too lizy ter light it agin. Liter on ole 'Ankin dropped in. Weather don't seem to affect 'im—nort when 'e 's gort any perliterical egsitement goin' on. 'E were a talkin' abart the defeat of the Government. It were a treat to 'ear 'im. I don't know a man in London as 'as gort the sime flow o' langwidge. I dropped asleep before 'e were 'alf-wye through with it, but that were the effecs of the 'eat. Besides, ole 'Ankin 'ud sooner talk ter a sleepin' man nor nort talk at all. Still, 'e did compline of me droppin' off like that—said as I were 'opelessly lethawgic when called upon ter deal with the bunnin' questshings of the dye. It ain't onlikely.

* * * *

Whort a lot o' mugs theer must be in this world for to be sure! They don't give the shawp 'uns no trouble ter think o' fresh business apperently. Anywise we gits the sime ole things hover and hover again. I sees as theer were some of 'em got copped a tryin' on the three-cawd trick, goin' down to Alexandry Pawk. Now I shouldn't 'ave thought as there were one pore livin' 'uming juggins left as it 'ud be worth while ter try that on with nar-a-dyes. Sime wye with the cornfidunce-trick. You'd 'ave thought that if ever a dodge were on its lawst legs, that dodge were. Yet it turns up reg'lar enough abart once a month, and blessed if they don't pull it horf sometimes too. Their were a dodge they used ter 'ave of puttin' shillings in piper bags and sellin' 'em fur sixpence each. In course, they don't put no shillin's in. They only look as if they did. I mind once bein' with my fawther at Epsim, and theer were a man 'ad just started on that lye, and the very fust bag as 'e sells my fawther ups an' buys it. "Well," I says, "you're a bloomin' hinnercent, you awe." "Ho," he says, "ham I?" and with thet 'e opens the bag, an' there were the shillin' in it right enough. "Theer you awe," says the shawpy, "show it to the crard, let 'em see as its genyine and no fake abart it." My fawther 'e showed it. "Nar then," the shawpy says, "I'll sell yer a dozen more at the sime price." "I've 'ad enough, thank yer," my fawther remawks, and moves off with me. I felt a bit curus, and awsked 'im 'ow 'e knew it were all right. "'Cos," says 'e, "the fust one alwise is all right. 'E lose sixpence on thet fer to draw the crard in, and sell the dummies." "Ho, yus," says I, "but as like as not 'e's give yer a bad shillin'." "We'll try that," says my fawther. It mye'abe bin bad, but anywye they give us two pints of beer and our change fur it at the bar. "Ah!" says my fawther, "and even if it 'ad bin a bad shillin', hi shouldn't 'ave lost nutthink by it." "'Ow do yer mike that art," says I. "'Cos," says 'e, "that sixpence as I guv im 'fur it were a wrong un ter start with." Yus, you 'ad ter git up pretty early, if yer wanted ter tike my fawther in.

THE COMING ACTRESS!

BY AN OLD STAGER.

The Coming Actress! Where is she? I very much fear that the wheels of her chariot will tarry for a considerable period if she listens to the words of folly and even wisdom that are recklessly hurled at the poor girl's head. Fancy a man calling himself a critic of acting and a student of the stage, and, moreover, signing his name to such ridiculously false doctrine as to tell the actress of the future that she should be "self-made," "self-taught," and to abjure all schools! Conceive a sane writer, whose inpressionism, as he chooses to call it, taking Eleanora Dusé, as an example of the "self-made" and untrained actress! I don't suppose a more highly or rigidly trained actress ever came upon any stage of the world than Eleanora Dusé. Her supreme art is that she conceals it. *Ars est celare artem.* This is the very first principle of acting. But what on earth are our young actresses to do when they are told that the first principle of natural acting, as it is called, is to know nothing, to learn nothing, to be inspired by God Almighty, to be "self-made" and "self-taught," and to listen to nobody but their own uninstructed selves? It is such ridiculous nonsense as this that deprives our English stage of its greatest acting force. Had Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Bernard Beere, for instance, been taught acting from an early age, had they received the advantage of training and schooling, they would not now be struggling to make up lost ground and battling against the curse of inexperience. In the case of Sarah Bernhardt, however, and of Eleanora Dusé, it is not a question of theory, but of positive fact. We know from dramatic history that Sarah Bernhardt was, like Rachel, a born actress; that she studied, and won her prize at the Conservatoire of Paris, and that she was elected to the Comédie Français as early as a girl can be selected. We know also from history that training, schooling, and education are the main principles of Italian art, be it vocal or dramatic. Who on earth ever heard of a "self-made" singer, a "self-taught" vocalist, and who in his senses believes that the contemporary of Salvini and Rossi, who, at this date, is by no manner of means a young woman, arrived at her present fame without a dramatic education and training of the most rigorous kind?

Was there ever a grander or more natural actor than Salvini? But his naturalism was the result of training and teaching. It is precisely the same with Eleanora Dusé. The great fault of our modern English acting is that we have no school, and we who have studied acting see the loss even of the old provincial stock school more and more every day. Take, for instance, the old Bristol school, which, if it did not teach acting, it at least contained actors and actresses of experience, who handed down certain traditions of acting now impudently called "convertions." Well, one of the first of the traditions of acting was to speak with such distinction and clearness that the boy at the back of the gallery could hear. If this be a convertion, then I rejoin that some of our actresses trained from children have profited by the lesson. If Mrs. Patrick Campbell had learned it when she was at school, it would not be necessary for the yelling boy to tell her to speak up and make herself audible so recently as the last character she played—the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.

Who, then, were the flowers of the old Bristol school? First of all, Mrs. Bancroft, one of the most accomplished artists of our time, who was taught acting from childhood, who was trained, finished, and perfected almost from her cradle. But what more natural actress? Her voice is not strong, but it is exquisitely musical, and can be heard in every distant corner of the largest theatre we possess. At Drury Lane recently, Lady Franklin's utterance was as clear as a bell, whilst her female companions were mumbling and gobbling their words, for the very good reason that they had never been taught to speak, and had never acquired the art of speaking in public. But Mrs. Bancroft, who is the embodiment of the art that conceals art, was not the only product of the Bristol school. Hence came Kate Terry, one of the most charming of English actresses—a trained actress from childhood, who went straight from Bristol to a tutorship of Charles Kean, and, most important of all, to the training of Mrs. Charles Kean, the adored Ellen Terry of our dramatic forefathers. But was there ever a more beautifully natural actress than Kate Terry, who, well-trained and well-schooled as she was, elected to serve under the banner of Charles Fechter, and became the idol of the Lyceum? With the child, Kate Terry, from Bristol to the Keans, went Ellen Terry—our present adorable Ellen Terry, the everlasting—whose training and schooling from infancy permitted her to give us in Olivia, in Beatrice, in Portia, and in Henrietta Marie, the most exquisitely natural pictures of old English and Shakesperian women that our stage has ever seen. And yet your impressionist critic would tell Ellen Terry that she would have been a far better actress if she had been "self-made" and "self-taught." To this I answer "Fudge!" From Bristol came also Henriette Hodson, daughter of an actor, a charming and delightful actress of nature, but trained from childhood, and Mary Moore.

I must mention one more name of a Bristol-bred actress. It is Mrs. Kendal, the child of actor-parents. She began acting as soon as she could lisp, and was at one time as natural and sweet a young actress as any I have mentioned. I will be candid enough to allow that in later years Mrs. Kendal has not entirely allowed her art to correct her art. It is too transparent and obvious. She indulges in tricks and affectation. She is inclined to be stagey. All this I grant. But it was not ever so. Her performances in Gilbert's fairy plays, such as *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *The Wicked World* and *Broken Heart*, were gems of natural acting, and her elocution was faultless. And as to inspired acting, I have seen nothing finer in its way than Mrs. Kendal's Susan in Mr. Wills's version of *Black-Eyed Susan.* One more of the schooled and well-trained actresses who are pre-eminently natural, and then I must stop. This is Winifred Emery, the daughter of a fine old actor, an actress from infancy whose Clarissa Harlowe and Frou-Frou are examples of natural acting that it would be difficult to match in the memory of any playgoer. Ellen Terry herself never did anything more beautiful and bewitching than Winifred Emery's Clarissa, and we have to go back to Aimée Desclee to find a parallel in her Frou-Frou. Bernhardt and Modjeska were not in the same field in it.

And now we come to the untaught, untrained actress of temperament, so much advocated by the younger and more inexperienced critics of to-day. The head of the list is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, essentially an actress of temperament, who is now learning by bitter experience what her sister artists mastered when they were in their teens. When a part appeals to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's temperament and individuality she is able to conceal her deficiency of training. Her Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith are so excellent in certain scenes and passages that the temperamental actress is able to

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make us forget that there were certain passages in each play of which we did not hear one word, and certain exquisite thoughts of the author buried and concealed by the actress. But this grave defect in art, the result of "self-made" and self-taught acting, could not be hidden in Dulcie Lavordu, in Kate Cloud, or in Fédora, where the best scenes were smothered simply because our untaught actress did not know how to make them effective. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, like Miss Mary Moore, has to pick up lost ground, and they are both doing it with amazing success, but they must not on that account lean to the heresy that the best acting is "self-made" or "self-taught." The critic who writes this knows what training, study, and education have done for him in moulding his style. When he has criticised plays and players a few years longer, he will be more convinced that the best acting in the world comes from the trained, schooled, and educated artist. When on the top of schooling comes genuine inspiration, then we have something like genius. But actresses are made as well as born. I consider that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is one of the most accomplished actresses we possess. She is not the novice that some people imagine, because she was a well-trained and persistent amateur actress long before she went on to the stage. But Mrs. Tree has more talent in her little finger than half the over-puffed actresses have in their handsome heads. An artist who can give us an Ophelia like that of Mrs. Tree, or a performance like Mrs. Murgatroyd in Mr. Grundy's play should never be left in the background. I am longing to see her as Fédora, and have never to this hour forgotten a performance at the Court Theatre years ago by a yellow-haired adventuress in a play called, I think, *A Millionaire.* That Mrs. Tree's art should be subjugated to mere personal, photographic, and physical beauty has always been to me a marvel. I would sooner have the artistic beauty of a Sarah Bernhardt, a Clara Morris or a Maude Tree than the best example of the photographer's shop window.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—This week we are wildly political. Everybody having expressed wonder at the Government being able to stand, now expresses surprise that the Government has fallen.

The truth about the Government must be plain to every man of common-sense. It came into office for the express purpose of passing a Home Rule Bill. Nobody liked the Bill, not even the Irish members. But it passed. Then the Lords threw it out. Obviously it was the duty of the Government to resign then and there. Had they gone to the country, and had the country sent them back with a majority, they could have passed the Home Rule Bill again, and the Lords would have had no excuse for throwing it out. Had they done so, however, a second time the issue would have been plain and simple. It would have been a case of Lords *versus* People. The cry of "Down with the Lords!" would then have been worth having for the Democratic Radicals, and one more appeal to the country would have settled a lot of things.

If, on the other hand, the country had approved of the action taken by the Lords, and had returned a majority against the Home Rule Bill, as originally passed by the Commons, once more things would have been considerably simplified. The Irish would have learnt exactly how much they could expect from the rest of the nation, and in all future dealings with the Irish, whatever party was in power, Irish votes could no longer be bought by delusive false promises of giving them the impossible.

As things stand to-day weary years of talk only leave the ground clear for more weary years of talk. Radicals will still hold to Home Rule and the Abolition of the Lords as pious opinions, and months will again be wasted talking about them. But the Radical Government having signally failed to do anything, the Conservatives will naturally tempt electors with promises of domestic legislation, and I must say that they have a fine chance before them.

A good bold sweeping policy with regard to the water companies will certainly insure them thousands of votes in London. During the frost I was without water for seven weeks. When my water-rate came in I wrote a polite letter, and suggested that I should be granted a *pro rata* abatement for the seven weeks in question. *The water company refused to let me off a single shilling.* This I call legalised robbery, and nothing else. If the water company has no conscience, no sense of ordinary justice and fairness, if it does not object to confiscating my money while it gives me nothing in return, I shall not object to a new law which will enable me and my fellow-sufferers to confiscate the property of the water company. I fully believe in the rights of property being respected, but I want to begin with the rights of my own property. The water company shows no mercy in the way it collects its ill-gotten dues. Its says, "Pay us for what we have not delivered, or else we shall cut off your water." If I want to fight the case I must go without water, and risk typhoid and goodness knows what else in the middle of a tropical summer. I would show no mercy to people who persecute the citizen in such a way as this. The capital of the water companies has been returned in the form of inflated dividends over and over again. So, just as you take away dangerous firearms from children, just as you confiscate gunpowder or petroleum if stored in excessive quantities, so I would confiscate the undertaking of the water companies in the general interests of the community. Some of the present shareholders, who have purchased at large premiums, might suffer; but it would only serve them right for investing in a concern that earns an exorbitant dividend by the unjust manipulation of an unrighteous monopoly.

I do not suppose that the Conservatives will go the length of suggesting confiscation pure and simple; but on whatever terms the water companies are to be bought out, whatever compensation shall be offered them, I trust it will not be forgotten that at present the unhappy consumer is rather in the position of a captive purchasing his freedom from a brigand. Considering how he has been sweated already, I think the captive would be justified in getting away without any ransom at all.

Whoever proposes the most drastic measure at the next election will get my vote.

The reaction I mentioned last week, so noticable in the drama and literature, is also apparent in political life. The Democratic wave is spent, the tide is ebbing. The Radicals have neither a leader nor a cry. There is nothing about that excites the least enthusiasm. Harcourt seems to lack sincerity, he is too much of the prevaricating parliamentarian. Asquith has an unsympathetic personality. Labouchere would, undoubtedly, command a wide influence if he were not such a pronounced Little Englander. When the Continent is turned into a vast armed camp, when there are rumours of war on every wind, the policy of funk and scuttle is not one on which you can safely appeal to the electorate. The populace just now lends a more willing ear to "Rule Britannia," the making of Empire, the British Flag, and all that sort of thing. The Conservatives have only got to mix it up discreetly with Eight Hours Bill, measures for the termination of strikes, and careful labour legislation generally, and they will come back with a big majority.

To unhappy theatrical managers the Dissolution will come as the last drop in a cup already full of bitterness.

But on consideration they will see that their case is not so very bad. Nothing could really make the present very much worse than it is. If we are to have an Election we had much better get it over now, and so look forward to a full London with Parliament sitting in the autumn.

A Dissolution in October would have been simply ruinous.

The theatrical people who will suffer most are those who go out on the earlier tours. Amongst these will be Kate Santley, who starts with *Vanity Fair* at the end of July. Later on Wyndham, who will finish his season at the Criterion on July 26th, sends the *Home Secretary* into the provinces with nearly the whole of the original cast. His own part will be taken by Fred Terry, and possibly Lottie Venne will replace Mary Moore. The Criterion will be filled by Cissy Graham's provincial company playing Owen Hall's *All Abroad.*

Late in July there will be a change of bill at Terry's. The theatre was advertised "To Let" in the papers last week. On the following Saturday and Sunday an inspired paragraph went round to the effect that *The Passport* would be moved to a larger house, but which one was not mentioned. All else failing they might try a few matinées at the Albert Hall, or run a short interim season at Olympia. Perhaps Dana will make an offer to Sir Augustus Harris for Covent Garden when the opera is over. I should have felt rather more confidence in the paragraph myself if it had come out before the "To Let" advertisement.

The ways of theatrical people are curious, however. Mrs. John Wood has sent a subscription to the Grace testimonial, and accompanied it with a charming personal letter. Miss Olga Netherson sent a subscription per her brother Louis. Mrs. Pat Campbell sent a subscription through her private secretary. After this I am not surprised that she lost her voice, and that Mrs. Tree played *Fédora* on Saturday. Very admirably Mrs. Tree played it, too, with a force, vigour, and dramatic intensity that no private secretary could give.

By the way, I understand that the difficulty with regard to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's engagement at the Haymarket has been overcome. She will definitely support Forbes Robertson when he opens at the Lyceum in *Romeo and Juliet ;* but whether she plays right through his season is doubtful, as in Henry Arthur Jones's play there is nothing particularly suited to her.

Tree is deeply engrossed, thinking-out his arrangements for *Trilby* next autumn. I am not surprised that the idea should have made him captive. One of his greatest successes was Macari in *Called Back*, a dramatised version of a very popular book. *Trilby* is a very clever book, but in this country it is not popular in anything like the sense that *Called Back* was. In America they are raving over it. Consequently, in America, *Trilby* is a very successful play. It is impossible to say whether it will be equally successful in London. American plays, as a general rule, do not "catch on" with us. Despite this fact, Willard is going to make an experiment even more thorough than that of Tree. *Trilby* is an English novel dealing with continental life, and it is dramatised by an American. But *Alabama*, the play of Willard's choice, is a native American drama, dealing purely with American life in the Southern States. It was an enormous success on the other side, and we shall await its presentation with interest and curiosity.

Curiosity being your strong point, I am sure you will like to know that Oscar Wilde is bearing his imprisonment well, and without complaint. His general health is good, but the gaol officials do not think his constitution sufficiently strong for the treadmill, so he gets none of it. His labour consists of making sacks in his own cell.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

COMEDY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.20, a Comedy, in three acts, entitled

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

By JEROME K. JEROME

AND

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Mr. Cyril Maude,	Miss Lena Ashwell,
Mr. Arthur Playfair,	Miss Alice Mansfield,
Mr. W. T. Lovell,	Miss Ettie Williams,
Mr. Ernest Leicester,	and
Mr. Edward Righton.	Miss Fanny Brough.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in the "SATURDAY REVIEW" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is a shrewd, good-natured, clever Cockney play (Mr. Jerome will not think me foolish enough to use cockney as a term of disparagement), interesting and amusing all through, with pleasantly credible characters and pleasantly incredible incidents, ending happily but not fatuously, so that there is no sense of facts shirked on the one hand, nor of problems stage-solved on the other. The play, from which, thanks to its unattractive name, not much was expected, won its way, and was very favourably received."

"WOMAN" says: "The play seems to recall our old friends, 'Our Boys,' and 'Sweet Lavender.' We have a good old-fashioned love story, a true touch of human nature, and plenty of genuine, wholesome fun."

The "LIVERPOOL POST" says: "There has not been so pretty a play seen for years."

The "DAILY NEWS" says: "The authorso f 'The Prude's Progress' brought out at the reopening of the Comedy Theatre last night, were successful in awaking roars of laughter, and we are bound to say that their triumph was won by perfectly legitimate means. The several threads of interest are so cleverly interwoven, the comic situations are involved so easily and in such rapid succession, and the development gives prominence to so many amusing types of character, that the interest is sustained throughout, and even increases as the dénouement is approaching."

The "MORNING ADVERTISER" says: "The new venture at the Comedy Theatre promises to be a highly successful one, as 'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy in three acts, by Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, produced last night abounds with humour that is delightfully fresh. 'The Prude's Progress' met with the full approval of the audience, and the authors were loudly called for."

The "MORNING POST" says: "It is better to regard 'The Prude's Progress' as an addition to the fairly long list of pleasant stage fairy tales, beginning, let us say, with 'Our Boys,' and including such works as 'The Old Jew' of Mr. Grundy. A great merit is that it is not only pleasant but wholesome. The first act certainly provides one of the prettiest little bits of quiet sentiment that I have seen for a long time. There is little doubt that the comedy will find plenty of favour."

The "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" says: "There is at least an honest ring about the sentiment, a wholesome flavour about the love adventures of good-natured little Adam Cherry, which serve to render the tale something more than palatable."

The "STAR" says: "The entertainment will, I am sure, give innocent pleasure to a very large number of playgoers."

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" says: "The reception of the play was very favourable, and everyone was called."

The "GLOBE" says: "This is as much as needs to be told of a play, the action of which, though simple, is sympathetic throughout, which is written with some subtlety and much smartness and humour, and won last night a conspicuous success. To this an admirable interpretation largely contributed. The whole, which was received with laughter and delight, constitutes a healthy, brisk, and stimulating entertainment."

The "SUN" says: "'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy of the Robertsonian style, was produced at the Comedy Theatre last right, and the reception was such as to cause the authors to flatter themselves they have made a success. The play, as a matter of fact, is thoroughly interesting, and contains just sufficient humour to make tears glisten."

The "BROOKLYN TIMES" says: "It forced applause from an audience not all inclined to enthusiasm, because of its own decided cleverness."

The "NEW YORK PRESS" says: "One of the most delightful performances of the theatrical season. Laughter was interrupted only by applause. The wit is bright, epigrammatic, and, except in one instance, unconscious. The personages are clearly and naturally drawn, the incidents are amusing and easily led up to, the interest is steadily cumulative, and from one curtain to the other there are no dull moments."

The "NEW YORK WORLD" says: "A play which must delight and charm the judicious spectator, jaded with the constant succession of 'effects' which retain neither the modesty nor the truth of nature. Its contrasts of character are good, its humour buoyant, its wit sparkling, and its climaxes are reached rather through the natural developments of the situations than through bustling action. . . . It is a constant delight to witness it."

The "NEW YORK RECORDER" says: "A play of strong interest and with much that appeals to the heart as well as to the mind, and which never lags for an instant through its three acts."

The "NEW YORK EVENING WORLD" says: "I should recommend all those who enjoy pure comedy to see it. It sparkles with wit, and tells a bright and amusing story."

The "NEW YORK HERALD" says: "Received with much laughter and applause. It is simply a very amusing, well-written comedy."

The "BOSTON POST" says: "The text is unusually brilliant and full of good points; the situations are verbal rather than of the conventional type of dodging in and out of imaginary rooms, and the action is lively and full of spirit, but not sufficiently rapid to weary the audience. There is a thread of pathos, too. It is, withal, a charming comedy."

The "CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN" says: "This is one of the most enjoyable, interesting and unhackneyed plays the season has brought forth. It is bright and delightful in graceful originality, written with great literary care and fine poetic sensibility, and character appreciation and was constructed with great dramatic skill, though with cheerful and cheering disregard of time-staled conventionalities. It gives one's play-deadened nerves a thrill of pleasure to come under the influence of an author now and then who, with taste, discretion and judgment to arouse sentiment to the right degree of sympathy, has the aristic courage to end a scene without a distinct situation."

IN THE CITY.

CHILD INSURANCE.

We print below a letter we have received from the General Manager of the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Assurance Company on this subject. We have also received a communication from the Prudential Insurance Company. The latter company gives no direct answer to our comments upon Mr. Dewey's figures, but prefers to rely upon the very decided opinion, so often quoted, of the Registrar of Friendly Societies, who does not believe that child insurance tempts parents to be parties to child murder. The Prudential also insists, and indeed proves, that Mr. Waugh has been very careless, inconsistent, and inaccurate in some of his statements. The Prudential management expresses its readiness to welcome any well-considered amendments of the law which would be likely to check or remove existing and admitted abuses.

The General Manager of the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow writes :—

> In your issue of the 15th inst. under this head you say, "We think we have shewn that the contention that life is not jeopardised by means of child insurance, cannot be maintained."
>
> In support of the conclusion at which you arrive, you cite the case of a miner at Rotherham, who you say was a worthless rascal, neglected his family, and had his youngest child insured three times over. I have referred to the newspaper reports, and to the report of an inspector of this company who was in court at the trial, and I find that the trial took place in the month of July, 1890. The youngest child, George Price, was insured with this company in June, 1889; he would then have been two months old, and from all that was known the child was likely to be well cared for: it was the youngest of six children, all living. The policy was for a penny a week, and the payments were kept up fairly regularly for some time. The father then appears to have got out of work, and the mother got discouraged by her poverty and the misery of her surroundings, the home got neglected, and in this case, as in all others that have been brought under my notice, the insurance also got neglected, with the result that in consequence of the non-payment of the premiums the usual notice of forfeiture was issued, and at the time the woman was arrested the policy had actually lapsed.
>
> Getting hold of the insurance money, therefore, could not have been the cause of the neglect in this case. The agent who took the second proposal did not disclose to us the fact that he had had to lapse the previous assurance in consequence of the non-payment of the premiums; and for this neglect and sending up a proposal on the life of a child so neglected both the agent and the superintendent were dismissed the service of the company on the 10th July, 1890. There was no benefit of any kind due to the parents from us at the date of arrest.
>
> I would also like to point out that, according to the terms of the contract, if any child insured with this company "shall die by or in consequence of the act or neglect—whether intentional or otherwise—of any person or persons interested hereunder" no benefit shall accrue to any such person.
>
> The directors claim for the London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Assurance Company that both as regards the inquiry which is made at the time the proposal is taken and the terms of the contract, as well as the notice to policy-holders in the premium receipt-book—and I enclose you copy of the proposal form, with the certificate required, a copy of the policy and a copy of the premium receipt-book—everything that is possible, as far as human foresight can go, to conduct the business on legitimate, honest and straightforward lines, and to make it what we claim it to be, an institution for the development of thrift amongst the middle and working classes, has been done. We are open at all times to inquire into and deal with any case of neglect on the part of any representative of the company, where our instructions or rules have been in any way violated. Our complaint against your treatment of this subject, and against the views put forward by those who act with you, is that industrial assurance companies and societies have not the advantage of having cases of child neglect, where there is any insurance, brought under their notice, so that their agents might be cautioned against going into the particular neighbourhoods. Our experience has been that the insanitary condition of the people and their surroundings has a great deal to do with the breeding and development of the germs of neglect; and a very strong expression of opinion was put forward at the time in regard to the insanitary condition of certain districts in Rotherham. So strong are our views on this subject, that where neighbourhoods are found to be in an insanitary condition, agents are prohibited from canvassing in or taking business from such neighbourhoods.
>
> It is not possible, with the space you allow for the discussion of the subject, to deal with the many errors which I have noticed exist amongst the statements put forward by those who are endeavouring to bring industrial assurance into disrepute; but if you are prepared to give space for the subject being properly ventilated, I shall be pleased to take advantage of it on a future occasion.
>
> In the meantime, in order that you may know what were my grounds of objection to Sir Richard Webster's Bill, I enclose you copy of a letter which I addressed to that gentleman on the subject; and, if you will allow me, I should like to add that the business of this company is selected with the utmost care, as is proved by the fact that the death rate amongst its policy-holders under sixteen years of age is considerably below the death rate of the United Kingdom in respect of lives under that age; and that we offer inducements to those who wish to effect endowments on the lives of their children, you will see from the enclosed prospectus, which has been in use for a number of years.

In reply to paragraph 3, we point out that though the policy had lapsed it does not follow that the parents knew it—or, knowing it, believed that they would get nothing if the child died.

Nor does paragraph 4 carry us much further. No doubt the company refuse to pay if it can be *proved* that death is due to neglect, but the occasions when a jury find that—and presumably the mere *ipse dixit* of a doctor would be insufficient—are very few, and the vicious parent may well hope to escape such a verdict.

We do not understand Mr. Neill in paragraph 5, where he complains of our "treatment of this subject." The passage as it stands is quite unintelligible. As for Mr. Neill's letter to Sir Richard Webster, which we have read with care, though we have not space to print it, we cannot understand how any acute lawyer could be much influenced by it, but we observe that it distinctly admits that there are parents who "have become so degraded as to lose that natural affection which should exist between parent and child, and bring disgrace on what has now become a national institution for thrift, namely, Industrial Life Assurance."

NEWSPAPERS AND CIRCULATION—THE "STAR" AND THE "EVENING NEWS."

Some unknown friend has sent us three copies of *Fame*, described by itself as "A Journal of Advertisers," and our attention is directed to editorial and other observations upon the circulation of evening newspapers. In its April number *Fame*—a big name for a small print—observes that "all advertising business would be the better for it if 'proved circulation' were the universal rule of the craft," and praises the *Evening News* for "publishing a circulation statement supported by an accountant's guarantee." In its May number *Fame* publishes a letter from the advertisement manager of the *Star*, who commits himself to the statement that "the *Star* has a daily sale exceeding 110,000, or 120,000, and even more;" and in the June number we find a letter from Mr. Tracy, manager of the *Evening News*, who tells us that "not only does the sale of the *Evening News* exceed that of the *Star*, it exceeds it by many tens of thousands of copies daily." As the *Evening News* only claims on its front sheet to have an average sale of 122,000, this statement of Mr. Tracy's means that, in his opinion, the advertisement manager of the *Star* is an unblushing liar.

There can be no doubt whatever that in the past the *Star* manager has made very misleading statements with respect to the circulation of the *Star* and the *Morning Leader*. When, for example, he sent out a type-written circular to advertisers informing them that

> 300,000 is the aggregate daily circulation of the *Star* and the *Morning Leader*. It is equal to 300,000 homes.

thereby implying that these two newspapers found their way every day—the circular was issued somewhere about the beginning of 1893—into 300,000 homes, the manager was guilty of a gross misstatement, a misstatement made for the one purpose of deceiving advertisers, and he was guilty of a similar misstatement when, in a later circular, he assured advertisers that :—

> The Stanley Show supplement to the *Morning Leader* was a great success. It was read in 300,000 homes.

Most canvassers exaggerate, and advertisers discount their statements accordingly; but to say that at the time referred to the *Star* and the *Morning Leader* had such an enormous sale that 300,000 went every day into *homes* when the net circulation of the two papers did not exceed 150,000, and the percentage that got—where advertisers want papers to get—into *homes* could not have been more than 50 per cent. of the sale, was such a wanton violation of fact that it deserved to be, as it was, exposed, much to the injury of the credit of the papers concerned.

The advertisement manager of the *Star*—a very energetic and capable man, whose discretion is sometimes distanced by his zeal—has only himself to thank if his statements as to the circulation of the *Star* have ceased to be accepted. But Mr. Tracy, too, excites surprise when he says :—

> At the present time the sale of the *Evening News* is larger than that of the *Star* together with the sale of either of the other two London halfpenny evening papers.

Now, whilst Mr. Tracy challenges the *Star* to the proof, and offers to pay £500 to a hospital if he cannot show that the circulation of the *Evening News* is larger than that of the *Star*—a fact, we imagine, that nobody outside the *Star* office and with inner knowledge will be disposed to question—he does not extend his challenge to the statement we have quoted immediately above. And we should be much surprised to find that Mr. Tracy's statement is justified by the facts. We take the *Evening News* circulation from itself. It claims to sell 122,000. Probably of the four evening halfpenny newspapers the *Echo* has the smallest sale. But the net sale of the *Echo* is not less than 50,000, and may be considerably more. If then Mr. Tracy is right, the sale of of the *Star* must be under 70,000; but we do not think he is right.

Be that as it may, if the *Star* refuses to accept the challenge of the *Evening News* nobody will be in any doubt as to what the refusal means. It will refuse, if it does refuse, because it knows that the publication of the actual figures will upset its own statements as to circulation. But after all this question of circulation, so far as it concerns advertisers, is of much less importance than it is sometimes supposed to be. We have assumed that the *Echo* has the smallest circulation of the four competing papers, but it is the best medium of the four for advertisers, and that they think so is proved by the fact that its net advertisement revenue is much larger than that of any of the others. If a paper goes into many homes, and those the homes of people with some money to spend, it is likely to do more service to the advertisers than another paper of much larger circulation which is glanced at and thrown away, having amongst its readers very few persons belonging to what we may call the comfortable classes. It was appreciation of this truth that led the advertisement manager of the *Star* to talk about "homes." And it is for this reason that even a daily published guaranteed statement as to circulation would not be of the help to advertisers that some think it would be. But, all things considered, it would, we are disposed to think, be a step in the right direction.

ORION BELT, LIMITED.

IN our last issue we gave an estimate of ore on the property of this company, which seems to have excited the scepticism of a correspondent, who wrote to Mr. Wolff to ask how any mining engineer could speak with such confidence of the amount of ore to be got from a property. The following is Mr. Wolff's reply :—

> Yours of yesterday's date to hand, and I am surprised at an old mining man like yourself addressing such a query to me. However, I will work out the calculation for you.
>
> As you are aware, the Orion Reef underlies the *whole* of the Orion Belt's ground in an *unbroken* stretch, and that taking it at 2½ feet thick (Impey and others reckon nearly double that), it works out, as follows: A claim is 400 plus 150 Dutch feet, which is equal to 416 plus 156 English, 416 multiplied by 156 equals 64,896 square feet; 64,896 multiplied by 2½ equals 162,240 cubic feet. There are 13 cubic feet (solid) to a ton, so that if you divide 162,240 by 13, equals 12,480 tons of ore in the claim.
>
> We have 406 claims, so that 12,480 multiplied by 406 equals 5,066,880 tons of ore in the whole, and I think if you add 50 per cent. on to this you will be nearer the mark.

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE public is accustomed to ingenious attempts to push business by means of advertising, but the "Star" Veterinary Medicine Manufacturing Company may fairly claim to have distanced most of its competitors—in impudence. This enterprising firm sends out a printed letter in which they recommend what they call their Medicine Chest for Cattle. The chest costs £2 11s. If the recipient of the letter, not having asked for it, takes no notice of it, the medicine chest is sent, and with it an invoice upon which is written in red ink the following minute:—

> Not having heard from you not to send the medicine case (for which purpose we enclosed a stamped addressed postcard), we now forward the case as per particulars hereon.

We say nothing about the quality of the medicine, which for aught we know may be good. But this method of sending goods to persons who have never expressed any wish to have them, cannot be justified even by the loosest standard of business ethics.

AT LAST.

WE learn from a circular letter sent round to their English correspondents by Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. that the Post Office authorities have at last declined to accept in open envelopes, and as printed matter, the list of the Ottoman drawings which Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. have been in the habit of sending out. We are glad to know that the Postmaster-General has taken this step, and it is to be hoped that he will take another and more important step before long. Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. hope to get over the present difficulty "by posting the lists in future under closed envelope as a letter," charging their customers three shillings a year for doing so. But Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co.'s pamphlet, "How to Make a Fortune," is still circulated over the length and breadth of the land. Now, if the Post Office authorities object to be made the medium of transmitting information as to the result of certain lotteries, surely they cannot with any pretence to consistency continue to circulate these pamphlets, which have for their one object the persuading of the public to make Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. their agents in lottery transactions.

WE have received copy of an interesting report upon the present position of the Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited, with maps giving the relative positions of the properties. As our readers know, the company has a working capital of £105,000, which is, we think, the largest in Western Australia. Machinery is erected and working at the Coongan mine, is being erected on the Nicol property, and is on the way for the remainder of the mines. Reports from men like Mr. A. H. Salmon, the Government surveyor, speak highly of the value of the properties. The managers expect to start crushing again in the course of the next fortnight.

WE have received a letter from the New Health Soap Company complaining of a reference to that company in our issue of June 15th, and in answer to a correspondent. The company want us to "make some correction," but the person who writes to us on behalf of the company does not inform us what there is to correct. He tells us, however, that the "Health Soap Company is a private concern, and that there are no shares for anybody."

WE understand that the proprietors of the *Evening News* intend to apply to the Courts to restrain the *Star* from claiming, as it does on its front sheet, "the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Kingdom," and they threaten to take further action against the *Star* for implying in their advertisement manager's letter to *Fame* that the figures of the *Evening News* as to sales are fictitious.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

D. H. Evans and Co. GARONNE (Streatham).—We should hold. It is a sound investment. **Maxim-Nordenfeldt.** J. H. M. (Cockermouth).—Yes, we think these shares worth purchasing at the present price. The company is doing better. **The British and American Trustee and Finance Corporation.** W. W. (Bridgend).—We think not. **The Agency Land and Finance Company.** T. G. B. (Camden Town).—Your friend has no option. He must meet the call or sell. As to the likelihood of the shares increasing in value, we know of nothing to make it probable. **Universal Stock Exchange, Limited.** F. M. (Birmingham). We have seen nothing beyond the pargraph in the *Financial Times*, which you send us. As to the new company, if there is to be one, how can you expect us to give you an opinion until we have seen the prospectus? **North British Water Gas Syndicate.** R. M. H. (Clifton).—We fear that if you let matters go further it will only mean additional expense. The time for resistance has gone by. **Explorers Syndicate, Limited.** C. M. (Bath).—We cannot advise you to purchase. **Doorn Kop Mining Shares.** J. M. (Liverpool).—It is black reef ground, and good enough. There has been some rigging of the shares. To hold is risky. **Crisp and Co.** CAUTION (Ebb Vale).—The last quotation we have seen is $1\frac{5}{16}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ for the ordinary shares. We consider these shares a good investment. **Ottoman Bonds.** HENRY (Keswick).—We will look it up.

INSURANCE.

Child Insurance. M. E. (Liverpool).—We are obliged to you for the quotation from the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, but it would have saved you trouble if you had assumed that we were acquainted with this much-quoted paragraph. W. V. (Tufnell Park).—We thank you for the cuttings. For the rest it is better to avoid imputing motives. Do you think personal interest is likely to have more to do with Mr. Waugh's action than, say, your own? Yet we should be very sorry to imply that you care nothing for infant life because, as you tell us, you are a canvasser for an industrial insurance company. **Accidents.**—We know of the company you refer to, but before we recommend it we must have evidence of its means, and we believe they are very small. There are so many good companies granting general personal accident policies, that it would be invidious to mention any without mentioning all, and the list is too long. There are several agencies in your own street. **Esculapius.**—We have always thought well of the Society you refer to, and even now are reluctant to believe ill of the administration. For Sickness Assurance you should go to the Sickness and Accident Company, or the Ocean Accident Corporation. For the Life policy you will have to go to a separate office. **Subscriber** (Cardiff).—The last-named office is the best, the first-named comes next, but we cannot recommend the second named for the transaction specified. **Careful.**—The company is all right, but the system you mention is a bad one, and brings disappointment to all except a lucky few. **Newport.**—The company has plenty of capital, and is quite able to pay all its claims. We advise you to go on paying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Weekly Newspaper. C. V. N. (London).—We advise you not to be guided by the statements to which you refer. Dabbling in mining shares is risky work. **The Universal Estates Corporation.** N. D. M. (Glasgow).—No. **Outside Brokers.** INEXPERIENCED (Oxford).—We do not "recommend" outside brokers, but the persons you name have the reputation of honest dealers. As to the advantages you dwell upon, it would be as well to look a little more closely into the matter, before acting upon your present opinion. **Robert's Pneumatic Billiard Company, Limited.** F. W. (Bradford).—We do not know it. **Outside Brokers.** M. (Grantham).—We must agree to differ. As one swallow does not make a summer, so one successful deal does not upset our contention that the odds are in favour—very much in favour—of the outside broker. As for blind pools, the man who has anything to do with them is a fool. **Goole Moss Litter Company.** R. H. (Eastbourne).—(1) We know of nothing likely to make them go higher. (2) As to the "sound investment," we cannot give you any useful answer until you send us more particulars. **Loan of £100.** AMATEUR (Pwllheli). We do not recommend money-lenders, and we know nothing of the person whose circular you send us We strongly recommend you to have nothing to do with any of these people if it is at all possible, as it should be in your position, to meet any temporary embarrassment by other means. **National Cyclists' Union.** J. J. D. (Birmingham).—We have no form from you relating to the National Cyclists' Union. Do you mean the prospectus of the Cycle Press, Limited? **The Persil Flexible Wheel Tyre Syndicate, Limited.** MOULSFORD (Wallingford).—We are as much in the dark as your friend, but we will see what can be done. **The Oakfield Iron and Wire Works.** G. F. P. (Exeter).—We have no information respecting the company.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening at 8 o'clock. First appearance in England of the DUCAL COURT COMPANY of SAXE-COBURG and GOTHA. (See Daily Papers.)

COMEDY THEATRE.—Every Evening at 8.20.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
A Comedy in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Fanny Brough.
Preceded at 7.50 by
THE PRACTICAL JOKER,
Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Arthur Playfair. Doors open at 7.30. Box Office open 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. E. T. Bradley.

LYCEUM.—FAUST, TO-NIGHT (Wednesday) at 8.15. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. LOUIS XI., Thursday and Friday nights and July 3. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, MATINEE next Saturday at 2. BECKET, July 1, 2. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, July 4 (Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry), July 5, and MATINEE, July 6. KING ARTHUR (by special desire), July 8, 9, 10, and MATINEE, July 18. CHARLES I., July 11 (only time). THE LYONS MAIL, July 12 (only time). Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION and EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.
CRYSTAL PALACE.
CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE, Daily, at 3.30 and 6.30 Numbered seats, 2s.; unnumbered, 1s.; promenade, 6d.
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"THE SAMOLIS are quite natural; they 'play-act' with the delight of children in the pastime, and they provide a number of unrehearsed effects which are by no means the least charming part of the spectacle."—*Daily Graphic.*
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOMALI DISPLAY.—The genuine and unstudied nature of the entire display is its great charm and at once impresses the spectator.
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PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.45.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

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"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
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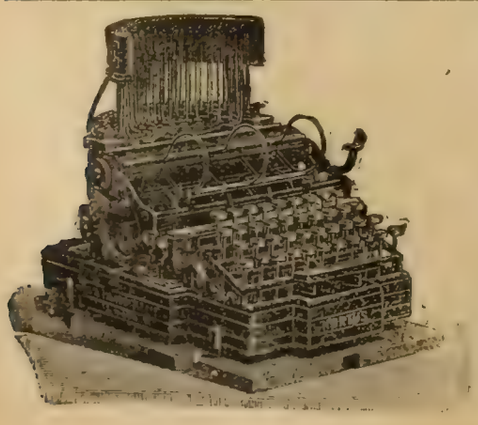

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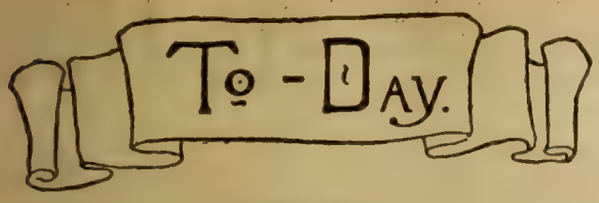

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
A Change of Treatment. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest ... 225
A Votary of Terpsichore. Ten Minutes with Miss Mabel Love ... 229
The Bohemian Survival. By F. Gribble. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson ... 230
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 231
Feminine Affairs ... 232
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 234
The Coming Actress! By an Old Stager ... 235
The Ruminations of Randolph ... 236
In the City ... 238
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 241
Club Chatter ... 245
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville ... 249
Celebrities at Sea. By Robert Ganthony ... 254

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

I take the following from the *Crusader*, a religious paper, with which, to my astonishment, I am continually finding myself in close agreement. The *Crusader* is speaking of a sermon which has lately been published, specially addressed to young men. "The sermon fails," says the *Crusader*, "because, instead of fortifying the youth in the main principles of right acting and good living—of teaching him that here the battle is lost or won—other things, desirable no doubt, but not essential, are given an exaggerated importance. 'Don't drink,' 'don't smoke,' 'don't go to the theatre'—these negative points are treated as though they formed the Thermopylæ of the soul. The eternal principles of right and wrong," continues the *Crusader*, "are not involved in the question whether a man drinks a glass of beer, or smokes a cigar, or visits the theatre. But they are at stake in the question whether a man is honest, and true, and pure, and righteous in his dealings—in his 'yea' or 'nay.'"

It has always seemed to me that the religious teaching of our day was simply tending to create weak-minded prigs, utterly useless to God or man. Our religious teachers seem to think that it will be sufficient at the bar of judgment when a man is asked the question, "What have you done with your life?" for him to make answer: "I have never drank a glass of beer or wine; I have never smoked; I have never gone to a theatre." And what, pray, will such an one say if the examining angel makes reply: "Poor fool, you have missed a good many things that were good and that our generous Lord sent to you, but that is your affair. Go on; you have told me what you did not do, now tell me what you have done. You have denied yourself a few amusements, but these are not sins. What real temptations have you withstood? What deeds, demanding strength and self-forgetfulness have you accomplished? What generous actions have you done? What sympathy have you shown to man and woman and child? Have you made the weary rejoice? Have you comforted the sorrowing? Have you done the work that was given you to do, with all your might and with all your heart? Have you gained from the battlefield of life strength and courage and power? What have you done with the talents that were given you?"

Upon such fresh questioning the man will make reply, if he has guided his life upon the religious teaching rife to-day, "I know of none of these things that you speak of, but I say again that I have never drank wine with my fellows, I have never smoked the friendly pipe, I have never enjoyed innocent amusement, and I have done my little best to prevent my fellow-men from enjoying their lives. That is all." The great object of the Christian religion according to these ministers of ours is to make life dull and dreary, and to keep man from knowledge. According to their doctrine they stamp the Creator as either a fool or a silly trickster. Religion, according to them, is at every point to be antagonistic to human nature. Now, human nature from end to end is of God. We did not make it; He created it, and gave it to us. Our instincts are from Him, and they teach us to desire all innocent enjoyments, pleasures, amusements, and luxuries; and to each of us has been given, as a guide, an inward voice to tell us clearly and immediately what is innocent, and what is not.

Taken in moderation pleasure improves our bodies and our brains. In working to acquire it we increase our strength and intellect. The world is fashioned to be a joy to man, yet these Puritans insist upon telling us that our only chance of heaven lies in rejecting all the delights that God has provided for us in this world, and in battling against the instincts that He has implanted within us. So that, according to them, God has made for man two distinct places, heaven and earth. He has placed men first upon the earth, and has fitted them in every way to lead pleasant lives thereon, and at the same time He has told them that if they do lead pleasant lives upon this earth—that if they do follow the natural instincts that He has given them—that then they shall never come into this heaven, which is a very much better place. So that God makes a creature to fit one of His planets, and then tells him that he must not fit it! I cannot accept this theory of the Creator, and, therefore, I cannot accept Puritanism, and therefore I intend to drink my glass of wine, to smoke my pipe, and to go to the theatre to, as I hope, the glory of God, who has given me these blessings.

Mr. Gladstone's present attitude towards his Liberal friends affords an interesting insight into the plan and scheme of party politics. Mr. Gladstone objected to much in the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. It was a Bill that he himself advocated on the platform and in Parliament. It was a Bill that was before the electors at the last general election, when Mr. Gladstone *was* the Liberal Party. Recently Mr. Gladstone condemned the Local Veto Bill as a contemptible effort to deal with the drink question. The Local Veto Bill was one of the main planks in the Newcastle programme, was advocated by Mr. Gladstone, in office, with passion and enthusiasm. There is evidently a vast gulf between Mr. Gladstone in office and Mr. Gladstone out of office; between Mr. Gladstone as a party tool, and Mr. Gladstone as a thinking man. The *Daily Chronicle* explains the matter by informing us that Mr. Gladstone has always been two-

thirds a staunch Conservative. I can quite accept the *Daily Chronicle's* explanation; most intelligent men over the age of thirty are two-thirds Conservative, and Mr. Gladstone is not the only active Radical whose real opinions, if known, would stamp him as more Tory than revolutionary. But it must be remembered that Mr. Gladstone in office would have supported these Bills which he has now opposed, would have pleaded passionately for them, would have persuaded himself that he was in active sympathy with them, would have felt convinced that these very measures—the futility, injustice, and absurdity of which he perceives the moment he steps out of the Cabinet—were Bills necessary for the public welfare.

Government by party has always appeared to me an utterly childish and contemptible method. It blinds men to the truth; its object is to cloud their judgment and to prejudice them. It becomes a warfare in which not right and justice, but success, is the only goal. The nation is played with as if it were a football to be kicked about between two rival teams; the only difference being that the real game is a healthy and manly exercise, while the Parliamentary counterpart is a degrading sport, in which chicanery is substituted for pluck, and want of backbone is more valuable than strength. Half the measures passed by either side would be condemned in calm moments by the very men who grow purple in the face advocating them. Local Veto, one of the few really important Bills that Parliament has ever handled, inasmuch as it deals directly with our individual life, was taken up by the party—so the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle* inform us—purely with the idea of securing votes. The liberty of Englishmen from one end of the country to the other was to be sacrificed, freedom of conscience and freedom of life were to be thrown to the dogs, not because anybody—with the exception of a few hysterical old men and women—believed that such tyranny was necessary for the public welfare, but merely that one particular set of amiable nonentities should enjoy the importance of being earnest in preference to their opponents.

The Liberal Party has discovered that the Bill which they hoped would gain them votes would lose them votes, and now they are all agog to drop this measure which for years they have been telling us was bound up with their consciences. The whole system is a fraud, and an unutterably silly fraud; it is one huge game of pretending. Conscience, liberty, earnest endeavour, are sneered at behind the scenes at Westminster. At the dinner-table and in the club smoking-room men laugh at the sentiments which an hour or two before they had been cramming down the throat of a gaping public. Editors of party newspapers write every article with their tongue in their cheek. To be an adroit and plausible liar is the most useful weapon for a Party politician. Convictions and beliefs hamper him at every turn, and he quickly takes care to get rid of them. If it were played openly as a game, this gulling of a foolish crowd might be amusing, but the affected seriousness all round makes one rather ashamed of one's race.

The events of the latter end of last week and the beginning of this do but serve to confirm me in my low opinion of Party politics. What has happened? A party came into power with a programme which, for the most part, has not effectively been carried out, and need not be discussed in detail; but that programme involved measures of the utmost importance, constitutional changes which would have set a mark on the century. That party has now gone out of power. Why? Indirectly, it appears, on a question of cartridges, and because certain members of Parliament evaded the Whips, like truant schoolboys escaping from their master. Have the principal actors on the Liberal stage no better idea of an exit than this? It does not appear dignified. Nor does it appear satisfactory that the element of chance should have so much weight in the settlement of the affairs of the nation.

I do not need to be reminded that a party which fully enjoys the confidence of the nation does not fall to such accidents as this. But it seems to me that such accidents should not overthrow any party under the circumstances. There were reasons why the Liberal Party should have been compelled to resign, but I cannot see that one of them was, that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had too right a sense of the grave responsibilities of his position to give to foreign Powers information which we had much better keep to ourselves. However, the thing is done, and we may look forward to a General Election—to a period of foolish speeches, brittle promises, and wild enthusiasms—a period that is bad for business, bad for pleasure, an equally important matter. And then we shall resume the old and silly game of Party Government—with one side in and the other trying to get them out for the earliest possible score—the minimum of useful and effective legislation. How much longer shall we be contented with such a state of affairs?

Not, I venture to think, for ever. There are already signs which tend to show that in the course of a score or so of years there will be but one party of any real importance. Extreme politicians may form separate groups around it, but their numbers will be too small to give them any serious influence. The hardened, old-fashioned, somewhat sleepy Tory belongs to the past, and so does the more reckless Radical. In the end, I hope, common-sense, will prevail. We should see how much time has been wasted, and how little has been effected by Party Government. The side which is in always accuses the other of obstruction, and almost always with justice. The real business for which Parliament exists is not done, and the interests of the nation are held subservient to the interests of a party. It may be thought Quixotic to hope that the two great parties will gradually be drawn into one—but I do hope it—and that I may live to see it.

I am so glad to see that Bismarck has joined the ranks of the bimetallists. I do not know how my monometallic friends will explain this latest addition to the ranks of their opponents. Prince Bismarck has generally been reckoned a man of some judgment, and he is not likely to have connected his name with a movement that he has not carefully examined. The Prussian Diet has passed a vote in favour of bimetallism by a hundred and seventy nine votes to two. The Germans, being world-wide traders, are beginning to know as much about the necessities of commerce as ever we in England can teach them, and they have come to the conclusion that the world's trade will soon be impossible without a larger currency that can ever be obtained by gold alone.

It is not as if bimetallism had never been tried before. All Europe prospered under it up to a short time ago, and trade, since it was abandoned, has by no means kept pace with its increased opportunities. England has become monometallic merely to feed the greed of our wealthy capitalists. Under the present system the rich man becomes richer and richer, while the country starves and trade recedes. It was a clever dodge in the beginning. The great gold owners reckoned on the general public never being able to understand the question, and, therefore, not perceiving how they were being squeezed for the benefit of the rich. Now, of course, all the monied classes, and all whose interests are bound up with Lombard Street, rally to the monometallic standard. The renewal of bimetallism would be a bad day for Capel Court, and the dawn of hope for the rest of the country.

The first prosecution under a new Act has taken place, and a man has been fined for "unlawfully employing five men to wear military clothing in such a manner as to be likely to bring contempt upon her Majesty's uniform." The men were employed for the purposes of advertisement. Their proprietor had removed the shoulder-straps from the tunics and the plates from the helmets, and seems to have had no intention of breaking the law. This seems to have been taken into account, and his punishment was accordingly light. I am very glad to see the Act enforced. It is the meanest of actions to do anything that would lessen in time of peace the prestige which the Army, fighting on our behalf, has secured in time of war:—

> Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep,
> Is cheaper than them uniforms—and they're starvation cheap.

I have no sympathies with anyone who treats Mr. Atkins badly now, who will be very ready with his "thin red line of 'eroes when the drums begin to roll."

The magistrate, in this case, observed that the greed for advertising was stronger than good taste. Well, the standard of taste is different in our commercial and in our social life. That is inevitable. In private life real taste avoids eccentricity, avoids anything which could possibly attract attention, avoids publicity. All women follow the same fashions, and it is the aim of every well-dressed man to look as much as possible like every other well-dressed man. But, on the contrary, it is the very aim and essence of advertising that it should attract as much public attention as possible. Any eccentricity, any novel method, is naturally welcomed by the advertiser; but to say that the standard of taste is different is by no means to imply that there is no standard of taste in advertisements. It seems to me that a very distinct line is drawn, and any advertiser who goes beyond it makes the public angry and prejudices them against his wares—which is, of course, the last thing that he wants to do.

I have already had occasion to comment upon the advertisements of pills and patent medicines by means of large boards erected in the midst of beautiful rural scenery. For reasons which I gave then—they are obvious at any rate—I objected to this method of advertising. For similar reasons, apart from any consideration of the law on the point, I object to any method of advertising which, while it takes advantage of the prestige of the Army, tends to lessen that prestige. Both forms of advertisement go beyond the line—the line which right feeling would mark out. I am making no indiscriminate attack upon advertisers. Good literature has never been so cheap as it is at the present day, and for that you have to thank not the philanthropist, nor the proprietor, nor the editor, but the advertiser. But whenever I see any article advertised in an illegitimate way, by putting the Queen's uniform on knock-kneed sandwich-men, or by wantonly spoiling natural scenery, I am particularly careful never to purchase that article.

A large number of correspondents have drawn my attention to a case of cruelty to a horse at Cambridge. A jockey named Simms appears to have made a wager that he would drive a horse from Newmarket to Cambridge and back within the hour. The horse dropped dead on the way home. I have no wish to spoil legitimate sport by unnecessary faddism. A gallant horse will sometimes break his heart of his own accord in the same way that a game bicycle rider will over-exert himself in a long-distance race. But I am very suspicious of the legitimacy of the sport in the present instance. Simms is a half-caste, who has come to England on a purely gambling speculation. He is employed by an American firm, Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, concerning whom it is perhaps sufficient to remark that Croker was at one time prominently connected with the gang of rascality known as the Tammany Hall Ring. I am sending particulars to Mr. Colam, and I shall be anxious to know what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals intends doing.

Some half-dozen cases demanding recognition from our Pluck Fund are before me. Space forbids my referring to them this week, so I hold them over till our next issue. Meanwhile, I may remind kind friends, as we say on the stage, that funds are running very low, and I should be glad of subscriptions. Indeed, many deserving cases I have had to put out of mind after reference to the banker's pass-book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

W. P. O. Your extract from Mansell is an utterly unconvincing argument. If one sense can be controlled by imagination then all can be. Resistance of locomotive energy can be a piece of imagination with the rest.

Wilton Jones reminds me that Samuel Daniel, the author of the couplet,

> "Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man,"

was Poet Laureate at the very time that Shakespeare was turning out plays for the market. Mr. Wilton Jones thinks that readers would be astonished to find how many utterly undistinguished and now totally forgotten persons have held the laureateship. Two Misses Daniel, Mr. Jones tells me, direct descendants of Elizabeth's laureate, are to be met with in London society to-day.

Paterfamilias asks me if I know of an unsectarian home for young women in London. The young lady on whose behalf he writes, objects to the restrictions imposed by the Young Women's Christian Association, but would like a house where she can meet with congenial society.

A. B.—(It is considered discourteous to write an anonymous letter.) There will be no objection to your marrying under the name by which you are generally known, but legal points might arise should you or your descendants ever come into fortunes. It would perhaps be better for you to marry in your right name.

J. M.—It may be prejudice, but in a question of child insurance I am more inclined to pin my faith to the opinion of an utterly disinterested person, such as Rev. Benjamin Waugh, than to that of an insurance agent. Besides, I have the evidence of my own eyes and ears, which count for a good deal in my own opinion, though it may sound egotistical to say so. If I were

actuary for an insurance society, I would undertake to make statistics prove whatever I wished to prove. No man who has to do with statistics is worth his salt who cannot do this. Every week two or three cases occur in which children die from gross and easily remedied neglect. If you would let me insure your life, and then allow me to have the same control over your existence as parents possess over the lives of their infants, I'd undertake to make a very decent profit in less than six months.

Glasgow.—The wholesale dealers would never purchase the bone from one whale. The names of the ordinary dealers in whalebone may be discovered through any directory.

H. D. writes me, sympathising with the sufferings of 'bus and tram horses. "I hope every fat and unfeeling woman in England," he concludes, "may read your words and try to walk a few yards farther instead of stopping a tramcar on the slope of a hill."

F. P., Leeds, draws my attention to a speech of R. B. Batty, a Manchester solicitor, who is an ardent temperance reformer, but who has no objection to increasing his income by applying for renewal of licenses. Mr. Batty states that one in every seven of the population dies a drunkard's death. Do these silly and childish lies really help the temperance cause? or are men like Mr. Batty at heart good fellows who hate teetotalism, and who are trying to make their friends and their cause ludicrous by such idiotic statements?

Well-Wisher.—Your kind letter is very flattering. You may be sure that the gentleman in question will give the public another book when he gets time. The same gentleman also tells me that he will not have time to lecture again for a year or two.

Tynesider.—Lombroso was referring to natural instincts. Exceptions only prove the rule. A woman's evil instincts would not direct her towards theft; she might become a thief from force of circumstances, but that is not the same thing. I am afraid I have known very successful thieves and scoundrels who could manage without any female assistance. If a woman's nerves were less capable than a man's, the exhaustion would come sooner, and she would faint under much less suffering. Lombroso's article was scientific, and you are treating the matter somewhat superficially.

E. H. P. asks me if I think a Lancashire man is as justified in using his dialect as a Scotchman is in speaking Scotch. Every bit as justified, but I wish they wouldn't do it, either of them.

E. A.—I agree with many of your remarks on cruelty to animals. The attacks upon the bearing-rein have produced good results. Fewer people use it now, and even those to a modified extent. I am glad you find "Feminine Affairs" page so useful.

A. M. writes me as follows: "I cannot resist adding my praise to that of your many well-wishers. One naturally admires a journal which expresses one's own views; but I think that every sensible man must agree with the up-to-date tone of your articles, particularly on the subjects of certain contagious diseases, prostitution, game laws, and the anti-humbugs. Having been a sailor for some years, I have seen the terrible effects that the aforesaid diseases have upon humanity, and I am sorry to say that, owing to the culpable negligence of the British people, our own country in nine times out of ten is where the disease is contracted. When shall we as a nation wake to see these things from a common-sense point of view? All honour to you for the fearless manner in which you expose these evils, your journal being the first to do so. I recently read the articles on apprentices in the mercantile marine; they were not in the least exaggerated. In fact, the misery of an apprentice life was rather mildly put. Unfortunately, one's position as an officer is very little better, except, of course, that as a man one is more able to fight one's own battles."

C. B.—You will get all particulars by applying to the Admiralty Office, Spring Gardens.

Stanley writes me from Bristol: "In the provincial towns it seems to be the fashion for men and youths to deck themselves up in their best clothes after business hours and walk the streets with but one idea in their brainless craniums—viz., to talk to, and insult, ladies who happen to be by themselves. It is a custom which seems to be in vogue in Bristol more so than many other towns which I visit." "Stanley" asks if it would be lawful to give any such young man a horse-whipping. It would be unlawful, but decidedly pleasant, provided one was big enough to do it.

A Shropshire Farmer writes me as follows:—"A few years ago I met a man of more than ordinary intelligence who was in difficulty as to his faith. Of Christianity he always spoke with great reverence, for the reason, to use his own words, 'that my good mother, my ideal woman, always seemed to derive so much comfort from it;' but, as a man, he could never attach himself to the faith in which spirituality seemed to be something vague, cloudy, transcendental, 'far removed from the commonplace routine of life.' In short, he often exclaimed 'I want to meet a Man's minister' and he had some idea that perhaps Charles Kingsley, if he could have met him, was the type he longed to meet. But if only he could have met the Rev. T. W. M. Lund! I will hope he has read the sermon in your issue of June 22nd. I have read it over again, and feel that I must show it to my best chums. It meets the case of several of them who, like my friend above referred to, long for a man's minister to preach a man's religion."

J.—We have made a note as to the insurance matter, and will see that the money does not go to the wrong corpse. Extremely grateful for your good offices and kindly remarks. S. H. C.—The advertisement reads very amusingly. G. B. S. admires the musical criticism in the *Musical Standard* and the *Saturday Review*. In justice to a famous journalist, I must add that "G. B. S." does not stand for George Bernard Shaw. W. H. F.—Thanks for your letter, but I think it unnecessary now for any of us to bother our heads concerning the Local Veto Bill. We have heard the last of it. J. L. C.—Shall deal with the matter in "Editorial Notes." D. G. R.—I am glad your friends liked the volumes of the *Idler* and To-Day. I cannot understand the craving of the Scotch public for theology. The science of theology appears to me to be chiefly instrumental in making religion ridiculous. J. H. R.—Unfortunately, you will find the same with every paper you handle. W. B.—I fear there may have been many contradictory statements in the lecture. I do not think consistency is one of the gentleman's strong points.

Maggie T.—I ought not to answer you as you write anonymously, but I judge from the tone of your letter that it is not intended in rudeness. Woman labour is chiefly in demand in Australia. Apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, S.W.

Army Reserve.—An Army Reserve man who left the country without leave would be liable to arrest on his return. If he returned voluntarily and reported himself he might possibly be reinstated without any unpleasant consequence.

H. W. S.—I quite agree with you that no difference in law should be drawn between the clergy and other citizens. I should have been just as pleased to see mercy succeed had the defendant not been a clergyman.

W. H.—I would be quite agreeable to a man insuring his child for the bare funeral expenses, the whole bill not to exceed two pounds, and to be paid direct by the insurance company, the money not passing through the parents' hands. Insurance in any other way is gambling with child life.

J. P. J. thinks I have done good service by quoting from Emerson's essay on "Independence." "A despondent feeling after some disappointment, or anxious business transaction, I always feel to be quite counteracted by reading this essay," adds my correspondent. Emerson deserves to be better read in England than he is. He is a grand teacher, but his style, it must be confessed, is somewhat dry. Hence, I suppose, his lack of popularity.

H. C. C., who is a medical student, thanks the authors of the "Prude's Progress" for having presented to the public a "medico" who is at the same time a gentleman. But he also mentions that students do not read Gray's "Anatomy" for their finals. If ever I come across the authors of this comedy I will mention this little matter to them.

T. A. thinks To-Day one of the best journals a young man could possibly buy, and is of opinion that the young manhood of England would do well to follow what he is kind enough to term "its strong, clear, and wholesome teaching." I need hardly say that I agree with T. A. But seriously, the strong and growing friendship of young men towards To-Day gives me more pleasure than I can tell. To gain one young man to one's side is worth the adherence of a hundred middle-aged citizens. It is their hands that are going to shape the world. It is upon them that the future rests.

H. G. D. tells me that they greatly need a To-Day in Germany to contend against the tyranny exercised by German officialdom. He tells me that the English colony is extremely fond of the paper, and thinks it would gladden my heart if I could hear the enthusiastic way in which it is spoken of. I thank H. G. D. for letting me know this, and it does gladden my heart.

Sulphite of Soda.—Mr. Johnson has written a book on Thomas Hardy, which might, perhaps, contain the information you want. I believe it is published by John Lane.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

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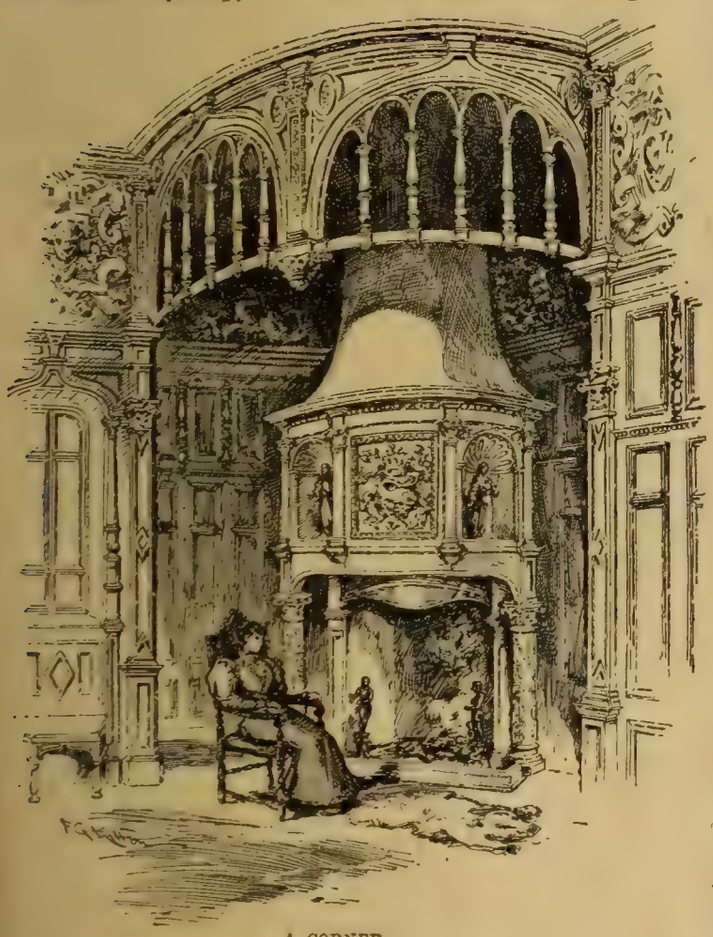
THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

When an Oriental builds a house it is just as likely as not that he forgets to put in any staircase. When Englishmen built the old-fashioned inns—I don't mean public-houses—centuries ago, they committed much the same thoughtlessness in other directions, and to this day the bachelors of economical habits who use these habitations (nominally sacred to the law, in embryo) may be seen struggling in the courtyard at the mutual pump to get a pail of water to go on with. From this state of affairs we have during the last generation been rescued. Ruskin, Oscar Wilde, and Morris have in so many words taught that where you rest you should decorate—and decorate artistically. By accepting an invitation this week from Messrs. Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford street, I, for the first time, learnt how you could do this at a minimum of thought with the maximum of success. Up to the present we have, generally speaking, been asked to furnish our homes by the suggestions of profusely illustrated catalogues. You went into one room and bought so much tapestry, in the next room you bought



A CORNER.

a portion of the bedroom furniture; then you struck upon the chairs suitable for the drawing-room, followed this up by buying the carpets, forgetting whether it blended with the tapestry, the chairs, or the bedroom furniture; and, finally, when you had got the lot home you did not know what was for the servant and what for yourself. Messrs. Graham and Banks' scheme is different and excellent. For £500 they offer to furnish your house, and they have so arranged their premises that you can immediately see what your place is going to look like, each floor being divided into so many rooms that gives you an exact replica of what your future home is to be. They agree to take bare walls, unadorned ceilings, and naked floors, panel them, fresco them, carpet them, and furnish them just as their model indicates. It is an excellent idea, and should succeed, especially as they guarantee that there is nothing of the—"to laying carpets, £5"; "to cost of carman, £3"; "to painting ceiling, £10," and so on in their contracts. The amount of your order represents the amount of your expenditure.

CLUB CHATTER.

The only time that I have ever met "Dagonet" on a Sunday was some months ago, and that was on business and the hour was eleven. I believe Mr. Sims had only just got up, and, that that is his usual time for beginning his Sabbath, I strongly suspect, after his notes last Sunday. He speaks of Paris stations in the early morning, and from his conclusions you would think that on Sunday morning in London, Victoria, Liverpool Street, and Charing Cross stations were so many howling wildernesses with never a happy expectant face, a pretty girl, and a hopeful fellow, bent on a day out of the smoke of town. These things belonged to Paris alone.

Nonsense. Englishmen spend their Sunday out of town, much more generally than the Frenchman. I have seen every French *gare* in the early Sunday morning, and I have seen, I think, each London station, and in every case the crowd has been larger, better tempered, and better dressed than that of Paris. That the poorer Englishman, who cannot spend his Sunday out of town is worse off than his French brother, is his own fault. He has got an insane and irrepressible notion about free speech. For no particularly sound reason, he imagines that the universe trembles or smiles, according to the remarks of some demagogue, whom he is blithering idiot enough to support out of his hard-earned money.

The result is simply this—that whereas your French working-man can go into the Bois with his family and picnic out in some quiet spot, the English labourer is howled at from every corner of the parks about Atheism, Mohammedism, even Mormonism; Conservatism, Liberalism, Radicalism, Socialism, Individualism, and every other "ism" that an unnecessary and careless fate has decided should be turned into a money-making concern for charlatans and humbugs. So far the Englishman is to blame. He wants to enjoy himself, does not know how to, and accordingly ably supports the Nonconformist conscience, which tells him that the only real relaxation from labour is by spending his time in a way that strangles all sense of genuine relaxation.

I should be the last to advocate the secularising Sunday so far as places of amusement were concerned, but I am hanged if I can make out why you are met with closed doors at every museum and picture-gallery, and yet can have the refrain of the latest music-hall songs dinned into your ears by a Salvation Army band. It is possible to get quite as much honest pleasure out of the English Sunday as the French—because the French only offers you the replica of the ordinary week-day—but the English worker, who is the most affected, simply bows down and says that all he wants is two hours in the morning to spend his money in public-houses, the afternoon for talking twaddle in the public parks, and the evening for sleeping off the combined effects of the two affairs.

I must congratulate Fontaine on his performance at Putney in the twenty-four hours' cycle race. He holds the English record for the class that does not acknowledge the N.C.U., and that in itself is pleasurable, as I have from the very first number of To-Day urged that the foolish course pursued by the Union would drive all the best men out of their ranks. It is a pity Frank Shorland is standing down, because, after the hack he made of Fontaine twelve months ago, it is pretty certain he could have beaten even this record easily—possibly have beaten Huret's as well.

I am proud to say that I am not a politician myself. At various periods of my career I have been affected in different ways by the malady. I think your pocket regulates your political principles generally. Once I decided to plump for Anarchy, but that was on the top of a water company's bill, ably supported, by the same

post, with an income-tax paper, and at other times I have wanted the Tories to remain in till I die, so that I should not have to give up my best rooms to a Shoreditch contingent of reformers. It seems to me, though, desperately hard on the very best class of English electors that at the coming election they will have to sacrifice their holidays or their votes, and votes will be spelt with as big a "V" as Carlyle could wish it at the next political encounter.

It is a question of giving up your holidays or your rights as a citizen. Why it should be so I am at a loss to understand. Surely a hard-working man, anxious for a rest, and just as anxious for his country's welfare, should have the right of going to the Returning-Officer and saying, "I must take my holidays, but I have a right to my vote. Give me a paper that will authorise me to post to you my vote, after the Post Office officials, where I may be staying, are satisfied as to my identity." No possible harm could be done. The vote would arrive with the personally attested papers, and any that arrived after the hour of closing the ballot would be thrown into the waste-paper basket. I am sure this scheme is workable with proper limitations, and I wonder why members do not see their way to secure more of the votes they have pleaded for so earnestly and recklessly.

If I had had any doubt as to the feeling that riverside folk feel in regard to the blackguardism that goes on on the launches in the Thames it would have been set aside by the bunch of congratulations I have received. I take a characteristic letter. My correspondent writes:—

I am writing to thank you for your remarks in last week's "Club Chatter" on the subject of launches on the Thames. I thoroughly agree with you that they are an unmitigated nuisance, and I am sure every river man will re-echo the sentiment. On more than one occasion when I have had ladies with me I have been assailed from launches with the most disgusting language. I am in the habit myself of boating from Hampton, and the worst offender over that part of the Thames is the *Duchess of York*, of Weybridge. This boat makes trips every Sunday to Molesey and back for 1s., and as drink is sold on board all day long the riff-raff of the district make a practice of taking this trip, simply because by doing so they can get liquor during the time that the public-houses on shore are closed. Lower down the river the *Sunbury Belle* and *Duke of York* cause a similar nuisance. Surely the Thames Conservancy ought to do something to put a stop to the evil?

I gave last week a specimen of English in France, quoting the *Gil Blas* as giving a song as "Sumer is cumen in where blue the rose," and asked any reader to solve the problem. A lady writes me that it is really—

"Sumer is a-comen in, merilie sing cuckoo," the earliest English song known to be set to music. The MS. is in the Bodlian Library, Oxford. The song is published in a volume of Old English Songs, but the music is modernised, and the quaintness of the words altogether lost.

Mr. Charles J. Strivens, writing from East Dulwich, says:—

"The song in question is an old Northumbrian round, and is the oldest piece of polyphonic or canonical writing known to be in existence. The MS. is in the British Museum. (Harleian MS., No. 978.) It was composed for four voices, with two additional parts forming a *pes.* or ground bass. It must be regarded as the only composition in six parts known to exist previous to the fifteenth century. The character of the melody is sweet and pastoral, and well adapted to the words. It was probably composed by a North-countryman, as according to Giraldus Cambrensis, vocal harmony was practised in the parts of England north of the Humber. Thinking it may be of interest to you, I enclose the words of same. I may add, that these few short particulars, and also words, are taken from Naumann's History of Music, as edited by Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley.

Sumer is icumen in,
  Lhude sing Cuccu.
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
  And springth the wdenu;
    Sing Cuccu.
Awe bleteth after lomb,
  Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth.
  Buck e verteth;
Murie sing Cuccu;
    Cuccu, Cuccu.
Wel songes thy Cuccu!
Ne swik thu naver nu.

After Dr. Grace's usual performance on Saturday, the only thing left for us to fill up the afternoon was to watch the practice at the nets. Here we met an old friend in a new character, namely, the Marquis of Queensberry in a time-worn cap of the I Zingari, a greyish shirt rolled up to the elbows, and showing some elaborately tattoed designs, taking on all and any bowling sent down. The Marquis is a good old-fashioned cricketer. He knows nothing of the playing to the off, and what he cannot get to leg he sends straight back to the bowler. He is wonderfully nimble, and unnecessarily energetic. Before the ball has left the bowler he begins to tremble and strain like a bull-terrier on the leash with a cat smiling at it two inches from its nose. When the ball is launched on its journey he opens his mouth as though determined to swallow it if he cannot protect his wicket with his bat. When he has got rid of it he performs a little circus round the wicket, and nods his head complacently. He rarely misses a ball, indeed, the only one he did miss, I played wicket to, for it came under the net, hit me on the ankle and went on to the boundary. The Marquis peeped over and asked me to send it back. I couldn't.

By the way, have you sent your subscription to the *Daily Telegraph* Grace Fund? Don't think that sending a subscription to the doctor is like sending coals to Newcastle, because it isn't. As Randolph pointed out last week, his performance has done more than anything else to purify the air after a recent nauseous case. Therefore every decent-minded man and woman, whether or not they know a bat from a ball, have an obligation thrust upon them. A few weeks ago the streets of London were polluted with ruffians selling disgusting literature. To-day the story of "W. G.'s" records has taken its place. The Doctor is an assiduous student of the letters to the *D. T.*, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than the tributes paid by the youngsters.

The success of the Northern tour of the Surrey Eleven has exceeded the hopes of the most ardent supporters of the county. Most people thought that the team would have considerable difficulty against Lancashire and Yorkshire, but in both of these matches the Surrey men covered themselves with glory, winning in the handsomest fashion; and they finished up with a memorable triumph over Leicestershire on Friday, taking an ample revenge for the four wickets' defeat suffered at the hands of that county at the Oval early in May.

The batting has been wonderfully consistent, Abel, Hayward, Street, and some of the others doing great things, but really the chief cause of the Surrey triumphs has been the bowling of Richardson. The Surrey committee, I know, were a little anxious about Richardson after his trying tour in Australia, thinking, no doubt, that so much bowling on the hard wickets in the Colonies would handicap him for county cricket, but he has come back better than ever, and in such a heavy scoring season as the present it is nothing short of marvellous that he should before the end of June have taken over a hundred wickets. He had an extraordinary week, taking thirteen wickets against Yorkshire at Bradford, and twelve against Leicestershire at Leicester.

The chief difficulty with Surrey at the present is who to leave out. Street, whose place was thought to be a little uncertain, has made himself sure of a position in the Eleven for some time to come by his remarkable inn-

ings at Leicester, for then he made his runs at a time when more trusted batsmen had failed, and the position was becoming a critical one for Surrey. Young Street has always been very popular with his comrades, and his worthy father, James Street, now one of the best of county umpires, was absolutely beaming with gratification when he heard at Tonbridge—where he was standing umpire—of his son's success.

I hear that Mr. N. F. Druce, the young Cambridge cricketer, who had the distinction of being for two weeks at the top of the batting averages, has already been invited to play in a few matches for Surrey, but it seems that he will have no time for much cricket after the University match at Lord's.

It must be very gratifying to the people in Kent who predicted a good career for the young professional, Joseph Easby, to see at last that their views look like being justified. Last season Easby was terribly nervous, and it was unfortunate for him that his first match should have been against Lancashire, where he was completely at sea with Mold's great pace, but now he has gained more confidence, and has already played several capital innings. So highly are his abilities thought of that last Thursday at Tonbridge he was given his county cap. Easby is a Yorkshireman by birth, and was at one time a soldier. Once or twice he appeared for Hampshire, but was soon dropped by that county, and I understand that it was through Mr. W. H. Patterson—one of the most famous of Kentish batsmen—that he was induced to undertake a professional engagement at Canterbury, and so qualify for Kent. Easby plays in a nice, free style, and now he has begun to feel his feet in county cricket he ought to prove a very useful man for Kent. There are few better judges of cricket than Mr. W. H. Patterson, and for his sake alone followers of the game will read with pleasure of Easby's success.

Walter Hearne, the Kent bowler, had hoped to be able to assist his county in both matches at Tonbridge, but he was absolutely forbidden to do so by his doctor, and I hear that the injury to his knee has turned out so serious that it is quite likely he will not be seen in the

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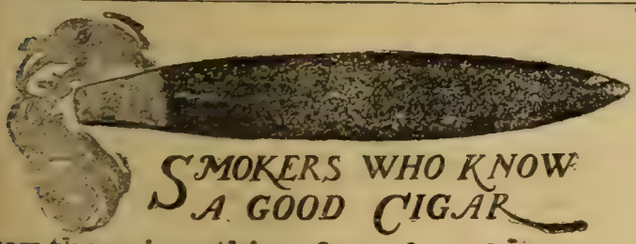

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Kent Eleven at all this season. Few professionals have had such exasperating luck as Walter Hearne. On many occasions an accident has occurred to him just at the time when he had a great chance of considerably increasing his reputation, and also earning a good deal of money. His loss is a serious one for Kent, as all the hard work now falls upon Martin and Wright. Alec Hearne is, of course, a useful change bowler, but he is not very much to rely upon, and even when he does get wickets it to some extent interferes with his batting.

The other day I pointed out that the running of Lord Percy, both here and in France, proved that the young Irish horseman, Mr. Scully, had been harshly treated by the National Hunt stewards. Even such a capable horseman as Arthur Nightingall declares that he found it impossible to manage the horse, whilst Colonel North, in true sportsmanlike manner, informed us that he had never seen such a bad-tempered brute.

I urged the powers that be to reopen the case and listen to the additional evidence, which could be put forward in Mr. Scully's favour. They have done so, with the result that Mr. Scully has had the ban removed from his name. We shall, of course, never hear what evidence was given at the first hearing, but this case should teach the stewards not to again deliver sentence until the case has been proved up to the hilt.

The forthcoming Inter-'Varsity sports and the amateur championships are exciting a considerable amount of interest in the sporting world in general and the athletic circles in particular. There can be no doubt now but what the Cantab Fitzherbert is one of the most improved runners at Cambridge, and even should Bredin recover his best form, Fitzherbert is sure to give the champion a rare race.

When one remembers what a princely revenue is derived from the meeting, it is difficult to believe that the Ascot executive are loth to devote their utmost attention to the racecourse. It was hoped that the going this year would be an improvement upon the past, but having of late years made it a practice to walk the course I can, without any hesitation, declare that the track has never been so bad. Why so many owners ran their horses is surprising, and they will probably have cause to regret doing so.

Ere another Ascot comes round there are several matters which will have to be gone into by Major Clements, and not the least important of these is the admission of Pressmen. No discrimination was shown in issuing passes, but the orders given to the gatekeepers regarding where the Press tickets were available were stupid in the extreme. One was not allowed to enter at the grand stand entrance, but compelled to thread his way through rows of carriages and over piles of stones, round to the paddock gate, and even then the reporter's pass did not avail one if a seat to the grand stand was necessary.

No doubt in some cases these stringent regulations were necessary, but why a recognised Pressman should, after protesting in the secretary's office, be informed that he could take the route through the grand stand and subway on payment of half a sovereign passeth all understanding. Major Clements, I believe, is himself a contributor to the Press. Is he ever treated in such a manner at Kempton, Hurst Park, or even Epsom?

We are generally introduced at Ascot to several two-year-olds of the first water, and this year proved no exception to the rule. One youngster, however, stands out by himself, and that is Persimmon. The Prince of Wales can rest assured that he owns the crack two-year-old of the season, and providing the son of St. Simon steers clear of accidents, we shall next June see the Royal colours carried to victory in the Derby. The Major.

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Cheap Excursions will be run from LONDON (Euston), Kensington (Addison Road), Broad Street, Willesden Junction, etc., as follows:—

On THURSDAY, June 27th,

To Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Bray, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, etc., for 16 days.

On SATURDAY, June 29th,

To Blackpool, Birkenhead, Chester, Blackburn, Bolton, Wigan, Preston, Southport, Crewe, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Wellington, Stafford, the North Stafford Line, Ashton, Halifax, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, the English Lake District, etc., for 3 and 6 days.

A FORTNIGHT in NORTH WALES.

On Every Saturday during June, July, August and September, Cheap Excursions will be run, leaving London (Euston) 8.15 a.m., and Willesden Junction 8.25 a.m., with Trains in connection from Broad Street, Mansion House, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and other Stations in North Wales for 3, 8, 10, 15 and 17 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars (see small bills), which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

London, June, 1895.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XXII.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

YET he was not the first to speak. One of the men behind him took a step forward, and cried, "That is the man! See, he still has the gun-barrel."

"Seize him, then," M. de St. Alais replied. "And take him from here! Monsieur," he continued, addressing me grimly, and with a grim eye, "whoever you are, when you undertook to be a spy you counted the cost, I suppose? Take him away, men!"

Two of the fellows strode forward, and in a moment seized my arms; and in the surprise of M. de St. Alais' appearance and the astonishment his words caused me, I made no resistance. But in such emergencies the mind works quickly, and in a trice I recovered myself. "This is nonsense, M. de St. Alais!" I said. "You know well that I am no spy. You know why I am here. And for the matter of that——"

"I know nothing!" he answered.

"But——"

"I know nothing, I say!" he repeated, with a mocking gesture. "Except, Monsieur, that we find you here in a monk's dress, when you are clearly no monk. You had better have tried to swim the Rhone at flood, than entered this house to-night—I tell you that! And now away with him! His case will be dealt with below."

But this was too much. I wrested my hands from the men who held me, and sprang back. "You lie!" I cried. "You know who I am, and why I am here!"

"I don't know you," he answered, stubbornly. "Nor do I know why you are here. I once knew a man like you; that is true. But he was a gentleman, and would have died before he would have saved himself by a lie—by some trumped-up tale. Take him away. He has frightened Mademoiselle almost to death. I suppose he found the door open, and slipped in, and thought himself finely safe."

I understood what he meant, and that in his passion he would sacrifice me rather than bring in his sister's name. Nay, I saw that he viewed with a cruel exultation the dilemma in which he thought that he had placed me; and my brow grew damp, and I looked round wildly, as I tried to solve the question. I had the sounds of a street fighting still in my ears; I knew that men staking all in such a strife, owned few scruples and scant mercy. I could see that this man in particular was maddened by the losses and humiliations which he had suffered; and I stood in the way of his schemes. The risk existed, and was no mere threat; it seemed foolish quixotism to run it.

And yet—and yet I hesitated. I even let the men urge me half-way to the door; and then—heaven knows what I should have done or whether I could have seen my way plainly—the knot was cut for me. With a scream, Denise, who since her brother's entrance had leaned, half-fainting, against the wall, sprang forward, and seized him by the arm.

"No, no!" she cried in a choked voice. "No! You will not, you will not do this! Have pity, have mercy! I——"

"Mademoiselle!" he said, cutting her short quietly, but with a gleam of rage in his eyes. "You are overwrought, and forget yourself. The scene has been too much for you. Here!" he continued sharply to the maid, "take care of your mistress. The man is a spy, and not worthy of her pity."

But Denise only clung to him. "He is no spy!" she cried, in a voice that went to my heart. "He is no spy, and you know it!"

"Hush, girl! Be silent!" he answered furiously.

But he had not counted on a change in her, beside which the change in him was petty. "I will not!" she answered, "I will not!" and to my astonishment, releasing the arm to which she had hitherto clung, and shaking back from her face the hair which her violent movements had loosened, she stood out and defied him. "I will not!" she cried. "He is no spy, and you know it, Monsieur! He is my lover," she continued, with a superb gesture, "and he came to see me. Do you understand? He was contracted to me, and he came to see me!"

"Girl, are you mad?" he snarled in the breathless hush of the room, the hush that followed as all looked at her.

"I am not mad," she answered, her eyes burning in her white face.

"Then if you feel no shame do you feel no fear?" he retorted in a terrible voice.

"No!" she cried. "For I love! And I love him."

I will not say what I felt when I heard that, myself helpless. For one thing, I was in so great a rage I scarcely knew what I felt; and for another, the words were barely spoken before M. le Marquis seized the girl roughly by the waist, and dragged her screaming and resisting, to the other end of the room.

This was the signal for a scene almost indescribable. I sprang forward to protect her; in an instant the three men flung themselves upon me, and bore me by sheer weight towards the door. St. Alais, foaming with rage, shouted to them to remove me, while I called him coward, and cursed him and strove desperately to get at him. For a moment I made head against them all, though they were three to one; the maid's screaming added to the uproar. Then the odds prevailed, and in a minute they had me out, and had closed the door on her and her cries.

I was panting, breathless, furious. But the moment it was done and the door shut, a kind of calm fell upon us. The men relaxed their hold on me, and stood looking at me quietly. And I stood glowering at them Then, "There, Monsieur, let us have no more of that!" one of them said civilly enough. "Go peaceably, and we will be easy with you; otherwise——"

"He is a cowardly hound!" I cried with a sob.

"Softly, Monsieur, softly."

There were five of them, for two had remained at the door. The passage was dark, but one had a lanthorn, and we waited in silence two or three minutes. Then the door opened a few inches, and the man who seemed to be the leader went to it, and having received his orders, returned.

"Forward!" he said. "In number 6. And do you, Petitot, fetch the key."

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The man named went off quickly, and we followed more slowly along the corridor the steady tramp of my guards, as they marched beside me awaking sullen echoes that rolled away before us. The yellow light of the lanthorn showed a white-washed wall on either side, broken on the right hand by a dull line of doors, as of cells. We halted presently before one of these, and I thought that I was to be confined there; and my courage rose, for I should still be near Denise. But the door, when opened, disclosed only a little staircase which we descended in single file, and so reached a bare corridor similar to that above. Half-way along this we stopped again, this time beside an open window, through which the night wind came in so strongly as to stir the hair and force the man who carried the lanthorn to shield it under his skirts. And not the night-wind only; with it came the noises of the night and the disturbed city; hoarse cries and cheers, and the shrill monotonous jangle of bells, and now and then a pistol-shot—noises that told only too eloquently what was passing under the blackness that hid the chaos of streets and houses below us. Nay, in one place the veil was rent, and through the gap a ruddy column poured up from the roofs, dispersing sparks—the hot glare of some great fire, that blazing in the very heart of the city, seemed to make the sky sharer in the deeds and horrors that lay beneath it.

"HE IS NO SPY, AND YOU KNOW IT!"

The men with me pressed to the window, and peered through it, and strained eyes and ears; and little wonder. Little wonder, too, that the man who was responsible for all, and had staked all walked the roof above with fretful steps. For the struggle below was the one great struggle of the world, the struggle that never ceases between the old and the new: and it was being

fought as it had not been fought in Nîmes for centuries, savagely, ruthlessly, over kennels running with blood. Nor could any man tell the issue; only, that as it was here, it was likely to be through half of France. We who stood at that window, looked into the darkness with actual eyes; but across the border at Turin, and nearer at Sommières and Montpellier, thousands of Frenchmen bearing the greatest names of France, watched also—watched with faces turned to Nîmes, and hearts as anxious as ours.

I gathered from the talk of those round me, that M. Froment had seized the Arénes, and garrisoned it, and that the flames we saw were those of one of the Protestant churches; that as yet the patriots, taken by surprise, made little resistance, and that if the Reds could hold for twenty-four hours longer what they had seized, the arrival of the troops from Montpellier would then secure all, and at the same time stamp the movement with the approval of the highest parties.

"But it was a near thing," one of the men muttered. "If we had not been at their throats to-night, they would have been at ours to-morrow!"

"And now, not half the companies have turned out," the man with the lanthorn growled.

"But the villages will come in in the morning," a third cried eagerly. "They are to toll all the bells from here to the Rhone."

"Ay, but what if the Cevennols come in first? What then, man?"

No one had an answer to this, and all stood watching eagerly, until the sound of footsteps approaching along the passage caused the men to draw in their heads. "Here is the key," said the leader. "Now, Monsieur!"

But it was not the key, nor Petitot, who had been sent for it, but a very tall man, cloaked, and wearing his hat; who came hastily along the corridor with three or four behind him. As he approached he called out, "Is Buzeaud here?"

The man who had spoken before stood out respectfully. "Yes, Monsieur."

"Take half a dozen men, the stoutest you have downstairs," the newcomer answered—it was Froment himself—"and get as many more from the Vierge, and barricade the street leading beside the barracks to the Arsenal. You will find plenty of helpers. And occupy some of the houses so as to command the street. And —But what is this?" he continued, breaking off sharply, as his eyes, passing over the group, stopped at me. "How does this gentlemen come here? And in this dress?"

"M. le Marquis arrested him—upstairs," Buzeaud answered.

"M. le Marquis?"

"Yes, Monsieur, and ordered him to be confined in No. 6 for the present."

"Ah!"

"As a spy."

M. Froment whistled softly, and for a moment we two looked at one another. The wavering light of the lanthorns, and perhaps the tension of his feelings, deepened the harsh lines of his massive features, and darkened the shadows about the eyes and mouth; but presently he drew a deep breath, and smiled, as if something whimsical in the situation struck him. "So we meet again, M. le Vicomte," with that. "I remember now that I have something of yours. You have come for it, I suppose?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I have come for it," I said defiantly, giving him back look for look; and I saw that he understood.

"And M. le Marquis found you up-stairs?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" For a moment he seemed to reflect. Then, turning to the men, "Well, you can go, Buzeaud. I will be answerable for this gentlemen—who had better remove that masquerade. And do you," he continued, addressing the two or three who had come with him, "wait for me above. Tell M. Flandrin—it is my last word—that whatever happens the Mayor must not raise the flag for the troops. He may tell him what he pleases from me—that I will hang him from the highest window of the tower, if he likes—but it must not be done. You understand?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Then go. I will be with you presently."

They went, leaving a lanthorn on the floor; and in a moment Froment and I were alone. I stood expectant, but he did not look at me. Instead, he turned to the open window, and leaning on the sill, gazed into the night, and so remained for some time silent; whether the orders he had just given had really diverted his thoughts into another channel, or he had not made up his mind how to treat me, I cannot determine. More than once I heard him sigh, however; and at last he said abruptly, "Only three companies have risen?"

I do not know what moved me, but I answered in the same spirit. "Out of how many?" I said coolly.

"Thirteen," he answered. "So that we are outnumbered. But, moving first, we have the upper hand, and we must keep it. And if the villagers come in tomorrow——"

"And the Cevennols do not."

"Yes; and if the officers can hold the Guienne regiment within barracks, and the Mayor does not hoist the flag, calling them out, and the Calvinists do not surprise the Arsenal—I think we may be able to do so."

"But the chances are?"

"Against us. The more need, Monsieur——" And for the first time he turned and looked at me with a sort of dark pride glowing in his face—"of a man! For—do you know what we are fighting for down there? France, France," he continued, bitterly, and letting his emotion appear, "and I have a few hundred cut-throats and rascals, and shavelings to do the work, while all the time your fine gentlemen lie safe and warm across the frontier, waiting to see what will happen! And I run risks, and they hold the stakes! I kill the bear, and they take the skin. They are safe, and if I fail I hang like Favras! Faugh! It is enough to make a man turn patriot and cry 'Vive la Nation!'"

He did not wait for my answer, but impatiently snatching up the lanthorn, he made a sign to me to follow him, and led the way down the passage. He had said not a word of my presence in the house, of my position, of Mademoiselle St. Alais, or how he meant to deal with me; and at the door, not knowing what was in his mind, I stopped him.

"Pardon me," I said, with as much dignity as I could assume, "but I should like to know what you are going to do with me, Monsieur. I need not tell you that I did not enter this house as a spy, and that——"

"You need tell me nothing," he answered, cutting me short, almost with rudeness. "And for what I am going to do with you, it can be told in half a dozen

words. I am going to keep you by me, that if the worst comes of this—in which event I am not likely to see the week out, Monsieur—you may protect Mademoiselle de St. Alais and convey her to a place of safety. To that end your commission shall be restored to you; I have it safe. If, on the other hand, we hold our own, and light the fire that shall burn up these cold-blooded pedants là bas, then, M. le Vicomte—I shall have a word to say to you. And we will talk of the matter as gentlemen."

For a moment I stood dumb with astonishment. We were at the door of the little staircase—by which I had descended—when he said this; and as he spoke the last word, he turned, as expecting no answer, and opened it, and set his foot on the lowest stair, casting the light of the lanthorn before him. Then I plucked him by the sleeve, and he turned, and faced me.

"M. Froment!" I muttered. And then for the life of me I could say no more.

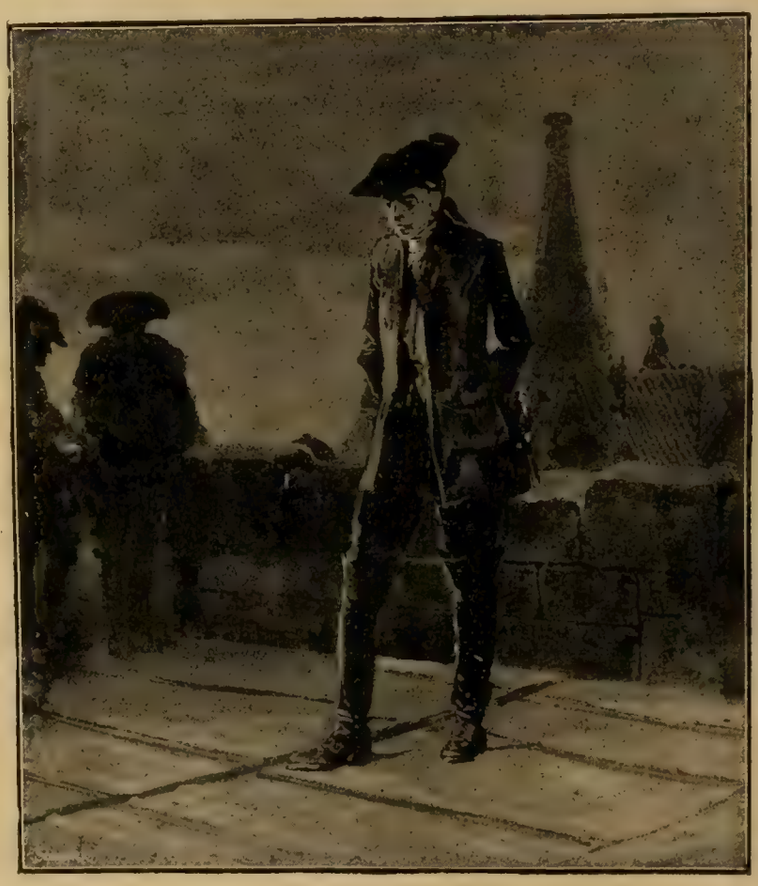
"There is no need for words," he said grandly.

"Are you sure—that you know all!" I muttered.

"I am sure that she loves you, and that she does not love me," he answered with a curling lip and a ring of scorn in his voice. "And besides that, I am sure of one thing only."

"Yes?"

"That within forty-eight hours blood will flow in every street of Nîmes, and Froment, the bourgeois, will be Froment le Baron—or nothing! In the former case, we will talk. In the latter," and he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture a little theatrical, "it will not matter."



FROMENT WITHDREW TO THE OUTER SIDE OF THE TOWER.

With the word he turned to the stairs, and I followed him up them and across the upper corridor, and by the outer staircase, where I had evaded my guide, and so to the roof, and from it by a short wooden ladder to the leads of a tower; whence we overlooked, lying below us, all the dim black chaos of Nîmes, here rising in giant forms, rather felt than seen, there a medley of hot lights and deep shadows, thrown into relief by the glare of the burning church. In three places I picked out a cresset shining, high up in the sky, as it were; one on the rim of the Arénes, another on the roof of a distant church, a third on a tower beyond the town. But for the most part the town was now at rest. The riot had died down, the bells were silent, the wind blew salt from the sea and cooled our faces.

There were a dozen cloaked figures on the leads, some gazing down in silence, others walking to and fro, talking together; but in the darkness it was impossible to recognise anyone. Froment, after receiving one or two reports, withdrew to the outer side of the tower overlooking the country, and walked there alone, his head bowed, and his hands behind him, a desire to preserve his dignity having more to do with this, or I was mistaken, than any longing for solitude. Still, the others respected his wishes, and following their example I seated myself in an embrasure of the battlements, whence the fire, now growing pale, could be seen.

What were the others' thoughts I cannot say. A muttered word apprised me that Louis St. Alais was in command at the Arénes; and that M. le Marquis waited only until success was assured to start for Sommières, whence the commandant had promised a regiment of horse should Froment not be able to hold his own without them. The arrangement seemed to me to be of the strangest; but the Emigrés, fearful of compromising the king, and warned by the fate of Favras—who, deserted by his party, had suffered for a similar conspiracy a few months before—were nothing if not timid. And if those round me felt any indignation, they did not express it.

The majority, however, were silent, or spoke only when some movement in the town, some outcry or alarm, drew from them a few eager words; and for myself, my thoughts were neither of the struggle below—where both parties lay watching each other and waiting for the day—nor of the morrow, nor even of Denise, but of Froment. If the aim of the man had been to impress me, he had succeeded. Seated there in the darkness, I felt his influence strong upon me; I felt the crisis as and because he felt it. I thrilled with the excitement of the gambler's last stake, because he had thrown the dice. I stood on the giddy point on which he stood, and looked into the dark future, and trembled for and with him. My eyes turned from others, and involuntarily sought his tall figure where he walked alone; and with as little will on my part I paid him the homage due to the man who stands unmoved on the brink, master of his soul, though death lies below.

About midnight there was a general movement to descend. I had eaten nothing for twelve hours, and I had done much; and notwithstanding the dubious position in which I stood, appetite bade me go with the rest. I went, therefore; and following the stream, found myself a minute later on the threshold of a long room, brilliantly lit with lamps, and displaying tables laid with

covers for sixty or more. I fancied that at the farther end of the apartment, and through an interval in the crowd of men before me, I caught a glimpse of women, of jewels, flashing eyes, and a waving fan; and if anything could have added to the bewildering abruptness of the change from the dark, wind-swept leads above to the gay and splendid scene before me it was this. But I had scant time for consideration. Though I did not advance far, the press, which separated me from the upper end of the room, melted quickly, as one after another took his seat amid a hum of conversation; and in a moment I found myself gazing straight at Denise, who, white and wan, with a pitiful look in her eyes, sat beside her mother at the uppermost table, a very picture of silent woe. Madame Catinot and two or three gentlemen, and as many ladies were seated with them.

Whether my eyes drew hers to me, or she glanced that way by chance, the next moment she looked at me, and rose to her feet with a low gasping cry, that I felt rather than heard. It was enough to lead Madame St. Alais eyes to me, and she too cried out; and in a trice, while a few between us still talked unconscious, and the servants glided about, I found all at that farther table staring at me, and myself the focus of the room. Just then, unluckily, M. St. Alais, rather late, came in; and, of course, he too saw me. I heard an oath behind me, but I was intent on the further table and Mademoiselle, and it was not until he laid his hand on my arm that I turned sharply and saw him.

"Monsieur!" he cried, with another oath—and I saw that he was almost choking with rage—with rage and surprise. "This is too much."

I looked at him in silence. The position was so perplexing that I could not grasp it.

"How do I find you here?" he continued with violence and in a voice that drew every eye in the room to me. He was white with anger.

"I hardly know myself," I answered. "But——"

"I do," said a voice behind M. St. Alais. "If you wish to know, Marquis, M. de Saux is here at my invitation."

The speaker was Froment, who had just entered. St. Alais turned, as if he had been stabbed. "Then I am not!" he cried.

"That is as you please," Froment said steadfastly.

"It is—and I do not please!" the Marquis retorted, with a scornful glance, and in a tone that rang through the room. "I do not please!"

As I heard him, and felt myself the centre, under the lights, of all those eyes, I could have fancied that I was again in the St. Alais' salon, listening to the futile oath of the sword; and that three-quarters of a year had not elapsed since that beginning of all our troubles. But in a moment Froment's voice roused me from the dream.

"Very well," he said gravely. "But I think that you forget——"

"It is you who forget," St. Alais cried, somewhat wildly. "Or you do not understand—or know—that this gentleman——"

"I forget nothing!" Froment replied, with a darkening face. "Nothing, except that we are keeping my guests waiting. Least of all, do I forget the aid, Monsieur, which you have hitherto rendered me. But, M. le Marquis," he continued, with great dignity, "it is mine to command to-night, and it is for me to make dispositions. I have made them, and I must ask you to comply with them. I know that you will not fail me at a pinch. I know that in misfortune you would be my helper; but I believe also that, all going well, as it does, you will not throw unnecessary obstacles in my way. Come, Monsieur; this gentleman will not refuse to sit here. And we will sit at Madame's table. Oblige me."

M. St. Alais' face was like night, but the other was a man, and his tone was strenuous as well as courteous; and slowly and haughtily M. le Marquis, who I think, had never before in his life given way, followed him to the farther end of the room. Left alone, I sat down where I was, eyed curiously by those round me; and myself, finding something still more curious in this strange banquet while Nîmes watched; this midnight merriment, while the dead still lay in the streets, and the air quivered, and all the world of night hung, listening for that which was to come.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF THE "YELLOW ASTER" ON MEN'S VANITIES.

There are pet vanities general to man which took firm root in the Garden of Eden, and flourished further among the thistles. These are of infinite variety, and in number as the sands of the sea. The Creator, we are led to suppose, can count and catalogue them; but the feeble brain of woman swoons at the mere thought of the task. There have been ages of everything. This undoubtedly is an age of nerves. Yesterday, our fathers prided themselves on the circumference of their biceps. To-day, our Leaders glory mostly in the instability of their nervous system. To have a "raw plexus" somewhere about one has become synonymous with intellectuality, and is now enthroned as "Man's Pet Vanity"; while the whole world, from bicycles to churches, is being cushioned to suit the exigiencies of the "Man of Nerves." The tributes of civilisation to this new and glorious heritage of man—this neurotic temperament—the divine capacity to be hysterical—are beyond numbering.—*From The Idler for July.*

Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. Rothschild, being a great admirer of art, readily consented to sit for him as a beggar. The next day at the studio, Delacroix placed a tunic round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favourite pupils, who, struck by the surpassing excellence of the model, congratulated his master on having at last found exactly what he wanted. Naturally concluding the model had just been brought in from some church porch, he seized an opportunity, when his master's eyes were turned, to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent but no means. Shortly afterwards the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of ten thousand francs, which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild offices. —*The Argonaut.*

CELEBRITIES AT SEA.

BY

ROBERT GANTHONY.

I never exactly understood what was meant by "moving in good society" until I found myself, at Sir Donald Currie's invitation, on board the *Tantallon Castle*, bound for Kiel, when I moved in good society at the rate of sixteen or seventeen knots an hour. In fact, we went so rapidly that I perceived that "good" society and "fast" society ought, as it were, to be in the same boat.

I do not intend to say much, if anything, about the canal, as my experience of opening canals is limited and painful; confined, in fact, to one single instance when, as a schoolboy, I paddled down from Richmond in a canoe of my own manufacture to the Brentford Canal, which I managed to get open after half an hour's shouting. I remember also the personal abuse and bad language the lock-keeper used towards me as the lock slowly filled and I rose with the water in an atmosphere of epithet. This experience led to my carrying the canoe in future past the locks, by quiet country lanes, rather than open the canal again. Of course they manage these things better abroad; and if they swear at me at Kiel I shouldn't understand them, so it will not matter.

Fenchurch Street Station is not strictly speaking a seaport, but this was our starting-point.

The first man I met *en route* was Melton Prior off to make sketches. There was an extraordinary looking creature at the station evidently off to Kiel, and who would be the very man the foreign artist would seize upon as a typical Englishman. I jotted him down in my sketch-book, as I had it handy; but Prior, being a professional artist, had to use the back of the label on his luggage, and even then ask me to lend him a pencil. Prior's clothes and whiskers being the colour of the luggage I lost him as it accumulated, and my pencil also.

With William Nicholl, the tenor singer, whom I was delighted to find going also, I smoked a cigar in the special train as it ran to Tilbury, where the tender took us off to the *Tantallon Castle*, which lay in the Thames, a picture of naval architecture.

As we neared the steamer we could see Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and party on deck, whereupon a gentleman began calling to those about him, "There he is—there she is;" at the same time pointing with his umbrella. I felt inclined to suggest to him that his attentions would be embarrassing to Mr. Gladstone, when to my surprise Mr. Gladstone began pointing at him saying:—

"There he is," or "There is Edward," and, of course, if Mr. Gladstone does that sort of thing I felt that I could not blame the gentleman on the tender, and was on the whole glad that I had not made any suggestions to him.

I never was a foreign correspondent before, so the reader must bear with me, because writing on board the tempest-tossed vessel is difficult (we are lying quietly in the Elbe, but the phrase sounds well), and I want to explain that, not considering it likely that any paper will employ me again, I bought only a cheap camera—a Blair "bull's-eye," thirty-six shillings, and I would further add that I know absolutely nothing of photography and not much about sketching, so that if the Art Editor passes any reproductions of mine it will be more from the promptings of compassionate indulgence than appreciation.* I don't know how they will come out—in fact you, dear reader, will see them before I do. If they are good please understand that it is the result of my skill, if not good kindly blame the camera for the faulty reproduction.

* These works of art appear to have got delayed. The menu cards we have received. Possibly Mr. Ganthony's sketches have been secured by pirates.—Art Editor.

From the moment Sir Donald Currie shook hands with his guests as they came aboard from the tender, I felt that I had a singularly kind host, and my first opinion has in no way altered.

I enclose three menu cards of breakfast, lunch, and dinner, to which are added every kind of wine, liqueur, cigars, etc. It is a most fortunate thing that I am accustomed to live very simply, or I might otherwise have suffered from lack of nourishment. These are the second day's menus:

BREAKFAST.

Porridge; fried whiting; smoked haddock; grilled ham and straw potatoes; fried, boiled, and poached eggs; omelette; grilled kidneys on toast; chops and steaks from the grill (to order); curried mutton Madras; straw and mashed potatoes; rolls and toast. Cold—chicken, boiled ham. Tea, coffee, and cocoa.

LUNCHEON.

Kidney soup; grilled fowl and bacon; lamb cutlets with green peas; chops and steaks from the grill (to order); curried eggs; stewed apricots with rice; rice pudding. Cold—fillets of sole *en aspic*; sardines; roast ribs of beef with horseradish sauce; galantine of turkey truffles with aspic jelly; baron of lamb with mint sauce; partridges; corned round of beef; boiled York ham; assorted salad; *salade a la Francaise*. Stilton, Cheddar, and Roquefort cheese; pulled-bread; scones; oatcakes; shortbread; dessert; coffee.

DINNER.

Olives, anchovies *a l'huile*; consommé royale; turbot, shrimp sauce; devilled whitebait; lamb kidneys epicurienne; fillets of chicken with truffles and mushrooms; roast saddle of mutton with currant jelly; corned brisket of beef with carrots; roast gosling with apple sauce; quails on toast; Malay curry and rice; Lyonnaise and boiled potatoes; green peas *a l'Anglaise*; macedoine of fruit; duchesse loaves; Clarendon pudding; vanilla ices. Stilton, Cheddar, and Roquefort cheese; macaroni *au Gratin*; dessert; coffee.

I have heard it constantly stated that Mr. Gladstone has no sense of humour, yet it was really the outbursts of laughter that greeted his remarks at the dining-table that drew my attention to his whereabouts, and at the entertainments he laughed as heartily at all I did as any entertainer could desire; but, then, I have read plenty of things about Mr. Gladstone and myself in the papers that I do not wholly believe.

I should have liked to have taken a number of snapshots when on the tender as it sheered off from Tilbury. "Leaving the Dear Old Country" is a fine title for a photograph as large as a postage stamp; but understanding that the hand camera man was a nuisance, I did not like—nay, I did not dare—to remove mine from its case. On the *Tantallon Castle*, however, I saw the Rev. Mr. Harry Drew and some ladies all armed to the teeth with cameras taking us, after which I took nine snapshots in rapid succession to make up for lost time, and then discovered that I had not removed the plug. The effect, consequent on this omission, was the same as though I had used my energies on a bath-brick or tried to take photos with a soda water bottle.

It had been decided not to have any concert the first night, but the general opinion being in favour of a little fun and music, Mr. Nicholl and I gave a short concert; and though I felt very uncertain as to the success of our efforts with the vibration of the propeller-shaft, and the motion, and the somewhat awkward surroundings for concert work, everything went off capitally. Everyone knows the charm of Mr. Nicholl's singing—my contributions I shall not criticise, but I should not treat them so leniently as do the fault overlooking critics.

While entertaining I was conscious of a gentleman so evidently anxious to assist my performance that I broke through a rule I have of never looking at my audience, and saw before me a pupil to whom I had recently been given ventriloquial lessons, viz., the Hon. Sydney Holland. I asked him afterwards, "how he dared be out on a pleasure-trip when I had set him a series of ventriloquial scales to practise?" to which he replied, "Come and smoke a cigar on deck." The cigar he gave me was excellent.

I did not expect to find the morning's paper on my

breakfast-table when at sea, but there it was, *The Tantallon Chronicle*, a capitally printed little paper with all the local news, and no advertisements. There is no charge for the paper, so I at once became a constant subscriber. In addition to free shaving and hair-cutting, I have announced through our newspaper that I would give ventriloquist lessons gratis when on board, and I believe that this luxury has never before been offered to the passengers of any steamer afloat.

I have an unfortunate habit—especially after the effort of giving an exciting entertainment—of getting confused on the slightest provocation, and last night I got turned round somehow, and, without knowing it, found myself, or rather lost myself, aft. I at last appealed to a steward, who said:

"What is your number, sir?"

"Number. I really can't remember," I replied. "But perhaps you can tell me where the cabin is with the drab cushions, because if I can get there, and I put my back against the piano, and cross the room obliquely, I come to a table of napkins, then making a half circle round a geranium, I get to Mr. Nicholl's cabin, and mine is next door."

"There is no cabin here with drab cushions, sir."

"Then Heaven help me!" I exclaimed, and in a dejected frame of mind I sought my chamber anew, and suddenly found myself in the saloon, where I saw Sir Donald Currie, his brother, and other gentlemen seated, sampling a bottle of cold water. I intended to pass them, but Sir Donald hailed me, and brought me up alongside the table, when I explained to him that I couldn't find my cabin, and had forgotten my number. On the promise that I would supply six good anecdotes Sir Donald said he would see me home, which he did, the circumstance seeming to amuse him very much. Next day I had a chart of the vessel presented me, and the number of my cabin under a *Castle* flag as a badge for my yacht cap, to prevent my straying again.

The first morning I made a mistake in the bells, and took four bells for eight bells, and found myself on deck at half-past four. I thought it rather deserted, and then, seeing a sailor commence swabbing the deck, I asked him the time, and discovered that it was a quarter to five, so I amused myself by taking a few snap shots of "The deck, early morning." Later, when entering the Elbe, I took some companion pictures of "The deck at noon," which I hope will come out all right. The reader may ask why I didn't look at my watch before I got up. I did, but there was a clock opposite to where we were moored in Hamburg, which clock told the depth of the water, not the time, and thus it was that I set my watch by the depth of the Elbe, which was chronologically misleading.

The way the crowds lined the banks and cheered was unexpected and interesting—unexpected because I cannot imagine how it was they knew that I was on board, and interesting because it shows how rapidly information is now transmitted.

After leaving Heligoland on the port bow—port is left at sea, though it is not very often left on land—we passed *The Fürst Bismarck*, which vessel played "God Save the Queen" in our honour, and we, not having a band laid on at the moment, gave what the song calls "three 'arty cheers" in return. After that we turned to the right, to get away from nautical phraseology, and went up the Elbe. We passed a large sailing vessel sunk hull under, next a large steamer cut bang in half, and then another steamer with her stern right up in the air, and "the chap wot did it" a little farther off in a state of collapse. Mrs. Gladstone remarked that such sights were painful, and even to my coarser nature they appeared the reverse of exhilarating. Sir William Ingram suggested that I should tell the company the cause of the accident, and I said, "lack of elbow room."

We passed men-of-war and numerous fine vessels as we steamed slowly up to Hamburg, but I think the *Tantallon Castle* held her own.

I was chatting with a German gentleman, and being struck with the smartness of a four-masted sailing vessel I made a complimentary remark about it, whereupon he looked very pleased, and said, "So! Dot is mine." I have long got over the habit of making remarks about anyone at an evening party, and I shall in future be careful what I say about ships.

There were four pilots on board beside myself, to bring the boat up the Elbe, so there was no accident.

A deputation in tall hats came aboard, looking wonderfully healthy, and as they scrambled up the companion ladder, under a heavy fire from our cameras, and put a few dents in their hats, they never ceased smiling.

The deputation had come to invite us to a banquet at the Zoological Gardens. In England we only feed wild animals in the Zoological Gardens, and though both Mr. Gladstone and Sir Donald Currie were evidently considered lions, what kind of animals they considered the rest of us I could not, of course, conjecture; but the picture of Sir Donald's guests scrambling for pieces of raw meat, thrown to them through the iron bars of a cage, though a novel form of dining, did not fascinate me, but I resolved to take things as they came. I did actually eat raw meat at the "Zoo," and cut it up on the wooden platter given me for the purpose. They called it something that meant smoked ham, but if the pig had had a cigar before it was killed it did not affect it very much. I might just add that we were spared the indignity of being put in a cage. At the banquet we had a course then a toast, then something more to eat and then a speech, and so on. We had some remarkable speeches in English, perhaps a little too ornate for after-dinner speeches according to our notions, but excellent. If I make a speech in German its fault will not be ornateness.

The glorious weather we had been having changed to a downpour, which, as the gardens were some distance, prevented Mr. Gladstone doing what, as a journalist I should term "gracing the function with his presence." The deputation which came aboard down the Elbe has led me to speak of the banquet at the "Zoo" out of its place. Before they gave us something to eat the authorities took us to the waterworks, where we had something to drink. As soon as we had swallowed our breakfasts a small steamer with a capital brass band in tall hats took us all down to the waterworks, which remind an Englishman of what he can see at Surbiton or Battersea. I made a sketch of the manager's house, and took a shot at the deputation and Sir Donald's guests on a tour of inspection. As we returned we saw a stork's nest in a cottage. "Now, Ganthony, shoot the stork"—cameratically, of course—cried the party. I approached it, and being on my best behaviour I raised my cap and then proceeded to focus the bird, when it slipped off the roof and was gone, whereupon my discomfiture created much amusement. People always rejoice at the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, even though he be a fellow passenger. I never heard the end of the stork incident until I photographed a crane—a inanimate one on a wharf—and sold them with my ornithological study, "A crane at rest."

Returning from the waterworks we steamed among the shipping moored to piles, where there was much hat waving as we passed the different craft. How the men painting the ships or unloading barges shouted for our band to play if they happened to be resting for a moment. They all love music. Even a horse drawing a wagon on the quay capered about when they struck up, suggesting the idea that its progenitors had been in a circus.

Hamburg is a sort of Venice, only it is not made of painted canvas, and the Hammersmith 'bus don't pass the doors.

After leaving the small steamer, about twenty-five to thirty pair-horse carriages, supplied by one job-master, drove us through the town. I never saw hired carriage

like them; the coachmen had white breeches, boots, smart coats, hats and cockades, and the horses were spirited creatures. As we drove through the streets of the beautiful city, the people lined the sidewalks and greeted us. I really felt that I was getting quite used to this sort of demonstration, and raised my cap with all the dignity of a regular journalist.

We had lunch at the Astelust, a sort of Marlow Hotel, on the Alster river—which river, by the way, resembles a lake in appearance. (I enclose a menu, because Prior told me the first course was Rhine larks.)

Freitag, den 14 Juni, 1895.

LUNCH.

Rheinlachs mit Butter und neuen Kartoffeln; 1886, Brauneberger. Rehbraten, Blumenkohl Erbsen, Salat, Gelée; 1889, Château Latour du Mons; Erdbeeren mit Schlagsahne Kirschen. Käse und Butter. Café. Liqueure.

After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone joined us with a party of ladies, and in two steamers we went round the lake. Sir Donald left us for a moment to attend a christening, but as there was only one baby, but a few of us could be accommodated at the ceremony; so we wandered about the garden till those who had witnessed the function—I think I may say function—returned with flowers, to which white ribbons were attached bearing the child's name — a very pretty custom, and one which, if ever I am born again, I shall insist on my parents adopting.

The clergyman was brought down by Sir Donald Currie and introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. I enclose a sketch of him wondering what would be thought of our vicar if he appeared in a cap and collar like the good priest at Hamburg.

On the lake, for the reception of the Emperor, are wonderful imitation islands, with beds of flowers and grass all beautifully laid out on the floating boards; an imitation lighthouse, with the rocks on which it stands dotted with electric lights, and a flash-light at the lighthouse head. Everything was in an incomplete state. But I have been at the opening of the India and other exhibitions, and getting quite accustomed to roughing it on these occasions. It is only fair to the Hamburg people to state that they do not profess to be ready until the arrival of the Emperor.

As I am writing, Saturday morning, the tug *Ariadne* had just passed, taking a party back to Hamburg, as we have dropped down some miles since breakfast on account of the tide. Another party has gone off somewhere else; but this party has stayed on board, and sacrificed his pleasure to chronicle our doings as far as Hamburg.

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LES CLOCHES DE DOUBLE DAM.

BY
ARTHUR SPERRY.

Illustrated by Max Cowper.

FIRST they built a dam across the San Miguel river to get water for the placer workings eight or ten miles below. Then they built another dam to increase the capacity of the placer workings. Later on the quartz mines at the site of the two dams were developed, and they would not have been California miners if they had not called the town "Double Dam."

The placers were exhausted years ago, but the quartz mines at Double Dam are still profitable, and the town is not only prosperous, but progressive. When the new Episcopalian church was built Double Dam was very proud of it. There was a surplus of some ten thousand dollars after the church was finished—strange things do happen in these Californian towns—and it was decided to spend the surplus for a chime of bells for the new church.

Letters to firms of bell-makers in Chicago and Philadelphia elicited lengthy telegrams beseeching a few days' delay till representatives of the bell-makers could arrive. It was virgin territory for church bells, and the makers knew that the first firm on the ground would probably be able to place bells in some of the other prosperous mining towns that dotted the mountains. The Chicago telegram came first, having two or three days' handicap over the Philadelphia wire, because it came from a thousand miles nearer.

"Please do nothing definite," the wire pleaded, "until our Reverend Mr. Henderson reaches you."

"Our Rev. Dr. Stanton is on his way to you now," said the Philadelphia firm's message.

When the vestrymen of the Double Dam Protestant Episcopal church learned that competition in the bell business was sufficiently sharp to cause makers to employ ministers to do their canvassing, they decided to give both parties a fair chance. The Chicago traveller arrived two days ahead of his eastern rival. He was a remarkably pleasant man, with a horseshoe pin in his red necktie, and was proud to have been an Episcopalian all his life, having, he explained, become a traveller for the bell-making firm for the benefit of his health. Of course, his firm made more, and better bells than all the other makers in the world, and he saw a charm in a drop of whisky now and then. He was rather disappointed at not being able to secure the order for the bells at once. But the vestry was determined to have the best thing possible in the way of chimes, and insisted on doing nothing till the Philadelphia bell-seller came.

The Rev. Dr. Stanton, of Philadelphia, was an altogether different sort of man. Short and sleek, quiet, almost timid, yet with an alert and keen-looking eye, everything about him bespoke the Quaker. Yet, oddly enough, the Rev. Dr. Stanton was also a lifelong Episcopalian. In his quiet, unostentatious way he let slip the fact that he was himself an expert bellringer, and had played all the most famous chimes in America, though none of them were equal to the very latest thing in chimes which he was prepared to furnish for the uplifting of the souls of the people of Double Dam.

"The slightest defect in a chime of bells," the Rev. Dr. Stanton said, in his quiet, positive way, "while you may not notice it at first, becomes unbearable after you have heard it every Sunday for a few months. Now, our firm is the oldest firm of bell-founders in America,

and we have yet to receive a single complaint of any of our bells."

"I'm a bit of a lion tamer—I mean, bellringer—myself," interposed the Chicago traveller. "I have not only rung every chime of bells worth talking about in America, but I have played the chimes in all the principal cathedrals in Europe, including the famous chimes of Normandy. Why! Last year, my firm furnished a new chime of bells for the Strasburg Cathedral. Now, I'll put you in a chime that I guarantee can be heard twenty miles in any direction on a still day. What do you say to that?"

The vestryman said nothing. But the Rev. Dr. Stanton pointed out in his meek, Quakerish way, that Double Dam was not a very large town, and that it was not of any very great importance whether grizzly bears and coyotes and Indians up in the mountains heard the bells or not.

"It is sweetness of tone that is most desirable, I should fancy," he said; "the purity and softness that typify the peace and dignity of our splendid Episcopalian service. This is not a Methodist Church," he added, looking at the Chicago man, with a mild reproach in his eyes.

"This town is not Philadelphia," the Rev. Mr. Henderson retorted. "Double Dam is going to grow the same as Chicago does. It would go to sleep standing still like Philadelphia. In a couple of years they will want bells that can be heard ten miles away, so that everybody in town can hear them. What do you think?"

The vestryman thought, and drank long and deeply, the latter at the expense of the two reverend bell-sellers alternately. But, the more strenuous the efforts of the rivals to secure the order for the bells became the greater was the vestrymen's difficulty in coming to a decision. At last the Reverend Mr. Smith, the rector of the church, who had before carefully kept out of the discussion, interfered in order to prevent the utter demoralisation of the vestrymen by the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Henderson and the Rev. Dr. Stanton to popularise themselves. He suggested that each bell foundry be asked to send a complete peal of bells, ready to be put in place in the church-belfry. When they came they would be set up temporarily in the public square of the town, and played alternately and respectively by the Rev. Dr. Stanton and the Rev. Mr. Henderson. Then the vestrymen would be able to judge for themselves which bells to keep. And after the selection was made the church would agree to pay half the cost of bringing the rejected bells to Double Dam and sending them back.

HE WAS A REMARKABLY PLEASANT MAN.

Both the bell-sellers agreed to this in a breath, and each expressed his sorrow at the loss the other was destined to sustain. Then they bet five cases of champagne on the event, and the two sets of bells were ordered by telegraph.

During the two weeks pending the arrival of the bells, both the travellers increased their personal popularity with the residents of Double Dam. The Chicagoan's air was confident, not to say overbearing. But the Philadelphian expressed himself as desirous only of a fair trial, and said he was so firmly convinced of the superiority of his bells that all he wished was a hearing for them.

"I know you want the best there is to be had," he said, "and if our friend's bells are the best I want you to have them. You will be able to judge for yourselves, and I don't assume to be able to give you instructions as to which bells you should take."

The Chicago bells arrived first, but the Chicago man's boasted love of fairplay prompted him to wait till the Philadelphia bells came before unpacking them. When the Philadelphia bells did arrive, they were taken to the public square together. Two platforms were erected for the bells, and the two chimes arranged in position. The work was completed on Saturday. The next day both the bell-sellers attended both services at the church with all their accustomed devoutness. Monday afternoon was set for the trial. After the evening service, the vestrymen stood about in the church door, discussing the conditions that should govern the morrow's competition. It was determined that a coin should be tossed for precedence, and that the two chimes should play alternately until a decision was arrived at.

The Mayor of Double Dam, who was one of the vestrymen, then said, "Well, gentlemen, I suppose it's all settled about the trial to-morrow. They're having a little game of poker over at the club to-night, but the vestrymen decided some time ago that it would not look right for them to play poker for money on Sunday night, and so we members of the vestry have a little game for buttons at my house every Sunday evening after service. Now, Dr. Stanton and Mr. Henderson,

you are welcome, to join either game you like. Which do you prefer?"

The Rev. Mr. Henderson was one of those men who can neither refuse an invitation to play poker, nor enjoy playing for fictitious stakes.

"I thing I would rather sit in the money game," he said. "Are you coming, Dr. Stanton?"

The Rev. Dr. Stanton was shrewd, as quiet men are so apt to be. If he played in the money game and won, and he was a past master of poker, he might give offence. But no one could be offended at his winning buttons, and he was sure he would increase his popularity with the vestrymen by showing them how well he could play poker when he really tried.

"I think I'll join in the button game," he said. "I don't quite like the idea of playing for money on Sunday myself. Not that that I think it is wrong," he went on, "but I never seem to hold anything on Sunday."

So the Philadelphian sat in the game with the vestrymen. And in an hour-and-a-half he had won all the loose buttons that could be found in the Mayor's house, and held I.O.U.s for some two thousand more buttons. The vestrymen declared that they had never seen such poker playing before, and gave the Rev. Dr. Stanton the praise his talents deserved.

Just as the party was breaking up, the Philadelphian said, "By the way, I've been thinking about this trial to-morrow. Now, how many of you gentlemen sing? Not one? I thought not. And how many of you know anything about music? The same number, very likely. But every one of your wives can sing more or less, and every one of them knows more than any of you do about music. Now, what I have been thinking about is this. It is the women folks that take the most interest in the church, and it is the women folks that know the most about music. Now, all of you bring your wives and families to the trial to-morrow, and let the ladies decide which bells you will have put in the church. It is perfectly fair to my friend and to me, as fair for one as for the other. What do you say? Shall the ladies decide?"

The idea was so eminently just and sensible, that the vestrymen agreed at once.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Mr. Henderson, after losing money enough with the poker players at the club to satisfy himself of their partisanship, went to his hotel in a very comfortable frame of mind. As he was finishing his cigar preparatory to going to bed, the Rev. Dr. Stanton came in.

"Its an unfortunate thing for you," the Chicagoan said, "this trial scheme. Your firm is sure to charge part of their loss by sending the bells out here against you."

"Yes, I suppose so, in case I have to send them back."

"Oh! You'll have to send them back right enough. When these duffers hear me shake my bells up in the morning, they'll go clean crazy over them. But it will be worth something to you to learn the right way to play chimes when you want to sell them."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the Rev. Dr. Stanton, "Good night."

The following morning was fine, even for that meteorological paradise. The sun shone down through the thin air of the mountains with a soft brilliancy that made mere existence a joy.

All Double Dam gathered in the public square for the test. Rough seats were hastily arranged for the ladies, and the two sets of bells had already been placed in position on their temporary wooden frames with the levers all in order, just as they would be when the bells wer permanently placed.

The Chicagoan won the toss for first "go." He played "The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" on his church bells with a vigour and dash that, before he was half-way to the chorus, set all the men of Double Dam a'dancing. And when he finished the cheer that went up seemed to the Rev. Mr. Henderson to settle the whole matter. But on the faces of the women of Double Dam there were looks of pained surprise and disappointment.

HE WAS FINISHING HIS CIGAR PREPARATORY TO GOING TO BED.

Flushed with triumph, the Rev. Mr. Henderson rose from his row of levers, and jovially bowed his acknowledgments to the still cheering crowd of men. Turning to the Rev. Dr. Stanton he asked him if he thought it was worth while to try his bells after that.

The Philadelphian made no answer, save to sit down before the levers of his bells, and begin to play. Softly at first, then, as the player seemed to be carried away by the touching sweetness of the melody, more loudly, the first notes of "Baby's in the Cradle," floated out over the grass-grown square, and up to the great

mountains that looked down on the scene. The men listened respectfully, but with evident impatience. The player went on, the sweetly solemn notes ringing through the sunshine, and carrying their freights of loving reminiscences straight to the heart of every woman in the assemblage. The wife of the Mayor of Double Dam took out her handkerchief and dabbed her eyes gently with it, but on her lips was a soft smile, and in her mind the recollection of a distant time and scene.

The Chicago traveller smiled a smile of pitying contempt, and, while pretending to examine the mechanism of his bells, drank deeply from a flat pint bottle. When the Philadelphian had finished, he played "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye" as loud and as fast as he could. He threw his whole soul into his work, and the notes fairly tumbled over each other in their riotous jollity. And the men of Double Dam sang the chorus and danced and threw their hats into the air. But the women sat shocked and affronted at the making of church bells the instruments of such boisterous levity. They would have gone home, but they wanted to hear the Philadelphian bells again.

When his turn came, the Rev. Dr. Stanton played with the same deft tenderness of modulation as before. Again the Mayor's wife dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and the hearts of the women of Double Dam overflowed with sweetly sad memories. These sweet-toned bells sang to them of hopes and loves of other years in the far off East land, where the church chimes had used to peal forth their summons each Sunday.

"The fool," muttered the Rev. Mr. Henderson, "he hasn't even got sense enough to take the hint from me. But perhaps he don't know any other kind of tunes."

The Chicago artist reserved his masterpiece till the last. It was a medley of the popular tunes of the variety stage that made the men of Double Dam think of all the fun they had had in their whole lives.

The Rev. Dr. Stanton waited till the men had exhausted themselves by their demonstrations of approval. Then he played. To every woman present, the gracious melody brought the recollection of some Eastern funeral, with its overpowering scent of hyacinths, at which the hymn was sung at the request of the dearly-loved dead. And when he had finished there was not a dry eye amongst all the women in the square.

The ladies could scarcely find words in which to fitly express their delight with the bells of the Philadelphain, and as the vestrymen had decided to accept the verdict of the ladies the Rev. Dr. Stanton's bells became Les Cloches de Double Dam.

THE MARRIAGE OF BEAU FEILDING.

AMONG the records of singular trials during the last two centuries we come upon some which deserve to be rescued from oblivion, were it only for the picture which they present of the manners of an age widely contrasted with our own.

The curious story before us seems chiefly remarkable from the guileless simplicity manifested by the culprit—or victim—according as one is inclined to consider him.

Surely, never was man hoodwinked with so little trouble and with such complete success.

Robert Feilding, known as Beau Feilding, on account of the graces of his person, and celebrated in the *Tatler* as Orlando the Fair, was, on the 4th December, 1706, tried for bigamy, having married the notorious Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; his wife, Mary Wadsworth, being still alive. On this occasion, the senior counsel for the Crown, Sir James Montague, stated the case with an easy geniality of expression which is very edifying.

"About a year ago, or a little better, there was a young lady left a widow by Mr. Deleau, and reputed a great fortune. Mr. Feilding, thinking himself qualified for the greatest fortune, had a design upon this lady, and in August, 1705, he applied himself to one Mrs. Streights to consult with her, and contrive some method how he might have access to court this widow. This Mrs. Streights had no acquaintance with the widow herself, but knew Mrs. Charlotte Villars was acquainted with her, and used to cut her hair, so the best thing they could think of at that time, was to make Mrs. Villars their friend, that by her means he might have admittance into the lady's company; for he did not question that if the lady had but once a sight of his very handsome person, she would have the same affection for him, that he had met with from other ladies, even on their first seeing him. Mrs. Villars was promised £500 to bring this affair about."

Mr. Feilding, who does not seem to have suffered from undue modesty on the score of his own attractions, took care to pay a visit to Doctors' Commons, and, having satisfied himself by an inspection of the will of the defunct Deleau that there was no mistake about the money, he informed Mrs. Villars that he was resolved to carry out his project.

Accordingly, he went off to Tunbridge, and after two or three days there, on his return called at Waddon, Mrs. Deleau's country-house, ostensibly to see the house and gardens, which appear to have been shown to the public, but really to have a sight of the lady herself.

On a lady looking from a window, he concluded that this was the fair mistress of the establishment, and "that she might have the more perfect view of him, he took divers turns in the gardens, pulled out his watch, and set it by the sun-dial."

Here is a picture: Beau Feilding, point-device in attire, in his laced hat and periwig, which last he is, perhaps, negligently combing, while he looks with the tail of his eye at the window, where, doubtless, Mrs. Deleau is breathlessly admiring the splendid spectacle.

Alas! as the event proved, Mrs. Deleau never saw him at all. The spectator of all this fruitless posturing was a relation only, mightily amused, no doubt.

We next find the name of the Duchess of Cleveland brought into the business. Mrs. Villars is instructed to go to Mrs. Deleau, and tell her that the Duchess is very anxious to see the gardens at Waddon, to which Mrs. Deleau returns a civil message to the effect that she is ready to receive her Grace, fixing a day for the visit.

This interlude is rather puzzling, as it is not very clear what advantage Feilding expects from it; as the Duchess, being, of course, ignorant of the plan, it falls to the ground.

The affair, however, proceeds in another direction. Mr. Feilding pretends that a letter from him has reached the hands of the fair widow, but though he protests that he is deeply in love with her, it soon transpires that he is unacquainted even with her personal appearance, and that like the renowned Flibbertigibbit (in "Kenilworth") he loves her by hearsay only.

Now begins Mrs. Villars' treacherous part.

Having made up her mind that Mrs. Deleau is not

likely to marry Mr. Feilding if she knew him, nor that even an acquaintance is easily to be brought about, she hits on the expedient of producing a substitute, whom she soon finds in the person of a certain Mary Wadsworth.

The latter, on the suggestion being made to her, very calmly remarks, "She did not expect to be so happy, but hoped it might be so."

An interchange of letters began between the parties, and the hopeful suitor sent various presents to the supposed Mrs. Deleau, the first being of this remarkable description "a gold apron struck with green."

The letters began at the end of August, Bartholomewtide, and continued till Lord Mayor's day, when it was settled that the pair were to meet.

Accordingly on that evening Mrs. Villars and Mrs. Wadsworth arrived at Mr. Feilding's lodgings in a "mourning coach" which, to say the least of it, sounds a lugubrious equipage. The gentleman was out, but shortly returned.

We have two accounts of the subsequent proceedings, one by Mrs. Villars, the other by Boucher, Beau Feilding's servant, which tally in particulars of importance, but the former represents the suitor as taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance.

"When he came in (it must be borne in mind that this was the first time they had met) "he fell down on his knees, and kissed her; and expressed abundance of fond expressions."

Boucher omits the salute, but his story is substantially the same as that of the confidante.

"Mr. Feilding complimented the lady, and asked her if she loved singing? Mrs. Margaretta was sent for, and accommodated this lady and Mrs. Villars with two songs. Mr. Feilding treated them with a bottle of wine and a plum cake."

Mrs. Villars informs us that the two songs sung by the accommodating Margaretta, apparently a well-known cantatrice of that day, were the songs which Mr. Feilding loved, "Charming Creature" and "Ianthe the lovely." Thackeray somewhere alludes to this quaint scene, which we can, from the description, summon before us.

The panelled room, lit by the fire, and, probably, but one pair of wax candles in sconces—a very moderate supply of light was thought amply sufficient in those days, and long after—Mrs. Margaretta singing those now forgotten songs, to half plaintive minor tunes, accompanying herself on a clavier or mandoline; the Beau in his flower-brocade suit, leaning in a graceful attitude against the chimney-piece, one white hand on his heart, the other beating time to the melting strains, his fine eyes fixed on the coy lady of his affections; Mrs. Wadsworth, demure and bashful in her widow's weeds; Mrs. Villars, discreet, watchful, half afraid of the success of her plot; on the table the tall flask of wine and the cut glasses. It is like a picture by Hogarth, to be labelled "Strephon and Phillida."

HE PULLED OUT HIS WATCH, AND SET IT BY THE SUN-DIAL.

On this occasion, to lose no time, Mr. Feilding made his proposals, but the supposed Mrs. Deleau suggested coming on the following Wednesday, and in the interim, put off the visit till the Friday succeeding, on which occasion she and Mrs. Villars came again.

Mr. Feilding, who seems to have been generally late for the appointment, was again out of the way, but "came running into the room a little time after, with a great deal of joy, and took Mrs. Wadsworth in his arms, and said 'Nothing could ease his mind but a promise to make him happy in marrying him presently.' He said he would fetch the priest, but Mrs. Wadsworth refused his proposal, and would have dissuaded him from going then; and desired him to put it off till another time, and would have gone away."

Mr. Feilding was, however, resolved, and turning the key on the reluctant bride and Mrs. Villars, went joyfully off to find a priest.

The ecclesiastic whom he produced was one Francisco Drian, "that was styled the Father in Red, upon account of a red habit he usually wore," which on this occasion was lined with blue, and he also wore a fur cap and a long beard. He appears to have been attached to the Emperor's envoy, Count Gallas.

The quartette then sat down to supper before the wedding, but a frugal regimen certainly obtained in Mr. Feilding's establishment, as we hear of nothing but a dish of pickles! Whether rendered cautious by this Lenten fare or not, Mrs. Wadsworth displayed some doubts of the Father in Red, and upon Mr. Feilding questioning him, the former "pulled a picture out of

his pocket about the bigness of a crown piece, and told them that none but priests had such pictures."

Mr. Feilding's man, Boucher, and the rest of the servants being ordered downstairs, the father called for water, salt, and rosemary, to prepare holy water. The two first ingredients were naturally forthcoming, but no rosemary.

However, the ceremony began, but Mrs. Wadsworth, still dubious, interrupted it to remark "she was not yet satisfied he was a priest." The Father in Red, who, poor man, seems to have done his best to please all parties, 'laid down his book, took from under his gown a piece of silk like a scarf, marked with a cross in the middle, and said "none but priests used such a thing. Then Mrs. Wadsworth was well satisfied he was a priest."

However, she again interrupted the service when they arrived at "Wilt thou have this woman?" to desire "it might be spoke in English by him as well as he could."

When the marriage, in spite of these interruptions on the part of the bride, was over, it seems to have occurred to Mr. Feilding that the dish of pickles was hardly an adequate refreshment. Accordingly, "Boucher brought up wine, and when all had drank, the priest was discharged." We hope he had his fee.

The unfortunate bridegroom was not undeceived for some months as to the identity of his wealthy bride; and during this time he indulged in flights of fancy, by writing to her as the "Countess of Feilding" for some unexplained reason.

His anger when the fraud was discovered he displayed in no gentle manner, as one witness deposed on oath, that on one occasion of their meeting at Whitehall Gate, Mr. Feilding addressed his wife as "Vagabond," and she retorted with "Rogue." Having strewn these flowers of speech over each other, Mrs. Feilding protested she was her husband's lawful wife: "at that, Mr. Feilding having a stick, he 'punched' it at her: it happened upon her mouth, and made her teeth bleed."

As to Mrs. Villars, the contriver of the hoax, she relates a terrible interview with the exasperated victim. "When Mr. Feilding did find it out, he took Mrs. Streights into a closet, at the Duchess of Cleveland's, and sent for me there. Then Mr. Feilding wanted to have his presents returned." (The gold apron, and all the rest, that is to say.) "Mr. Feilding then beat me, and asked me whether that was a fit wife for him? And then took a thing made of steel at one end and a hammer at the other end; and told me if I would not unsay what I said of his marriage with Wadsworth, he would slit my nose off. And that he would get two blacks, the one should hold me on his back, and the other break my bones."

HE CAME RUNNING INTO THE ROOM.

(Mr. Feilding must have been a person of some originality of thought, judging from this elaborate threat.)

There is some reason to suppose that he married the Duchess of Cleveland in good faith, as he did not attempt to deny the fact, and he may have imagined his first marriage invalid in consequence of the deceit practised upon him. However, he failed to satisfy the jury, and was found guilty, the Court suspending judgment till the next session.

On the 15th January, 1707, Beau Feilding appeared, and being asked why judgment of death should not pass, he prayed the benefit of his clergy, which was allowed. He also produced the Queen's warrant to suspend the burning in the hand, and was admitted to bail.

To end the whole matter, the Duchess of Cleveland instituted a cause of nullity of marriage against Mr. Feilding by reason of a former marriage with Mary Wadsworth, and obtained the sentence of the Court of Arches in the May following; Feilding renouncing all benefit of appeal from this sentence.

They were discussing the new woman and her attire.

"So you refuse to become reconciled to bloomers," she said, finally.

"Yes, indeed. It must be skirts or nothing," he replied, with the air of a man who does not change his mind.

Mrs. Willis—Your husband is a very quiet dresser.

Mrs. Wallace—Not always. You ought to hear him when he drops his collar button.—*Town Topics.*

The "Idler" for July contains Anthony Hope's story "For Ever."

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

"Victoria Cross," who wrote the much-discussed story in a recent volume of the *Yellow Book*, is a little fair-haired lady, who looks a good deal under twenty still. She was pointed out to me the other day in a crush, and in the distance reminded me a good deal of Miss Corelli.

* * * *

I have been stocking a number of copies of Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume of poems, "The Tenth Muse" (Longmans). "The Passing of Muhammad" is one of his very best Eastern poems.

* * * *

This year is unusually prolific in first-class readable books of travel, done in popular style by able and learned men, and highly illustrated. The latest is Judge Prowse's magnificent "History of Newfoundland," which I have just added to my library—one of the goodliest books I can remember, with its scores of splendid illustrations, its ancient and interesting documents for the first time printed, and its stores of quaint and interesting information written in a very taking style. The book is published by Macmillan and Co., and printing, paper, binding, and illustrations are all of the first-class. It has an interesting appendix about Labrador and St. Pierre Miquelon, the French colony off the southern coast of Newfoundland.

* * * *

Mr. Herbert E. Clarke, author of "Songs in Exile," "Storm Drift," etc., has in the press a volume of Poems and Sonnets, to be published shortly by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. As "Mr. H. Edwin Clarke" he is very well known in literary circles, having for many years been a member of the committee of the Vagabonds' Club, and a contributor to the great Reviews. He is constantly in my shop with Mr. F. W. Robinson, the great novelist, who adds to the reputation he has earned with his pen the merit of having been the first editor to discover Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

* * * *

Sir W. Martin Conway, one of the new literary knights, has achieved his knighthood extraordinarily early—most of all for literature—for, to my certain knowledge, he is not yet forty years old.

* * * *

I have already sold an immense number of copies of Dean Farrar's "Woman's Work in the Home," a little shilling book containing three essays: "As Daughter—As Wife—As Mother." They are full of good stories and sound common-sense.

* * * *

I have been stocking a number of "Passages of the Bible, Chosen for their Beauty and Interest," by J. G. Frazer, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (A. and C. Black, 6s.). It is delightfully printed in broad, black-faced type, by Messrs. T. and A. Constable, who printed the beautiful little "Acme" series "Parasite" of Dr. Conan Doyle, for Archibald Constable and Co. The two firms, T. and A. Constable and Archibald Constable and Co., are quite distinct, the former being a firm of Edinburgh printers and the latter a London publisher—the one, by-the-bye, who has just issued Sir W. Martin Conway's great book on the Alps, and the Czar's journeys in the Far East.

* * * *

I have just dipped into another book by the same firm, which I have added to my library—Caroline Fothergill's "The Comedy of Cecilia," which is a book in the sound and classical, if somewhat placid style of Mr. Shorthouse, Lanoe Falconer, and Mrs. Alfred Hunt (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.). I still continue to do very well with Mrs. Hunt's "Black Squire."

* * * *

Mr. J. M. Barrie is about to take up his residence in the Old Court suburb—Kensington. Mrs. Parry, Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. C. Keary, Mona Caird, Mrs. Alfred Hunt, and her daughter, Miss Violet Hunt, and many other authors already reside there; but it is too expensive for any but successful authors.

* * * *

In "The Sale of a Soul" Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a book which for sustained flight of wit beats even his own "I Forbid the Banns" and "One Fair Daughter." It is extremely clever in its *motif* too, for it deals of a married woman running away with a man who is not her husband without a suggestion of indecency. I have been selling quantities of the book as it is in Mr. Hutchmoon's little cheap paper Zeit-geist series. Here are some examples, taken at random, of the smart things with which the book is packed:—

> That is what love means. He knew it quite as well as she did—perhaps better. She had loved much; he had loved many.
>
> "That is what love means," he whispered. His voice was the voice of a man who is holding in his hand the hand of the woman he loves.
>
> It was this peculiarity of his voice which, with a few other considerations, had enlarged the range of his experience of woman and her ways.
>
> . . . the fluctuating table which is resolved into the medium of communication between a darkened drawing-room and a world where there is no need for grammar.
>
> . . . One day I went into his study and offered to help him; he was preparing a speech on some simple question that every one understands—the need for bimetallism in the currency I think it was, or perhaps the rural exodus. I told him that I was anxious to help him, and he said with a laugh, "You can help me materially; see that the mutton doesn't come to the table quite as raw as it was the day before yesterday." That was how he responded to my attempt to be a true wife to him.
>
> Great Heavens! Had his knowledge of women led him to believe that the best way of showing a woman that you understand her is to kiss her? Was it his belief that the logical and the expected climax of such dialogue on the subject of the soul of a woman is the kiss?
>
> Damnation—And that is exactly the word which the Devil says when he has good grounds for believing that a human soul has found salvation. A man and the Devil occasionally look at an incident in which they have a common interest from the same standpoint. For if there is a good deal of devil about a man, there is assuredly a good deal of a man about the Devil.
>
> . . . had not crushed out of her all the good, healthy, jealous savage instinct of a woman made for the love of man and beloved by man.
>
> And thus it is that with such women introspection is the most convincing form of self-deception.

* * * *

Captain Crawfurd McFall, whose excellent "With the Zhob Field Force" Mr. Heinemann has just brought out, is of course the stepson of Madame Sarah Grand. He is like his brother, Mr. Haldane McFall, whose work is so familiar to readers of the *Graphic*, an artist.

* * * *

The Golden Penny, the new venture of the proprietors of the *Graphic*, has an admirable cover, which certainly "arrests the attention." The supplement is a well reproduced portrait of the Queen as a little child, and the whole paper is evidently edited by a man who thoroughly understands a popular *clientèle*. I prophesy a great success for it.

* * * *

Mr. Stokes, the American artist who accompanied Peary in his North Pole expedition, is now in London.

* * * * *

Mr. Stead's "Penny Poets" in the "Masterpiece Library" are certainly marvellous. No. 1, "The Lays of Ancient Rome" and other poems, by Lord Macaulay, contains a number of poems which are not to be found in the most expensive editions of Macaulay in my shop. It is excellently and attractively printed and prefaced by a number of autographed and portraited letters of Premiers past and present, and other notable personages. The educating effect on the masses will be immense. They love poetry.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I know you love to hear of pretty people in pretty clothes, so in this morning's Park I picked out for your especial benefit two lovely girls, and here they are. First, a tall blonde, with grey eyes, and dark lashes and eyebrows; a creamy complexion and bonny brown hair—gold where the sun caught it, nut-colour in the shade. Her dress was white glacé with the narrowest possible stripe of black, a few chiné flowers scattered vaguely over it. The back of the bodice and the upper part of the sleeves were made of the glacé; but the whole of the front was in pleated rose-pink accordeon chiffon, with a lovely little front laid lightly over it, composed of white muslin and black lace insertion, arranged in alternate lines. This was continued round the neck in the form of a collar, which met in the centre under a bow of pale-green narrow satin ribbon, a fold of which covered the collar-band. A similar fold finished the bodice round the waist, the skirt being brought up over the little basque. As is now usual, the waistband was plain in front, and fastened at the back under a large bow. The hat was a delicious touch. It was made of green crinoline straw, light as a feather, with a coronet of mignonette round the crown, and three lovely Catherine Mermer roses waving loosely to and fro above—you know the exquisite pink of these roses with a white bloom on the petals. Well, that very tint was obtained by veiling the pink chiffon of the bodice with white. The sleeves from the elbow were transparent pink chiffon, through which the crinkled suède gloves showed halfway up, the arm itself being visible through the pink from there to the sleeve. The sunshade was made of glacé silk like that in the dress, lined with frills of pink-and-white chiffon. The handle was green, tied with pink ribbons.

My second girl was a brunette, with a perfect complexion and that lovely modelling of the cheeks that is such a charm. She was dressed in grass lawn over yellow silk. The bodice had a fichu of the lawn edged with yellow lace, and round neck and waist were folds of orange velvet. The hat was rather a small one, made of twisted green rose-twigs, with a rose cropping up here and there, sometimes yellow, sometimes orange. How do you like them both?

The rage for bicycling becomes more and more intense, and the question of costume is giving rise to warm interchange of not always complimentary opinions. Those who like to wear no skirt are as intolerant of the opposition as if the question were one of politics. There is no doubt that there are advantages and disadvantages on either side. The difficulties of deciding between the two sides are largely lessened by the ingenious invention patented by John Noble, of Manchester, whose serge costumes are so well-known as being inexpensive, durable and fashionably put together. His new Convertible Costume is adapted for cycling, golfing, climbing, or ordinary wear. The illustration given on this page shows how the skirt can be taken off and carried with ease upon the shoulders, forming a drapery that is practically equivalent to a short skirt without its disadvantage of being liable to catch in the wheels of a bicycle, or to impede the limbs when the wearer is climbing. Its arrangement is simplicity itself, the skirt being merely unbuttoned at either side and drawn up over the body, the arms being put through the openings. When the skirt is to be let down again the arms are withdrawn, the drapery let down, and the openings buttoned up, when it makes a fashionable costume, neat and well-finished. The colours in which it is made are navy, electric blue, fawn, cigar brown and grey, and the price is 25s. Patterns are sent post free on application to John Noble, 11, Piccadilly, Manchester. The Convertible Costume cannot be obtained anywhere else.

What do you think? Will you try one? I am going to have a dark grey one. Are they not cheap?

Ever yours affectionately,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maisie.—Do not cut up your brocade into a bodice. Buy some white silk and have it made into a bodice, covered with pleated black gauze, chiffon, silk, muslin, or canvas. Have the sleeves of the brocade to match the skirt. Perhaps it may again soon be the fashion to have bodice and skirt of the same material, but in the meantime let us profit by the present mode.

Lucy wants to know how to arrange that her short sleeves, reaching to the elbows, may be made long ones on occasion. It is simple. Have a pair of extra ones made, long enough to reach

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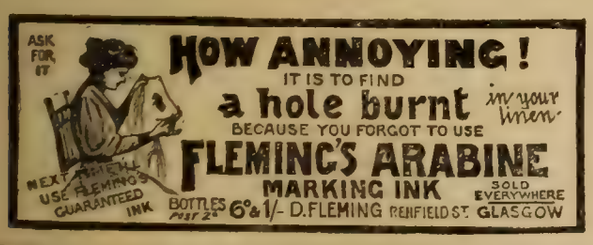

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from the wrists to above the elbows. Run elastic in the tops, and slip them on when you want long sleeves. Fashionable women have these supplements made of chiffon, slightly puffed and frilled. They would be equally useful if made of silk.

Our Cookery Column.

Frame Food Doughnuts.—Ingredients: One pound Frame Food flour, one egg, one ounce of castor sugar, two ounces of lard or nice dripping, a gill of milk, a pinch each of grated nutmeg and powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda und cream of tartar mixed. Mode: Pass all the ingredients through a sieve, melt the lard in the milk, which should be just tepid, add the egg, and beat up, then pour into the flour, etc., and mix quickly into a stiff paste, which must be moulded with the hands into small balls the size of a Tangerine orange. With the finger make a hole right through each, and cook them in hot fat, enough to cover them, until well browned, then sift sugar over and serve.

Boiled Beef Salad.—Cut a pound and a-half of boiled beef into dice; also cold boiled potatoes, and well-cooked haricot beans or French lentils, and four tablespoonfuls of a mixture, chopped very fine, of chervil, spring onions, tarragon, and mustard and cress. Pour over best olive oil and vinegar in proportions of four tablespoonfuls of oil to two of vinegar; mix well, and allow to stand for some time. Before serving add a little more oil and vinegar, and give another stir. This recipe appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, and I find it an excellent one. Be sure to have the vinegar and oil of the best that can be obtained.

Vegetable Marrows are coming in. Try this vegetarian recipe for stuffing them: One marrow, butter, sifted bread raspings, forcemeat. Cut the marrow in halves lengthways, or cut a wedged-shaped piece out of one end, clear out all the seeds, and fill in with savoury forcemeat; tie up in a cloth, and boil or steam it for half an hour, then place it in a shallow dish, put a piece of butter on it and some sifted bread raspings, and bake it for half or three-quarters of an hour, according to size. For forcemeat use dry bread (grated or ground in a mincing machine), and pepper, salt, and parsley, or mixed savoury herbs. If the bread is very dry, or rusked, moisten it with a little hot water, and rub in some butter, about one ounce to four ounces of breadcrumbs. An egg may be added to bind the forcemeat together.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Now look 'ere—'ere's a pint 'as just struck me. I'm gettin' abart sick of this 'ere street-collectin' fur cherritable pupposes. Done once a year and done fur the 'orspitals is hall very well. Any man o' sense will do whort 'e can fur the Lunnon 'orspitals, and anythink in the wye of a friendly lead on their accarnt ain't nowise amiss. If by any haxerdunt I gits pitched off of the top o' my 'bus, and busts my crust on the kerb, it's the 'orspitals as 'ull pick me up and mend me, if I ain't so broke as ter be pawst it. 'Elp them as 'ull 'elp you ain't a bad motter. But theer—look at whort the streets is like nar! Some bloomin' ole lyedy at hev'ry corner collecting fur the 'eathen in foring pawts, er some sech business as that; and you 'awdly git clear of 'er afore hup comes some boy a-stickin' of a money-borx in yer fice and wantin' a trifle fur the 'ome. Why we ain't all on us mide of money. I'm a pore wukkin'-man myself. If I'm goin' ter give a trifle ter any 'ome, I'll give it ter my own. It ought ter be put a storp to. As I says to a young copper the other dye: "Sims ter me," I says, "as yur don't rightly know whort yu're a doin' of. If I storps the 'bus 'awf-a-second ter pick up a fare, yur're on me fur obstructin' afore I can speak, and 'ere's these beggars with collectin'-boxes loit'rin' abart the pivement and annoyin' ev'ry soul as parses, and you don't do nutthink at all. Yer ought ter be ashimed of yerselves." Why if things goes on as they is a-goin' on we shall soon 'ave no one in the streets at all exsep' cherrity collectors engiged in collectin' from each other. An' a pretty sight thet 'ull be.

* * * *

Torkin' abart the foochur reminds me as 'Ankin is perticlar grite on the foochur. 'E'll prophecy whort's goin' ter 'appen a 'undrid years 'ence as soon as look at yer. I tells 'im ter try prophecyin' sutthink a bit shorter. If 'e 'd give the nime o' the next Derby winner, so as I cud git on at a good price, I might think sutthink of 'is prophecyin'. But 'e is cute, is 'Ankin—don't prophesy nutthink whort 'e could git bowled art on. 'Is litest is as in a 'undrid years time theer won't be a 'orse ter be seen in the London streets—there'll be steam-kebs and electric 'buses, and hev'rythink done by machinery. It mye be or it mye nort. If it should 'appen, it 'ull keep the 'orspitals feerly busy, unless some of the keb-drivers then knows their business a sight better nor they does now. Naradyes if one of 'em gets 'is skinfull, drops 'awf-asleep, and leaves 'is 'orse ter tike the manidgment, 'e mye git beck to the yawd all right. But if kebs is ter be dror'd by injuns, theer 'ull be an end 'o them little libutties. But theer, I don't pye much regawd ter anythink as 'Ankin syes. 'E is nort so cocksure abart this comin' eleckshun, becos' theer, yer see, you could nile 'im darn an' prove 'im in the wrong. When 'e prophecies abart thet, 'e gives yer things as can be took two wyes, and won't back 'is opinyun with a shillin' even then. Has fur me, I don't tike no hinterest in no eleckshuns. I 'aven't 'eard of any Govunment yet as ever did me any remawkable lot o' good, nor any remawkable lot o' 'arm neither. If any Govunment was ter mike an Act ter prevent femiles from storpin' the 'bus needlus, I might tike a bit more hinterest in 'em. Mind yer, I aint no bloomin' Anerchist. I believes in Govunments, but I don't see as they 'as much concern with me as an individsual. They minds their business, and I minds mine. None of 'em can do much 'arm, becos if they tried it on they'd be throwed art. I leaves it ter 'Ankin an' them like 'im ter busy theirselves abart sich questshings. Pussonally, I ain't gort the time.

THE TRIAL OF MISS BROWN.

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,—I think we may, at any rate, congratulate ourselves on the scrupulous fairness with which this case has been conducted. We have been spared on this occasion in a court of Justice all noise, bounce, braggadocio, and impertinent bluster. The father of Miss Brown has at last come to his senses, and when generously forgiven by those he had openly and defiantly insulted, and when called into court for congratulation had at any rate the decency to stay away. We have not on this memorable occasion witnessed the painful scene of a man of letters and a poet of talent, coming forward to denounce his critics by name, men of unimpeachable integrity, men invited to give and record their opinion in the interests of the public at large. Perhaps the bitterest humiliation that Miss Brown's gifted father received on this present occasion was when the other cheek was offered by those who had been smacked in a spiteful, not to say cowardly, manner. I am not aware that I can bring any very serious charge against Miss Brown, except a certain lightness of conduct, innocent, perhaps, in itself, but in the minds of many dangerously suggestive. Lucky, indeed, for this flighty young lady and her Byronic adventures; lucky for her on her wedding morn, and during her incarceration in her Thackerayan Minerva House, kept by Miss Pinkerton, on Chiswick Mall; lucky during her conversations on the subject of delayed marriage and schoolgirl friendships that she was under the care of such kindly well-intentioned councillors as Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Esmé Beringer, who, together and separately, absolutely saved the character of the notorious Miss Brown. What on earth would have become of her, had the careful Kerr made himself up as a woman—a young and fascinating woman—after the fashion of a Vance or an Arthur Roberts? I tremble to think. The very fact that the cautious Kerr appeared at the girls' school more in the attire of a Meg Merriless than a Marguerite, saved the flighty Miss Brown from the temptation to which she was exposed. Unprotected ladies, my lord, do not always find such devoted and chivalrous friends as these. As one of the gentlemen—singled out on another occasion for the vituperation of Miss Brown's father—has already observed, there have been occasions when the mere defencelessness of such women as Miss Brown has exposed them to the rudest of attacks. It has been asked what would have become of the fair defendant, if, in the old days, she had come across such chucklers, grimacers, and lovers of double meaning as Edward Wright of the Adelphi, or John Baldwin Buckstone of the Haymarket, who did not spare the virgin muse of William Schwenk Gilbert, when disguised as Lutin in the *Wicked World*, Chrysos, the art patron in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, or, notably, King Phanor in *The Palace of Truth*. Had Wright or Buckstone dressed up as Miss Brown I very much fear her adventures would have had a very serious termination. The same kind-hearted, helpful, considerate, and sisterly conduct was extended to the defendant by Miss Esmé Beringer, who has considerably advanced her reputation by her grace and tact. One false move on the part of Miss Beringer would have jeopardised the very existence of Miss Brown. She had to do the most risky things, but she accomplished them all with grace and refinement. Her languorous movements had the exquisite ease of an Eastern Haidee, and she managed to smoke a cigarette without one trace of the detestable vulgarity and unblushing effrontery of the New Woman at the New Women's Club of gossip and clatter-mag, and other diversions. Gentlemen of the Jury, I am bound in the interests of justice to remind you of the composite character of the defendant Brown. She has travelled before, she and her companions, under several aliases. I hold in my hand a book familiar to you all, "Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero," by William Makepeace Thackeray. It opens with a description of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall, and the departure thence of Miss Rebecca Sharp. Among the schoolgirls is Miss Swartz, who is thus described:—

"And as for Miss Swartz, the rich, woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitts, on the day Amelia went away she was in such a passion of tears, that they were obliged to send for Dr. Floss, and half tipsify her with sal volatile."

And again, "But Miss Jemima had already blubbered several times at the idea of Amelia's departure, and but for fear of her sister, would have gone off in downright hysterics like the heiress (who paid double) of St. Kitts."

And once more. "All the servants were there in the Hall—all the dear friends—all the young ladies—the dancing master—who had just arrived—and there was such a scuffling, and hugging and kissing and crying, with the hysterical *yoops* of Miss Swartz, the parlour boarder, from her room as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over."

Now, gentlemen, it is doubtless a mere coincidence that a black girl, mulatto in one case, Creole in another, should be called Miss Swartz. There is no other name possibly to be discovered—not even Dinah Doo—for a mulatto or Creole, and I have little doubt that my learned friend will presently assure you that the defendant's father had never read Thackeray's first chapter, had never heard of the adventures of Mr. Pickwick at the seminary for young ladies, had never read Bayle Bernard's farce of *The Boarding School*, had never seen *The Little Duke*, in which a bridegroom, disguised as an old woman, enters a convent to carry off his bride, and had never heard of *Charley's Aunt* or *The New Boy*.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,—These charges of conscious and unconscious imitation, plagiarism, or curious coincidences are, to my mind, extremely paltry and ridiculous. They all result in the silly answer to the sillier old riddle, "Because there is a B in both." There has been nothing new under the sun from the days of William Shakespeare to Miss Brown. Why hurl at her head, or at the head of her literary father, these weak charges of plagiarism and borrowing. Thackeray describes an hysterical Miss Swartz, who weeps at the departure of her school-friend. Miss Brown's poetic father describes a languishing, dark-eyed Creole, a Miss Swartz, who smokes cigarettes and makes schoolgirl love to her companions. Dickens brings a lot of schoolgirls in their night-gowns with lighted candles into the garden to discover Mr. Pickwick hiding behind a door; Buchanan brings the schoolgirls in night-gowns with lighted candles to discover Miss Brown eloping with the imprisoned bride. Bayle Bernard dresses up a yeomanry officer as an old apple-woman, and bundles him into a boarding-school where he squeezes and cuddles the girls to his heart's content; but Miss Brown is a resident boarder, and apparently shares the girls' dormitories. The hero of *The Little Duke* is, I grant you, a bridegroom, deprived of his wife, who is locked up in a con-

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vent, to which the boy bridegroom obtains access by disguising himself as an old woman. But then a girl's school is not a convent, and Miss Brown happens to be a young gawky girl, and not an old woman at all. My learned friend, with his accustomed generosity and love of fair play, in conducting a prosecution of this kind, has drawn your attention to the noble defence of poor Miss Brown, when left in a very precarious position, and has justly extolled the chivalry of Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Esmé Beringer. I endorse all that my learned friend has said, and I am sure, gentlemen, that you will agree with me that the praise they have both received is no more than their just due. But, gentlemen, there are others who generously shared with Mr. Kerr and Miss Beringer in the defence of Miss Brown. I may mention particularly the name of Miss May Palfrey, the charming bride of one of our funniest actors, who, I may mention, was actually in danger of being prevented by force from saving Miss Brown at a critical juncture, it being considered that she was not strong enough for the part of a protector. Not strong enough, gentlemen! Why, Miss May Palfrey acted with a spirit, a dash, and a confidence that did credit to her sex. If this case is permitted by my lord to go on to a verdict, I shall be reluctantly compelled to put in the witness-box several who will prove that not only Miss Palfrey, but actually both Mr. Kerr and Miss Beringer, were actually intimidated from rushing to the defence of Miss Brown when she was in the gravest danger. I cannot conclude without thanking the veteran, Lionel Brough, the excellent Mr. Beauchamp, and, as he has justly been called the Pickwickian Gilbert Farquhar, for their generous defence of my unfortunate client, whose reputation so grossly assaulted, has been saved from ruin, and who stands before you a fitting object for both laughter and applause. Miss Brown is a new woman, to whom you will none of you be ashamed to introduce your wives, daughters, sisters, cousins, and maiden aunts.

THE JUDGE.

In this case, gentlemen, I think it my duty to direct you to give the defendant the benefit of the doubt that may or might have been on your minds, and to return a verdict of "Not Guilty" against the now notorious Miss Brown. It must be admitted that there is not sufficient evidence before me to establish either the charge of light or frivolous conduct, or to prove that she has been guilty of anything more than what I may call "unconscious imitation." We cannot wholly divest our minds of such great writers as Thackeray and Dickens, nor can we, in our idlest moments, forget *La Marraine de Charley*. Miss Brown, you are discharged, but you owe a deep debt of gratitude to your Vaudeville friends, who, one and all, defended you, and to your literary father, who wisely did not show his nose in court to prejudice your case. If he had appeared before me, and made any of his ridiculous speeches, I should most certainly have committed him for contempt. We have had enough of these theatrical and vulgar tirades. Authors should be heard, not seen, unless, as I said before, they want to prejudice their case, and not in their favour.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—We are still political, and rather uncomfortably so, for as yet we have not passed out of the mathematical stage.

Neither side having put forward a programme we are reduced to guessing at the result of the forthcoming election by means of comparing figures. This is not exhilarating, and it does not amuse me. A very eminent organiser in the camp of the Primrose League tells me, however, that the Unionists will come in with a clear majority of thirty over all other parties. This he regards as hardly enough—especially for a Unionist Government. Liberals make politics a kind of profession, and members of that party remain mostly near Westminster. Conservatives, on the other hand, being in many instances country gentlemen, reside mainly in the country, and cannot be depended on to attend the House regularly. A majority of only thirty will leave the Government at the mercy of defeat on a snap vote.

It is to the interest of the Unionists, therefore, to exert their utmost energies, and to bid for the suffrages of the largest class of electors.

The measure I suggested last week regarding the Water Companies will appeal to every human being in London.

Another measure will appeal to a vast constituency—I mean a repeal, or rather reform, of that portion of the Income Tax, collected under Schedule D. The Income Tax was invented by Lord Palmerston, who stuck it on to pay for the Crimean War. Such a large revenue is derived from it that no Chancellor of the Exchequer likes to take it off. Roughly speaking it is a fair tax. If a man has got an income, obviously he is able to help pay the cost of running the nation. But incomes are of two sorts—those derived from invested money, and those earned by the individual. These latter come under Schedule D. Both are now classed alike. This is unfair. The man who does something for his income ought not to pay as much as the man who does nothing for his income. The tax is more particularly unjust in the case of comparatively small incomes, ranging between £400 and £1,000 a year. These are the incomes earned by many responsible shopmen, small tradesmen, painters, actors, and journalists. They are men who have to work hard. They are obliged to keep up a decent social appearance. Their opportunities of saving are not considerable. It seems very hard that they should be taxed as heavily as mere gentlemen of leisure who never did a stroke of work in their lives. I do not say that their incomes should be made free of taxation, but I hold that they ought to pay on a special scale. For example, I should feel inclined to propose that for every pound of Income Tax paid by the idle man, only ten shillings should be paid by the worker.

I am told that it is very difficult to arrange this because no one seems to know how to deal with big commercial businesses. Their managers certainly earn money, but not at all in the same way as the classes to which I have alluded. But if this is true, why not have three scales of taxation—one for investments, one for going concerns, and another for the incomes earned in the learned professions, and by the pursuit of science, literature, and art? The artist who gives up an entire year to the completion of a picture that sells for £1,000, surely ought not to have that £1,000 taxed as heavily as the £1,000 spent in pursuit of pleasure by a gentleman who happens to have had a well-invested £20,000 left him by his father?

The indiscriminate application of the Income Tax is a gross injustice, and I hope that its reform will be a thick plank in the Unionist's platform.

Talking of the Unionists, I do wish that they could make up their minds to combine permanently in one party.

Government by groups is disastrous. You see how it works in France, where they have a crisis and a resignation every ten minutes. The Party now going out, remember, is made up of a strong Home Rule group, a strong Radical group, a small Labour group, and separate Welsh and Scottish groups. Groups are essentially selfish. When they cannot get exactly what they want, they squeeze the Government by threatening to withdraw their support at a critical moment. Honesty and independence at once disappear. Government is then reduced to voting for something you don't want, in order to buy the votes of other people for something that you do want. Groups are always the outcome of extreme, and often fantastical, views, as in the case of the Irish group. The leader of the House has, therefore, to drive a team of wild enthusiasts all pulling different ways, which, as the late Euclid remarked, is absurd.

If the Unionists issue one strong, temperate, practical manifesto, they will appeal to every sensible man in the country. We know what will happen on the other side. There will be separate and conflicting manifestoes forthcoming from the National Liberal Federation, the Fabians, the Social Democratic Federation, the Independent Labour Party, the Trades Unionists, the Temperance Party, the Welsh, the Scotch, and the two Irish schisms! It is by this path, since the beginning of history, that the wearied and disgusted Reactionary has sought refuge from chaotic democracies beneath the wing of military despotism.

I have always been a bit of a democrat myself. But I don't see why a democrat should not also be a patriot. The Liberal Party and everything connected with it is in a hopeless state of impracticable muddle. It must be reformed as one party on one basis. Let it be Liberal, Radical, Democratic, or anything it likes, but it will never appeal to the minds of Englishmen unless it knows its own mind.

The Unionists have a solid front, the Liberals have not got a solid anything at present; but what they want is a good solid licking at the polls, and then they would probably cool down and seek after wisdom.

For the reasons I have given you above, they have failed miserably in the first duty of a Government—which is, to govern. So long as they are made up of factious, fractious factions, they will always fail; consequently I shall vote Unionist, and then attend the first meeting at which it is proposed to reform the Liberal Party on one programme, with one name, and one basis.

I hope you will do the same.

The effect of the coming election on several of the theatres has already been made manifest. At one of them only half salaries are being paid; at another the capital put into the show by one of the charming ladies included in the cast having been exhausted, those connected with the show have been busy in the City trying to raise shares of £250 each, but without much result. Small figures have not been asked for by yet one manager more, who boldly attempted to raise £25,000 to run a comparatively little theatre. I don't think he got it. But he was readily able to raise all he required for the moment. In the City, also, an attempt is being made to float a big opera company. About a dozen abortive efforts in the same direction have preceded it, so I don't set much store by it, especially as it includes a proposal to build an opera house on the site formerly occupied by Her Majesty's in the Haymarket. That site is far too valuable for such a purpose. The rent or interest on the mortgages would be so heavy that they would sink the concern. At least that is my opinion. Sir Augustus Harris conducts his opera seasons admirably and lavishly at Covent Garden; I cannot see that any useful purpose would be served by an interference with his monopoly, much as I dislike monopolies.

It does not appear that any one particular author or authors will be permitted to enjoy a monopoly of play writing at the Adelphi. First Chambers wrote with Stephenson, then with Lumley, but now I hear that neither of the three will be in the bill this year. The Chambers-Lumley play seems to have got into a knot. It has been altered, and sent in again and again, but still it fails to realise the expectations of the Gatti's. I hope that it will come right later on, but meantime the brothers are looking about for new material. A fairly showy play was read to them on Monday, and they have others for consideration, amongst them *Shenandoah*, an American patriotic play of the Confederate war period. Also—and here is a bit of news for you—they have entered on negotiations with Clement Scott, but whether for an adaptation or alteration of something they have in hand, or whether for a new and original play, I cannot tell you. In any case the production would be most interesting. As a dramatic author, Clement Scott has hardly had his chance. He has done some admirable work in his time, as in *Diplomacy*, and, though like every author worth his salt, he has made his failures, his dramatic endeavours were so thoroughly workman-like that I wonder at his not being more often to the fore. Candidly, I do not think his method so well adapted to popular melodrama as to a more refined and delicate environment, but his experience is so large that he ought to make very few mistakes.

All other considerations apart, the howl of the Ibsenite critics for the blood of Scott, the dramatist, is sure to be amusing.

Claude Carton has almost finished his adaptation of *L'Ami des Femmes* for Charles Wyndham; it has been a singularly rapid piece of work—a circumstance due, no doubt, to the dramatist's complete restoration to health. He has not given his play a name yet, but it will be the next thing done at the Criterion by Wyndham, who after the end of this month will probably rest till the late autumn—if not to Christmas. Carton will also take a short holiday, and then he will go to work on his new play for George Alexander. This will contain a decided element of strength, and will lean much more towards the *Home Secretary* than *Liberty Hall*.

It is for a magnificent part in Carton's play that Alexander wants to secure the assistance of Mrs. Tree, though if she goes to him she will also play in Godfrey's play with which he will commence his season in November. It is with these two plays in particular that Alexander will seek to secure the favour of our American cousins in September, 1896.

A rather funny story is going about concerning a little breeze that blew very furiously for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Lyceum during a recent performance of the *Merchant of Venice*. There seems to have been a general loss of temper, and a possibility of disagreements being settled on the stage, then and there, under the Queensberry rules.

By the way, you may see the Marquis of Queensberry careering up to Lords on his bicycle almost every fine afternoon. I hear that he still feels rather sore with the Treasury about the way they treated him recently. He was interviewed by the Public Prosecutor at great length, all the papers and evidence that he had collected in the Wilde case were used, and though his costs were just on £2,000, the Treasury, when it was all over, sent him as a contribution merely a miserable £75. This I call mean. At the Athenæum Club, a subscription towards Lord Queensberry's costs amounted to £200, which he accepted. But he refused the cheque from the Treasury. It seems very rough on Lord Queensberry that he should practically have been fined £2,000 for saying what the person he addressed subsequently admitted was true.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

IN THE CITY.

SIR JOHN GORST.

Among the seventeen members of the new Cabinet we do not find Sir John Gorst, nor do we find him among the minor men of the Ministry. It may be he is to be given some appointment outside the Cabinet; but it looks as if he is to be shelved. He is not to be a Minister because he was a director of the New Zealand Land and Agency Company. Some days ago the *Daily News* had a spiteful paragraph, in which it took it for granted that a connection which led to Mr. Mundella's resignation of a Cabinet office would prevent Sir John Gorst being offered one. Our contemporary found it convenient to forget that there was no real similarity between the position of the two men. According to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Mundella's "chastity of honour"—whatever that may be—was unaffected by the evidence given in Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams's Court. Mr. Mundella resigned because he happened to be President of the Board of Trade, which was concerned with the affairs of a company in which he was interested, and not because he had been convicted of wrong doing. It is not necessary to agree with Lord Rosebery to prove that Sir John Gorst has been harshly treated. Mr. Mundella was responsible for all the questionable proceedings of the company: Sir John Gorst only accepted a seat at the Board when its troubles were upon it. Mr. Mundella had got rid of every share he held in the company. Sir John Gorst had a small fortune in it when it collapsed. There is not a more honourable, high-minded man in the House of Commons than Sir John Gorst, and the very worst that can be said of his connection with the New Zealand company is that he was too trustful. If Sir John Gorst is to be excluded from the Cabinet because he was a director of the New Zealand Land and Agency Company, how comes it that Lord George Hamilton is Secretary for India? We go higher, and ask how it is that Mr. Arthur Balfour is First Lord of the Treasury? Do not let us be misunderstood. Mr. Balfour is a man of high honour, but Mr. Balfour was at one time chairman of the Aluminium, Limited, and we say without the shadow of a fear of contradiction from any well-informed and independent person that if Sir John Gorst is to be excluded from the Cabinet because he is responsible for certain unfortunate transactions on the part of the New Zealand Loan and Agency Company—a company that paid very large dividends for very many years — Mr. Balfour ought to be excluded from the Cabinet because of his responsibility for matters connected with the Aluminium Company, which, with a capital of £400,000, never paid a dividend. We should be among the last to blame a Premier for making unblemished character a condition of office, but Sir John Gorst's character is unimpeached and unimpeachable. Can it be that the member for Cambridge University is a little too much of the Socialist to please Lord Salisbury, and that the Premier has used the company incident to shelve a follower who has the courage of his opinions? It looks like it. If it be so it is not what one looks for from a great gentleman like Lord Salisbury.

GOODWIN'S, JARDINE AND COMPANY, LIMITED

We have been asked to direct attention to the history of this company, which was formed in 1889 for the purpose of acquiring, amalgamating, and working under one management the businesses of the Coats Iron and Steel Company at Coatbridge, near Glasgow, and of James Goodwin and Company, engineers, bridge builders and boiler makers, at Mothewall, also near Glasgow, and as iron and steel founders at Ardrossan, Ayrshire. The average net profits of the three businesses were certified by Messrs. McClelland, Mackinnon and Blyth, taking the preceding five years, to have amounted to £21,131 per annum, or a surplus of over £15,000 per annum, after providing for interest on the debentures issued by the company, and the dividend on the deferred shares. No dividend was ever paid, and the company went into liquidation two years after its formation. The chairman was Sir Edward Reed, K.C.B., M.P. What is the explanation of a company going into liquidation a few months after it had taken over businesses said to yield a net profit of £15,000 per annum? Was this disappearance of profits due to causes for which the directors could not fairly be held responsible, or was it because there had been gross deception? We fear the less pleasant is the true explanation.

We are assured that at the time of the amalgamation the Coats Company was heavily in debt, and was being pressed by some of its largest creditors. We are also assured that in the first year of the new company the Coats steel works went £20,000 behind. If this be the case, how were Messrs. McClelland, Mackinson and Blyth able to certify, as they did, that the Coats Works were making nett profits of nearly £12,000 per annum? No doubt the business of James Goodwin and Co. was a sound one, but that does not help us to understand how the auditors convinced themselves that Coats' was doing a large and sound business. We shall have more to say about this business next week, and meantime we invite Glasgow friends interested in the company to communicate with us.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION—THE "STAR" AND THE "EVENING NEWS."

The *Star* is to be congratulated upon the tone of its first reply to the *Evening News*. It is in pleasant contrast to the vulgar bounce of the older paper. But it does not meet its challenge. The *Evening News* said, "You claim upon your front sheet to have the largest sale of any evening newspaper in the United Kingdom. That is untrue. Our circulation is much larger than yours, and we will wager £500 that examination o our respective books for the three months ended May 31 would prove it." The *Star* refuses the wager, and evades the challenge. It does not disclose its circulation for the three months, but it takes the Ascot week, says that it sold in that week over 900,000, and cries, "Beat that if you can." The sales of a single week, and that the Ascot week, cannot be accepted as giving any near indication of the normal sale of the *Star*, which is nothing approaching 150,000 per day. But if the *Star* will not give its figures for the longer period, the *Evening News* can be no loser by limiting the challenge to the Ascot week. If the circulation of the *Star* is largely a sporting circulation, the *Evening News* is even more dependent upon sport for its circulation. We should have thought, then, that the *Evening News* would have accepted this more limited challenge, and the more readily if, as we are informed, it was ahead of the *Star* in its distribution during the Ascot week. Instead, it contents itself with saying that it had "a considerably larger net sale during Ascot week than the figures claimed by the *Star*," and renews its challenge to disclose circulation over longer periods.

We observe, however, that the claim upon which we commented last week is withdrawn. The *Evening News* no longer says it has a circulation exceeding that of the *Star* "together with the sale of either of the other two London halfpenny evening papers." In the letter we print below, which we received before the publication of the *Star's* reply, Mr. Tracy prudently changes that rash statement into "we have no hesitation in saying that it "(the *Evening News* circulation)" is larger than that of the *Star*, and *one or other* of the two other evening papers combined," and in its reply to the *Star* the *Evening News* refrains from saying anything about this second paper. We must assume that that portion of the boast of the *Evening News*—a ridiculous boast, as we hinted last week—is abandoned.

The following letter is from Mr. Tracy, the manager of the *Evening News*:—

> There is a very important error in your article in the current issue of To-Day dealing with the circulation of the *Evening News*. You say that we claim 122,000 copies only net sale per day. This is not so. If you had referred to recent issues of the *Evening News* you would have seen that we claim to have sold on several instances more than 1,000,000 copies per week.
>
> We may tell you that the average daily sale of the *Evening News* during the three months, March, April and May, enormously exceeds the figures you have quoted, and which had reference to a period ending 15th December last. Although, until we know whether the *Star* does, or does not, accept the challenge we do not wish to divulge the present daily sale, we have no hesitation in saying that it is larger than that of the *Star* and one or other of the two other evening papers combined.
>
> It may interest you to know that the sale of the *Evening News* has, during the last twelve months, increased by more than 60,000 copies daily, and that this tremendous development in circulation has been attended by an equally large increase in the value of our advertisements. We are consequently amused to read that you think the value of the advertisements in the *Echo* exceeds that of "any other halfpenny evening paper," including the *Evening News*.

This is not the place to discuss the advertisement revenue of our contemporaries, a subject upon which Mr. Tracy is not likely to be well informed. For the rest we were referring to the net sale of the *Evening News* as certified by respectable accountants. Mr. Tracy's statements are much too loose to be accepted without reserve. And apparently he cannot see that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent between a normal sale of 122,000 and an occasional sale of 165,000.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Nott, the advertisement manager of the *Echo*. If Mr. Nott will refresh his memory by reference to our actual words, he will find that we did not say that the circulation of the *Echo* is only 50,000. We rather had in mind what the *Evening News* would assume it to be for the purposes of its boast.

With regard to your remarks on "Newspapers and Circulation" in your last issue, I should like to say that the figures assumed by you as representing the circulation of the *Echo* are enormously under estimated.

I beg to enclose a copy of to-day's *Echo*, which contains a test challenge to both the *Star* and *Evening News*.

The test challenge referred to is payment of Income Tax. But that would prove nothing as to circulation. It would only show that the *Echo* has earned substantial profits, and its rivals none—unless those rivals do as Mr. Passmore Edwards did once upon a time.

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

IN our last issue we directed attention to the peculiar procedure of the "Star" Veterinary Medicine Manufacturing Company in sending their medicine chests to strangers, on the chance of their being accepted. We have since received a very lengthy letter from Mr. Gray, who describes himself as Principal Consulting Veterinary Surgeon to the company, in which he protests against our remarks. Mr. Gray can see nothing objectionable in the procedure of the company, first, because the person to whom the medicine is sent may return it if he chooses, and next, because the medicine is good. We do not agree with him. If the medicine is the very excellent and famous preparation he says it is, there is the less excuse for sending it to people who have not asked for it. Mr. Gray says they can return it without expense to themselves. Perhaps, but the law does not require them to take the trouble to return it, and they ought not to be subjected to the annoyance of having to get rid of goods they never asked for, and do not want. We have not suggested that the medicine is not good. Mr. Gray sends us testimonials from well-known men, and we are content to assume that the preparations are excellent of their kind. But the company's method of pushing their sale cannot be defended, and after what we have said will not, we hope, be pursued.

SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRES AND ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

SOME years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie started a scheme for influencing public opinion by means of the Press. He brought the *Echo*, dropped a good many thousands in Birmingham and elsewhere, and then sold out. Now, if what we hear is true, Mr. Rhodes has a somewhat similar scheme in view. He too, like Mr. Carnegie, is working with some English newspaper men, and intends to operate on a large scale. Another South African millionaire, Mr. Robinson, is thinking of starting a paper; and a third—we descend step by step—Mr. Barney Barnato—is pretty certain to follow suit on his return to this country. These three men between them control the Press of South Africa. They will never control the Press of England, but—has anybody ever asked himself what two or three millionaires might do in that direction if they thought it worth while?

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

WHEN Greek meets Greek then, we are told, comes the tug of war. But hitherto, when Jew has met Jew the Gentile has seldom been the gainer. It looks, however, as if smokers are now to have a happier experience, at any rate for a time. As is well known, Salmon and Gluckstein sell some of the American Tobacco Company's things, like Gem's and Chancellor's, at cost price, looking for their profits on loose goods. Now other Jews, trading as Alfred Baker, are meeting Salmon and Gluckstein on their own ground, competing with them in the same streets, selling at the same cutting prices, and altogether running them hard. Well, the more the merrier.

THE DANDY ROLL AND PAPERMAKERS' COMPANY.

IN our issue of June 22nd we warned our readers to have nothing to do with this company, and we asked if the patents for which the company asks such an enormous sum are valid. "Is it not a fact," we wrote, "that Mr. Trotman has been forestalled by Matthew Matthew's patent of 1873?" The directors have not thought it prudent to answer that question, but one of the organs of the trade, *The World Paper Trade Review*, after comparing some items of Mr. Matthew's patent of 1873 with that of the Dandy Roll Company's patent, says:—

Both of the above patents of 1873 and 1893 describe a *skeleton dandy roll*, with *shifting* or *movable plates* or *pads*, to be worked in conjunction with a second dandy roll; therefore we are really in doubt as to the part in Mr. Trotman's specification, which is an original contrivance or construction which has not before existed, and which Mr. Trotman and his advisers consider to be a new patent.

It is a doubt it behoves the directors of the Dandy Roll Company to meet without ado.

NEW GOLDEN KOPJE, LIMITED.

THE public is asked to subscribe to a company under this title with a capital of £120,000. It may therefore be as well to say that it has nothing but the ground of the (old) Golden Kopje Company on the *wrong* side of the Black Reef. What little reef they had is worked out, and never paid. Now they only have the "overlay" of the reef, which is valueless.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

T. KING, 187, King's Road, Chelsea, a racing tout, sends over the country a very ludicrous, but withal impudent circular, promising immense profits. The correspondent who sends us this rubbish says that for some weeks back similar circulars have reached him, but he cannot understand how the senders have fixed on him to be thus pestered, as he has no interest in racing. These touts send to any and everybody, in well-grounded confidence that a percentage of the recipients will be fools enough to part with their money.

THE TANQUERAY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 29, Boulevard des Italiens. We have received during the last few days numerous letters from correspondents sending us a type-written letter from these people, signed "A. Tanqueray, President," and dated, "Paris le 22 Juni, '95," offering to frame photographs gratis. On the face of it the thing is a swindle, but it seems to be necessary to describe it as such every now and again

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

African Gold Concessions and Development Company. IGNORAMUS (Inverness).—It is quite possible they may be put up again, but we do not advise you to increase your holding. **Blocklow, Vaughan and Company.** J. H. (Sheffield).—Yes. We cannot recommend A. and F. Pears, Limited. We think the present quotation is above value, nor are we much in favour of the Warehouse Company's shares you mention. The company has done well in the past, but is not likely to do as well in the future. If you will send us the reports you speak of we will look them over. **Sundry Shares.** C. L. (Notting Hill).—Taking your list we prefer the shares of T. Wallis and Co., to any of the others. These shares represent an excellent investment. **Cheque Bank.** M. J. T. (Arundel).—We have not the space to give you our "views on the Cheque Bank," but if you want information on any specific point we shall be pleased to give it. **Eastleighs.** J. C. P. (Birmingham). They are a very speculative purchase. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land Lottery.** S. (Port Elizabeth).—There has been *pro rata* drawings, but I do not see 20,716-7 among them. **Klerkdorps.** J. W. (Liverpool). The shares are a gamble, and are being artificially manipulated. The company has been in existence about six years, and has never done anything, although if properly worked it may stand a chance. **Orion Belt, Limited.** H. B. (Edinburgh).—The whole of the capital was subscribed privately. The shares are of £1 each, and fully paid up. The price is $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ premium.

INSURANCE.

W. J. B.—For your purposes No. 3 is the best. No. 1 does not charge higher premiums, but its expenses are low. No. 2 is one of the largest. R. FENNELL.—1. The society named is very substantial. 2. In the matter of reserves in relation to liabilities, it is better off than any other society doing the same kind of business, and it is the best managed. AGENT (Sheffield).—Some increase on the premium is quite justified. Go to the Clerical, Medical, and General with the business. That office has an equitable plan for it. M. J. I.—You are in a very good office, and it would be unwise for you to change. Still, the other office also suggested is a good one. Whether a will may wisely be deposited with *one* of the beneficiaries depends upon a variety of circumstances. The greatest objection would be where the depositee would benefit more by an intestacy than by a bequest under a will. If he would receive nothing except for the will, it would be to his own interest to preserve it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Antwerp Exhibition Lottery. P. C. S. (Surbiton).—We are sorry we cannot help you to the winning numbers. **The Douglas and Llandudno Pleasure Steamers, Limited.** H. C. (Manchester).—We understand that the promoter is the person you name. As to the prospects of the company, they mostly depend upon whether there is any considerable deficiency in the present service, and as to that we have no very precise information. **Metropolitan Tower Company.** TOWER (Bold).—The Tower Company was formed for the purpose of carrying through one of Sir Edward Watkins' wild cat schemes—namely, the building a kind of Eiffel Tower, that was to be higher than any other tower, on some land at Wembley. The authorised capital was £300,000, of which about £70,000 was subscribed, and £56,000 paid up. The money at command did not carry the work of building the tower very far, and the Metropolitan Tower Construction Company was formed in 1892, with a capital of £250,000, of which about £90,000 has been subscribed and called up to complete the work. Our faith in these enterprises ever being commercial successes is not strong. The tower remains a fragment, though maybe it will be completed one of these days. If it is we do not think it is likely to be much of a commercial success. The interest in the tower would be ephemeral. It is too far away from the heart of London. We cannot advise you to buy the shares offered by Messrs. Arthur Moore and Co., of 7, Forgate Street, Worcester. **Louise and Co., Limited.** SMALL INVESTOR (Westerton).—We cannot undertake to reconcile statements in TO-DAY with those that may appear in other papers. Our statement as to the amount of the subscription was accurate. **Outside Brokers.** A. L. (Leicester).—If we are to help you we must have all the papers. They shall be returned to you if you send them to us. **Coleman and Co., Limited.** We have frequently advised correspondents not to accept Mr. William Coleman's offer of debentures, and we have nothing to add to the considerations which have guided us in giving this advice. **New Orleans National Bank, Limited.** NEMO (Chatham).—We have no information as to the value of the shares of this institution.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening at 8 o'clock. First appearance in England of the DUCAL COURT COMPANY of SAXE-COBURG and GOTHA. (See Daily Papers.)

COMEDY THEATRE.—Every Evening at 8.20.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
A Comedy in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Edward Righton; Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Fanny Brough.
Preceded at 7.50 by
THE PRACTICAL JOKER,
Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Arthur Playfair. Doors open at 7.30. Box Office open 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. E. T. Bradley.

LYCEUM.—LOUIS XI. TO-NIGHT (Wednesday) at 8.15. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, To-morrow (Thursday) (Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry), July 5, and MATINEE, July 6th. KING ARTHUR (by special desire), July 8, 9, 10, and MATINEE, July 13. CHARLES I., July 11 (only time). THE LYONS MAIL, July 12 (only time). NANCE OLDFIELD and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, July 15, 16, and Saturday morning, July 20. JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETING, and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, July 17, 18, 19. MACBETH, July 22, 23, 25, 26 and MATINEE, Wednesday 24th. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION and EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.
CRYSTAL PALACE.

CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE, Daily, at 3.30 and 6.30 Numbered seats, 2s.; unnumbered, 1s.; promenade, 6d.

"WITH such an Exhibition it ought to be Bank Holiday business at the Crystal Palace every day of the week."—*The Referee.*

EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.—Over 42,000 people were at the Crystal Palace on the Opening Day. Immense enthusiasm.

"WE have had many and various Wild Easts and Wests; but it is very sure that there has been nothing to equal Africa in London."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"THE SOMALIS are quite natural; they 'play-act' with the delight of children in the pastime, and they provide a number of unrehearsed effects which are by no means the least charming part of the spectacle."—*Daily Graphic.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOMALI DISPLAY.—The genuine and unstudied nature of the entire display is its great charm and at once impresses the spectator.

"THE PERFORMANCES by the SOMALIS, with their dromedaries and spirited little horses, their elephants, zebras ostriches, and other animals, were most interesting."—*The Standard.*

CARL HAGENBECK'S OSTRICH FARM and HAPPY FAMILY of CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS. Open daily from 12 till dusk in Grounds. Admission 3d.—CRYSTAL PALACE.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.45.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Wet or Fine. Thousands can witness the Marvellous Performances. Early Entertainments commence 11 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.30 and 7.30. Over 100 Artistes, Novelties and Attractions. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine in operation—Panorama of Palestine—Doge of Venice—Siberian Picture. Notice.—The Annual Great Photographic Exhibition opens July 11, no extra charge, and all entertainments as usual.

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[UNSOLD'S PATENT, most successful in the world.]
REAL ICE SKATING. Ice always in perfect condition.
Daily, 9.30 to 1.0, 3s.; 3.0 to 6.30, 5s.; 8.0 to 11.30, 3s.
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For Billious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Foul Breath, Nervous Depression, Irritability, Lassitude, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, &c.
As a General Family Aperient Medicine,
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
ARE UNRIVALLED.
10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.
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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Scott's Pills as a family medicine. We have used them in our household for many years, and are never without them
Yours faithfully, J. SELLARS.
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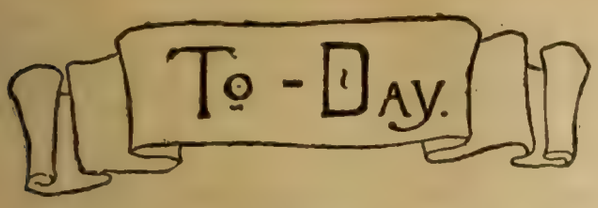

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
Les Cloches De Double Dam. By Arthur Sperry. Illustrated by Max Cowper 257
The Marriage of Beau Feilding 260
The Diary of a Bookseller 263
Feminine Affairs 264
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 266
The Trial of Miss Brown 267
The Ruminations of Randolph 268
In the City 270
To-Day. By J. K. J. 273
How to Become a Celebrity at Home 276
Lohmann's Return 277
Club Chatter 277
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville 281
Across the Footlights. Ten Minutes with Miss Marie Studholme 285
Celebrities at Sea. By Robert Ganthony 286

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Cases of magisterial sympathy with cruelty continue to crowd in upon me. A blackguard named William Gale, of Redwick, because a young mare could not start, got out of the trap, and kicked her four or five times. He beat her about the head with the butt end of a whip. He cut her tongue and stabbed her gums. The mare was then driven a few miles, when William Gale got down, and again repeated his brutality. The blood ran down into the gutter—about a gallon-and-a-half of blood was the estimate of Gale's own friends. The blood-stains were traced along the road from Nash to Goldcliffe. The Bench said there was no redeeming feature in the case, then fined the beast five pounds. The *South Wales Daily News* does not give the names of these Newport magistrates. To my thinking they are as bad as the brute Gale himself. I should have liked to have the pleasure of naming them, and of holding them up to public hatred and contempt.

In the *Manchester Evening Mail* I read another case. Alfred Crewdson, son of the Chairman of the Alderley Edge District Council, was driving a mare in a dogcart. The mare fell, whether from being over-driven or not the report does not state. Mr. Crewdson flogged the animal with a heavy whip; he got out of the cart to flog it as it lay on the ground; he also instructed a groom to help him flog it. The horse died a day or two afterwards. Here again a fine of five pounds was inflicted, and here again the members of the Bench have been artful enough to keep their names out of the paper. It would seem as if English country gentlemen were a collection of brutes. The thing has become a national disgrace. Horses cannot influence elections, and, therefore, their sufferings only cause amusement to our politicians. Anyhow, none will lift a finger to help them, or to punish the cowards who assist and sympathise with cruelty.

I used to stand in awe before the long list of authorities brought up by my teetotal friends in support of total abstinence. Lady Henry Somerset lifted a corner of the veil, it is true, and showed me how the thing was worked, but the columns of quotations employed by the party still bewilder one a little. Lately, however, a pamphlet issued by the Vegetarian Society has come into my possession. Vegetarians, also, quote extracts from books to prove that meat-eating is a deadly sin. Glancing casually over the pamphlet, I find that among the authorities who have utterly condemned meat as an article of human food, are the following:—Shelley; my Parliamentary friend, Lucy; Gibbon, the historian; Hippocrates; St. Pierre; Sir B. W. Richardson; Plutarch; Dr. Abernethy; the Bible; Buffon, the naturalist; Christ; Lavater; Thomson, the poet; Dr. Nichol, of *The Woman at Home*; Jean Jacques Rousseau; Sir Henry Thompson; Montaigne, Voltaire; Paley; Schopenhauer; Edwin Arnold; Pythagoras; Oliver Goldsmith; Seneca; Plato; Ovid; our old friend Henry Labouchere; Herbert Spencer; Bobbie Burns (he is also very severe on alcohol); Timothy; and Shakespeare. Where are Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill? I have never come across a faddist before who did not quote Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill in support of his opinions.

The death of Huxley is a loss, not so much to science—which can always take care of itself—as to that branch of contemporary literature in which the battles of religion *v.* science are fought out by their respective champions. These are not so common as they used to be in the early sixties. In fact, the gladiatorial portion of Huxley's career was practically ended; and it was he who remained in possession of the arena. Whether his ecclesiastical antagonists found his blade too keen, or whether they had gradually come round to his way of thinking about evolution and kindred questions does not appear; but latterly, the opponents of the great Darwinian were few and far between, his last notable encounter having been with Gladstone on the subject of the Gadarene swine. No other champion of the swine has since come forward. Practically, the Church as an institution gave up the fight about evolution when it buried Darwin in Westminster Abbey. Such deaths as Huxley's are usually spoken of as irreparable. So they are, but only for a time. The giants of Science never die out. The battle of evolution is ended, but there are other fights to come, which will bring to the front other leaders.

Politicians are not to be left unaided in the coming contest. The poet is ready for a consideration to come to their help. One in particular has already issued his circular. I have seen it, quoted in a daily paper, and a very pleasant and joyous circular it is. "Please send me," he writes, "the name of the rival candidate and his views, and I will combat them seriously, fiercely, or satirically, or mixed, at one shilling per verse with a minimum sum of two shillings per each order." I like the impartiality of it. Whatever the views may be, the poet will combat them. Everything is for the worst in the worst of worlds. Yet to the opinion of the pessimist the poet adds—one more proof of his impartiality—the hope of the optimist. Everything is for the worst, but the poet does not despair of putting it right with a minimum sum of two shillings per each order. His generous impartiality as to views is only equalled by his impartiality as to style. Do you want it satirical? Then he will write it satirical. Do you prefer it mixed? He is equally ready to write it mixed. The only thing

to which he shows marked and unmistakable partiality is that minimum of two shillings.

"I can write," he proceeds, "an acrostic on the name of a candidate and turn him into ridicule." The marked quotation for the acrostic is not given, and it is certainly an offer which might make many candidates hesitate. What are they to do—how are they to go on living—if their rivals purchase one of these deadly acrostics upon them? Surely it would be better to purchase the entire and exclusive rights in the poet for the neighbourhood, even if it ran to as much as four and sixpence? Or would be safer so. Or if this expenditure appears too vast (and I have grave doubts whether his self-respect would allow the poet to give you all his English soul for less), then the candidate had better follow the dictates of reasonable caution and give up the thought of a Parliamentary career altogether. In fact, if this poet does not hold the whole political future of England in the hollow of his hand, so to speak, then who does? And yet the man who wields this tremendous power professes himself equally ready to write verses "at a low rate" on marriages, deaths, or the attainment of majority! The great are ever humble.

The circular pleases me because there is so much unconscious satire in it. I hardly know whether this unconscious satire hits harder the average poet or the average party politician—the despicable facility of the one or the despicable methods of campaign adopted by the other. True, the circular is, as it stands, a burlesque—an absurdity. Though its author boasts vaguely of testimonials from members of Parliament, clergymen, and others, I expect that those who send him his two shilling minimum will be few indeed. But even in these enlightened days a general election suggests a wide field for satire. If the circular is not genuine, it is certainly clever, but the satire loses some of its force from being intentional. I prefer to believe in the actual existence of that poet with the two-shilling minimum. He is so very lifelike that he certainly ought to be living. If he would make threepennyworths, I am not sure that I would not give him an order.

The other week I spoke of the power of imagination. A friend tells me that dogs are as much under its influence as men, and he has, in consequence, discovered a method by which a tender-hearted man can bring up his pup in the way it should go without unnecessary suffering to either party. My friend's method is to keep in his yard a big butter-tub and a thick stick. When his dog has misbehaved, he chains it up close to the tub, gives it a couple of cuts with the stick, scolds it energetically, and then sets to work to larrup the barrel. With every blow that falls upon the tub the dog howls and struggles. By the time my friend has worn himself out upon the barrel, the dog has received all the moral good that could have been afforded him by a thundering good whipping, and is repentant and conscience-stricken for the next three days. In fact, the imaginative animal fancies that he really has had a beating, and is as sorry for himself as if he had been half-killed. My friend's motto is "Spare the tub and spoil the dog." Being a kind man he hated the severity that is necessary to the training of animals, and his discovery has removed a great burden from his mind. He can punish his dog and immediately after sit down and enjoy his dinner, a thing that, in the old days, could not be thought of. He tells me that he has never found the plan miscarry, and he has tried it on dozens of dogs.

The editor of the *Nilgiri News* writes me from India, drawing my attention to the heroism of a couple of native gentlemen named Subramoney Iyer and Thirumalla Iyengar, who plunged into the benumbing waters of the Ooty lake, and rescued the occupants of a capsized boat. The *Nilgiri News* concludes its article upon the matter as follows: "We are sending copies of this and Tuesday's issue to the secretary of the Royal Humane Society in London, and to the editor of To-Day, who will, we are sure, be grateful to us for giving him probably the first opportunity of conferring a To-Day medal for pluck upon a Madras bred, mild but brave and resourceful, Hindu." I am having medals prepared, and I am sure they will go accompanied by the heartiest good-will of all subscribers to the Pluck Fund. It is pleasant for Englishmen to be able to stretch hands across the sea and grasp those of brave men. The Royal Humane Society have decided to leave the matter to To-Day, and therefore will not send a medal of their own. I mention this to let my Nilgiri friends know that there has been no indifference on the part of the Royal Humane Society towards the case. It was simply considered that, under the circumstances, there was no need for two medals for the same act.

Another medal I am having prepared for a little chap named Wilfred Chambers, of Lowestoft, who rescued a companion from drowning in Lowestoft Harbour. The rescued boy, Leader, could not swim, and little Chambers, who is only thirteen, had great difficulty in getting him into shallow water. I have to thank the editor of the *Norfolk Daily Standard*, and Mr. Frank Stebbings for assistance in this affair. The medal will be presented to young Chambers at a concert at Lowestoft, on July the 4th, by the Mayor.

I am sending a guinea from the fund (it should be more, but our resources are low) to a man named John Henry Thornton, who rescued a child from drowning in Lough Rynn. The child had sunk, and Thornton had to dive after her, and this with most of his clothes on. Another guinea I am sending to Stephen Bushell, of Glebe Street, Birmingham. Bushell was walking by the canal side, and came across some children bathing. One of them was sinking when Bushell, throwing off only his coat and vest, plunged in, and diving, brought the lad to the surface. Bushell was occupying himself with bringing the child to consciousness, when a little lad, looking on, burst out crying, "Oh, my brother!" Bushell asked, "What brother?" and the lad replied, "There's another in the water." Bushell again dived, and after a good deal of trouble, rescued the second boy.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Humphrey Thompson, jun., who was awarded a medal a few weeks ago: "Dear Sir,—I desire to thank you for the handsome bronze medal awarded to me by your Gallantry Fund for the rescue of a comrade on the ice at Yarm, in January. I shall prize it along with that awarded by the Royal Humane Society, all the days of my life."

Now, I must again worry my readers for funds, for our balance is almost exhausted; indeed, many deserving cases I have to shut my eyes to entirely, and take up only the exceptional ones. England is rich in gallant men, and, as it seems, in gallant children also, but she does not take much notice of them. I am sure every reader of To-Day sympathises with pluck, and if those among them who could afford it would only carry their sympathy and admiration to a practical point, we should have a fund that would be really useful. The other day the President of one of the Northern hospitals wrote me, asking me whether I could do anything for a poor fellow who had lost both his legs in saving some of his comrades engaged upon the Manchester Canal. It is hard that a man's life should be ruined by the doing of his duty, and that there should be no means of affording him the slightest adequate recognition or recompense. If this were a fund for interfering with somebody's pleasure, or making somebody's life miserable in some way or other, I should have to keep a couple of clerks to acknowledge subscriptions. I sincerely thank those who have helped, but I wish more would join us.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Mr. Richard Croker writes me from 9, Palace Gate as follows: "Your article regarding the death of one of my horses is certainly a great injustice to the jockey Simms. Here are the facts: Simms did not drive the horse on the day of its death. I drove the horse that died, Simms driving another of mine, and we both made the same time, which was an hour and five minutes into Cambridge from Newmarket. The horse was walked slowly back towards Newmarket, but died just before reaching there. The other horse returned in perfect condition. It was an English groom that drove him back towards Newmarket, under instructions to walk the horse. The animal has often made far better time. I investigated the case. On the way to Cambridge the horse lost a shoe, and I think a piece of flint caught in its hoof, causing lockjaw. The animal was re-shod in Cambridge, and appeared to be all right—the groom has since informed me. You are no doubt aware that the distance from Newmarket to Cambridge is about fourteen miles." As Mr. Colam has promised me to take up the case, and to thoroughly sift the facts, I make no comments at the present moment. Mr. Croker's letter does not tally with the information given me by others, and it will be to the advantage of the public that the affair shall be carefully inquired into.

M. D. writes me on the subject of child insurance: "As a medical man I know how easy it is to let infant life slide. As a coroner of nearly thirty years' experience I know how difficult it is to get sufficiently reliable evidence to ensure a conviction. I quite agree with you that something ought to be done to restrict the indiscriminate insurance of infants."

J. S.—Any medical man will give you all the information you require.

Next Week.—Yes, we do intend to issue a Summer Number. It will be out at the beginning of August, and will contain a complete romantic story by Anthony Hope, and other fiction by Jerome K. Jerome, Barry Pain, Keighley Snowden, Annie S. Swan, etc.

Had for Half-a-Crown congratulates the proprietors of a certain quack medicine on the way in which they worked the *Pall Mall Gazette* through its correspondence columns.

Lobster writes me:—"It seems utterly absurd that I, a young man, twenty-three, should not be able to enter into the most ordinary conversation with a stranger, or even a friend, without getting the colour of a lobster and exhibiting the most wretched signs of nervousness. I hate myself for it, but I cannot help it. Do what I will, I cannot help it. I think of nothing else but my miserable complaint, and the more I think of it the worse I am. What can I do?"—"Lobster" will find that he will get over this trouble, but the more he worries about it the longer it will remain with him. He must think as little about his complaint as possible, and take it cheerfully. Let him say to himself, "Well, I can't help it; I must blush, and there is an end of it." Let him joke about it himself, and save other people the trouble of doing it for him. The more he tries to cure himself the worse it will become. The moment he makes up his mind that he doesn't care a hang whether he blushes and stammers, or whether he doesn't, he will find that the complaint has disappeared. It is the result of nervousness and over self-consciousness. Let him also save his money, and avoid quack remedies. The men who pretend to cure blushing by drugs and pills live upon fools.

Smoker wishes me to draw attention to the percentage of smoking carriages on railways. "Although ninety-nine per cent.—the usual percentage in all matters—of the travelling public are smokers, I have never found more than one compartment in five set apart for smokers," writes my correspondent. This is so. The railway companies have been asleep for twenty years in this matter, and they are still under the impression that only a few abandoned males indulge in what in my young days used to be described as "the filthy and degrading habit of smoking."

W. B. G. draws my attention to three cases of Nonconformist narrowness; one, an attack by the Aylesbury Nonconformist Council upon the selling of Sunday papers; two, virtuous indignation on the part of Aylesbury Nonconformists concerning a half-crown raffle at a church bazaar; three, discussion by a Y.M.C.A. as to whether athletic sports should be indulged in by Christians. I do not think these young men need trouble themselves about the last point. As a rule, the class of Christian that forms the bulk of these societies has neither the capacity nor the desire for athletic sports.

Reader.—It was the R.S.P.C.A. that brought forward the case against Sheridan. Widow.—I do not quite understand the drift of your letter. What I do grasp I agree with, but I do not see to what point your other arguments tend. D. W. (Huddersfield).—The recitation you refer to is to be found in "Three Men in a Boat." Working Woman.—Your letter gave me great pleasure. F. G. T.—I generally try to avoid topics that are thoroughly well thrashed out in other papers. It is a waste of energy for everybody to tackle the same log.

Madras.—In answer to your query, presumably a divorced wife's sister is not under any further disabilities with regard to marriage than a deceased wife's sister, and I find that marriage with the latter is legal in Ceylon and in the Australian Colonies, having been legalised by the Statutes quoted below (such marriages are legal in Ceylon, though I am unable to quote the Statute):—New South Wales, 39 Vic., No. 20; New Zealand, 1880, No. 57; Victoria, 54 Vic., No. 1,166. Of course I must point out that such a match entered into between parties who had only a temporary domicile, and not a permanent one, in such colonies, would not be a legal marriage for purposes of English law, and the issue of such marriage would be considered illegitimate acccording to the said law.

F. R.—Will you kindly quote me the rule you depend upon to prove that a sentence contained within dashes can never be a complement to the chief sentence? I have never come across such a rule myself.

S. P. (Hanley).—Institutions, as individuals, have their birth, life, and death. Party government is falling into its dotage, and, I am convinced, will soon expire. Whether the new order of things will be any improvement remains for our grandchildren to see. I thank you for all the kind things you say about To-Day.

Frank Stebbings, with reference to the medal sent for presentation to young Chambers, writes as follows:—"I am sure you have done an action worthy of To-Day, and I thank you personally for so doing. A reward like this to one so young is apt to make such an impression on a youth, that the direct or indirect result of it can be observed in his actions when arrived at manhood."

A. A. P.—I really cannot see any objection to a fine of ten shillings being inflicted upon a man convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Indeed, it seems to me rather a slight penalty. You say that in town the punishment inflicted is less. I would suggest that the town magistrates should increase their scale of fines to the much more reasonable figure dealt out in the country. A man who cannot drink without getting drunk deserves to go to jail.

C. B.—I have already referred to the action of the Lord's Day Rest Association in advertising me as having expressed myself averse to Sunday travelling. To me it seems a pity that more people do not take advantage of the Sunday to go by rail out of the noisy town into the peaceful country, and secure a little fresh air and rest. It is the common dodge of faddists to concoct authorities in support of their folly.

Edwin R. Londen writes me as follows:—"Dear Sir,—If a tenth of the world's editors had your courage—or, better still, the *good heart* that underlies all your literary work — the world would be the better. There is in France and Spain a society of young men who do an enormous amount of good to poor people without making any fuss about it. It is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and has a religious basis. Now, if it be not an impertinence to suggest extra and *un*profitable work to a man already up to his neck in practical sympathy for those who need it, I should like to ask you—by means of your heart and now powerful pen—to organise something of the sort in England—on purely *secular* lines. The work will entail *much* self-sacrifice in many directions. It will also help to brighten many dreary lives—that's all. The leading principle is 'individual effort,' the leading motive—kindness. I am perfectly certain

that there are thousands of pure-minded young men wishful to do good, and having spare time, who are willing to sacrifice pleasure sometimes or even money."

Here follow the suggested rules: The brotherhood of "those who love their fellow-men" (ladies included!). Every member must *promise* on his word of honour—

"1. That he will do his best for anybody he is able to help practically, no matter how. 2. That he will make it his special business to interest himself in, say, three poor families to whom he is able to be of real use. 3. That he will do his good work unostentatiously, and, as far as possible, on systematic lines—for blind charity may be more harmful than aught else. 4. That in carrying sunshine to other people he will not leave shadows at home. 5. That while not mistaking every goose for a swan he will treat every lass as a queen, even be she a gutter princess. 6. That whatever his religion or irreligion may be, he will leave unshaken the faith of other people, and particularly avoid hurting their feelings in any way. 7. That as far as it is physically possible he will live purely—but let him wallow in sensuality rather than be a priggish prude."

My first idea, I confess, was to pooh-pooh the letter. I have little faith in societies, and would rather that each man made his own rules, and lived his own life. But on subsequent reading the thing grew on me, and I felt inclined to let it, as Mr. Londen says, take its chance. Such a society might not live for long—it might die out with the generation that started it; but it could not fail to do good so long as it lasted, and it might assist in spreading the seeds of fine ideals. Undoubtedly the weaker among us gain strength by mutual support and encouragement. It might appeal to the young whose enthusiasms are not dead, whose lives are still in their own hands.

C. W.—You must argue from the whole and not from a corner. If families were limited one or two useful people might fail to squeeze into the world; an equal number of villains would remain uncreated, and the one would balance the other. I am not sure that any of us are particularly wanted, and I am certain that there are too many of us.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

HOW TO BECOME A CELEBRITY AT HOME.

I have had a set of letters placed in my hands exactly as they were received from the editor of a certain magazine published in London. The letters explain themselves, and the first one is as follows:—

"If you will kindly favour me by allowing me the honour of interviewing you by letter, I will forward a set of questions for you to answer under the heading 'Our Examinations,' in my next issue."

The next letter reveals the mind of the business man.

"I have given myself the pleasure of submitting a set of questions for you to answer. If you would like to have two dozen copies for personal use I should be glad to let you have them for £2 3s. 0d."

Two dozen copies of a magazine for forty-three shillings are at the rate of one shilling and ninepence-halfpenny each. It is evident from the next letter received that this editor soon repented of his bargain.

"Thank you very much for your answers. I should be glad to know how many copies I may reserve for you at two shillings each. I always like to get this little matter settled as early as possible."

This last sentence is quaint, but it failed to have the desired effect, as the next letter shows—

"It will be quite impossible to insert your interview unless you agree to the terms of my previous letter. Please think the matter over. I am sure it will be a good chance for you, and well worth the little extra expense. Awaiting your further reply."

Apparently my correspondent did not "think it well worth the little extra expense," for in reply to his letter he received the following:—

"I have not got sufficient time to argue the matter with you, so have placed your interview in the waste-paper basket, together with your letter."

If any of my readers would care to invest in a little temporary fame at a cheap rate, I shall be happy to forward them the name and address of the journal referred to.

COMEDY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8.20, a Comedy, in three acts, entitled

"THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

BY JEROME K. JEROME
AND
EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Mr. Cyril Maude,
Mr. Arthur Playfair,
Mr. W. T. Lovell,
Mr. Ernest Leicester,
Mr. Edward Righton.

Miss Lena Ashwell,
Miss Alice Mansfield,
Miss Ettie Williams,
and
Miss Fanny Brough.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in the "SATURDAY REVIEW" says: "'The Prude's Progress' is a shrewd, good-natured, clever Cockney play (Mr. Jerome will not think me foolish enough to use cockney as a term of disparagement), interesting and amusing all through, with pleasantly credible characters and pleasantly incredible incidents, ending happily but not fatuously, so that there is no sense of facts shirked on the one hand, nor of problems stage-solved on the other. The play, from which, thanks to its unattractive name, not much was expected, won its way, and was very favourably received."

"WOMAN" says: "The play seems to recall our old friends, 'Our Boys,' and 'Sweet Lavender.' We have a good old-fashioned love story, a true touch of human nature, and plenty of genuine, wholesome fun."

The "LIVERPOOL POST" says: "There has not been so pretty a play seen for years."

The "DAILY NEWS" says: "The authors of 'The Prude's Progress' brought out at the reopening of the Comedy Theatre last night, were successful in awaking roars of laughter, and we are bound to say that their triumph was won by perfectly legitimate means. The several threads of interest are so cleverly interwoven, the comic situations are involved so easily and in such rapid succession, and the development gives prominence to so many amusing types of character, that the interest is sustained throughout, and even increases as the dénouement is approaching."

The "MORNING ADVERTISER" says: "The new venture at the Comedy Theatre promises to be a highly successful one, as 'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy in three acts, by Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts, produced last night abounds with humour that is delightfully fresh. 'The Prude's Progress' met with the full approval of the audience, and the authors were loudly called for."

The "MORNING POST" says: "It is better to regard 'The Prude's Progress' as an addition to the fairly long list of pleasant stage fairy tales, beginning, let us say, with 'Our Boys,' and including such works as 'The Old Jew' of Mr. Grundy. A great merit is that it is not only pleasant but wholesome. The first act certainly provides one of the prettiest little bits of quiet sentiment that I have seen for a long time. There is little doubt that the comedy will find plenty of favour."

The "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" says: "There is at least an honest ring about the sentiment, a wholesome flavour about the love adventures of good-natured little Adam Cherry, which serve to render the tale something more than palatable."

The "STAR" says: "The entertainment will, I am sure, give innocent pleasure to a very large number of playgoers."

The "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" says: "The reception of the play was very favourable, and everyone was called."

The "GLOBE" says: "This is as much as needs to be told of a play, the action of which, though simple, is sympathetic throughout, which is written with some subtlety and much smartness and humour, and won last night a conspicuous success. To this an admirable interpretation largely contributed. The whole, which was received with laughter and delight, constitutes a healthy, brisk, and stimulating entertainment."

The "SUN" says: "'The Prude's Progress,' a comedy of the Robertsonian style, was produced at the Comedy Theatre last night, and the reception was such as to cause the authors to flatter themselves they have made a success. The play, as a matter of fact, is thoroughly interesting, and contains just sufficient humour to make tears glisten."

The "BROOKLYN TIMES" says: "It forced applause from an audience not all inclined to enthusiasm, because of its own decided cleverness."

The "NEW YORK PRESS" says: "One of the most delightful performances of the theatrical season. Laughter was interrupted only by applause. The wit is bright, epigrammatic, and, except in one instance, unconscious. The personages are clearly and naturally drawn, the incidents are amusing and easily led up to, the interest is steadily cumulative, and from one curtain to the other there are no dull moments."

The "NEW YORK WORLD" says: "A play which must delight and charm the judicious spectator, jaded with the constant succession of 'effects' which retain neither the modesty nor the truth of nature. Its contrasts of character are good, its humour buoyant, its wit sparkling, and its climaxes are reached rather through the natural developments of the situations than through bustling action. . . . It is a constant delight to witness it."

The "NEW YORK RECORDER" says: "A play of strong interest and with much that appeals to the heart as well as to the mind, and which never lags for an instant through its three acts."

The "NEW YORK EVENING WORLD" says: "I should recommend all those who enjoy pure comedy to see it. It sparkles with wit, and tells a bright and amusing story."

The "NEW YORK HERALD" says: "Received with much laughter and applause. It is simply a very amusing, well-written comedy."

The "BOSTON POST" says: "The text is unusually brilliant and full of good points; the situations are verbal rather than of the conventional type of dodging in and out of imaginary rooms, and the action is lively and full of spirit, but not sufficiently rapid to weary the audience. There is a thread of pathos, too. It is, withal, a charming comedy."

The "CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN" says: "This is one of the most enjoyable, interesting and unhackneyed plays the season has brought forth. It is bright and delightful in graceful originality, written with great literary care and fine poetic sensibility, and character appreciation and was constructed with great dramatic skill, though with cheerful and cheering disregard of time-staled conventionalities. It gives one's play-deadened nerves a thrill of pleasure to come under the influence of an author now and then who, with taste, discretion and judgment to arouse sentiment to the right degree of sympathy, has the aristic courage to end a scene without a distinct situation."

LOHMANN'S RETURN.

Not to mention the sense of loss that pervaded every-one on hearing that his health had broken down, many and various have been the rumours touching Lohmann's future intentions. The great bowler's alleged determination to "give up first-class cricket and settle in Australia" has been wittily characterised by a recent writer as "not altogether a complimentary way of putting it." No excuse is perhaps necessary, at this time of year, for the following tables, showing his batting and bowling performances (first-class) since his active participation in "good company" eleven summers ago. Seeing that he was greatest as bowler, we will take his bowling figures first :—

	Overs.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.
1884	218	116	293	18
1885	1,131	518	1,811	106
1886	1,715	809	24,25	160
1887	16,34	737	2,494	154
1888	1,649	783	2,280	209
1889	1,614	646	2,714	202
1890	1,759	737	2,998	220
1891	1,189	445	2,065	177
1892	1,213	431	2,316	151
	12,122	5,222	19,306	1,397

which works out at an average cost of only thirteen runs and a fraction for every wicket taken.

"When I make runs I make them quickly," Lohmann once said to an interviewer; and he spoke the truth. There was never anything of the "barn-door" style about Lohmann. But let his nine seasons' batting speak for themselves:

	Completed Innings.	Total Runs.	Highest Score.
1884	14	271	69
1885	28	877	92
1886	31	728	107
1887	33	844	115
1888	39	628	80
1889	36	557	79
1890	43	832	57
1891	35	809	61
1892	31	557	73
	293	5,702	

—that is to say, every time he went to the wickets he was liable to make twenty runs.

During Lohmann's last season or two it appears to have dawned upon the Surrey captain that his great bowler was also a very great batsman indeed. At all events, Mr. Shuter departed from his custom of sending G. A. L. in seventh or eighth, and frequently altered the arrangement to first, or first wicket down, with the best results. It is not too much to say that only three men have ever lived who were worthy to be classed with Lohmann as all-round cricketers—viz., W. G. Grace, George Giffen, and A. G. Steel.

He has always cherished a passionate love of the game. For this reason he was rarely known to bowl for wickets, but, by closely studying every batsman's methods, would "pander to his taste," until he got him out. He had a rare facility for sending down an occasional ball, quite unexpectedly, that completely beat the batsman. Nor must mention be omitted of his magnificent fielding, some of his catches at short-slip, not to speak of his dexterous "c and b," being truly marvellous. He toured through Australia more than once with splendid success.

I have been highly amused to note that no fewer than three well-known Surrey cricketers severally claim the honour of having first discovered and promptly "annexed" Lohmann's wonderful powers. The names of these gentlemen are Walter Read, John Shuter, and C. W. Alcock; and each man's story invariably begins something like this: "I was looking out of the pavilion window after the So-and-so match one evening, when I saw a young fellow at the nets," etc. After all, what does it matter who "discovered" him?

CLUB CHATTER.

My labours in a certain direction would be considerably lightened if only Englishmen generally would adopt the view of an American sea-captain in regard to the use of clothes. His ideas are, that the wearing of clothes to the extent usually adopted in civilised countries is responsible for more than half of the ills that flesh is heir to. His notion of a rational dress is supplied by a photograph, in which he appears in low shoes, bare legs, a vest, and a pair of elongated bathing drawers—in fact, the costume adopted by a professional cyclist. In this scant costume he has dared all sorts of weathers and climates.

The conclusion that dress was responsible for the weakness of the white as compared with the strength of the savage, was forced upon him when in Terra del Fuego, where he saw both men and women working in the snow in a practically nude state, and yet enjoying perfect health, and possessing a splendid physique. At that time he was marked as a victim for consumption—a disease that had carried off his brothers. He reasoned that the wearing of clothes was responsible for setting up the artificial heat of the body, which gave the opportunity for the contraction of colds, and by degrees he reduced and reduced his garments till he brought himself to his present semi-nude state.

His reward has been an invigorated constitution, and the elimination of the dreaded consumption. That there is something in the theory, as applied to an ordinary mortal, is shown by his wife's opinion, for she has adopted a similar kind of dress—with, naturally, certain restrictions—and shares her husband's wanderings. Possibly, we do dress too much; I fancy we do. We expose ourselves to the cold night air in evening dress and a light overcoat, and yet we wear clothes of more solid material during the day. The Highlander goes about with bare knees in cold weather, and we swaddle ourselves with the warmest underclothing, and in nine cases out of ten the soldier is exposed to heavier trials in lighter clothing than the ordinary mortal. Yet they are stronger, and live to a greater age than the majority of us, in spite of the advantage we enjoy in food, drink, and housing.

I remember, in the bitterest cold of last winter, frequently meeting a strange-looking man, who was dressed in much the same fashion as suggested by the American. He looked well and healthy—not particularly happy, I grant, because he was always the leader of a gang of interested and disrespectful urchins. It made one cold to look at him, and yet he appeared by no means inconvenienced by the climate. What his object was I do not know, but I should not be at all surprised if it was our friend, the American theorist, for there is a striking resemblance in the photograph. There are other reasons that lead me to the belief that we dress too much, and they are supplied by jockeys and cycling racers. In the thinnest of clothes, with a constitution weakened by fasting, the jockey faces all weathers even in the dead of winter; and a cyclist, covered with clothes that could be stowed away in his trousers' pocket, enters on a twenty-four hours' race, faces all changes of the atmosphere, and gets off simply tired, while we who have been heavily dressed have in the meantime caught colds in the usual fashion. The American goes it a little too far, but in the main I am sure he is right.

A correspondent, who signs himself "A Working Man," congratulates me on my remarks last week on the British Sunday. He tells me that his work compels him to give up all notion of a treat of fresh air during the week, and on Sunday he is debarred from any but the most threadbare specimen of relaxation. On a

river steamboat he is charged extra fares, in the parks he is rated at and ranted at; he is thrown out of the public-house, where he might spend an hour or so of the weary day with a companion, and compelled to walk the dusty streets; and generally he considers Sunday a day of rest from rational enjoyment only. The County Council, he suggests, should use their best endeavours to get the railway companies to run a series of working men's trains in the early hours of the morning to the easily reached resorts.

This last request is possibly making a big demand on the companies, who already make large concessions; but still, I am sure, they would do it if they were not out of pocket, and their ordinary traffic was not disarranged. I believe that half the discontent of the working classes is due to the poverty of Sunday pleasure. They say very naturally, "Well, here's a pretty sort of reward for a week's work! Can't go to a picture gallery, can't get a drink, can't afford to get out of town like the guv'nor; charged extra on the Thames, Salvation Army band spoils all chance of a nap; if this is all that can be done for us it's time we had a hand in the matter." So they go to Hyde Park and curse every existing institution freely and promiscuously. Give your working man a chance of a pleasant day in the fields, and your demagogues would constitute their own audiences. The French worker, who is twice as simple and three times as inclined to revolution as his English brother, would ridicule the idea of giving up his Sunday to public demonstrating. He does all that on a few wet evenings, and gets there all the same.

"What mortal his own doom may guess!" "By the last mail," writes a correspondent, "I received a letter from a son of mine in the old 47th Foot, dated Poona, 30th May. Here is an extract: 'There were some gymkhana races the other day. We did rather well; two out of three regimental ponies entered won. Some fellows have more than their share of luck. Gabb, of the 2nd Bo. Lancers, bought a pony for Rs. 450, and after winning about Rs. 10,000 in stakes, and a lot more in bets, sold him for Rs. 10,000.' To-day's *Morning Post* has the following item of intelligence: 'A Reuter's telegram from Bombay says that Captain C. W. W. Gabb, of the Indian Staff Corps, who for two years acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Harris, died at Poona yesterday morning in consequence of injuries sustained at polo.'"

I have been asked by Mr. A. E. Peel, of Sheffield, for information respecting "the celebrated Landseer Newfoundland dog," as to whether it is living or dead, and what a pup from it would be worth. I think my correspondent has been misinformed. A Landseer Newfoundland is simply a black-and-white Newfoundland. They were named after the celebrated artist because of his fondness for the breed. A good pup would be worth anything from ten pounds upwards, according to its points. A perfect specimen would be much more valuable, while I have no doubt a weedy little pup could be picked up for a fiver.

We hear a lot about the glorious uncertainties of horse racing, but I think the breeding and rearing of valuable show dogs could beat it. You may have litter after litter of average good dogs, and not one amongst them will ever be a "flyer." Of course, when you have bred a tip-top one he well repays all the time and trouble devoted to his production. There is a fox-terrier going the round of the shows now, named "Claude Duval." He has won a number of prizes, and will probably win many more, and be a splendid success at the stud. The little dog must be worth nearly his weight in gold, for I know that a tremendous offer for him was refused. But even these prices are beaten by the winnings of a certain successful collie who, with his stud fees and show winnings, brings in the respectable income of £700 a year to his owner.

Not content with winning numerous races with his horses, the Prince of Wales is doing remarkably well with his yacht, the *Britannia*. The sailing of the Prince's vessel and the *Ailsa* is puzzling the yachting experts considerably. In the Mediterranean, the *Ailsa* proved herself to be the better yacht, and more than one expert was of the opinion that fifteen minutes would not bring the two together over a sixty miles course. Now the *Britannia* is defeating the *Ailsa* day by day.

With the paddock at Sandown so crowded, and everyone appearing to be anxious to discover the names of the various horses parading, it was wonderful no one received serious injury from the hoofs of one of the thoroughbreds. The boys in charge were besieged with inquiries. Some replied very graciously, others gabbled out some unearthly name, whilst several remained silent. I hope the day is not far distant when owners will have the names of their horses painted on the saddle-cloths.

It was inevitable that sooner or later Mr. Gladstone would have something to say about the Anti-gambling freak, and he has now given it his support by calling betting "impious." As a Cruden's Concordance is not a conspicuous feature in my library, I cannot recall for the moment any divine dictum against gaming, so I must let the question of piety pass. I am certainly glad that Mr. Gladstone has expressed a direct opinion, because we shall shortly have the opportunity of getting his explanation with reservations, and then both sides, with the aid of a little sophistry, will have his support. Mr. Gladstone, to my knowledge, never made a direct statement without subsequently making it conditional, as the Local Veto incident recently showed.

Meanwhile the Sporting League show that they mean business in the coming election, and their series of questions to candidates will have to be answered definitely. There is just now a sporting boom of no mean order throughout the country. Dr. Grace started it, Lord Rosebery followed by securing the Derby, and the Prince of Wales put on the final touches by winning with Florizel II., and afterwards supplying the probable winner of next year's Derby. But I hope that it is to be no party question about sport. Let Liberals and Unionists alike join in putting a stop to this quaint interference crusade. The claim that other sports flourish without the attraction of gaming, is a child's answer. How many people would go to Lord's this week, if in the 'Varsity match there was an interval of twenty minutes between each half-dozen overs? Where the interest is sustained, as in the case of cricket, football, golf, and numerous other games, there is no need for betting. But with racing it is inevitable, and without it racing is as dead as a door nail.

When the mother of M. Max Lebaudy sought to throw his fortune into Chancery until he had arrived at years of greater discretion, his advocate urged a plea on his behalf that decided the French Tribunal in his favour. He contended that the Government had no right to interest itself in the preservation of colossal fortunes, and contended that the racecourse was an important economic factor in helping to dissipate them for the benefit of the community. Here the French show their wisdom. What would become of half the fashionable tailors and costumiers, the livery stable keepers, the restaurateurs, and how would the dividends of the railway companies stand, if to-morrow betting ceased and with it racing? It is the wealthy man that keeps the race meetings going. His thousands change from hand to hand, and a lot of his money filters back to the workers. The Sporting League hold a strong

hand, and their campaign will influence thousands of votes.

I AM glad to hear that Mr. Frank Shorland is rapidly recovering from the attack of diphtheria that laid him low in the North.

THE Oxford and Cambridge match has every appearance of proving quite as great a social success as ever, but from a cricket point of view some of the interest looks like being taken out of it by the fact of Oxford's undoubted superiority. The trial matches make out Oxford to be a very strong side at all points, there being plenty of batting, four average bowlers, and good fielding all through. The victories over Yorkshire, Somerset and Kent were brought about by admirable all-round cricket, and as a captain, Mr. G. J. Mordaunt has shown himself an excellent judge of the game. Not only is he a thoroughly capable leader, but he is in the very front rank of amateur batsmen, and as a fieldsman sets his side a most brilliant example.

IT is, of course, never safe to prophesy in connection with such an uncertain game as cricket, but should Cambridge prove victorious at Lord's it will be a complete upset of public form. The Light Blues have done one or two good things, among them being the single inning's victory over the Marylebone Club at Cambridge, when Mr. N. F. Druce played an innings of 199 not out, but the merit of this performance was sadly discounted by the feeble exhibition against Walter Humphrey's lobs at Brighton, and the manner in which the batting broke down before Attewell, Davidson, and Geeson in the game against the Marylebone Club at Lord's last week.

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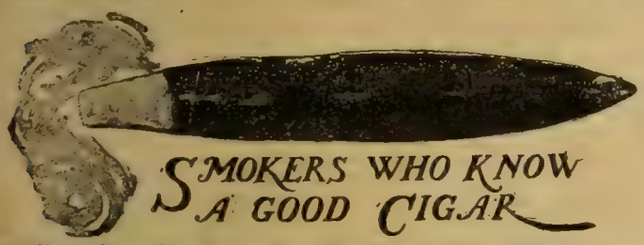

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As a captain Mr. Mordaunt is far more fortunate than his Cambridge rival, Mr. W. G. Druce, in having plenty of material to select from, and it was a significant fact that while Mr. Mordaunt had definitely picked his side nearly a week before the great match at Lord's, Mr. W. G. Druce, after the close of the last trial game, only gave six men as being certain of their colours.

It is singular how often the match between Middlesex and Lancashire, played in Lancashire, produces a keen and exciting struggle. Last year, at Liverpool, Middlesex won the match by one wicket, the last hit—made by J. T. Hearne—pitching into the enclosure, and going over the head of the fieldsman at square leg. Last week it seemed quite possible that the same result would be repeated, but this time Middlesex gained their victory by three wickets, though they might have had to work harder at the finish but for a shower of rain on Saturday morning, which considerably handicapped the Lancashire bowlers. In both years, Middlesex owed a good deal to the plucky and determined hitting of Mr. Macgregor in the last innings, the famous wicket-keeper succeeding when more trusted batsmen could do very little.

The other morning, at Lord's, I had the pleasure of watching for a few minutes Mr. C. T. Studd batting at the nets, and as he has been two or three times at headquarters lately, I should think it is quite likely he may be induced to take part in a match or two. Everyone would be delighted to see him again in the cricket field, as few men have attained prominence in so short a space of time. He cut his career short at a very early age, by going out to China as a missionary, but if he chooses, he has plenty of time yet for cricket, as he will not be thirty-five until the middle of next September.

In his day there was no more finished or stylish batsman, and those who had the good fortune to be present, will never forget his remarkable innings at Cambridge in 1882, when he scored 118 on the first occasion of his meeting the Australian bowlers, and had the honour of being on the side that first lowered the colours of the Australian team of that year.

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Lord Cadogan's appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has been favourably commented upon in racing circles. His lordship has been a prominent figure on the Turf for many years, and was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1882. His lordship's horses at present are under the charge of J. Waugh at Newmarket. They are just now not a very bright lot, the best probably being Court Ball.

It is worthy of notice that the last three Lord-Lieutenants have been well-known sportsmen. Lord Londonderry has a nice stud of horses in George Dawson's stable, and during his term of office won several good prizes in Ireland. Lord Houghton's horses are also looked after by G. Dawson. The Major.

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BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CRISIS.

WHEN the grey dawn, to which so many looked forward, broke slowly over the waking city, it found on the leads of Froment's tower some pale faces; perhaps some sinking hearts. That hour, when all life lacks colour, and all things, the sky excepted, are black to the eye, tries a man's courage to the uttermost; as the cold wind that blows with it scorches his body. Eyes that an hour before had sparkled over the wine—for we had sat late, and drunk to the King, the Church, the Red Cockade, and M. d'Artois—grew thoughtful; men who, a little before, had shown flushed faces, shivered as they peered into the mist, and drew their cloaks more closely round them; and if the man was there, who regarded the issue of the day with perfect indifference, he was not of those near me.

Froment had preached faith, but the faith for the most part was down in the street. There, I have no doubt, were many who believed and were ready to rush on death, or slay without pity. And there may have been one or two of these with us. But in the main, the men who looked down with me on Nîmes that morning were hardy adventurers or local followers of Froment, or officers whose regiments had dismissed them, or—but these were few—gentlemen, like St. Alais. All brave men, and some heated with wine; but not Froment only had heard of Favras hung, of de Launay massacred, of provost Flesselles shot in cold blood! Others beside him could make a guess at the kind of vengeance this strange new creature La Nation might take, being outraged: and so, when the long-expected dawn appeared at last, and warmed the eastern clouds, and leaping across the sea of mist which filled the Rhone valley, tinged the western peaks with rosy light, and found us watching, I saw no face among all the light fell on that was not serious, not one but had some haggard, wan, or careworn touch to mark it mortal.

Save only Froment's. He, be the reason what it might, showed as the light rose a countenance not merely resolute, but cheerful. Abandoning the solitary habit he had maintained all night, he came forward to the battlements overlooking the town, and talked and even jested, rallying the faint-hearted, and taking success for granted. I have heard his enemies say that he did this because it was his nature, and he could not help it; because his vanity raised him not only above the ordinary passions of men, but above fear; because in the conceit of acting his part to the admiration of all, he forgot that it was more than a part, and tried all fortunes and ran all risks with as little emotion as the actor who portrays the Cid, or takes poison in the part of Mithradates.

But this seems to me to amount to no more than saying that he was not only a very vain, but a very brave man. And I admit it. No one, indeed, who saw him that morning could doubt it; or that of a million he was the man best fitted to command in such an emergency; resolute, undoubting, even gay, he reversed no orders, expressed no fears. When the mist rolled away—a little after four—and let the smiling plain be seen, and the city and the hills, and when from the direction of the Rhone the first harsh jangle of bells smote the ear and stilled the lark's song, he turned to his following with an air almost joyous.

"Come, gentlemen," he said gaily, and with head erect. "Let us be stirring! They must not say that we lie close and fear to show our heads abroad; or, having set others moving, are backward ourselves—like the tonguesters and dreamers of their knavish assembly, who, when they would take their King, set women in the front rank to take the danger also! Allons, Messieurs! They brought him from Versailles to Paris. We will escort him back! And, to-day, we take the first step!"

Enthusiasm is of all things the most contagious. A murmur of assent greeted his words; eyes that a moment before had been dull enough, grew bright. "A bas les Traîtres!" cried one. "A bas le Tricolor!" another.

Froment raised his hand for silence. "No, Monsieur," he said quickly. "On the contrary, we will have a tricolour of our own. Vive le Roi! Vive la Foi! Vive la Loi! Vivent les Trois!

The conceit took. A hundred voices shouted "Vivent les Trois!" in chorus. The words were taken up on lower roofs and at windows, and in the streets below; until they passed noisily away, after the manner of file-firing, into the distance.

Froment raised his hat gallantly. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "In the King's name, in His Majesty's name, I thank you. Before we have done, the Atlantic shall hear that cry, and La Manche re-echo it! And the Rhone shall release what the Seine has taken! To Nîmes and to you, all France looks this day. For freedom! for freedom to live—shall knaves and scriveners strangle her? For freedom to pray—they rob God, and defile His temples! For freedom to walk abroad—the King of France is a captive. Need I say more?"

"No! No!" they cried, waving hats and swords. "No! No!"

"Then I will not," he answered hardily. "I will use no more words! But I will show that here at least, at Nîmes at least, God and the King are honoured, and their servants are free! Give me your escort, gentlemen, and we will walk through the town and visit the King's posts, and see if any here dare cry, 'A bas le Roi!'"

They answered with a roar of assent and menace that shook the very tower; and instantly trooping to the ladder, began to descend by it to the roof of the house, and so to the staircase. Sitting on the battlements of the tower, I watched them pass in a long stream across the leads below, their hilts and buckles glittering in the sunshine, their ribands waving in the breeze, their voices sharp and high. I thought them, as I watched, a gallant company; the greater part were young, and all had a fine air; and not without sympathy I saw them vanish one by one in the head of the staircase, by which I had ascended. One half had disappeared when I felt a

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touch on my arm, and found Froment, the last to leave, standing by my side.

"You will stay here, Monsieur," he said, in an undertone of meaning, his eyes lowered to meet mine, "and if the worst happens, I need not charge you to look to Mademoiselle."

"Worst or best, I will look to her," I answered.

"Thanks," he said, his lip curling, and an ugly light for an instant flashing in his eyes. "But in the latter case I will look to her myself. Don't forget, that if I win, we have still to talk, Monsieur!"

"And yet, God grant you may win!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"You have faith in your swordsmanship?" he said, with a slight sneer; and then, in a different tone, "No, Monsieur, it is not that. It is that you are a French gentleman. And as such I leave Mademoiselle to your care without a qualm. God keep you!"

"And you," I said. And I saw him go after the others.

It was then about five o'clock. The sun was up, and the tower-roof, left silent in my sole possession, seemed so near the sky, seemed so bright and peaceful and still, with the stillness of the early morning which is akin to innocence, that I looked about me dazed. I stood on a different plane from that of the world below, whence the roar of greeting that hailed Froment's appearance came up harshly. Another shout followed and another, that drove the affrighted pigeons in a circling cloud high above the roofs; and then the wave of sound began to roll away, moving with an indescribable note of menace southward through the city. And I remained alone on my tower, raised high above the strife.

BRINGING UP POWDER.

Alone, and with time to think; and to think some grim thoughts. Where now was the sweet union of which half the nation had been dreaming for weeks? Where the millennium of peace and fraternity to which Father Benoît, and the Syndics of Giron and Vlais, had looked forward? And the abolition of divisions? And the rights of man? And the other ten thousand blessings that philosophers and theorists had undertaken to create—the nature of man notwithstanding—their systems once adopted? Ay, where? From all the smiling country round came the clanging of importunate bells. From the streets below rose the sounds of riot and triumph. Along this or that road, winding ribbon-like across the plain, hurried little flocks of men—now seen for the first time—with glittering arms; and last and worst— when some half-hour had elapsed, and I still watched—from a distant suburb westward boomed out a sudden volley, and then dropping shots. The pigeons still wheeled, in a shining, shifting cloud above the roofs, and the sparrows twittered round me, and on the tower, and on the roof below, where a few domestics clustered, all was sunshine and quiet and peace. But down in the streets there I knew that death was at work.

Still, for a time, I felt little excitement. It was early in the day; I expected no immediate issue; and I listened almost carelessly, following the train of thought I have traced, and gloomily comparing the scene of strife with the brilliant promises of a few months before. But little by little the anxiety of the servants who clustered on the roof below, infected me. I began to listen more acutely; and to fancy that the tide of conflict was rolling nearer that the cries and shots came more quickly and sharply to the ear. At last, in a place near the barracks, and not far off, I distinguished little puffs of light white smoke rising above the roofs, and twice a rattling volley in the same quarter shook the windows. Then in one of the streets immediately below me, the whole length of which was visible, I saw people running — running towards me.

I called to the servants to know what it was.

"They are attacking the arsenal, Monsieur," one answered.

"Who?" I said.

But he only shrugged his shoulders and looked out more intently. I followed his example, but for a time nothing happened; then on a sudden, as if a door were opened, that hitherto had shut off the noise, a babel of shouts burst out below me, and a great crowd entered the nearer end of the street, and pouring along it with loud cries and brandished arms—and a crucifix and a little body of monks in the middle—swirled away round the farthest corner, and was gone. For some time, however, I could hear the burden of their cries, and trace it towards the barracks, whence the crackle of musketry came at intervals; and I concluded that it was a reinforcement, and that Froment had sent for it. And then, looking down, I saw that half the servants, below me, had vanished, and that figures were beginning to skulk about the streets hitherto deserted; and I began to tremble. The crisis had come sooner than I had thought.

I called to one of the men and asked him where the ladies were.

He looked up at me with a pale face. "I don't know, Monsieur," he answered rapidly; and he looked away again.

"They are below?"

But he was watching too intently to answer, and only shook his head impatiently. I was unwilling to leave my place on the roof, and I called to him to take my compliments to Madame St. Alais and ask her to ascend. It semed strange that she had not done so, for women are not generally lacking in the desire to see.

But the man was too frightened to think of anyone but himself—I fancy he was one of the cooks—and he did not move; while his companions only cried, "Presently, presently, Monsieur!"

At that, however, I lost my temper; and, going to the ladder, I ran down it, and strode towards them. "You rascals" I cried. "Where are the ladies?"

One or two turned to me with a start. "Pardon, Monsieur?"

"Where are the ladies?" I repeated impatiently.

"Ah! I did not understand!" the nearest answered, glibly. "Gone to the church to pray, Monsieur.'

"To the church?"

"To be sure. By the Capuchins."

"And they are not here?"

"No, Monsieur," he answered, his eyes straying. "But—what is that?"

And, diverted by something, he skipped nimbly from me, his cheek a shade paler. I followed him to the parapet, and looked over. The view was not so wide as from the tower above, but the main street leading westward could be seen, and it was full of people; of scattered groups and handfuls, all coming towards us, some running, at an easy pace, while others walked quickly, four or five abreast, and often looked behind them.

The servants never doubted what it meant. In a trice the group broke up. With a muttered "We are beaten!" they ran pell-mell across the sunny leads to the head of the staircase, and began to descend. I waited awhile, looking and fearing; but the stream of fugitives even continued and increased, the pace grew quicker, the last comers looked more frequently behind them and handled their arms, the din of conflict, of yells, and cries, and shots seemed to be approaching; and in a moment I made up my mind to act. The staircase was clear now; I ran quickly down it as far as the door on the upper floor, by which I had entered the house that evening before. I tried this, but recoiled; the door was locked. With a cry of annoyance, my haste growing feverish—for now in the darkness of the staircase, I was in ignorance what was happening, and pictured the worst—I went on, descending round and round, until I reached the cloister-like hall, at the bottom.

I found this choked with men, armed, grim-faced, and furious, who still continued to pour in from the street. A moment later and I should have found the staircase stopped by the stream of people ascending; and I must have remained on the roof. As it was, I could not for a minute or two force myself through the press, but was thrust against a wall, and pinned there by the rush inwards. Next me, however, I found one of the servants in like case, and I seized him by the sleeve. "Where are the ladies?" I said. "Have they returned? Are they here?"

"I don't know," he said shortly, his eyes roving.

"Are they still at the church?"

"Monsieur, I don't know," he answered. impatiently; and then seeing, I think, the man for whom he was searching, he shook me off, with the churlishness of fear, and, flinging himself into the crowd, was gone.

All the place was such a hurly-burly of men entering and leaving, shouting orders, or forcing themselves through the press that I doubted which to do. Some were crying for Froment, others to close the doors; one that all was lost, another to bring up the powder. The disorder was enough to turn the brain, and for a minute I stood in the heart of it, elbowed and pushed, and tossed this way and that. Where were the women? Where were the women? The doubt distracted me. I seized half-a-dozen of the nearest men, and asked them; but they only cried out fiercely that they did not know—how should they?—and shook me off savagely and escaped as the servant had. For all here, for the most part, were of the commoner sort. I could see nothing of Froment, nothing of St. Alais or the leaders, and only one or two of the gallants who had gone with them.

I do not think that I was ever in a more maddening position. Denise might be still at the church and in peril there; or she might be in the streets exposed to dangers on which I dared not dwell; or she might be in the next room, or safe upstairs; or on the roof. In the unutterable confusion, it was impossible to know or learn, or even move quickly; my only hope seemed to be in Froment's return, but after waiting a minute, which seemed a lifetime, in the hope of seeing him, I lost patience and battled my way through the press to a door, which appeared to lead to the lower part of the house.

Passing through it, I found the same disorder ruling; here men, bringing up powder from the cellars, blocked the passage; there others appeared to be rifling the house. I had little hope of finding those whom I sought below stairs; and, after glancing this way and that without result, I lighted on a staircase, and ascending quickly to the second floor, hastening to Denise's room. The door was locked.

I hammered on it madly and called, and waited, and listened, and called again, but I heard no sound from within; convinced at last I left it, and tried the nearest doors. The two first were locked also, and the rooms as silent; the third and fourth were open and empty. The last I entered was a man's.

The task was no long one, and occupied a very few seconds. But all the time, while I rapped and listened and called, though that corridor was quiet as death and echoed my footsteps, the house below rang with cries and shouts and hurrying feet; and I was in a fever. Madame might be on the roof. I turned that way meaning to ascend. Then I reflected that if I climbed to it I might find the staircase blocked when I came to descend; and, cursing my folly for leaving the hall—simply because my quest had failed—I hurried back to the stairs, and dashed recklessly down them, and, stemming as well as I could the tide of people that surged and ebbed about the lower floor, I fought my way back to the hall.

I was just in time. As I entered one door Froment entered by the other, with a little band of his braves; of whom several, I now observed, wore green ribands—the Artois colours. His great stature raising him above the crowd of heads, I saw that he was wounded; a little blood was running down his cheek, and his eyes shone with the brilliance almost of madness. But he was still cool; he had still so much the command, not only of himself, but of those round him, that the commotion grew still

and abated under his eye; so that in a moment men who before had only tumbled over and embarrassed one another, flew to their places; and, though the howling of a hostile mob could plainly be heard at the end of the street, and it was clear that he had fallen back before an overwhelming force, resolution seemed in a moment to take the place of panic, and hope of despair.

Standing on the threshold, and pointing this way, and that, with a discharged pistol which he held in his hand, he gave a few short, sharp orders for the barricading of the door, and saw them carried out, and sent this man to one post, and that man to another. And then, the crowd, which had before cumbered the place, melting as if by magic, he saw me forcing my way to him. And he beckoned to me.

If he played a part, then let me say, once for all, he played it nobly. Even now, when I guessed that all was lost, I read no fear and no envy in his face; and in what he said there was no ostentation.

"Get out quickly," he muttered, in an undertone, forestalling by a hasty gesture the excited questions I had on my lips. "Through yonder door, and by the little postern at the foot of the other staircase. Go by the east gate, and you will find horses at the St. Geneviève outside. It is all over here!" he added, wringing my hand hard, and pushing me towards the door.

"BARK AWAY, YOU DOGS!"

"But Mademoiselle?" I cried, trembling; and I told him that she was not in the house.

"What?" he said, pausing and looking at me, with his face grown suddenly dark. "Are you mad? Do you mean that she has gone out?"

She is not here," I answered. "I am told that she went to the church with Madame St. Alais. And has not returned."

"That bedlam!" he exclaimed, with a terrible oath, "God help them!" he said—twice. And then, after a moment of silence, meeting my eyes and reading the horror in them, he laughed harshly. "After all, what matter?" he said recklessly. "We shall all go together! Let us go like gentlemen. I did what I could. Do you hear that?"

He held up his hand, as a roar of musketry shook the house, and he gave an order. The small windows had been stopped with paving stones, the door made solid with the opposite wall; and daylight being shut out, lamps had been lighted, which gave the long white-washed, stone-groined room a strange sombre look. Or it was the grim faces I saw round me had that effect.

"I am afraid that the St. Alais are cut off in the Arènes," he said coolly. "And they are not enough to man the walls. Those cursed Cevennols have been too many for us. As for our friends—it is as I expected; they have left me to die like a bull in the ring. Well we must die goring."

But in the midst of my admiration of his courage a kind of revulsion seized me. "And Denise?" I said, grasping his arm, fiercely "Are we to leave her to perish?"

He looked at me, his lip curling. "True," he said, with a sneering smile. "I forgot. You are not of us."

"I am thinking of her!" I cried, raging. And in that moment I hated him.

But his mood changed while he looked at me. "You are right, Monsieur," he said, in a different tone. "Go! There may be a chance; but the church is by the Capuchins, and those dogs were baying round it when we fell back. They are ten to one, or—still there may be a chance," he continued with decision. "Go, and if you find her, and escape, do not forget Froment of Nîmes."

"By the postern?" I said.

"Yes—take this," he answered; and abruptly drawing a pistol from his pocket, he forced it on me. "Go, and I must go too. Good fortune, Monsieur, and farewell. And you, bark away, you dogs!" he continued bitterly, addressing the unconscious mob. "The bull is on foot yet, and will toss some of you before the ring closes!"

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Ten Minutes with Miss Marie Studholme.

The pretty young lady now taking the part of Miss Letty Lind in *The Artist's Model*, though, as Miss Marie Studholme, a favourite with the public, is known in the profession as Mrs. Gilbert Porteous, the wife of a brilliant young actor, who is also contributing his share to the success of the piece.

"I should probably find my work far harder," she observed in answer to a question, "if we had not followed the example of many of our friends, and gone to live up the river. I daresay you know that this year this kind of emigration is becoming quite the fashion among theatrical folk, and we find it makes a great difference to our healths. Special late trains have been put on for the benefit of those who want to get in the fresh air after work is over, and among those who have availed themselves of the privilege are a crowd of people connected with one or other of Mr. George Edwardes' theatres.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

"Are my people theatrical? Oh, dear, no!" she continued after a pause. "But I always made up my mind to be an actress, and you see I have succeeded. Of course, my path was made more easy owing to the fact that I possessed a voice. I began studying music when I was sixteen, and three years later I made my *début* at the Criterion, in the part of the Bride, in that pretty little operetta, *Haste to the Wedding*. You know my experience of theatres and things theatrical has been up to the present short and sweet. I acted one of the schoolgirls in *Betsy*; then I was offered a small part in *Morocco Bound*, where I was under-study to Violet Cameron, taking her place several times during the course of the 'run.'"

"*Apropos* of long runs, Miss Studholme, have you any theory on the subject?"

"Well, I confess I am prejudiced in their favour. Long runs do away, of course, with the trouble of rehearsals; and then it is so pleasant to feel a piece is really going well. I played the title *rôle* in *The Gaiety Girl* a hundred times, including three weeks in the provinces."

"I suppose it is needless to ask you what you think of the scenery and costume question?"

"Where a burlesque is in question everything depends on the mounting, and the costumes are half the battle," she answered emphatically; "but I doubt if the public will continue to delight in burlesques. There will probably be a reaction in favour of the old-fashioned comic opera. I must confess I should very much like to sing one or two of the classical light opera repertoires."

"Perhaps with an ultimate view to grand opera," I

suggested, though it seemed very strange to connect the idea of this dainty *Artist's Model* with such parts as *Norma* or even *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

"No, scarcely that," smiling, "but I am anxious to cultivate my voice, and I hope some time soon to be able to spend a few weeks in Paris doing so. I am now studying singing under Mr. Henry Russell, the son, you know, of 'Cheer Boys, Cheer' Russell, and the brother of the famous novelist."

"How about the *encore* question, Miss Studholme?"

"It is the only way in which our audience can show their appreciation, and therefore nothing pleases me better, but, of course, they are rather trying when one feels very tired. The public have always been most kind to me, and though I am horribly nervous before I go on, once I see the footlights my courage returns, and I feel all right. I am quite devoted to my profession; my only other hobby is—you would never guess what—dogs!" And with a smile she pointed to Mimi, a lovely Japanese spaniel, who lay curled up on a heap of dainty "properties." "She is too young to be 'shown,' explained Miss Studholme, "but my bull-dog, who is, by the way, registered as the 'Gaiety Boy,' lately won the first prize and a bronze medal at a dog show."

CELEBRITIES AT SEA.

BY

ROBERT GANTHONY.

Part II.

I gave up two trips to Hamburg on Saturday morning in order to supply a grateful and expectant public with news. To my alarm I learnt from Mr. Pritchard, our amiable purser, to whom I had gone for a large envelope, that the tug was just starting for the post. I threw myself upon my knees before Sir Donald Currie, and implored him to save my budding reputation as a foreign correspondent by detaining the tug till some one lent me a pen with which to address the envelope that I had borrowed. I then swooned in the arms of Lord Rendel, who, in disgust, laid me across the port brass cannon.

We all dressed ourselves early on Saturday, as they did the ship, awnings were put up, and bunting fluttered and draped our *Castle*. Flowers accumulated on the tables as though by magic, as every saloon was decorated to accommodate our expected visitors from Hamburg.

From the high decks of the *Tantallon Castle* the shore on each side is of the pancake order of landscape, with an occasional red roof and a windmill, and reminds me of the Dutch pictures I have seen in the National Gallery, as, of course, does the shipping.

We are all on deck in full fig, as the *Ariadne* is seen steaming down the river, and our Hamburg guests come aboard with much hat-waving and cheering. We had met them at the banquet at the Zoo the previous evening, and we greeted each other like old friends, but

LEAVING TILBURY.

there was no kissing among the gentlemen, as I had expected.

The pipers danced and played before dinner, leading one Hamburg paper to confuse the word pipers with papers, and stated that Mr. Lucifer and Mr. Mobile—a nephew of Donna è Mobile—two distinguished journal-

THE TENDER FAREWELL.

ists, obtained two Highland suits from their press, and executed a *pas-de-deux*.

They appear to turn on banquets as easily as they do the electric light on the *Tantallon Castle*. Where the endless variety of things come from is wonderful, and where they disappear to still more extraordinary.

After the banquet on the Elbe, coffee, liqueurs, cigarettes, and cigars were served on deck, which was followed by an entertainment on the company reassembling in the saloon, which concert Mr. Nicholl and I provided. The Grand Old Man enjoyed my lecture on Geometry, as did all the guests, whose knowledge of our language is remarkable. As I helped to hand the company the books Sir Donald Currie gave as souveniers, the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, shook hands with me, and congratulated me in perfect English, and, I believe, in perfect sincerity.

The Burgomaster spoke, and Mr. Gladstone replied.

The G. O. M. began quietly, as though with an effort, but as he went on his eyes lighted up, his voice grew stronger, and he made a speech perfect in matter and delivery. The Hamburg guests had been disappointed at not hearing him at their banquet, and felt all the more delight in the opportunity he gave them of doing so. The *Ariadne* was delayed again and again for the cheers and reciprocated cheers, until no one but myself was forgotten.

At early morn I was shaken by the shoulder with the reverberation of the propeller, and I awoke to the fact that we had started. When the steward brought me my cup of tea we were passing the canal gates—which being still shut we continued down the Elbe, and went round Denmark.

On Sunday we had lovely weather, as it had been all the voyage, and we continued making record passages. The Rev. Harry Drew conducted the services, a Union

SIR DONALD CURRIE AND CUTHBERT QUILTER, M.P.

Jack covered desk as usual serving as a pulpit. After the evening service, Mr. Lee Wright sang Gounod's "Nazareth," and Mr. Nicholl sang "Comfort Ye." My services were not required, so I was grateful for a day of rest.

The entrance to Copenhagen is very impressive; the free dock has twenty-six feet of water, the tide only being affected by the wind, which lowers or raises it a few inches. As a proof of this I may add that the *Tantallon Castle* moored alongside the quay. This is not intended as humour, but as the King desired it. I mention it for the benefit of my yachting friends.

We had the Thorwaldsen Museum specially opened for our party on Monday, and the Museum of Antiquities on Tuesday; after visiting this latter we went curio-hunting. A friend of mine, who satirised my yachting cap, went in to a shop in Copenhagen, and bought this most sensible headgear, after which the weather became too hot to use it. While the hat-buying was going on Sir John Lang passed, and I shouted "cab, sir"—when he turned at the familiar sound, I offered him what he was in search of, namely, a lift to the ship, and said we shouldn't quarrel about the fare. On our return, close on lunch time, we found a multitude of people on the quay, and numerous empty carriages with red-coated coachmen coming from the ship, when it dawned upon us that Royalty was aboard. We had just time to dive down below and into our frock-coats before the lunch-gong sounded.

I made a sketch on the back of a *menu* card. The Royal party and Sir Donald Currie sat at the head of the table, on whose immediate right was Her Majesty the Queen of Denmark, and on whose left was Mrs. Gladstone; next to the Queen was Mr. Gladstone, who was bound on the north by the Queen of Denmark, and on the south by the Crown Princess, and on the west by the King of Denmark. The table was filled with Royal personages, but as they were not introduced to me I don't know their names.

Mr. Gladstone made a most telling and affecting speech after lunch, referring to our Princess of Wales in such terms that the King could scarcely reply for emotion. If one did not know who the Queen was you would feel forced to inquire on going in who that handsome and lovable woman was. The Royal party seemed thoroughly to enjoy their visit, and left with the cheers of all on board, and the crowds on the quay, which insisted on seeing Mr. Gladstone, who they cheered heartily as he bowed bare-headed from the deck. I would have sent a splendid snapshot of this scene had the camera not slipped overboard, and sunk to the bottom of the dock. This incident will explain the absence of further photographs.

Sir Donald admitted the public on board after the Royal party had left, and his show caught on, some 25,000 to 30,000 people coming aboard. Copenhagen ladies are very like English ladies—but the policemen are different.

On taking up our position at Kiel, I went off with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and a select party on the *Osprey*, and visited the men-of-war. Passing one imposing vessel after another, all displaying the different flags of their different nationalities, I could not help wondering as I looked at these specimens of boat and life-destroying naval architecture whether they had ever had a translation of the New Testament. Perhaps they have, for I know we have Bibles in English, and yet our ships looked the most pugnacious of the lot. A steam-launch belonging to the *Re Umberto*, an Italian man-of-war, came straight at us, as we passed under her stern, the man at the tiller drinking what looked like chianti out of a flask bottle, instead of attending to the steering. The launch came dangerously near, but thinking they intended some gondola feat in turning to show off we said nothing—until they ran slap into us and gave Sir William Ingram's steamer a good shaking. The launch was promptly called back to the *Re Umberto*, and we steamed again ahead. A very little more and it would have been celebrities *in* sea, instead of celebrities *at* sea.

To-day is Accession Day, or, as a gentleman called it, "Ascension Day," and in consequence a salute was fired to the Queen by the squadron, and every vessel showed a Union Jack. They are banging away at something now, I think it is the Emperor arriving. Which makes me feel as if I were describing a naval engagement while in the hottest part of the fight. With this comforting reflection, however, that no cannon balls are being used.

The preparations are on a magnificent and costly scale. At the lock on Kiel Bay the very piles are wreathed with garlands, and even the children's faces with smiles.

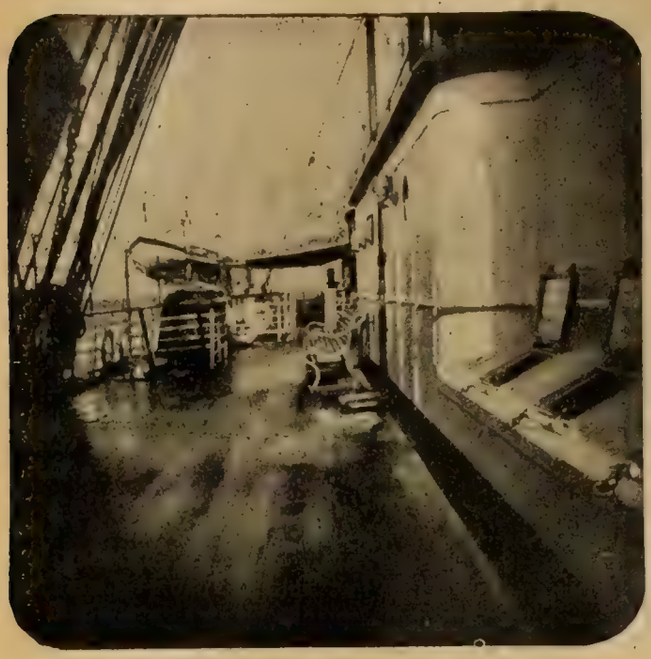
For the reception of the Emperor a large sham three-

SCOTCH BAG-PIPERS ASLEEP.

deck man-of-war, with gilt portals and wooden cannon, floats on a waving grass plat on shore. The Germans seem fond of make-believe, as was shown at Hamburg, with their wooden rocks on floating islands and mock

fortresses of painted canvas. I must have a little of the German in me, for I painted the wooden sides of my greenhouse to represent bricks, but here there are so many flash things on the banks—even flash-light houses.

The breeze which cools me as I sit back on deck with a cigar and some iced whisky and soda I applaud for making the anchored squadron appear in such admirable order; it can do this, for there is no tide. Even in the bay, now that the canal is opened, and I am about to shut up.



THE DECK AT 5 A.M.

THE DECK AT NOON.

With guns banging, whistles blowing, and our bagpipes mingling with the bellowing of the two cows in the forecastle, as they sniff the new-mown hay on shore, I close my first attempt as Foreign Correspondent.

For "Men's Pet Vanities" see the July "Idler."

See "Some Royal Treasures" in the July "Idler."

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A SOUL'S MORATORIUM.

BY

ALFRED HURRY.

Illustrated by L. GUNNIS.

YEARS ago, when I was a struggling beginner (said the Doctor), in the course of my daily round of visits I had to pass through a large cemetery in the north-west district of the Metropolis. Among the many people I used to see taking flowers and wreaths to lay on the graves of their departed friends, was one whose appearance attracted me particularly. He was a very old gentleman, dressed in the fashion of the last century. His broadcloth was well worn, but his linen was spotless. He had a peculiarly benevolent and gentle face, and long white hair which hung down over his shoulders.

Winter or summer I invariably met him wending his way, at a certain hour, to a grave which stood by itself in a remote corner of the cemetery. I had the curiosity to watch him once or twice. When he reached the tomb he would stop and gaze at the inscription on the stone, with his arms folded and his head slightly bowed. I would raise my hat—the old man was praying. After a short time he would turn away, and retrace his steps, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

My curiosity was at length excited, although I was too busy, as a rule, to be curious about anything which did not directly concern myself or my patients. I left my house one morning a little earlier than usual, in order to see what the inscription on this particular gravestone might be. I had expected to read the epitaph of a young girl whom the old man had, perhaps, loved in his youth, and whose mortal remains had lain festering beneath the turf for the last fifty years. I was mistaken. There was a simple inscription which ran as follows:—

"Sacred to the Memory of
GUSTAVE LEBLANC,
Who died 28 October, 18—, aged 100.
His course was long, but he kept
In the straight path throughout."

Who was Gustave Leblanc? Was he a relation of the old man, or a dear friend? I went on my way pondering.

On the following day I did not see the old man. I was surprised at this, as it was the first time I had missed seeing him for months. I concluded that he had altered the hour of his visit, and in the course of my rounds soon forgot the circumstance. That evening, as I was sitting down to my solitary tea, there was a ring at the surgery door. My boy presently came in, and informed me that I was wanted by "an old gent with white hair." I went down, half expecting to see my friend of the cemetery.

My visitor was an old man, but not the one of the benevolent face and the long white hair. He rose as I entered, and gave me a half military salute. He looked like a serving man, and I discovered by his accent that he was a foreigner.

"I have come from my master," he said; "he is very ill, and has sent me for a doctor."

I concluded that "his master" was not in particularly good circumstances, otherwise he would have sent for my neighbour, Dr. Goldbag, who kept two carriages, instead of for me who kept none. I put on my hat and went out with him. He led the way into the street, and then through several turnings to a small, neat house, which stood in the shadow of a church. He opened the door with a latch-key, and we entered.

"My master is in here," he said, ushering me into a

room which stood on the right of the hall. So saying, he made his half military salute, and disappeared.

The room was brilliantly lighted with wax candles, and a fire burnt in the grate, although it was August. The sudden transition from dark to light blinded me for the moment, and I could see nothing. A clear, gentle voice, whose accents I seemed instinctively to associate with someone I knew, although I had never heard its tone before, broke the silence, and said—

"You are welcome, sir. Pray do my humble dwelling the honour to be seated."

I rubbed my eyes, and sat down. Yes, I was not mistaken. It was my friend of the graveyard that spoke. He was half lying in an easy chair that was drawn close up to the fire: a black skull-cap was on his head, and he had a dressing-gown wrapped round his slender form. In the dancing firelight he looked weird and unearthly, and it was only the soft beauty of his countenance that kept a slight feeling of supernatural awe from rising within me. I asked him what ailed him, and he replied—

"I do not feel any pain or particular ailment, but simply a general and profound weakness. As I am sitting now, I feel as well as ever I did in my life. It is when I attempt to rise that I find how helpless I am. I can scarcely get out of this chair without assistance."

After a few questions, I came to the conclusion that the old man was suffering a general break-up from old age. I asked him how old he was.

"I was a hundred and five last month," he replied with a smile. "I suppose when a man has had his life extended to that period he cannot grumble when Death calls him; for I can detect by your countenance that my case is a hopeless one."

HE WOULD STOP AND GAZE AT THE INSCRIPTION.

I replied cheerfully, although the old man was right, and I saw that he had not many days to live.

After a short conversation, which was sustained on his part with perfect freedom from uneasiness, I took my leave, promising to call on the following day.

I called on the following day, and found my patient much in the same condition. We got into conversation, and I stayed with him all the evening. He told me that his name was Erasmus Linden, and that he was a Frenchman by birth, although now a naturalised Englishman. In the earlier half of his life he had been mixed up in the maelstrom of French politics. When he was about fifty he had become disgusted with his native land, and had come to London, where he had lived ever since on a small annuity.

"I lost my only friend ten years since," he said sadly.

"His name was Leblanc?" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"How did you know it? Ah, perhaps you have seen his grave in the cemetery. Yes, he has lain there for ten years now, and I am shortly going to join him. He was a good man, one of the best that ever lived. He died just the same as I shall—of decay."

"It is a painless death," I said.

M. Linden smiled peculiarly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"There is a story connected with his death which, if you like, I will tell you. Have you time?"

I answered "Yes," and composed myself to listen.

"M. Leblanc," said the old man, "entertained a peculiar and, some might think, an absurd theory with regard to death. He believed that after a man's body died his soul lived on for about twelve hours. During that time it would be conscious of all that was going on around, but be able to make no physical sign. It would see the fearful charnel preparations for the mortal body's interment, and be aware of the final screwing down of the corpse in the coffin. He believed that during the torture of this consciousness the soul would struggle to vitalise its earthly shell; and although ordinarily a brave man, he dreaded death on account of these ensuing agonies.

"At last his appointed time came, as it comes to everybody. One day I received a letter from his servant, the same that brought you here the other night, and who has since transferred his allegiance to me. It ran as follows:—

Dear Sir,—My master is sick unto death, and has desired me to write to you. He wishes you to come to him quickly, or he fears it will be too late. His Servant.

"As soon as I had recovered from the effects of this distressing communication, I prepared to make my way to the bedside of my friend. When I arrived at his house I was met by his servant. I shook him by the hand, and he led me silently to the room where his master lay dying.

"M. Leblanc was lying on his back, and I was shocked to see how wasted and thin was his form. When I entered, he turned his head slowly and smiled. I sank on my knees at the side of the bed, and burst into tears.

"'At last, old friend,' I said, taking his wasted hand in mind, 'at last we are to part, after all these years of friendship. Why did you not let me know sooner?'

"'I feared to alarm you; I thought till yesterday that I should pull through; but now I feel that my time has come. I am not ill in the ordinary sense of the word, but I am worn out and done for, and shall not last much longer now.'

"There was a short silence, during which M. Leblanc's servant sobbed audibly. Presently the dying man spoke again. I held my ears close to him and listened.

"'I am free for the time being of the horror of my twelve hours' torture after death, but it will return before I die. Yesterday it was so unbearable that I thought my brain would have split asunder with the agony. I feel that I have not many hours to live, and I wish, if possible, to pass away in my present state of mind. Yonder, on my dressing table, is a sleeping draught, the effect of which lasts forty-eight hours. When I feel the horror returning, which will be but a short time before my body dies, give me that draught, and I shall fall asleep, and pass away peacefully.'

"'But,' said I, 'cannot you disabuse your mind of this frightful idea, and come to look upon death as a calm, deep sleep, in which sorrow and pain are alike unknown?'

"M. Leblanc smiled sadly and answered—

"'The belief that has been engrained in my being for nearly a century cannot be cast away in a moment. Even now I feel the dreadful horror coming upon me. Give me your hand.'

"I gave it him in silence.

"No sound was heard in the death-chamber save his breathing, which, strange to say, was soft and gentle as that of a child. So he had breathed when asleep on his mother's breast, a helpless infant. A hundred years had passed over his head since then, but methought that I could trace something of the infant even now in his countenance.

"'Hush!' The dying man's breath became disturbed. A shudder ran through his body. It was succeeded by another and another. Large drops of perspiration burst out and stood in beads upon his brow. The horror was upon him.

"'Quick!' he gasped, 'the draught, the draught!

"I tore my hand away from his, and hurried to the dressing-table. I poured the draught into a glass, and he gulped it down. The effect was like magic. His features grew composed and his breath regular. I leant over him, and he murmured—

"'Good-bye, old friend, good——

"The draught had done its work, and he was sleeping the sleep from which he would only awake in the next world.

"I sat by his bedside, holding his hand. A clock near by struck midnight; his breathing was still deep and normal. Presently the quarter-past chimed; his breathing had grown fainter. It grew slower and slower as the two succeeding quarters struck, and, as one o'clock boomed forth, there was a momentary rattle in his throat, and M. Leblanc was dead.

"The next day the undertaker's men came, and performed their fearful task of measuring the corpse for its last receptacle. On the following afternoon the coffin arrived. I watched them place the body in it. They were about to lay the lid on, when I stopped them. A thought had struck me. What if the dead man's theory should be true, after all? Suppose his soul should awaken at the end of forty-eight hours, during which the sleeping draught would have effect, and struggle for life again.

"I attempted to reason away the idea, but without avail. The thought of my friend's soul entombed in its ghastly casket, and striving to overcome the death of its body, filled me with horror. Every moment it took a stronger hold of me. At length I could stand it no longer. I determined at the expiration of the forty-eight hours to watch by the coffin. If, as he so firmly believed it would, his soul awakened, I would be at his side. Perchance some magnetic sympathy would tell him I was there, and he would be strengthened to endure the agony.

"I called his servant, and between us we carried the coffin up into a room at the top of the house. It was the room he had used, when alive, as a studio. The walls were bare and whitewashed, and on the mantelshelf stood a grinning skull. In this room we deposited the coffin, on a rough trestle table.

"About ten o'clock I seated myself by the side of the coffin, with a Bible on my knees. It was midnight on Tuesday evening when I gave M. Leblanc the sleeping draught, and it was now Thursday evening. Consequently, if his theory were correct, his soul would awake to struggle for life in two hours' time.

"It seemed years before the quarter to twelve struck. When it chimed, I laid down my Bible, and took the cold hand of the corpse in my own. Presently the hour of midnight tolled forth slowly, and, it seemed to me, sadly. It was exactly forty-eight hours since I had given M. Leblanc the sleeping draught. I kept my gaze riveted on the dead face. With its closed eyelids it wore a look of unutterable calm. What secret did that pale mask conceal? Was the soul which had once animated it hovering in space, thousands of miles above the sleeping city; or was it there still, concealed in the icy brain?

"The death-chamber was silent as the tomb. A lamp burnt bright and clear near the head of the corpse, and the shadow of the black coffin, with its trestle supports, was thrown in huge relief against the bare wall. A great awe was upon me.

"'My God! what was that?" I sprang to my feet with a half repressed cry. *The lifeless hand had gently but distinctly twitched my own.* I forced myself, trembling in every limb, to sit down again. Ah! there it was again, more distinct. I felt my blood run cold, and my hair bristled up on my head. The twitching continued and increased in violence. Suddenly the eyeballs of the corpse writhed and half-opened, and then shut. I was now in such an agony of terror that I would have torn my hand away, and rushed from the room. But I could not; I felt as powerless to move as a marble statue.

"Again the lifeless eyelids struggled to open, and I distinctly saw the light of the lamp reflected for a moment in the glassy eyeballs. The jaw of the dead man had assumed a grim and despairing look fearful to

behold. The struggle grew fiercer. At length, with a loud painful gasp, the corpse raised its head and shoulders out of the coffin, but immediately fell back like lead. Again the fearful effort was repeated. M. Leblanc's theory was true. His soul was making its last despairing efforts to reanimate the body, urged by all the latent power of the dead man's love for life.

"There was a short calm. Then, with a shrill, unearthly cry, the whole body writhed and sat up in the coffin, with its grave-clothes flapping round it. The eyeballs glared like those of a wild beast mad with hunger, and the death-sweat poured off the marble forehead. The horror was too much for me, and I fell to the ground in a swoon.

"When I awoke it was past noon. The sun was pouring through the window in a stream of dazzling light. It fell full upon the black coffin and the shrouded body. The corpse was turned partly on its side, with one hand grasping the edge of the coffin. The legs were drawn up, and the countenance was writhed into an expression of indescribable horror and agony."

* * *

M. LEBLANC'S THEORY WAS TRUE.

When the old man had finished his recital we sat for some time without speaking. At length I recovered from the eerie feeling which had taken possession of me, and got up to take my leave.

"A strange thing certainly," I said, "but one which can easily be accounted for. The draught which you gave M. Leblanc threw him into a trance, from which he awakened a short time before his death."

"Do you think so?" said the old man, smiling. "Perhaps you are right; who knows?"

I said good-bye, and left the house, musing on the strange story I had just heard. It had had some slight effect upon my nerves, and I confess that I went a little distance out of my way to avoid passing the darkened cemetery.

A few days after, old Erasmus Linden died. At his request I had him buried by the side of his old friend; and the two, who were companions for nearly a century in life, now slumber peacefully together in their narrow resting place.

I have a good practice now, and can afford to keep a carriage, but I sometimes walk through the cemetery for old sake's sake. On these occasions I never fail to stop a short time in the quiet corner of the graveyard where the two old Frenchmen sleep. I generally see an aged and decrepit man sitting hard by the tomb, in an attitude of dejection. He gives me a half-military salute, but beyond that makes no sign. It is "their servant," keeping watch by the grave of his dead masters, whom he hopes ere long to join in Eternity.

COMPENSATION.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilised, it is Christianised, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilised man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms some vigour of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?—Emerson.

Stranger—I hear you are an old friend of Mrs. Golightly?

Ranger—Yes. I've known her intimately for years.

Stranger—Well, I'm her husband.

Ranger—Glad to meet you, I'm sure. I've heard Mrs. Golightly speak of you.

"I am told that it is very easy to get a divorce in this country," said the visiting Englishman.

"The first step is undoubtedly easy," replied the American.

"What is that?" asked the Englishman, as he produced note-book and pencil.

"Getting married." —*From Town Topics.*

ENRIGO MALLEGOS THE SECOND.

BY

L. COPE CORNFORD.

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

"GO where you will into far and foreign parts," said my friend the Navy Pensioner, "you'll find a Maltee at t'other end."

He was leaning on his scythe as he spoke, in the little walled garden, where he spent his old age in the sunshine, among the roses.

"I mind once," he continued, "we was in a most out-of-the-way place, along the coast of Africa, cruising in open boats after slavers. We sailed up and up a river, where we never expected to meet a livin' soul, and there on a little spit of land, jutting into the fairway, we see a 'ut, and in that 'ut was a Maltee. He lived all alone, doing business with traders and such, and trading a bit himself with the interior. We had a Maltee aboard of us at the time, Enrigo Mallegos 'is name was. He was a cure, sure enough; when he shipped first he laid on he couldn't speak no English, but that was all his cunning. There ain't no lingo round the Mediterranean as a Maltee can't interpret, 'cept Russian—he's a done'r on the Bosphorus. But there ain't no one *but* a Maltee as can interpret a Maltee. Says a midshipman to me once, when we was at gunnery drill at Piræus, 'Than' God, Watts,' he says, 'I can swear a oath in every langwidge in the Mediterranean?'

"'You must 'a studied, then,' I says.

"'Ah!' he says, 'I have.'"

"But what about that Maltee?" I said.

"I'm telling you. Our captain being wishful for information ordered Enrigo Mallegos to interpret between him and the Maltee in the 'ut. When they'd finished palavering 'twas time to disembark and encamp for the night, so we rowed a little ways higher up, and went ashore. Enrigo Mallegos stayed to supper with t'other Maltee, they seeming very friendly and jabbering both to once in their barbarous lingo. That night I couldn't sleep anyway I could fix it, and after talking a bit to the seaman on sentry-go, I strolled down along the bank of the river. 'Twas bright moonlight, with a little gusty wind, and a haze of white mist crawling along, about the height of a man. Every now and then the breeze would give it a lift, and roll it away, so as you could see the catspaw and the shine of the water, and count the leaves on the trees, nigh as clear as daylight. Then the breath would die away, and the fog would drift together again, like folds of cotton wool. Just as I came opposite the slant of land, where stood the Maltee's 'ut, a puff came and swept off the vapour like drawing a curtain, and there, on the edge of the water, I see them two Maltees a-fighting. 'Twas like a scene in a theatre, and a front seat in the pit I had there, under the shadow of the trees. Each man had a crooked knife shining in his right hand, and they was working round and round each other like a couple of cats. At last one jumped at the other, catching his wrist, and drove his knife in. They tumbled together on the ground, and I see the uppermost stab the other five times, and heard him pant like a wild beast as he struck. Then the fog shut down again, and I thought of rousing the camp, and then I thought I'd see it out by myself, in case of accidents. So I stole in and out among the tree-trunks, trying to think how I should get to work on the job, came out alongside the 'ut, and stood still to look about me. Enrigo Mallegos lay crumpled up on the beach a dozen yards away, and the Maltee had gone indoors, where I could see a light burning. The place had a fearsome look, ringed in with a circle of white fog, all curling and tossing in the wind, and the river out of sight and gurgling. At any minute that bloody Maltee might come out again, and I had no arms but a clasp-knife, which I drew out and opened. Well for me I did, for at that moment the door of the 'ut opened, and the Maltee stepped out into the moonlight. If there's going to be a fight, the safest plan is to start it yourself. I ran at him and closed, and before he could get to his knife I had him under my knee, for I was a tidy man in those days. As soon as he could speak, he explained, in the lingua franca of the Mediterranean, how he was compelled to kill Mallegos in self-defence, and offered to make me rich with diamonds if I would let him go. I sat on his chest and thought a bit, till I seemed to see a way to square it. One Maltee more or less in the world made no sort of difference, except that our crew was short-handed, owing to Yellow Jack. So I put it to him this way. He was to give me what I should consider sufficient, and then join the crew as Mallegos, and no one would be a penn'orth the wiser. All Maltese are as like as so much buckshot, and he could take the clothes off Mallegos. He couldn't do no otherwise than agree, and hunted out a little bag of rough diamonds from among his tradestuff—traders could get them things in those days. Then we went to conduct the funeral of Enrigo Mallegos, heaving him gently into the river, after Mallegos the Second had taken what clothes wasn't spoilt. But in laying out the corpse I noticed what I'd forgotten—

EACH MAN HAD A CROOKED KNIFE

that his right hand was wanting the forefinger, and it took me aback, but only for a minute. I pointed it out to my Maltee, and he looks at the dead man's hand, and then he looks at me, and shrugs his shoulders.

"'Enrigo Mallegos,' I says, 'I'm sorry to say it, but it's your neck or your finger. I leave it to you which is the easier spared. If it's the neck, I can whistle up the camp in a jiffy. If it's the finger—step inside the hut with me, and we'll settle that as easy as think.'

"He looks at me again, and turns a little greenish, then walks up the beach into the 'ut, an' I followed.

"When we got back to camp I gave it out Mallegos had cut his hand opening a bottle of rum in the course of his festivious evening with the Maltee. He not being able to speak English, the crew put it down that he'd gone back to his old sulky way, and give him no peace whatsoever till he'd picked up a few words. But he came off more than cheap, all things considered."

"And the diamonds?" I said.

"Ah!" said the old man, "as I always says, go where you will, if there's a Maltee about he'll be there afore you, and when I went to look for them stones at the end of the voyage, Enrigo Mallegos the Second he'd been there first."

CROMWELL AND THE JEWS.

While Cromwell was Lord Protector, the Jews offered him sixty thousand pounds to allow them to build a synagogue in London. He appointed a day to receive a deputation of them at Whitehall. When they arrived they found an assembly of clergy, merchants, and leading citizens. Cromwell ordered the Jews to speak first. Then it was the turn of the clergy, who inveighed bitterly against them. "Why, look you now," said Oliver, "will not these men of God be some day called into the Church. Is it not every Christian man's duty to forward the good end all he can? Religion prevails in this nation; it is the only place in the world where it is taught in its full purity. Is it not our duty to encourage them to settle where they would learn the truth, and not exclude them, and have them among idolaters?"

This stopped the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who complained that the Jews would take away all trade from them, they were so false and mean. "'Tis true," returned Cromwell, "they are the meanest and most abused of all people. Can you really be afraid such a people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?" He so overruled all arguments, carried his point, and extended his protection to the Jews.

HOW KING ROBERT BRUCE KEPT THE FORD.

For many years of his life, as is well known, Robert Bruce of Scotland, was a fugitive with a price set on his head. At one time he was at the side of a river with his little army of sixty men. He caused them to lie down and sleep at some distance, while he kept guard by the deep and narrow ford, that only two men could wade abreast, before landing on the steep pass. He was thinking of the strong defence the place afforded, when he heard the bay of a bloodhound. He thought at first of waking his men, but then he thought it might only be a shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur." By-and-by, he heard horses, and the clattering of armour, and knew it was the enemy. Then he thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, the enemy will get through without opposition; and that would be a pity, it is a place so good to make defence." His armour was too good to fear arrows, so he sent his only two attendants to wake the men, and stayed alone. Then, the moon being bright, he saw two hundred men on the opposite bank. They, seeing only one, the foremost of them plunged in. But as they could only pass one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above on the bank, killed man and horse with two thrusts of his spear, which prevented the others following. He thus dealt his blows at pleasure among them, while many were also drowned in the river. But, when they looked again, and saw only one man, they cried out that their honour was lost for ever if they did not force their way, and encouraged each other by loud cries. But by this time the King's soldiers came up, and the enemy retreated.

SENSATIONS OF STARVING.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterwards his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he has swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour is ashy pale, and his eyes wild, glassy, and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse. —*From Current Literature.*

THE PIETY OF DE MONTMORENCI.

Brantome says of the Constable de Montmorenci: —"Every morning, whether he was at home or in the army, on a march or in a camp, he never neglected to recite his pater-nosters. But it was a saying of his soldiers, 'Take care of those pater-nosters of Monsieur the Constable,' for while he was muttering them over he would throw in by way of parenthesis, "Hang me that fellow on the next tree—pass me that other through the pikes—bring me hither that man and shoot him before my face—burn me that village—set fire to all the country for a quarter of a league round!" and all this he would do without the least interruption to his devotions, which he would have thought it a sin to defer to another hour, so tender was his conscience."

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It is many years ago since I first met Dr. Grace, on one of those rare occasions when I was taking a little holiday away from the smell of Russia leather and the sight of yellow-backs. It has always seemed to me that no portrait of the great cricketer ever gives an accurate idea of his appearance. Only the other day, the contrast between the man as he is and even his very latest photographs struck me afresh. He chattered away in the richest West of England brogue, and cheerily complained of the manner in which he is pestered by interviewers. His invariable reply to all requests for interviews is that he is engaged in writing a book on this very subject about which the interviewer wishes to see him, and does not see the force of taking money out of his own pocket. The Doctor is extremely painstaking in his literary work, and makes it a rule to correct all matter (even interviews) which he has given to the Press.

* * * *

By-the-way, Dr. Grace's father-in-law worked with George Augustus Sala in the days when G. A. S. was doing, amongst other things, a series of illustrations of "The Booser's Thermometer," showing the effects of glass one, glass two, and so on.

* * * *

Mr. Francis Gribble, who has been buying a good many works on French history from me lately, dropped in yesterday to let me know that he is shortly bringing out a book—"The Red Spell" (Constable and Co.)—in which Delescluze, the destroyer of Paris, will figure in a more favourable light than that in which he is customarily regarded by orthodox historians. Red seems to be the favourite colour in titles for books just now. It has quite superseded the jaundiced hue affected by many of my literary lady customers.

* * * *

On looking through some recent reviews, I find that Mr. Harry Quilter reappears in four at once. A few of the papers have extracted easy mirth from his emergence, but none of them makes any sign that they have noticed the real quaintness of Mr. Quilter's performance in the *Contemporary*. Having a few spare minutes this afternoon, I looked up some facts in connection with the *Contemporary* article. Mr. Quilter seems to imagine that Mr. Oscar Wilde is the author of "Bells and Pomegranates"—Oh, shade of Robert Browning!—and apparently believes the book to have been illustrated by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Mr. Quilter also seems to think that Dr. Conan Doyle is among the writers in the "Keynote" series. I wonder whether he ever troubled himself to read the books which he assaults—Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," for example. Most of Mr. Quilter's quotations seem to be taken second-hand from the reviews. For instance, anxious to refer to another story of brutality as well as "Lizerunt," he mentions "That Brute Simmons," being treacherously misled by the title. The story itself is broad comedy pure and simple.

* * * *

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson looked in yesterday for a copy of Dr. Hinkson's "Golden Lads and Girls." I gathered from her, in the course of a hurried conversation, that her own literary creations for the autumn include "The Way of a Maid" (Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen), "An Isle in the Water," some short stories to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and a book of Miracle Plays. She is also bringing out a volume of poems with Mr. John Lane. I came across a very charming poem of hers in a sixpenny contemporary the other day. Truly, the output of modern writers would astonish some of my old friends of forty years ago.

* * * *

I had a brief visit last week from Mr. Frederic Breton, the author of "God Forsaken." Mr. Breton informed me that he did not even subscribe to a Press-cutting agency. "I attach more value," he remarked, "to this little piece of pasteboard than to any number of printed notices." So saying, he produced from a stout letter-case an autograph postcard from Mr. Gladstone, accepting a copy of "God Forsaken." With his permission I copied the brief note, the firm handwriting and characteristic wording of which showed how lightly passing years sit upon the Grand Old Man.

* * * *

"I thank you in anticipation for your work," wrote the sage of Hawarden, "and also for your letter, the description in which arouses an expectation to find the book one of high interest. I am, dear sir, your very faithful servant, W. E. Gladstone."

* * * *

"I value this note the more," observed Mr. Breton, "inasmuch as it forms a sort of sequence to a letter which I have in my possession from another grand old man, the late Robert Browning, who, at the very outset of my attempt to scale the literary ladder, was kind enough to utter some winged words of encouragement in regard to an ambitious but crude MS. which the pride of a fond mother submitted to his judgment."

* * * *

It seems to be the fashion now for authors to give literary dinners to each other. My old friend Walter Besant—I beg his pardon, Sir Walter—was kind enough to procure me admission to the dinner given in his honour on the 27th June, at the King's Hall, Holborn. I had an irresistible desire, as I noticed the guests' broad backs, to chalk up my sales on them, and to compare the figures with Sir Walter's. "We have," said Sir Walter, "made it possible to take the patronage of the author entirely out of the hands of the middleman, and to place it entirely in the hands of the public; we have made it possible to take the whole command and the whole control of current literature out of the hands of the middleman and to place them in the hands of the author, and creator, and producer, and owner. I do not say that this glorious revolution has actually been effected, but it has been begun—it has been begun, and it will go on; it will go on; we have opened the eyes of literary men and women, and no one can shut them again."

These sentiments about the middleman were rapturously received; but I am myself a middleman, and still continue to exist by means of selling books. With all due deference to Sir Walter, I think that I fully earn what small profits I make, and that, in most cases, "the harmless necessary publisher" does also. As long as there are authors in the world who will give anything or do anything for the supreme felicity of seeing themselves in print, Sir Walter will continue to twist ropes of sand wherewith to flagellate publishers. Every author worth his salt buys a certain amount of experience in his first dealings with publishers, which becomes invaluable to him as "copy" in after years; and the author who is not worth his salt cannot be protected against his own vanity. All the same, Sir Walter deserves his honours, and I wish him many years of health and prosperity to enjoy them.

* * * *

Can any of my readers fill in the blanks opposite the names below with all the names of the ladies and gentlemen meant by Sir Walter Besant when he humorously said that if he were made a knight in recognition of his own writings, where were the following dignitaries?

His Grace the Duke of Boxhill.
The Earl of Wessex.
The Lord of the Hebrides.
Lady Fauntleroy.
Lady Elsmere.
The Earl of Man.
My Lord of Thrums.
The Earl of Brattleborough (Vermont).
The Marquis of Samoa.

(Several Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—We have just had a discussion with Martha as to the best way to keep one's rooms cool in this tropical heat. She shuts all the windows on the sunny side of the house, and closes the outer Venetian blinds, so as to prevent the glass from getting hot, opening at the same time all the windows on the shady side. Her house is most refreshingly cool and dim, but then her sitting rooms communicate with folding doors that are rarely shut, so that the air from the shady side can get into the inner ones. Ours, on the contrary, all look one way, with the exception of a staircase window; and we find it very difficult to keep cool. Martha says, in her quaint way, "How all these close-built London houses must long to be detached, or even semi-detached, this weather. And how they must loathe their own and their neighbours' chimneys."

We never have a fire in our flat in this broiling July, but manage all our cooking with a Defries' stove, the most compact arrangement of oven and boiler that you can imagine. The usual disadvantage connected with a stove heated by petroleum is that there is no boiler, but in the latest edition of the Defries there is one running round three sides of the oven, and capable of holding four gallons of water. When this is at or near boiling point, the oven is splendidly hot and cooks beautifully. Our Esther is enchanted with it, for it enables her to keep her kitchen cool during the greater part of the day.

MISS FANNY BROUGH, IN "THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."

We went the other evening to the Comedy Theatre, where we saw *The Prude's Progress*, a delightful play, in which Miss Fanny Brough is brighter and smarter than ever; Miss Lena Ashwell, sweetly sympathetic; Mr. Cyril Maude, an accomplished swindler, an agreeable and effective variety of stage villain; Mr. Edward Righton, a lovable little man of middle-age who reads about himself as a "chuckle-headed old party" in the truest vein of humour, and the next minute makes you want to cry with his unselfish loyalty to the girl he loves. A marvellous bit of character-acting is the lachrymose landlady of Miss Alice Mansfield. I have seen nothing like it since Mrs. Carter acted an old Irishwoman in some play at the Princess's, I think. Miss Ettie Williams is very bewitching; and her part suits her exactly.

The dresses are so very pretty that I have asked and obtained leave to have one of them sketched for you. In the first act Miss Fanny Brough wears a dress that faithfully reflects the mode of the moment. It is a bright coral-pink silk, with fine black lines subduing its brightness. The skirt is trimmed with graduated perpendicular bands of the finest cut steel, edged with black, and ending in large bows of black satin. The bodice is grey satin, embroidered with lines of steel and cream-coloured guipure introduced. Black satin epaulettes edged with steel fall over white lace ones, and a deep collar, split up the centre and edged with steel, finishes the back. The large coral-pink sleeves end at the elbows, where they are met by long white kid gloves. The skirt is lined with black satin and ruched with it round the edge. The next dress is a yellow broché tea-gown with accordeon-kilted crêpe to match down the front, and a full embroidered white collar arranged very gracefully at the back. Long ends of white gauze ribbon fall from the shoulders to the edge of the skirt. A yellow satin ruffle covers the high collar, and is fastened with a diamond brooch. Equally good style is the blue striped crêpon turned back with white satin and cream coloured guipure, brightened with jet, worn by Miss Brough in the last act.

Miss Lena Ashwell is charming in a pink glacé silk, with a fine black stripe, finished at the neck and sleeves with drooping folds of double white chiffon. A white satin ribbon confines it round the slender waist, and a few folds of white satin form the collar. But she looks just as pretty in her shabby black frock in the first act, when she and her brother are very poor indeed.

The dress shown in the sketch is that worn by Miss Brough in Act III.

Lady Londonderry, as you know, has a very pretty figure. Well, fancy it attired in white-and-cream colour, and with a sash of exquisite old point Alençon fastened round the waist at the left side with a large diamond buckle, the ends falling to the hem of the skirt. I don't know when any item in dress has made such an impression on me. I love old lace so dearly, far, far above rubies!

We are quite surfeited with the rush of gay and brilliant events this season. We attended three or four bazaars lately, and saw some great ladies in pretty frocks. The Princess of Wales looked positively more

beautiful than ever, in a black-and-white striped silk, fitting her with the usual faultless accuracy, and made without exaggeration of sleeve or shoulder-trimming. There was a little black chiffon about the shoulders, lined with white, and on one occasion she had a very pretty and poetic arrangement of rose petals scattered down the front of her dress and pinned with diamonds. Her bonnet was composed of flowers in the exact shade of mauve-like pink of the rose-petals.

The two married daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg have been about everywhere with their father and mother and pretty younger sister. The Duchess may well be proud of such lovely girls. The Grand Duchess of Hesse is the handsomest. She has a very fine figure, is tall, holds herself well, and has beautiful dark eyes, and a complexion of soft, creamy white, just touched with tints of pink on the cheeks. The lips are bright scarlet, the teeth very white and regular. Her dark brown hair grows in clustering rings about her low broad forehead. The Crown Princess of Roumania is just as sweet and gentle and pretty as when she was Princess Marie of Edinburgh, having quite lost the fagged look she had when she first came over this time. She wears white, cream, or pale blue, and has the same delicately pretty pink and white tinting as her sister Princess Alexandra.

Princess Beatrice has grown very stout, and shows no art in concealing the fact by diplomatic dressing. When I saw her last she wore a jacket made tight in the waist, and jutting out in very full folds just below it, almost at right angles with the downward lines of her figure. She has such a nice face, however, the cheeks so well modelled, the colouring so subdued, and the expression, though grave, so pleasant, that one can easily forgive her comfortable exuberance of figure. Her pretty lady-in-waiting, Miss Minnie Cochrane, is prettier than ever, as you would admit, if you could see again the large, dark, soft eyes, and the grey hair that makes her youthfulness all the more emphatic. She has been wearing a dress of green chiffon over white satin, and pink roses in a white and pale green straw toque.

After years of dowdy dressing, the Duchess of Connaught has quite come out of late, in brilliant rose tints and very smart gowns.

Princess Hélène, now Duchess d'Aosta, though she had her trousseau made in Paris, employed an English house for her riding habits and tailor-made gowns. The jackets were all cut with that skill, and fitted with that consummate art that characterises the work turned out by Busvine, whose convertible safety apron has been worn by the Princess ever since its invention last summer. It absolutely prevents all risk of being dragged after a fall.

How I have longed lately for a country ride! Is it not a pity that it is so expensive?

Your affectionate SUSIE.

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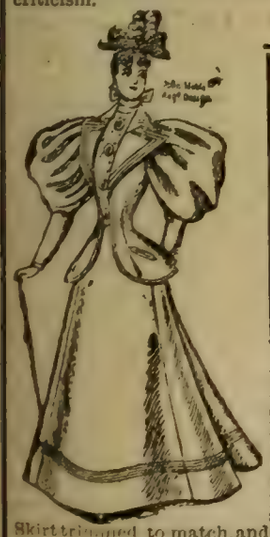

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This Company is formed to acquire by grants, options, discovery, or purchase, freehold or leasehold lands, mines, and mining leases, to develop, work, or sell the same, to act as concessionaires and agents, and to carry on the business of explorers in South Africa, West Australia, and elsewhere, alone, and in conjunction with the Exploring and Development Syndicate (Limited).

The success attending the development of the mining industry in South Africa generally, and the recent rich discoveries of gold in Western Australia, have opened up numerous channels for the lucrative employment of capital, thus affording to investors an opportunity of sharing in the large profits derivable from these sources.

It is stated that with about 40 miles of reef under development by some 68 Companies on the Rand, the dividends paid in 1894 amounted to about £1,872,114, while the aggregate capital value of these Companies stood at the end of the year at 150 per cent. premium on the market, since which time further advances have taken place.

In addition to the country recently thrown open to the prospector in Mashonaland and Matabeleland by the Chartered Company, other fields in South Africa are also awaiting capital for their development.

In Western Australia the area at present proclaimed as Goldfields comprises over 132,000 square miles, offering most favourable opportunities for the acquisition upon moderate terms of valuable properties and mineral rights.

The importance of the discoveries already made in this Colony is apparent from the fact that the gold exported for the first quarter, ending 30th March, of 1894, was 35,367 oz. 18 dwt. 13 grs., of the value of £134,398 2s. 6d., while, for the last quarter of the same year, ending 31st December, it was 67,567 oz. 0 dwt. 20 grs., of the value of £260,174 15s. 3d., showing an improvement over the first quarter of the year of 32,200 oz., equivalent to a sterling increase of £125,776 12s. 9d., or over 90 per cent.

The Company acquires the mineral properties Nos. 1, 2, and 3, hereunder, and an option to purchase the undermentioned 200,000 acres of land.

MINERALS.—SOUTH AFRICA.—No. 1.

Sixty-five Gold Claims situated on the Nigel or Main Reef series in the Transvaal. Area.—About 80 acres. Reefs.—Three Banket Reefs running through the 65 claims, and belonging to the Nigel or Main Reef series. The Reefs are known as the Main or Nigel Reef, the Oscar Reef, and the Gigantic Reef.

REPORTS.—The Properties have been reported upon by Mr. E. F. X. Cooper and Mr. C. H. Barrett.

WATER.—"These claims are bounded on the North by the Heidelberg Dorps River . . . a never-failing stream, and from which a large supply of water can be obtained for milling purposes, sufficient for any number of stamps."

AUSTRALIA, No 2.

Two leases comprising an area of about 24 acres, and known as the "King Solomon" and "Elena," and situated at Mallina, on the Pilbarra Goldfields, Western Australia. Mr. James Kerr, of Glasgow, a well-known and reliable Scotch mining expert and metallurgical chemist, and for many years technical expert of the Tharsis Sulphur and Copper Company (Limited), and now manager of the Mallina Gold Mine (Limited), cabled on April 1st, 1895, respecting the "King Solomon" and "Elena" Leases as follows:—"In the same locality as the Company's Mallina Gold Mine (Limited) property. There are two shafts on the mine, 25 feet. The gold-bearing veins run east and west. The gold quartz is very free, no base metals present. From the formation, the situation of the property is all that can be desired, considering all the circumstances. Adjacent properties have been pegged off. I consider it a most valuable property."

No. 3.

Sections Nos. 6,243, 6,536, and a portion of section 6,537, situated at Mount Torrens, near Adelaide, South Australia. Area.—248 acres; mineral rights held in perpetuity, and subject to no Government or Crown Royalties or taxes. Reefs.—There are three reefs, the Mount Torrens (including the Mount Torrens Extended), the Mount Torrens East, and the Mount Torrens Central. The Mount Torrens reef averages from 3 ft. to 4 ft. wide. Reports.—The properties have been reported upon by Mr. W. Vandome (late Manager of the mines), and for the South Australian Government by its Acting Inspector of Mines, Mr. J. V. Parkes.

The following is from Mr. Parkes' reports (of April, 1890, and September, 1894) to the Government:—

"The lode averages 4 ft. wide of quartz and pyrites, and seems to be of a highly payable nature, judging from results of samples taken by me and assayed by Mr. Goyder. The returns were as follows:—

	Oz.	Dwt.		Dwt.	
"No. 1. Taken from stope at back of 135-ft. level	14	14	Gold	7	Silver per ton
"No. 2. Taken west of No. 2 winze	9	18	"	7	" "
"No. 3. Taken from east of No. 1 winze	3	15	"	traces	" "
"No. 4. Taken from west end of No. 1 winze	5	4	"	2	" "
"No. 5. Taken from under the collar of No. 1 winze	8	13	"	5	" "

Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 5 contained bismuth.

"I see no reason to alter my expressed opinion of four years ago concerning the value of the mine as one worth a thorough testing. I understand that the Company have come into possession of sections 6,248 and 6,536 adjoining their old section. I have at different times gone over these, and find that there is at least (besides the Mount Torrens lode) one strong and well-defined lode running through them. The lode known as the Mount Torrens East is well worth exploring."

LAND.—The Company has obtained the option to acquire about 200,000 acres of land, especially selected in what are regarded as the best parts of the South-west District of the Colony of Western Australia, payment for the same extending over a period of five years.

The Directors have secured the services of Mr. Hamilton Lloyd, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.M.M., and M.A.I.M.E., as their Consulting Engineer, who will aid and direct the Company's operations, and inspect and report upon properties, and advise upon the same. The benefit of Mr. Lloyd's fifteen years' practical experience in South Africa, Australia, and South America will be at the disposal of the Company.

Upon the formation of subsidiary Companies to purchase any of the above or any other properties acquired by the Company, the right to subscribe to any of such Companies will first be given to the Shareholders in this Company.

For Contracts, &c., see full Prospectus.

Prospectuses, with Forms of Application, may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

Application should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and should be addressed to the Bankers of the Company, the London and Westminster Bank (Limited), Lothbury, E.C., or the Commercial Bank of Scotland (Limited), 62, Lombard-street, its head office in Edinburgh, and Branches in Scotland, together with a remittance of 2s. 6d. per Ordinary Share, which is payable on application. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. If more Shares are applied for than are allotted, the excess of what is due on application will be credited to the amount payable on allotment.

THREE ACTRESSES.

A COMPARISON.

It would be difficult to name three actresses more dissimilar in style, talent, and influence on an audience than those selected to interest the dramatic world last week. I will take them in order. Ada Rehan, from America; Réjane, from Paris; Evelyn Millard, of England. And now let us see what the trio had to do.

Ada Rehan's task was to bring the beauty of Shakespeare home to an audience saturated with farce and folly. On the very boards dedicated so recently to an *Artist's Model*, to petticoat dances, to Tom Tit songs, and to the curious allurement of a Letty Lind, it was the duty of the incomparable Ada Rehan to win back the lost song of poetry in a Shakespearian play, which probably not half a dozen at the outside in the audience had ever seen before. No more difficult task was ever entrusted to an actress. Since Margaret Woffington, it may be doubted if any artist has ever been so wholly successful as Ada Rehan in illustrating to the full, the oft-repeated Shakespearian fancy of dressing up a girl in boy's clothes in order to win back a careless or to urge on a reluctant lover. Tempestuous and splendid as is Ada Rehan's Katharine, particularly in the last act, where she shows us what great acting must have been before the "coat and trousers" and "hands-in-the-pocket" period started into life, it may be doubted whether the modern playgoer could quote a better Rosalind, Viola, or Julia than Ada Rehan. Compare them, for instance, with the Rosalind of Mrs. Kendal (ye gods!) or Mary Anderson; with the Viola of Adelaide Neilson, perhaps our best; or with any Julia known to the oldest of old fogies. Ada Rehan would surely win the *plébiscite*. For she looks a boy, but expresses herself as a woman, and that is precisely what the poet of all time wanted. Fancy in these days of *Charley's Aunts* and *Miss Browns*, when men delight in dressing up as women to tickle the taste of the groundlings, an actress coming boldly forward to assert by her art the power and the poetry of Shakespeare. But Ada Rehan does much more than that. She is not run after because she is, strictly speaking, a beautiful woman, or because incontestably she is a fine figure of a woman, but because she is an educated and intellectual woman. She is in the first place a trained actress. She has been taught to speak Shakespeare, and properly accentuate the text. Every word, every sentence, every cadence falls delightfully on the ear. She suits the "action to the word, the word to the action." And without any brag or bombast she seems to whisper to her sister actresses, "My dear good women, this has not been done without hard work, this has not been accomplished without intense study, this result has not been attained without patiently listening to good advice. It would not do for me to say, 'I do not see Julia that way,' and then play it the wrong way because I had no power, or sentiment, or passion. I had to take the advice of instructors wiser than myself, and to gather from their wisdom either what other Julias have done or what this Julia might do."

And this is how Ada Rehan, a great actress and artist, has momentarily directed public attenrion from *Artists' Models* and *Shop Girls* and *Charley's Aunts* and *Miss Browns*, and made us all listen again to the still small and sweet voice of William Shakespeare. I am far from saying there is no art in the plays I have quoted. Quite the contrary. They brim over with an art of a certain kind, only to the educated mind and ear the poetry of Shakespeare and the talent of Ada Rehan are of a higher order. I am equally far from saying that the taste and tact of Augustin Daly, the selection of the music, the arrangement of the scenes, the technical knowledge of the stage, the fun of James Lewis, with his dog-Crab had not something also to do with the success of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. But this I do say, that the success could not have been obtained without the Julia of Ada Rehan, the first of the English-speaking actresses of our time, who, like her predecessor, Peg Woffington, is as excellent in comedy as in pathos. No one but a comedy actress—a farce actress, if you like it—could give an adequate rendering of Rosalind, Viola, and Julia. Mrs. Bancroft could play them all, if God had fashioned her as He has fashioned Ada Rehan. They both have comedy at their finger tips, but they are not made alike.

Réjane belongs to a different school of comedy altogether. It is a broader, more reckless, and more suggestive school. No one can call her cleverness into question for an instant. She is a little lump of cleverness, and her Madame Sans Gène a revelation in comic acting of an accentuated type. It was unfortunate, no doubt, for Réjane that the Examiner of Stage Plays came "fooling around" (as the Americans would say) with his blue pencil just as the curtain was about to rise on *Ma Cousine*, spoiling what she considered her best scenes, cutting out what she thought were her best lines, and reducing her famous dance to a game as harmless as "puss in the corner." Still she has plenty of opportunities even now for showing what her style is like, particularly in the first act, which she plays entirely on the sofa, and without moving from it, and also in the risky scene with the Baron, which is, perhaps, the most audacious scene ever witnessed on the English stage, not excepting Chaumont's *Madame attends Monsieur*.

I now come to the third on the list, an English actress, Evelyn Millard, who has been promoted by force of circumstances to the front rank. In England just now we are suffering from a drought of young capable actresses and actors. It would be as difficult to find a capable Romeo as a Juliet. In fact, a young Harry Conway or a young Kyrle Bellew would find a small fortune waiting for him, for, take my word for it, the days of the romantic and poetic drama will be back on us sooner than any of us expect. We only want the man and the woman. Mr. Bernard Shaw is good enough to believe and say that Miss Janet Achurch and Co. have "smashed up" the drama that every one likes and pays for. It seems to me that the Ibsenitish drama has "smashed up" its over-rated priestesses. There are certain characters in which no actor or actress have ever failed. For instance, Nora in the *Doll's House*; Marguerite, in the *Dame aux Camelias*, a success from Doche to Anna Ruppert; Magda in *Heimath*; and King William in *Clancarty*. It is impossible to fail in any one of them. They play themselves. Paul Tanqueray threatens to be another of them. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's success was followed up by that of Miss Granville and Evelyn Millard. This young lady has now followed Marion Terry as the heroine in *The Idler*. She does well, she has been well taught, she is painstaking, she has many of the gifts that go to make up a good actress, but to me she is unimaginative and unimpressive. Miss Marion Terry's performance glowed and glimmered with the sheen of silk or satin. Miss Millard's performance is like linsey-wolsey or wool. We hear what she says, but it does not come home to us. She reaches our ears, but never touches our hearts. There are dozens of such painstaking actresses in Eng-

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land. They come up to a point, and never get any further. Sometimes, as was the case with Julia Neilson, they get under a new and clever master—Charles Wyndham, to wit—and obtain a new lease of dramatic life. But as a rule they stop short of the highest rung on the ladder of fame. So they are Faith, Hope, and Charity—Ada Rehan, Réjane, and Evelyn Millard. But in this case, the greatest of these is Faith, in the accomplished person of Miss Ada Rehan.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—"Down with the House of Lords" is all very well as an election cry, and it really sounds rather magnificent to hear that Rosebery told the Peers "face to face," as he put it himself, that they ought to be exterminated.

But what is the simple practical truth about the Lords? I will tell you. No sane man can possibly believe in hereditary authority. The safety of our persons and property, together with the saving of our souls, we regard as supremely important things. But our armies are not commanded by hereditary generals; our streets are not patrolled by hereditary policemen; we are not blessed and buried by hereditary bishops. We do, however, entrust the making of our laws to men whose only claim to power is the fact that they are the sons of their fathers. Which is absurd. That is to say, it is very absurd in theory

But in practice it works very well. The backbone of the Peers does not come from the old families. You never hear of the absolutely well-born Lords unless they have downright ability. Men, for example, like Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, or the Duke of Argyll would have made their mark whatever state of life they might have been called to. They are supported and assisted by men like Lord Rosebery, who does not date so very far from a worthy Mr. Primrose, who was a solicitor at Dover, and finally they are swayed and guided by the men who are promoted, because of ability, honourable service to the State, or because, like the great brewing and banking Lords, they represent and have successfully controlled vast vested interests.

This oddly compound body gets through its work with commendable rapidity. Unlike the Lower House it is most emphatically not a Talking Shop. It has not the power to spend one shilling of the Nation's money. It is a brake on the wheel of too rapid legislation, and it has never been known to oppose the national will for more than a reasonable and limited period.

Granted that a Second Chamber is necessary, it does the work of a Second Chamber very fairly well. I admit, and I believe that a very much better and more ideal Second Chamber could be created. But I maintain a heap of reforms are more necessary and more pressing than the reform of the House of Lords. If anyone will give me pure, cheap water and a lower income tax, the reform of the Lords can wait so far as I am concerned.

Moreover, I especially deprecate a howl about the Lords just now. We do not want any more talk. We want work. Useful, practical work. When I ask for bread I don't want to be given a programme. If the House of Lords' agitation is carried far enough, we may waste just as much valuable time over it as we did over Home Rule. Indeed, we may waste more. For any tampering with hereditary authority has certain logical consequences. If the machinery of Government is to be purged of hereditary authority, how are we going to stop when we get to the top? Are we going to have an absolutely democratic representative Government with an hereditary monarch to rule over it? If we cannot tolerate the veto of the Peers, what about the prerogatives of the Crown?

We may as well frankly recognise that the abolition of the Peers as they stand, will bring us face to face with a constitutional transformation amounting definitely to revolution.

Of course you will say why should I mind that. All my life I have been extreme Democrat, and I have asserted that the principle of monarchy is distasteful to me. I still assert the same thing. But above all things I am a utilitarian. The hereditary monarch is just as preposterous in my eyes as the hereditary peer. But I cannot deny that he serves a useful purpose. He puts the highest position in the State beyond the reach of the individual. Goodness knows, party politics are bad enough as they are, but what would an election be like with Chamberlain, Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery, and say Dr. Tanner, all scheming, plotting, and planning to be Lord High Protector of the Imperial British Republic? We are getting nearer every day to the abolition of property qualifications, to one man one vote, to the simple counting of heads, or rather to the counting of hungry mouths. I do not say that we are going down hill, but I do say that we are going very fast. And even if it is a bit old-fashioned, a brake on the wheel is a very useful thing. The more votes you give to the empty stomachs the more bread, or its equivalent, will have to follow them, the bigger the prizes to be achieved by filling the stomachs, the greater the premium on political corruption.

Already the cancer is with us. In a staid and reputable paper, the *Saturday Review* of July 6th, I read "it is generally understood that the peerage of Mr. Stern was paid for in cash; £25,000 is the figure named. And in consideration of his 'ratting,' Capt. Naylor Leyland has been allowed to buy his baronetcy for £10,000." In another column it is said that "Mr. Gardner's peerarge is an impudent piece of hypocrisy, and shows as clearly as anything can that the cry of 'Down with the House of Lords!' is a sham.'

I am not concerned with the truth or falsehood of these statements—they look to me like three cheerful actions for libel, but the mere fact that such accusations are possible points my moral. If this sort of thing can be said as we are, what would not be said—what would not happen—when a powerful Minister was engaged in attempting to win a position equivalent to that occupied by the Queen to-day?

Until I see a much larger and more evident growth in national purity and patriotism I shall consider it a matter for congratulation that our constitutional system sets a limit on personal ambition.

Just ask yourself what would happen when the candidate of the Presidency came to terms with the Welsh Disestablishers, the Temperance party, and the Irish Home Rulers! No, no. Heaven preserve us from coming to such a pass! I want to see cheap bread, —for bread, you know, at present is not affected as it ought to be by the price of corn; I want cheap, pure water; I want a system of equitable graduated taxation on incomes—for the man who has £20,000 a year can obviously afford to pay more than the man with £1,000; I want an end put to disastrous strikes by compulsory arbitration; I want to see the publican relieved of the ludicrously unfair competition of proprietary clubs, which, no matter what their social status, are nothing more than unlicensed drinking-shops; I want to see a tax on gambling, whether on the Turf or the Stock Exchange; in fact, what I want, and what every level-headed man in this country ought to want, is practical, useful legislation. If we can get this, we can well set tremendous revolutionary measures aside. I put it to you straight: Supposing the House of Lords, and, as a necessary logical corollary, the Monarchy also, were abolished to-morrow morning, would any single human creature in this country be one whit better off?

Of course they wouldn't! So why should we waste

time vapouring about theoretical twaddle. What the country wants is men and measures, not manifestoes. It wants a good Conservative majority, ridden with long Unionists spurs. Let us all hope we shall get it.

Though a lot of people have left town to go electioneering in the provinces, we have plenty of excitement in London, for whatever happens when the election is over, it is England and the capital that will provide the majority. In neither Ireland nor Wales can much change be expected. In Scotland I don't look for much variety either, though the Unionists may win a few seats. These facts make it doubly necessary for Unionists and Conservative candidates to state their proposals for domestic reform clearly and concisely. The people of England are sick of word-splitting—they want a little undiluted plain-speaking and common-sense.

Our new Licenser of plays, Mr. Radford, seems to be blest with this latter commodity. It was the custom of the late Mr. Piggott to permit in French what he wouldn't allow in English. But Mr. Radford thinks differently. According to him a thing is wrong, or it isn't, no matter what language it is spoken in. This being so, he sat heavily on Madame Réjane, and ran his blue pencil freely over *Ma Cousine*. The performance is said to have suffered in consequence. But I think that Mr. Radford was quite right. I do not believe in the censorship—I regard it as a ridiculous anachronism, but if it does exist let it operate logically. And it is not logical to permit French players to say and do things that are forbidden to English players. The foreigners have already so much in their favour that we cannot afford to throw them in lewdness as well as license.

Now, I have got a bit of good news for you. In view of the tremendous exodus that will continue during the next twelve months, George Alexander has determined to abandon his contemplated visit to America in the autumn of 1896. He has, I have every reason to believe, secured the services of Mrs. Tree, and after the plays by Godfrey and Claude Carton he will produce an adaptation of *Heimath*, in order that, as Magda, Mrs. Tree may at last have an opportunity of proving beyond all question the brilliant ability she possesses.

Miss Calhoun, who, you remember, played so brilliantly in *Mrs. Ebbsmith* at the Garrick, has gone on a flying visit to her home in California; but she will return in time to take up her engagement with Sir Augustus Harris, and play the heroine in the autumn drama at Drury Lane, when the cast will include Henry Neville, George Giddens, Lionel Rignold, Charles Dalton, and a host of popular favourites.

Your affectionate Cousin,

RANDOLPH.

LOVELY NEW ART LINENS for Henley Gowns Artistic and striking. —J. HARRIS AND SONS, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, London, and Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.

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WHO'S WHO? Is he reliable? Is the Company a genuine or a bogus one? Do you want to know? If so send 2s. 6d. to the Investors' Protection and Information Agency, 22, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

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ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

The Lists will be OPENED on WEDNESDAY, 10th July, and closed on or before FRIDAY, 12th July.

THE WHITE ROSE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, (WITWATERSRAND).

CAPITAL, £125,000
In 125,000 Shares of £1 each.

40,000 Shares will be allotted as fully paid to the Vendors on account of purchase consideration.

85,000 are now offered for subscription at par to provide the cash purchase consideration of £35 000 and the working capital.

Payable—2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and the balance as required.

Any Shareholder may, if he so desires, pay up in full on allotment, or at any future date, and Fully-paid Shares can subsequently be converted into Share Warrants to Bearer at the option of the Holder.

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SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Francis and Johnson, 26, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

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BROKERS.—London: Messrs. Earlam-Booth and Preston, 4, Copthall Chambers and Stock Exchange. Cardiff: Messrs. Ernest Sully and Co., 119, Bute Street. Glasgow: Alfred Muir, 104, West George Street.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. J. and A. W. Sully, 70, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—R. Lawrence Spicer, 26, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

PARIS AGENCY.—Henry Selby, 11, Rue Louise-le-Grand, Paris.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and further develop a block of 28 claims on the Bothas or Main Reef, and a water right, situated about 20 miles west of Johannesburg, and bounded on the east and west by the properties of the George and May Gold Mining Company, Limited, as shown by the accompanying sketch plan. These claims have been already worked by Messrs. Lucas Brothers, the present owners, but need further capital outlay for their proper and systematic development.

The machinery and buildings on the ground consist of a 10-stamp (850lb) Sandycroft Battery in good order, 10-h.p. engine and boiler with driving gear, head gear, 10 h.p. Davey and Paxman engine and boiler, winding drum, etc., sheds and quarters.

The property has been reported upon, for the original Vendor Syndicate, by Mr. F. J. Quinton, of Johannesburg, on August 8, 1894, and for the Purchasers from it by Messrs. Franklin White (Mining Engineer, and Superintending Manager of the Village Main Reef Gold Mining Company), on February 4, 1895, and L. H. Chouan (Superintending Manager of the Le Champ d'Or French Gold Mining Company, Limited) on May 30, 1895.

Mr. Quinton states that the results of crushing so far have averaged from 7dwt. to 9dwt. per ton over the plates, but with the use of the Cyanide process, a yield of from 10dwt. to 12dwt. can be relied upon. Some 10,000 tons have already been crushed at a cost (excluding personal labour by the owners) not exceeding 11s. 6d. per ton.

He further states that:—"The Main Reef only has been developed on this property up to the present, but the leader has been developed and worked on the 'Champ d'Or,' 'Emma,' and the 'George and May,' with splendid results. Main Shaft, West, 170ft. on incline, 5ft. by 8½ft., two 24in. gauge rails and ladder way, timbered down to 100ft. level. Reef averages 2ft. 6in. at this depth. Drives have been put in along the reef at 170ft., 50ft. east, and 40ft. west. Reefs dip at an angle of about 70 deg. Two hundred feet to the east another shaft has been put down to a depth of some 200ft., and driving has been done some 50ft. each way on the reef, which shows about the same width and value as in No. 1 shaft west. This shaft, however, is unworkable, owing to insufficient timbering the walls have collapsed. On the surface there are several other shafts and cuttings where the reef is exposed, and from which ore has been taken and crushed, but for all practical purposes the No. 1 shaft west is sufficient."

Mr. Franklin White states that the angle of the dip is 55 deg. to 45 deg. near the outcrop, flattening off to 40 deg. below, and he adds that this steepness of dip considerably increases the mineral-bearing area, this being one-third more than the surface area, and that there are no indications of any fault of any importance running across the property. He computes the net amount of mineral on the property at 330,000 tons, and he further states that, in his opinion, the reef should not be valued at more than [illegible] dwt., fire assay, over 2½ ft., with the leader at 10 dwt. over a thickness of 20 inches, this would give for the two an average of nearly 12½ dwt. per ton. He estimates that the cost of equipment of a 25 stamp battery, cyanide and mining plant, with development of 4,000 tons, would be £[illegible] but he recommends a liberal outlay and provision for future requirements.

Mr. Chouan computes the net amount of ore on the property at: 60,000 to 380,000 tons, extraction average about 13 dwt. In the old method of treatment by battery Mr. Chouan states the working capital necessary for 30-stamp battery, cyanide works, buildings and developments would be £38,000, and working expenses 25s. per ton. He, however, strongly recommends the adoption of dry crushing and direct cyaniding; in that case he estimates the cost of plant and development at £30,000, and the working expenses at 20s. per ton; this method of treatment has been successfully adopted on the adjoining properties.

The purchase-price of the property and machinery has been fixed by the vendors at £75,000, payable as to £35,000 in cash, and £40,000 in fully paid shares, leaving 50,000 shares available for subscription to provide working capital.

The Vendor bears all expenses of and incident to the registration and formation of the Company up to and including allotment.

The following agreements have been entered into:—

Between Alexander Bissett Lucas and Philip de Neufville Lucas, and Francis John Quinton, acting on behalf of the Alpha (Rand) Syndicate, Limited, dated April 16, 1895.

Between the Alpha (Rand) Syndicate, Limited, and Charles Arthur Ross, dated June 24, 1895.

Between Charles Arthur Ross and the Company, dated July 5, 1895.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, Reports, and of the above-mentioned Agreements may be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Francis and Johnson, 26, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

The Vendor has also entered into arrangements with others, relating to the expenses attending the formation of the Company and the guarantee of part of the capital offered for subscription which may be contracts within the strict interpretation of section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares will be required to waive further compliance with the provisions of such section in respect of such contracts, and applications will only be received and allotments made on that footing.

Applications for Shares should be made on Forms accompanying the Prospectus, and sent, with the amount of the deposit, to the Company's Bankers.

Should no Allotment be made, the deposit will be returned, and if the number of Shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the balance will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Bankers, Brokers, and at the Company's Offices.

June 29, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

GOODWINS, JARDINE AND CO., LIMITED.

IN our last issue we referred to this company, and promised to say more about it this week. We publish below a letter from a correspondent who has every right to speak. His language is strong, but not too strong :—

> I herewith take the liberty of enclosing you the prospectus of a company which is now about to be wound up by the bondholders and creditors, all the works now sold.
>
> To begin with, I have no hesitation in saying it was a glaring fraud on the part of the partners of the Coats Iron and Steel Company.
>
> The cause of the amalgamation with James Goodwin and Co. was that the Coats Company were in debt to a very large amount, and unless they paid some of their heaviest creditors the works were to be taken from them. Hence the amalgamation with James Goodwin and Co., two of the Coats partners being partners in J. G. and Co., and notwithstanding all these debts the auditors certified that they had examined the Coats Company's books, and that they were making £11,000 a year.
>
> It came out in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, that these same books were no better than waste-paper.
>
> As to the financial standing of James Goodwin and Co., I can refer you to Mr. Moore, of Moore and Brown, who audited their books for nearly thirty years, that it was not overstated in the prospectus. The Coats Company were only about five years in existence altogether.
>
> The first year of the new company, the Coats' Steel Works went £20,000 behind, and were immediately stopped, and the company in its second year of existence went into liquidation, and the original partners of the Coats' Company into bankruptcy. The same auditors were the agents in sequestration.

We have also received the following letter, which speaks for itself :—

> Having done business with James Goodwin and Co. over a period of ten years previous to their joining Jardine, I am in a position to say that no straighter firm existed than Messrs. James Goodwin and Co., and their business was as "sound as a bell."
>
> As to Jardine, his show was in a rotten condition, and in financial difficulties, when he persuaded good-natured James Goodwin to join him and float a limited, with a capital of some quarter a million or more (I am speaking roughly), with the immaculate and would-be First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Edward Reed, as chairman.
>
> The latter gentleman was so well known in Glasgow that——
>
> You will remember he was also chairman of the Hopcraft Furnace.

It will be observed that both our correspondents say that the business of Messrs. James Goodwin and Co. was a perfectly sound business. The average net profits were certified by Messrs. McClelland, Mackinnon, and Blyth to have been at the rate of £14,255 per annum, and there is no ground for questioning the accuracy of that statement. But the prospectus goes on to state—

> The accounts of the profits from the Coats Works must be taken from the date when the Steel Works were completed, and Messrs. McClelland, Mackinnon, and Blyth, the well-known chartered accountants of Glasgow, who have examined the books, say that the net profits since that time have been at the rate of £11,875 13s. 4d. per annum, after allowing for depreciation, as reported by Messrs. James Clinkskill and Son, and providing for the upkeep and repairs of buildings, machinery, plant and tools.

How came it that Messrs. McClelland, Mackinnon, and Blyth gave this certificate when, as a matter of fact, this company, which was said to be making an annual net profit of £11,875, was hopelessly bankrupt? When the amalgamation was proposed it was arranged that Messrs. Moore and Brown should be the auditors. Mr. Moore spent three days in the Coats' office at Coatbridge, when he was requested to leave by Mr. Jardine, and Messrs. McClelland, Mackinnon and Blyth became the auditors. We are not suggesting that these latter gentlemen certified what they did not believe to be true, but the discrepancy between their certificate and the actual facts is so great that we invite them to say how they came to be so seriously misled.

Is it possible to conceive anything more monstrous than the record of this company? Goodwin's, Jardine and Co., Limited, was bought out in April, 1889. It asked the public to subscribe a share capital of £210,000 made up of 10,000 cumulative seven per cent. Preference shares of £10 each, and 11,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each, with a debenture issue of £80,000 in 5½ per cent. first mortgage bonds. At the top of the prospectus there is the following statement in large type :—

> The certified annual average net profits of the three businesses to be amalgamated amount to £26,131 13s. 2d. per annum, which, after providing for the interest on the debentures, and the dividend on the preference shares, leaves a balance of about £15,000 per annum.

£15,000! Or sufficient to pay at least twelve per cent. on the ordinary shares of the company.

And yet the company never paid a dividend, and in February, 1891, about twenty months after its formation, it went into liquidation.

What does Sir Edward Reed, K.C.B., say to it? He was chairman of the company. We cannot doubt that his acceptance of the chairmanship led many of the public to subscribe for shares. Doubtless, when he took the chairmanship, he believed the Coats' Iron and Steel Company to be a flourishing concern. But how was it possible for him to remain of that opinion after he had become chairman, and was behind the scenes? Yet he remained chairman until the liquidation. How does he reconcile that with his sense of duty? Surely it was his duty when he found that he had been deceived to retire, or, at any rate, to make the shareholders acquainted with the real state of affairs, and consult with them as to what was best to be done. Did he do so?

BOUNCE AND BUNGLE.

WE do not remember a more ignominious collapse than that of the *Evening News* in its circulation controversy with the *Star*, and yet the young men who run the *Evening News*, and who have lost the game in such humiliating fashion, had most of the trumps in their hand. The *Evening News* objected to the statement the *Star* has been in the habit of printing on its first page, where it claims—or, we should say, claimed, since the line no longer appears—the "largest circulation of any evening paper in the kingdom." The circulation of the *Evening News* is considerably larger than that of the *Star*, and consequently it had a right to require the withdrawal of a statement that was untrue, and might be injurious to its interests. If the *Evening News* had contented itself with demanding this withdrawal, and had gone to the Courts if the demand had been refused, it must have won, because the Courts would have satisfied themselves that the statement of the *Star* could not be maintained. But the *Evening News* did not take this simple course. It was not satisfied with the first place as to circulation, but passed from fact to fiction, and claimed a larger circulation than that of the *Star* and any other halfpenny evening paper. And not content even with that it went on to boast that it had a circulation "many tens of thousands" higher than this combination.

The *Star* answered by producing a certificate of its sale in Ascot week of the present year, which showed an average daily sale of over 150,000. Of course that is a sale largely in excess of the ordinary sale of the *Star*. It is impossible when you are dealing with a London evening halfpenny paper, to say with precision, or anything near it, the extent to which sales are affected by the Ascot week. It may be that during that week there was some other matter of public interest which increased the sale, apart from racing news. But we will take the Ascot week for a couple of years, and the difference between the *Star's* normal daily sale for June and its sale for the four Ascot days was in the one year 43,970 and in the other 35,856. Still, what applies to the one paper applies to the other. If the circulation of the *Star* was exceptional in the Ascot week so was the circulation of the *Evening News*. But it is not only that the *Evening News* fails to prove its boast as to the "many tens of thousands" it sold in Ascot week over and above the combined circulation of the *Star* and any other evening newspaper. Even in comparing its circulation with the *Star* alone all it can say after its foolish vaunting is that "the *Evening News* sold during the Ascot week many, many, many thousands more papers than the 150,000 per day claimed by the *Star* for that week."

That statement is true enough, because though the *Star* sold "over 150,000 per day," the *Evening News* sold over 180,000, nearer 180,000 than 190,000, but still considerably over 180,000. And that, we may take it, is about the normal difference between the sale of the *Star* and the *Evening News*. It is a substantial difference. But it is not what the *Evening News* claimed, or anything like it.

*** Since writing the above we have received a very cleverly got up circular on "Our Circulation," covered by a letter from the advertisement manager of the *Star*. With the exception of one disputable statement in the last sentence of the circular it seems a very fair and temperate presentment of the facts, and we wish the *Evening News* joy of it.

THE CHEMISTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

IN our issue of May 4th we directed attention to this company, and warned our readers to have nothing to do with it. It may be remembered that the company was brought out with a capital of £200,000, and that it was to pay £122,500 for various drug stores. Fortunately for the public, there was only a very gingerly response on their part, the amount actually subscribed only amounting to £15,362. According to our contemporary, the *Chemist and Druggist*, negotiations have been going

on for some time past with the original vendors of businesses to induce them to accept shares in place of cash, but not, apparently, with much success.

It seems to us that the directors ought not to have gone to allotment. The public who subscribed the £15,362 did so on the understanding that the company would buy and work a large number of businesses. If it is unable to do that, if it can only buy a few, then the scheme upon which the public planked their money disappears, and the £15,362 ought not to be parted with until the shareholders have had an opportunity of saying whether, under the altered conditions, they are willing to leave their money in the concern or not.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE (SCARBOROUGH), LIMITED.

OUR attention has been directed to this company, which has just been brought out, and which asks the public to pay £18,500 "for the lease, goodwill, license, furniture, fixtures, and fittings of the Imperial Hotel, Scarborough, to be known in future as the Hôtel Métropole." The only reference in the prospectus to past profits is to be found in the last paragraph of a report of Messrs. Thomson and Braithwaite, in which they say they "are informed that the present takings of the hotel are £5,000 per annum." About the net profits the public is given no data. We understand that the prospectus is being sent round largely in Yorkshire, and it may, therefore, be well to give our Yorkshire friends a word of warning. We are informed that last year all that the vendor had to sell—and he has not more to sell now—was offered for a sum very greatly below that at which the company is to buy the concern.

SIR ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

OUR spirited Johannesburg contemporary, the *Critic*, makes merry at the expense of English newspapers—the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Sketch*, and the rest of them—for the credulity with which they have been accepting Mr. Barney Barnato's statements about himself. But our Transvaal contemporaries are not less gullible or ill-informed. For example, some time in May Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett made a speech at the Anglo-African Writers' Club—a speech which seems to have been an exceptionally foolish speech even for him. Sir Ellis—as become a naturalised Britisher—has never been able to overcome the anguish with which he heard of the concession of independence to the Boers after Majuba; and in the speech to which we are referring, and to which nobody in this country paid any attention, he propounded his remedy for the national humiliation England suffered at the hands of the Boers. "Re-establish British influence in Pretoria and Khartoum, and the thing is done." This very silly recommendation has caused quite a *furore* in the Transvaal. Says the *Critic*: "This somewhat grandiosely-conceived scheme has been too much for the Boers entirely, and the editors of their representative organs have fairly writhed in their efforts to vituperate and spit duly at the unconscious offender, Sir Ellis." These wiseacres appear to have as accurate a knowledge of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's political importance as some of their *confrères* nearer home possess of the career and character of Mr. Barney Barnato.

SIR JOHN GORST has not got the Cabinet rank to which he was entitled, but he is peculiarly fitted for the important appointment he has received. It would have been strange, indeed, if Sir John had been excluded from the Ministry because of his relations with a particular company, whilst Mr. Gerald Balfour was made Chief Secretary for Ireland.

WE hear that a company is about to be brought out for the purpose of acquiring and working Duke's Self-lighting Gas-burner, a very ingenious adaptation of the property of platinum to cause the combination of oxygen with hydrogen with development of heat to ignite a stream of gas issuing from a burner. All that is required to light the burner is to turn on the gas, which immediately causes the porous plug to glow. The draught of air through the small tube instantly helps to raise the temperature of the small wire to a point at which effluent gas is ignited.

NEW ISSUES.

Willey and Pearson, Limited. Capital £121,000.—Formed to buy and work the business of Mr. Willey, of Halifax, a business which consists of the "Manufacturing of Fingering, Knitting, Fleecy, Crewel, Andalusian, Shetland, and Embroidery Wools, and Heald and Genappe Worsted Yarns." The goods manufactured by Mr. Willey are well known in the Trade, and nearly 300 hands are employed. Messrs. Jackson, Fixley and Co. certify that the annual average profits for the five years ended October last were £10,955; for the three years ending the same date £12,778; and for the last year of the same period £14,457. Assuming these profits to be maintained, and they are expected to be increased, there would remain a surplus of £4,700, after deducting the remuneration of directors, etc., paying fixed charges, and distributing a dividend of 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

Grover and Co., Limited. Capital, £130,000. Formed to acquire as a going concern the business of art lithographers, colour printers, etc., carried on in Nottingham under the style of Grover and Co. Messrs. Clough, Armstrong and Ford certify that the profits, taking the past three years, have averaged £12,000 per annum, a sum sufficient to pay handsome dividends upon the capital now offered to the public. A portion of the ordinary shares will be offered to customers and employés of the firm, and Mr. Grover, the creator of the business, will act as managing-director for a period of not less than five years.

The White Rose Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital, £125,000.—Formed to acquire and develop sundry claims on the Rietfontein, or Main Reef, near Johannesburg. There is machinery on the ground which has been very favourably reported upon. The purchase-price is £75,000, of which £40,000 is taken in shares.

The Palace (Bristol) Company, Limited. Share capital, £20,000. First Mortgage Debenture, £8,000.—At the close of 1892 the People's Palace, as it is called, was opened in Baldwin Street, Bristol. A Bristol accountant certifies that for the two years it has been working the show has made a net profit at the rate of £2,740 per annum. That is a nice little profit and the vendors should be satisfied. Instead, they want to sell the business to the public for £25,500. If the public take our advice they will not accept the offer.

The British Exploration Company, Limited. Capital £150,000.—Formed to acquire lands, mining leases, etc., in South Africa, West Australia, and elsewhere, in conjunction with the Exploring and Development Syndicate, Limited. The company has obtained the option to acquire some 200,000 acres of land specially selected "in what are regarded as the best parts of the south-west district of the colony of Western Australia," as well as various claims on the Nigel or Main Reef series in the Transvaal. The consideration to be paid for these mineral properties, and the Western Australian option, is £75,000. The company promises well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Associated Gold Mines of Australia. SHAREHOLDER (Birmingham).—Our information is that these shares are likely to go a good deal higher. As we pointed out when the company was formed, the working capital is quite inadequate, but we are told that some of the claims are likely to give good results when properly worked, and negotiations are going on which may result in a material addition to the working capital. **The Colonial Company, Limited.** G. M. (Innellan).—We cannot recommend the Six per Cent. Debentures of this company. It has valuable sugar estates in the West Indies, but its obligations are many. Its career has been a chequered one, and the value of sugar properties, even in places like Demerara, is very difficult to appraise. So much depends upon prices and weather. **A Lancashire Company.** We are obliged to you for your letter and for promise of papers. We shall treat them, of course, as sent to us in confidence. **Trunks and Eries.** M. A. B. (Bradford).—You cannot go far wrong in holding on for a time. You were foolish to put your money into these concerns. **Commercial Brewery Debentures.** G. G. (South Hampstead).—Yes, quite safe. **Nelson Brothers, Limited.** J. P. B. (Thornton Heath).—We do not see what you can do. **Universal Stock Exchange.** IN FOR A SPEC (Birmingham).—It is impossible for us to give any opinion upon the advisability of applying for shares until we see the prospectus. We do not even know that the Company is to be brought out. **Great Boulders.** A. L. (Sunderland).—If you take our advice, you will sell at the present quotation, and be thankful for the chance. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** SHAREHOLDER (London).—We do not know. **Bodegas.** SHAREHOLDER (Bristol).—We can see nothing objectionable in it. It strikes us as a happy idea of the advertising kind. We think the shares good to hold. **Crisp and Co., Limited.** F. B. (Leicester).—None whatever. We have reason to believe these shares will go a good deal higher before long. **Nitrate Rails.** W. H. (Preston).—Quite high enough in our opinion. We do not recommend the purchase. **British Broken Hill.** J. C. (Surbiton).—We should say not "much," but "everything." **Achilles.** S. S. (Bath).—Very speculative. Do not touch them. **Ærated Bread Shares.** F. C.—You have a sound investment, but we think the price of the shares is likely to be cheaper than it is. Competition is very severe, and is growing. **Pennsylvania Railroad Shares.** S. H. T. (Leete).—Yes.

INSURANCE.

P. W. W.—Old-fashioned and respectable, out of joint and out of sympathy with present day requirements; but quite sound. **E. C. M.**—The system is wrong, the manager is unscientific, he has great energy but very little judgment, and the company cannot be long lived. **Admirer.**—1. The similarity is so slight that it would not mislead people who are acquainted with the names of companies; we therefore, think that there would be no infringement. 2. Pretty fair. **A. W.**—The concern may be so sound that the shareholders are perfectly safe; but the terms and conditions of your bargain with it are such that you stand to lose rather than to gain. **Annual Subscriber.**—The financial statements issued by the company we cannot rely upon. If you pay into it you will not attain your main object. Better have nothing to do with it. **G. C. P.**—You could not do better than take out another policy from the company you are already in. When the time arrives for payment, there will be no difficulty placed by the company in the way of payment. What company is it that is giving trouble, and what reasons are assigned for delay in payment?

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Our Own Investment System." DRAGOON (West Kirby).—We have no belief in, and we advise you to be equally sceptical about, "our own investment system," or any other system which promises you large profits from Stock Exchange transactions without the possibility of loss. **Bank.** W. B. C. (Forest Hill).—We have no reason for supposing that this institution does not pay the interest it promises, but it is not a bank in the strict sense of the term. Its rates for money lent are usurious, and we never recommend deposits in institutions which, however financially sound, do not offer the guarantees as to stability given by Banks properly so called. **Tanquerey Portrait Society.** W. S. (Burnham).—We can only repeat our warning to our readers, often given, to have nothing to do with people trading under this title. **Liquidation of Company.** ——— (Glasgow).—We are obliged for your letter, and shall be glad to hear from you again at your early convenience. **Window Fastener.** W. J. B. (Finsbury Park).—We are not aware that we "have to place anything on the market" for you. Perhaps you will explain. **Various Newspapers.** G. R. C. (Baildon).—We cannot answer your questions beyond saying that if you want to buy stocks and shares you should employ a member of "the House." **Rhea Fibre Company.** J. H. (Sheffield).—No, certainly not. We are obliged for the Batey papers. **Safe Investment.** C. M. (Ramsgate).—(1) It might be "better" if you could do it, but you cannot. You must buy through a broker. (2) A respectable firm of outside brokers, but the advantage you speak of is illusory. (3) It is best to deal with a member of "the House." (4) We do not know any publication that would give you all you want. You would find the *Stock Exchange Trutwothy* guide on the matters with which it deals. **Glenrocks.** T. E. L. (Peckham Rye).—It is the best thing to do.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
Sir Augustus Harris's Grand Opera Season.
For full particulars see daily papers.
Box Office now open.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening at 8 o'clock. First appearance in England of the DUCAL COURT COMPANY of SAXE-COBURG and GOTHA. (See Daily Papers.)

COMEDY THEATRE.—Every Evening at 8.20.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
A Comedy in three acts by Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Cyril Maude Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Edward Righton, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Fanny Brough.
Preceded at 7.50 by THE PRACTICAL JOKER, Doors open at 7.30.
Box Office open 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. E. T. Bradley.

LYCEUM.—KING ARTHUR. TO-NIGHT (Wednesday) at 8.15, also MATINEE, Saturday at 2. CHARLES I. (only time), To-morrow (Thursday). THE LYONS MAIL (only time), Friday Night. Theatre closed on Saturday Night. NANCE OLDFIELD and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, July 15, 16, and Saturday MATINEE, July 20. JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETING, and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, July 17, 18, 19. MACBETH, July 22, 23, 25, 26, and MATINEE, Wednesday 24th. LAST NIGHT of SEASON, July 27. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION and EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.
CRYSTAL PALACE.
CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE, Daily, at 3.30 and 6.30 Numbered seats, 2s.; unnumbered, 1s.; promenade, 6d.
"WITH such an Exhibition it ought to be Bank Holiday business at the Crystal Palace every day of the week."—*The Referee.*
EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.—Over 42,000 people were at the Crystal Palace on the Opening Day. Immense enthusiasm.
"WE have had many and various Wild Easts and Wests; but it is very sure that there has been nothing to equal Africa in London."—*Westminster Gazette.*
"THE SOMALIS are quite natural; they 'play-act' with the delight of children in the pastime, and they provide a number of unrehearsed effects which are by no means the least charming part of the spectacle."—*Daily Graphic.*
CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—SOMALI DISPLAY.—The genuine and unstudied nature of the entire display is its great charm and at once impresses the spectator.
"THE PERFORMANCES by the SOMALIS, with their dromedaries and spirited little horses, their elephants, zebras ostriches, and other animals, were most interesting."—*The Standard.*
CARL HAGENBECK'S OSTRICH FARM and HAPPY FAMILY of CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS. Open daily from 12 till dusk in Grounds. Admission 3d.—CRYSTAL PALACE.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.45.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Wet or Fine. Thousands can witness the Marvellous Performances. Early Entertainments commence 11 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.30 and 7.30. Over 100 Artistes, Novelties and Attractions. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine in operation—Panorama of Palestine—Doge of Venice—Siberian Picture—The Six-Footed Heifer—The Annual Great Photographic Exhibition—Whippet Races—Daily at 5.30 and 10.30.

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For all information apply to the UNION STEAMSHIP Co., Ltd., Canute Road, SOUTHAMPTON; 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and South African House, 94 to 96, Bishopsgate Street Within, LONDON, E.C.

"THE TIMES" December 29, 1894, asks in a Leader on
"OUR DAUGHTERS,"
"WHAT will the little stock of accumulations which paterfamilias can hope "to leave behind him, after he has paid for his son's education, provided "for his widow, and been aggregated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "yield his girls to live on, and what other sources have they got?"
THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED BY
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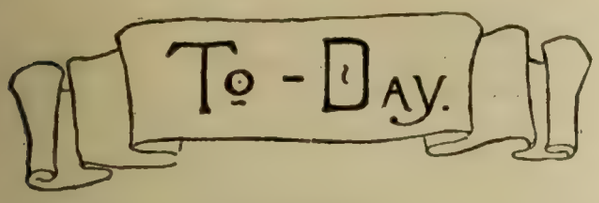

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
A Soul's Moratorium. By Alfred Hurry. Illustrated by L. Gunnis 289
Enrigo Mallegos the Second. By L. Cope Cornford. Illustrated by Max Cowper 293
Sensations of Starving 294
The Diary of a Bookseller 295
Feminine Affairs 296
Three Actresses. A Comparison 299
The Ruminations of Randolph 300
In the City 302
To-Day. By J. K. J. 305
With Hall Caine in the Isle of Man. By G. B. Burgin 309
Club Chatter 310
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville 313
Miss Gertrude Kingston at Home 316
Rosa Bonheur at Home 318

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

I take the following passage from my "*Daily Chronicle*:—"We rejoice to see in the fine speeches of Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Asquith the signs that Liberalism is still mighty and a living force, and that within it lies the promise and potency of a new Golden Age for the people." So it is coming at last, this "Golden Age for the people" that the world has been waiting for since its beginning. It is coming to us, and the Liberal party are going to bring it. I fancy that we have heard that promise before, my friends, I fancy I have read that message in the pages of history before now. Has there ever been an adventurer, a charlatan, or shallow enthusiast that has not cried that gospel to the people? "Rally round my standard; carry me to victory with your swords; give me your votes; and I will give you in return—a Golden Age!"

The adventurer, the charlatan, the enthusiast has had his way. The blood has poured, the votes have been piled up, and the silly followers have sat down and waited, open-mouthed, like children, for the Golden Age, but it has not come yet. And it never will come. The man who promises it to the people is a fool or a fraud; and people who believe him are bigger fools. The Golden Age, my friends, lies not in Governments, nor Kings, nor Democratic leaders. What happiness there is for man, what prosperity, lies within a man. Do the poor ignorant masses really think that votes will buy them what the Creator Himself has been unable to give them? Do they really think that the juggling of words at Westminster will alter the fundamental laws laid down by the Originator of the universe? I am tired of these lying promises; to me they seem cruel.

At the last election I came across a poor, hard-working hind supporting his wife and six children on fourteen shillings a week. He was one of those quiet, simple, patient creatures characteristic of the English rural districts. Hitherto he had always voted for his Squire, to whom he looked for such small luxuries as he could hope to fall to his lot. Talking to him about politics, I asked him for whom he was going to vote. With a certain amount of hesitation he answered me that this time he was going to give the Radicals a turn. "You see, sir," he said with quiet earnestness, "it don't, of course, matter to gentlemen like you, but two shilling a week is two shilling a week to the likes of me." His candidate had convinced him that the return of the Liberals to power would mean a certain and immediate rise of wages. The would-be M.P. may not have said this in direct words. His speech was no doubt cunningly devised to deceive but not commit. That is the art of political speaking. He got his vote. I trust he was satisfied. But when I recall that poor patient man thinking of the little things that he could buy with that extra two shillings a week which never came, I feel angry.

Passing through a slum the other day I saw a highly coloured placard. One picture represented the workman's home as it is now, somewhat realistically and with a good deal of truth to detail; the opposite picture showed what it would be under a Unionist Government. The placard was perhaps less deceitful than the speech, for it made no detailed promises, but it was every bit as silly. The Government can do nothing for people individually; it was never intended that Governments should. As Dr. Johnson puts it (I have not the exact words):—

> "Of all the ills that human hearts endure
> How small the part that kings or laws
> Can cause or cure."

A Government can maintain the State amongst surrounding nations; it can be the flag round which the people centre; it can represent to them an ideal; it can gather into a focus public aspirations and determinations; it can uphold justice; it can maintain order; it can guarantee to each citizen opportunities for the development of his talents and energy; it can secure him the rewards that his efforts have acquired; it can protect the weak against the strong; it can open up channels to individual enterprise; it can give bread to the starving; it can secure fresh air and good drainage. Beyond this it cannot go. He who promises the people more is no true man; he who believes that the Government can give more has disappointment before him.

Our politicians talk about votes as if they would buy heaven and earth for us. "Give me your vote and I will give you happiness and contentment and wealth. Give me your vote and I will banish sickness and evil and sorrow from your lives; give me your vote and I will turn this badly-managed earth into a paradise for you. I will alter for your benefit the laws of Nature; I will give you a Golden Age." It is a simple arrangement. The happiness—the Golden Age—that poor hungry humanity has been crying for as it has tramped wearily through the wilderness of the ages is to be handed to it without further pause across a hustings platform in exchange for votes. O mighty votes, that will give to us what the gods have denied to us—what the past generations have died striving for! No wonder that the women are demanding that they, too, shall have these wonderful votes that will purchase for humanity a "Golden Age."

A circular is being signed, to present to Metro-

politan candidates, asking them—if elected—to support an amendment of the Police Act, affording residents in London relief from street noises. Electors who are willing to co-operate should write to Mr. Baldwin Smith, 78, Albert Street, N.W. I certainly intend at all future County Council or Parliamentary elections to give my vote only to the men who will take this matter up. Fifty years hence, Londoners will hardly believe that their forefathers allowed their health to be wrecked and their work interfered with by the hideous and distracting noises made by German bands and organ-grinders. We encourage all the riff-raff of Germany and Italy who choose to come over here, and we keep them for no other purpose than to annoy the majority of us, and to benefit only a few idle loafers with no ear for music. If they were confined to the slums they might, perhaps, afford a certain amount of pleasure, but two-thirds of their income is earned by blackmailing those they drive mad with their din.

I was glad to see that the coroner's jury in what was known as the Helmsley murder case was able to return a verdict of "wilful murder" against a man who had not only never been addicted to drink, but who (until his wife and child were murdered) bore an "exemplary" character, and had even a reputation for good manners. It must have cost the small tradesmen, from whom the coroner selects his advisers, something of an effort to deliver such a finding against an accused person possessing such excellent credentials; for, despite numerous examples to the contrary, the belief largely prevails that Crime and drink necessarily go together, and that a murderous disposition must somehow betray itself in the physical aspect. There is really no greater fallacy. That teetotal orators are fond of putting everything down to "the drink," we know; it is also a fact that the readiest excuse of every blackguard who is brought before a magistrate for offensive conduct is that he has had "a drop too much." But to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed, criminality is a mental condition which is totally independent of drinking proclivities, and as regards its higher intellectual forms, undetectable by the most skilful eye.

From the point of view of the psycho-physiologist (who is a much more interesting person than his name would imply), I do not know that the teetotaller or the vegetarian, or the cultivator of this or that self-righteous fad, is particularly "sound." His mind has a "warp," and it is circumstances rather than any inherent quality that gives this warp its beneficial character. The criminal warp is not more abnormal in its way, though society agrees to regard it as more obnoxious. Probably a good deal of genuine criminality escapes notice or censure because it does not conflict with the letter of the law. Every callously selfish person, even though he may contrive to live in the odour of sanctity, is *in posse* a criminal, all that is wanted to make him one *in esse* being a little bad luck or a certain lack of judgment in the pursuit of his ends. Before illustrating the thesis in his own person, Oscar Wilde wrote an essay to prove that culture and criminality were not necessarily antagonistic, taking the case of Wainwright as his text, and he was quite right. It is only by a happy accident that those characteristics are not found as frequently associated as, say, church-going and Conservative opinions. Why good manners and criminality should not equally be recognised as a feasible combination, it is hard to say. There is nothing incompatible here, either. Indeed, for the successful prosecution of certain branches of crime, good manners are indispensable.

I should not like to say that drink is not conducive to crime of the vulgar, brutish sort, but in order that it should have this effect the nature that it works upon must be of the criminal order. *In vino veritas* is one of the truest of sayings. Drink reveals the man as he is, it makes him leave off the mask—that is all. It does not add to his nature; it merely serves to relax it. Hence the variety of effects produced by drunkenness; one man being merry, another morose, a third quarrelsome, a fourth foolishly sentimental or maudlin, each after his kind, and all with the same brand of whiskey. Will Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends please differentiate when next they launch out against the drink fiend and his works? Often the evil that drink is credited with causing, is nature to the man.

In speaking of complete selfishness, with its corollary indifference to the feelings and interests of others as the mainspring of crime, you lay down what I believe to be the best possible generalisation on the subject. The lack of judgment which leaves clues in the hands of the police is a subordinate feature of the criminal nature. In such cases as are publicly investigated and punished, some important evidence leading to his detection has been usually overlooked by the criminal. Occasionally, the measures taken on his side to defeat the police are even childish in their simplicity. But bad calculation is by no means as common a feature of crime as could be wished; for the truth is that a very large percentage of all sorts of criminals escape.

Not more than one murderer in ten is ever brought to the scaffold in this country. The nine others, it would seem, lay their plans only too well, and even when there is a conviction, it frequently happens that pure chance or accident comes to the help of the police. But for an accident, I doubt whether the Southend murderer of last year, James Canham Read, could have been brought to justice. He had laid his plans as ingeniously as Gaboriau or Conan Doyle could have done it for him; but some letters written by him to a woman unconnected with the crime, and who never knew his real name or occupation—the letters throwing light upon his movements at a critical period—fell into the hands of the police. Now *that* was a possibility that the shrewdest intellect might have been pardoned for neglecting, albeit those who are wise after the event may see in it another illustration of the great axiom (which a modern Chesterfield would certainly impress upon his son), that women always keep letters.

I have to acknowledge some subscriptions to the Pluck Fund: Carl Hentschel, £2 2s.; M. C. S. Bennet-Squire, £1; W. Saleman, 10s. 6d.; M. A. C., 5s.; W. Forsyth, 3s.; T. E. J., 5s.; B. C. B., 5s. I have also received the following letter from Mr. H. S. Foster, late M.P. for the Lowestoft division of Suffolk: "I had the pleasure of presenting the 'Gallantry' medal to Wilfred Chambers on Thursday. And as I understand you have established a fund for the purpose, I shall be glad if you will put me down as an annual subscriber of £1 1s. for so excellent an object."

I am having a medal prepared for presentation to George Duguid (the name seems appropriate), who, at great risk to his own life, rescued three people from drowning at the Devils Bridge, Kirkby Lonsdale. Duguid's conduct was fitly rewarded by a purse of £30 given to him by the father of one of the children he rescued, but some of my Westmorland friends think that he is entitled to a To-Day medal as a more public mark of admiration, and I quite agree with them.

Can any correspondent give me the address of the man Herbert Worman? One does not look to an East Ham sewer for romance, but Herbert Worman, pumper of sewage in the East-end of London, performed last week as gallant a deed as the annals of war or peace could show. Four times, with his life in his hands, Worman dared the foul sewer gas—as terrible a foe as any man could meet—to rescue his comrades. For three hours he struggled in that ghastly hole. Herbert Worman, sewage pumper, is a citizen of whom a nation should be proud.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

M. B. (Edinburgh) writes me as follows on the subject of child insurance:—"I am glad to see that you are still keeping up your attack on the present system of child insurance. I know a little about it. I was surgeon in a mining and iron-works district for some time, and you will understand what I mean when I tell you that many a time I was called to see a child whom the parents expected to die, and who hoped that my seeing it before death would avoid any unpleasantness over the payment of the insurance money, the avoidance of such 'unpleasantness' it seemed to me being all that was thought about in many instances."

H. J. S. tells me of another way of avoiding serving on a jury. He was summoned, he tells me, to serve on a jury on the very day he had arranged to get married. He wrote to say that he was marrying a wife, and that, therefore, he could not come, which excuse was accepted. The complaint is that our young men do not marry sufficiently. Here is an inducement which should have a good effect on the marriage market.

C. de C. (Paris).—It was a mistake on the part of the Post-office authorities. We will inquire into the matter.

J. C. M. writes me from Teneriffe a strong indictment against the Spaniards for cruelty. I fear his proof is hardly needed. The Spaniards have long enjoyed the distinction of being the most cowardly and cruel nation under the sun. He tells me that horses are imported to Teneriffe for the bull fighting, as the native horses are so short-legged that the bulls cannot get their horns under them to rip them up, and the audience grumble at the loss of enjoyment. My correspondent also gives me further anecdotes, which I can quite believe, but which are too painful for publication. I doubt if civilisation will ever cure either the Turk or the Spaniard of cruelty. The only hope is that both races may die out.

C. W. MacD. asks me if I can foresee any prospect of a Government protecting our home industries. He tells me that linen dealers are compelled, year after year, to purchase large quantities from abroad, it being impossible to produce the home article at a price to compete with the untaxed foreign import. I have expressed before in these columns my opinions concerning fair trade. Free trade would be admirable if all the nations agreed to it; but, at present, English goods are heavily taxed both by foreigners and by our own Colonists, while their goods are admitted here free. It is a one-sided arrangement, and cannot last long.

J. H. writes me from Buenos Ayres, with a translation of an interview with Senor Ciacchi, who, according to his own account, is going to introduce the Gaiety Company to Argentina. "Understand me rightly," said Senor Ciacchi, "the genuine and legitimate company of that playhouse. . . . You must understand that it is a company specially skilled in burlesque—a mixture of the operetta and the circus, in which love duets and double somersaults are admirably combined. The whole world applauds, and with reason, these musical clowns." How George Edwardes will like his company being styled musical clowns I cannot say, but I have heard certain superior people apply the same epithet to them in London. My correspondent concludes: "Your excellent and unique 'magazine-journal' is one of the first to disappear from the bookstalls out here after the arrival of the English mail."

P. M. writes me as follows: "I have been brought up in the belief that I have a free will, and I have also been taught that God knows everything that has ever occurred or can occur. These two things I believed, but now they seem to me incompatible. If God knew when He created me that I would, at the age of twenty-two, commit murder, it follows that I must do so, as God cannot make a mistake. How then can I be said to be free to do good or bad, if all the actions of my life *must* follow a plan known to God during all time. But, perhaps, God does not know everything. If you could throw some light on this subject, you would do a very great service to many men whom I have met." It is an old trouble to most young thinkers; I can remember going through it myself. What I have myself arrived at I am not prepared to put before a young and unknown man, with the bent of whose mind I am not familiar. I am inclined to think that we humans attach too much importance to ourselves. The universe is governed by automatic laws, set in motion by the Eternal. The broad lines of our pathway are defined, but our footsteps are our own. I know that my correspondent will be dissolved into gases, but I am not his murderer. But is my correspondent quite sure that all his life is mapped out for him? I am not so sure. The God that I believe in will not be the God that he appears to have been told of. These words, I know, do not form a practical answer to my correspondent's doubts. There is no answer that will ever be heard this side of the great silence. My correspondent appears to be a thinking man. He must go on thinking and work out these problems to his own satisfaction. "We make God," the old wise saying has it, "in our own image, and no man's God is another man's God." No one man's view of life can be another man's. Supposing that I have solved this problem for myself my solution would be useless to my correspondent. The solution that is true for him is in his own brain, and none other. Possibly he may arrive at it, possibly he may dismiss all speculation on the subject as idle, and content himself with the smaller side of life. One thing I am certain of, that we should never have been given the power or instinct to choose were choice not ours. We may be certain when we stand thinking which of two courses we shall follow, that the selection is left entirely to ourselves. My correspondent does not choose when he will die, he does not choose when he will fall in love, he does not choose whether he will be a genius or a fool. These things are not left to him. What are left to him are the things about which he thinks.

J. H. T. suggests that I should give a few lucid and simple articles explaining bimetallism. Unfortunately it is not a very simple or lucid subject. If it were easily understandable I am convinced bimetallism would be an accomplished fact in a week, but it is so complicated a subject that only a small percentage of the public will ever take the trouble to work it out.

A. W. requires information for a holiday tour in Brittany and St. Malo. I cannot, at the present moment, put a hand upon anyone who has travelled there recently. Perhaps some correspondent may be able to enlighten us.

H. E. McL.—I thank you for your letter and enclosures, but am unable to make use of the latter. W. F. B.—I read your letter with much interest, and forwarded it to the writer of the article. J. McD.—The gentleman in question thanks you for the suggestion. I will let you know if he adopts it. E. W. S. M.—I fear publicity and prosecutions would merely aggravate the evil. W. E. F.—Thank you for your letter. I am inquiring into the matter. M. E. D. suggests to "Paterfamilias," who wished for an unsectarian home for his daughter, The Teachers' Guild, Gower Street. E. P. M.—The subject of over-population was discussed in these columns some weeks ago. Rita.—If your present employment is with a firm of good standing, I should strongly advise you to keep to them in preference to going as a House of Commons clerk. R.P.—I will forward the letter to Mr. Clark Russell if you will send it here. C. F. D.—I thank you for the enclosure, which is exceedingly interesting. J. A. M.—Many thanks for the pamphlet, which I think I shall find useful. W. P. O.—I can point out to you other passages in Kant in which he seems in entire agreement with the imagination idea. You must remember that philosophy is not an exact science. Mac.—There certainly seems a lot of Pharisaism in Belfast. E. D.—The reports contradict each other. Journalists are not so infallible as they think themselves. R. E. D.—In such cases magistrates have no power to inflict a heavier sentence than six months. L. N. wishes that those who are looking for a man's minister could meet the Rev. F. Haslock, of Grays, Essex.

Gobo.—I am not much of a believer in advice. I like to see young men thinking for themselves, fighting their own temptations with their own strength. Mix both in books and in life with strong people and learn from them strength. That is the only advice I would give. As for the second part of your letter, I should respect a young man for saying that he means to be great, but I would suggest his saying it to himself and not to his friends. "Vague ideas" are a curse to a man. If you feel that you are intended and fitted for a certain work, then go for it at any cost, but be sure that the call is a real one, and not a mere echo of vanity and discontent. My words seem unsympathetic, perhaps, but I have known some sad lives to result from mere vague restlessness. Fix your goal before you begin to move.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.

"We have recently had enquiries as to whether persons dealing with the Universal Stock Exchange receive fair treatment, and are well advised in doing their business through the Company rather than with members of the Stock Exchange. It was not possible to answer these questions without making a special investigation; but as a full answer to them will interest many of our readers, we have made this investigation, and the information we have acquired we now place before our readers.

"First as to the security. If the operator goes to a member of the 'House' he knows him to be a person of fair repute, who meets his engagements; but though his membership answers for the past, it does not necessarily follow that he is a man of means when you open an account with him. The risk of default is not great; but it is there, and the operator has no efficient means of satisfying himself as to his broker's financial position. It is different with the Universal Stock Exchange, which claims to possess present funds and cash at command of about £250,000 sterling. When we decided to make the investigation upon which this article rests, we invited the Managing Director to satisfy us that this was not a mere paper capital. He has done so, and has satisfied us of the very large and adequate resources of the Universal Stock Exchange.

"But it is not enough that the Company is financially strong. The operator requires to know that he can buy upon fair terms and be certain of fair treatment throughout. The Universal Stock Exchange's system of business is more favourable to the operator than that of the Stock Exchange itself. Let us compare the two. If an operator sends an order to a member of the 'House,' his Stock or Shares will usually be bought at the higher of the two prices last quoted on the tape, and he will have to pay broker's commission. If he buys from the Universal Stock Exchange he can hardly be charged a higher price than a member of the 'House' will charge him because the Company binds itself to take the last quotation prior to the receipt of the order. Roughly, it may be said that the price the operator would have to pay would be much the same in either case, but he saves the broker's commission, because the Company deals as a principal. Nor does the advantage in dealing with the Company, as it claims end here; for whereas on the Stock Exchange there is carrying over every fortnight, which often means heavy charges, the Universal Stock Exchange has three-monthly settlements, and charges only 5 per cent. interest on the actual value of the Stock open. It is claimed by the Company that this is a more favourable system for the operator than that of the Stock Exchange.

"Does the Universal Stock Exchange deal fairly? It is a necessary question, because there is very natural prejudice against 'bucket-shops.' Most of these concerns will accept even so small a sum as a sovereign, and many of them are without the funds and the will to pay losses. But with the Universal Stock Exchange—which is no more a 'bucket-shop' than is the Stock Exchange—it is the rule not to open an account without satisfactory banker's references, so that its customers must be men of some means, presumably well able to protect their own interests. We have been shown many letters from old clients of the Exchange—some of them well-known men—speaking in appreciative language of their dealings with the Company. Complaints are, of course, made. We have examined some of them but in no instance have we found them to be sustained. They usually come from a class of persons well described by Lord McLaren, sitting in the Court of Appeal. 'It appears to me,' said that learned Judge in giving judgment, 'that there is a class of impecunious speculators who are affected with what I may call a latent or imperfectly developed form of conscientiousness which shows itself in this way, that the unreflecting speculator is quite willing to take the profit of the speculation if it succeeds, and it is only under the pressure of losses that his conscientiousness comes into full activity. He then discovers the immoral character of the transactions in which he has been engaged, and declares that it is positively against his conscience to pay, or even to allow the broker to keep a security which has been given to him."

"To sum up. At times, and on certain markets undoubtedly large profits are made; but, of course, he who enters upon Stock Exchange transactions should reckon with loss as well as profit. To those who knowing the risks, are willing to run them, we say: We have satisfied ourselves by careful inquiry that the Universal Stock Exchange is possessed of great financial strength, that its dealings with its customers are as 'straight' as those of any member of the 'House' would be, and that its system of business, as compared with that of the Stock Exchange, is advantageous to the operator. We may add that the record of the Universal Stock Exchange covers a period of over eleven years."—The "Whitehall Review."

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WITH HALL CAINE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

There were twenty of us; we represented Literature, Art, Science, and Journalism—both English and American; and we started from Euston early on Monday morning amid a perpetual rain of fluttering telegrams and regrets from those ladies and gentlemen who were prevented by the political crisis and other circumstances from availing themselves of Mr. Hall Caine's genial hospitality. The only fear which hung over us all was whether the passage to the Isle of Man would be smooth. The Isle of Man Steampacket Company, actuated by a kindly desire to banish this fear and to do honour to the uncrowned king of the island, had provided a magnificent lunch for Mr. Hall Caine's guests, and we made the passage without disaster. To those of us who had never visited the place before, it was a revelation to behold the manner in which Mr. Caine was received when we landed at Douglas. Every fisherman and official knew him; every resident knew him; every visitor was anxious to know him; and when we reached the station the mere fact of belonging to Mr. Caine's party was sufficient, without those inquiries as to the production of tickets to which people travelling under less glorified auspices were subjected. Indeed, during our whole stay on the island, love and reverence greeted Mr. Hall Caine's appearance on the scene. Did we want to go anywhere, polite officials provided trains. When we needed carriages, they appeared. If we breathed a desire for boats, they rose up out of the sea, and we floated around the island, or listened to the old cicerone at Peel Castle as he seated us on planks in the dungeon below, and narrated how the Little Manx nation of old dealt with people suspected of witchcraft. The incriminated person was put in a barrel filled with big spikes, and rolled down a huge hill opposite the castle. If, on reaching the bottom, he was found to be dead, he was innocent; if still alive, he was burnt as a wizard.

We reached Peel on Monday evening, and left it the following Saturday morning. Looking back, it is a little difficult to discriminate one day from another. On Tuesday morning we drove through blazing sunshine to "Whitehouse," the residence of Mr. Mylchreest, a genial Manxman, who is known as the "Diamond King," owing to his possessing two enormous stones worth £50,000 each. During our visit, Mr. Mylchreest produced a box of diamonds still in their original state. To the uninitiated they looked like little dull pieces of glass, set in a hard blue clay, and not worth the picking up. Their real value represented a sum which made our mouths water. Mr. Mylchreest carelessly strewed them about or courteously explained how they were obtained. More beautiful than the uncut diamonds was a large crystal picked up on the shore of the Isle of Man; it looked far more like the popular conception of a diamond than the real stones. After leaving Mr. Mylchreest's, we drove to Ballaglass Glen, passing various scenes on the way which figure in *The Manxman*. After a day or two, we all found ourselves actually talking of the people in *The Manxman*, as if they really existed. We passed the ivy-clad church where Kate and Pete were married, the house where Philip stayed with his aunt, the mill of Cæsar Cregeen, the deserted tholthans, the inns, the cottages, where hosts of characters dwelt and had their being. No one said, "The imaginary characters in *The Manxman* do this, that, and the other." It was "Here is Kate's glen where she sang; this is where Cæsar's Melliah supper was held; this is Pete's house." Our host (he wore a rough tweed knickerbocker suit, and broad-brimmed, picturesque hat) strode on with untiring steps, or bareheaded, beneath the trees of Ballaglass, watched the darting trout in the pools, the sunbeams playing on the rocks, the white sheen of the water as it fell and sparkled and flashed and sang upon its way. His eyes, full of genial mirth or haunting melancholy held one; his rich, deep, musical voice mingled with the sound of the flowing waters, and interpreted their song, or, as we drove through the quiet twilight, told us old tales of the ancient Manx kings, their feudal powers and privileges.

On the Wednesday we returned to the modern world, and availed ourselves of Sir West and Lady Ridgeway's invitation for the garden party at Government House. Though we had the blue sea at our feet, and a chill wind blowing through green trees, it was difficult to realise that we were not in town. Indeed, many of the guests had travelled down with us in order to attend this particular function. One of our party had the honour of being mistaken for Bismarck, and it was a little disconcerting to hear subdued whispers confounding Sir Edward Russell with T. P. O'Connor—the more so as both these gentlemen were detained in town. On Thursday, we visited the south of the island to inspect Castletown, and call on Sir James and Lady Gell. Sir James, as Attorney-General of the island, has all the old laws and customs peculiar to Manxmen at his fingers' ends. Lady Gell takes a great interest in the development of the juvenile Manxman, and has established schools for the teaching of various arts and crafts, that for wood-carving being eminently successful. We sat long, listening to her sympathetic and interesting account of the independent spirit which animates her pupils; then drove home through the dusk, the setting sun behind us leaving a glittering trail upon the sea. We dined at a quarter past ten, "and so," as Pepys hath it, "to bed." I do not think that during our whole stay on the island we ever dined or lunched twice at the same hour. There was so much to do and see that it was impossible to get back to Peel with any approach to punctuality. Our day usually began at five o'clock in the morning, and ended about an hour after midnight. No one seemed to have much time to waste in sleep; the marvellous air of the island made four or five hours quite sufficient. The musical cries of the wheeling gulls, the soft, low, muffled thunder of the waves upon the shore, the glowing sunrises, the herring auctions, the thousand and one incidents of early morn, always called us forth from our couches betimes, and then the day had passed before we asked ourselves the hour.

But Friday—Tynwald (the "I" in Tynwald is short) Day—was the crowning part of our visit. At dawn, the Little Manx nation wended its way from all parts to Tynwald Hill, which is an open green in the very midst of the island, with hills on three sides, and on the fourth a broad plain. It is close to the church, where the representatives of the House of Keys, the Governor, and all the other functionaries meet to promulgate the laws of the island. The hill itself is surmounted by a large tent, under which the Governor and Bishop sit side by side, whilst the new enactments are read, first in Manx and then in English, to the assembled crowd. When we walked up to the church, soldiers and marines lined the approaches, whilst a military band discoursed lively music. After the church was filled, the band struck up the National Anthem, and everyone rose, as the Governor and Lady Ridgeway and suite entered the church. Then the service began, the congregation lustily joining in the concluding hymn, "O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come." When the service was over, the business of the Court commenced. Various Acts were discussed and signed, all contentious business referred to the next Court, and financial statements made. Then came a long and elaborate speech from the Governor, dealing with the financial situation, his arrangements for the Tynwald, and so on. This took some time. When it was ended, a functionary called out the order of the procession to the Tynwald Hill. The Governor, his uniform glittering with orders, his Council, his Clergy, and his Keys, came forth through the lines of soldiers and marines, and the guests followed the procession. This year no ladies were admitted to the topmost round beneath the

canopy, even Lady Ridgeway sitting at the foot of the mound in an armchair provided for the occasion. On every side the eager people thronged around, not to listen to the laws so much (they were read rather inaudibly and hurriedly) as to gaze at the authorities and guests. When the somewhat wearisome business of promulgating the laws had been gone through, we all walked back through the long lane of soldiers and marines, and visited the various booths, where fat fair ones and bearded men were on show for the modest sum of twopence each. The fair was very much like any other fair. Occasionally a bewildered cow or bullock charged at the people, or a horse got away; but everyone seemed in high spirits and oblivious of the dust.

On Saturday morning we left Peel at a little after six, found the boat at Douglas crowded with more than a thousand passengers, and steamed serenely over a summer sea to Liverpool; thence, through the hot afternoon to London, and parted at Euston, the whole of the party retaining the pleasantest impressions of the picturesque beauty of the Isle of Man, and, above all, an abiding recollection of the genial hospitality, and never-tiring kindness of our host and hostess. It is no small test of the success of a party, to find every member of it exchanging cards and wishing to meet again. The late Mr. Parnell was popularly known as the "uncrowned" king of Ireland. Mr. Hall Caine is virtual king of the Isle of Man; his position there is one of the most striking instances of the power of literature to win the hearts of all, when it is combined with the magic personality of a man whom to know is an honour, to gain whose friendship an unfailing delight.

CLUB CHATTER.

When I wrote the other week, protesting against the present system of voting, by which so many holiday seekers lose their rights as citizens, I had no idea that I was appealing to commercial travellers generally. But from letters from all parts of the country, it would seem that the bulk of commercial travellers are, to all intents and purposes, disenfranchised altogether under existing rules. Here is an extremely sensible letter I have received from Mr. Owen Saunders, and I am sure that no sane man can doubt that the conditions he lays down for posting votes would obviate the faintest suspicion of malpractices. He says:—

You draw attention to the fact that an Election interferes with our pleasures, as well as our business, as gentlemen away from home at such time must either return to record their vote, or lose it. This is the case as regards the pleasure-seeker; but, there is also an intelligent body of men, or "ambassadors of commerce," who number about 60,000, many of whom are disfranchised every election through not being able to return home to vote. It would have cost me two days in time and more than £2 expense to vote last Election. This appears to me and most of my fellow-commercials quite absurd, when a short Act world enfranchise us. I think the matter only requires ventilation to be remedied.

An Act something on the following lines. Say:—

1. The said voter to prove his identity, and reason of absence from home.
2. To apply to registrar or returning-officer for voting paper, say three days prior to Election.
3. To fill up voting paper according to law.
4. To register the same at the post-office, addressed to the returning-officer, and obtain receipt.
5. Returning-officer to give receipt to postmaster on duplicate form, one copy to be given to the candidates, and one retained by himself.
6. Returning-officer to open the envelopes containing the votes in presence of both candidates, and, without unfolding them, put them into the ballot-box, at the counting table, before the seals are broken—thus insuring the same privacy as an ordinary vote.

Nobody can doubt that next to manufacturers and retailers, the commercial traveller has the largest interest in the commerce of the country. On their shoulders rests the responsibility of carrying our trade to the uttermost parts of the kingdom, and to them the Government of the country is a matter of tremendous moment. But they are practically disenfranchised. "Because you work, you cannot vote," says the law. Meanwhile the cry of the Radical Press is pathetic for the working man. I read the other day a tearful article protesting against the iniquity of the election falling at this period, when so many men would be engaged in haymaking, but nobody has a word to say for the tired business man, who wants his holiday, or the "ambassadors of commerce"—to quote my correspondent—who are scattered far and wide, straining brain and muscle to distribute the produce of the working classes.

The only objection that I can see that can be urged against voting by post, is that the secrecy of the ballot would be done away with. But after all, what is this wonderful Radical cry of "secrecy"—never used nowadays in town, but a strong point in the villages. It seems to me that the man who is afraid to let his political beliefs be known is not the man to have a vote. All the mysterious stories you hear of the squire dismissing a labourer, or the manufacturer the artisan, because their views clash, is nonsense. If I were an employer I should naturally dismiss a man whose views on certain subjects were so militant as to constitute him a nuisance, but I should always respect the honest opinions of a man, however dissimilar they might be to my own. I believe my scheme is a remedy for the existing state of affairs, and I hope before another election comes round some provision will be made for workers, be they humble haymakers, holiday seekers, or that vast army of commercial travellers.

The University match produced a genuine surprise. Instead of a one-sided game, as most people anticipated, there was a fine struggle from first to last, and Cambridge overthrew their more highly-fancied rivals by 134 runs. Once more we saw how difficult it is to get at anything like a true estimate of form at cricket, and how a little piece of luck may turn the scale in favour of the weaker side. That Cambridge were the weaker side, will, I think, scarcely be denied. The previous performances of the two teams, and the averages, go to support this theory, but for all that, I should be the last to withdraw from the Light Blues the credit which they so richly deserve.

They brought about, by an excellent display of all round cricket, the most complete upset of public form that has occurred since Mr. F. S. Jackson's famous Cambridge team went down before the Oxford Eleven, captained by Mr. L. C. H. Palairet in 1892. The surprise, however, was hardly so great as in the memorable encounter in 1877, when a very strong Cambridge Eleven suffered defeat at the hands of Oxford by ten wickets, and Mr. F. M. Buckland made his great innings of 117, his partnership with Mr. H. G. Tylecote completely altering the aspect of the game.

Early in the season, the Cambridge men did one or two capital performances, and remarkable scores were made by Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. N. F. Druce, but it was the later engagements that made the cricket public believe the Cambridge team were considerably weaker than their opponents. There was a singularly feeble exhibition against Walter Humphreys' lobs at Brighton, and a very disappointing show against the Marylebone Club at Lord's, while on the Dark Blues wound up their trials in brilliant style, accomplishing a remarkable batting performance against Sussex at Brighton; beating Kent at Maidstone, and playing a most creditable draw with the Marylebone Club at Lord's. It was all the more surprising, therefore, that Cambridge should win the University match, and win it, too, with considerable ease, obtaining a lead on the first day, and maintaining it to the end in a style worthy of the best traditions of University cricket.

I never remember two hours' cricket having more effect upon a match than the fatal two hours during which Oxford were batting on the first evening, when the light was terribly bad, and six of the most trusted batsmen were dismissed for 96 runs. From this start,

Oxford never recovered, and though Leveson-Gower and G. O. Smith played very pluckily, they could only succeed in placing their side within 42 runs of the Cambridge total. When, on Saturday, Oxford were left with 331 runs to win, there were many people hopeful that the task could be accomplished, but it was asking the Oxford men to do what had never been done before in the last innings of the University match. In this last innings, however, occurred one of the most remarkable displays seen this season, Mr. H. K. Foster playing a really superb game, and succeeding, when nearly all his companions were failing. The wicket was beginning to show some signs of wear, but to Mr. Foster it presented no difficulties, and probably a more brilliant display of rapid hitting, and at the same time stylish, finished cricket, has never been seen in a University match.

EVERYONE was glad to see that young W. G. Grace was given his colours, and he proved himself thoroughly worthy of the honour, for he helped to give Cambridge a good start in each innings, and fielded well all through the match. It was a strange thing that he should have been put in first, as in all the trials in which he had taken part he had gone in only fourth or fifth wicket down. I am inclined to think that the alteration was the suggestion of his father, as it was well-known that nervousness was not one of the younger Grace's shortcomings. It must have been a great day for the Grace family on Saturday, that young W. G. on his twenty-first birthday should have been on the winning side in the University match, and no one looked happier than the veteran champion, who, after the game, held a sort of private reception, at which every member of the Cambridge team was present.

THERE appears to be no end to the complaints concerning the laxity with which the rings and enclosures at various race-meetings are kept. I have frequently commented very strongly upon the state of things which prevails, and now comes a very strong protest from the oldest sporting journalist, "Paro," of the *Morning Post*.

THIS is in connection with Newmarket, and if no notice is taken of printed orders at headquarters, then the stewards should certainly take stern measures to effect an alteration. Goodwood is near at hand, and I hope the little stand in the paddock, from which one can get an excellent view of the sport, will be well looked after.

THE MAJOR.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE

ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.

EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION OF THE TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists.

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d., or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from

J. P. BURNS, (Established 1830), Tobacconist & Cigar Importer, GLASGOW.

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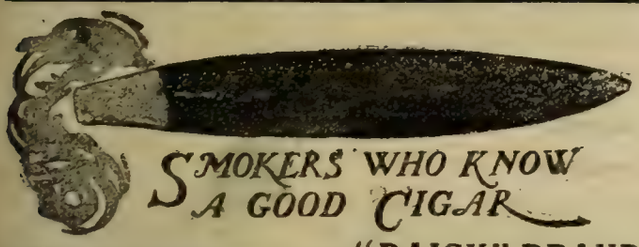

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say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.

This choice Cigar is specially manufactured in Manila for private consumption from the Finest Picked Leaf the Philippine Islands can produce. Prices range from 12/- to 24/- per 100 according to size and weight (carriage paid).

Boxes, containing two or three samples, will be forwarded to any address, post free, on receipt of seven penny stamps, or a full set will be sent for 2s. 6d.

When writing for a few samples, please state at about what prices wanted.

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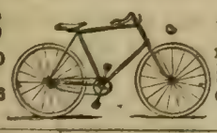

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and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

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QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

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Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

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WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.

MRS. GRABURN, 13, Bonchurch Road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

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The Subscription List is now open, and will close on or before Thursday, the 11th July 1895, for London, and the following morning for the Country.

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INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862 TO 1893.

CAPITAL £120,000, divided into 16,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, £80,000; 8,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each, £40,000.

The Vendors will have allotted to them, as fully paid-up, 6,000 Ordinary Shares, of £30,000, in part payment of the purchase-money. For the remaining 2,000 Ordinary Shares applications are invited from the Customers and Employés of the Firm, so as to give them an opportunity of acquiring an interest in the business.

Should the 2,000 Ordinary Shares be over applied for, a strictly pro rata allotment will be made, but any balance unsubscribed will be taken by the Directors and Vendors.

Applications are invited for the issue of 16,000 Preference Shares.

The Shares are payable as follows: 10s. on Application; £2 10s. on Allotment; and the Balance at Two Months after Allotment.

The Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits of the Company to a fixed Cumulative Preference Dividend of £6 per cent. per annum, and will also be entitled to rank in respect to Capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares. The First Dividend will be calculated from the due dates of the instalments.

It is not in contemplation to create either Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares are the first Capital Charge upon the undertaking, and no Debenture Debt or Mortgages can be created without a Special Resolution of the Preference Shareholders, present at a Special Meeting called for the purpose.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE FELLOWS, Esq., J.P., Beeston Fields, Nottingham.
ALDERMAN J. P. FORD, New Basford, Nottingham.
H. A. HAIG, Esq. (Haig and Co., Limited), 7, Argyll Street, London, W.
*J. T. GROVER, Esq., Ruislip, Lucknow Avenue, Nottingham.
* Will join the Board after allotment.

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NOTTINGHAM AND NOTTINGHAMSHIRE BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM, and their London Agents.
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AUDITORS.

Messrs. CLOUGH, ARMSTRONG & FORD, 89, Gresham Street, London, and at Leeds and Manchester.

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Messrs. SNELL & SWAFFIELD, 9 and 10, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.

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Mr. E. A. TOOTELL.

London Offices: 31, Poultry, London, E.C.
Registered Offices: Davis Street, Nottingham.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, as a going concern, and extending, the well-known and profitable business of Art Lithographers, Colour Printers, and Embossers, etc., carried on at Davis Street, and Hooton Street, Carlton Road, Nottingham, under the style or name of Grover and Co.

The reputation of the business, both at home and abroad, is associated with the highest art productions in lithography, and other processes of a special nature, and their work is seen in nearly all the high-class periodicals of the day.

Its customers comprise firms of world-wide fame, and it supplies a large portion of the demands of the most important advertisers of the day.

The business is taken over as from the 1st January, 1895, and the Company will have the benefit of the profits realised from that date. There are contracts and orders on the books at the present date the profits upon which are sufficient to secure the first year's dividend on the Preference Shares, and to leave a substantial margin for dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

Mr. J. T. Grover, the founder of the business, will join the Board as Managing Director, and has entered into an agreement with the Company to continue the active management of the business for a term of not less than five years.

The business has increased so rapidly, that although the premises and productive power were doubled between three and four years ago, it has now become necessary to make still further enlargements, the Vendors have therefore agreed to purchase the adjoining property, and to erect suitable buildings thereon for the extension of the business, at a cost of £5,000, which is included in the purchase price.

The property to be transferred to the Company includes the Freehold premises at Davis Street, and Hooton Street, Carlton Road, Nottingham, and all the Plant and Machinery, Fixtures, Loose Tools, etc., which have been valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons and Cassell, the well-known valuers, at £110,410, whose report is set out in the full prospectus.

Included in the above valuation is the Working Capital of the business, taken over at the amount it stands at the books of the firm, consisting of Book Debts, £7,689; Stock, etc., £13,207; Cash in hand, and at the Bank, £4,847; or a total of £25,743.

The books have been examined by Messrs. Clough, Armstrong and Ford, of London, Leeds and Manchester, who certify that the profits for the past three years have been as follows: 1892, £11,419 15s. 1d.; 1893, £12,251 14s. 3d.; 1894, £12,303 3s. 7d. This Certificate is set out in the full prospectus.

Taking the net profits of £12,300 as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay:—

£6 per cent. on £80,000 Preference Shares	£4,800
£8 per cent. on £40,000 Ordinary Shares	3,200
Total	£8,000
Leaving a surplus of	£4,300

The dividends on the Ordinary Shares will be limited to 10 per cent., until a Reserve Fund of £10,000 has been accumulated.

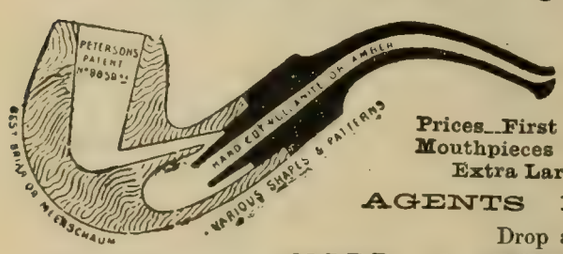
The working assets taken over by the Company, amounting to £25,743, might be considered a sufficient Working Capital, but the Directors have deemed it desirable, in view of the continuous increase of the business, to provide a sum of £5,000 as further Working Capital, which is in addition to the £5,000 the Vendors undertake to expend on the purchase of property and additional buildings. The business is acquired free from all liabilities or encumbrances, except the current trade liabilities of the firm at 31st December, 1894, amounting to £1,437 15s. 11d.

For agreements, see full Prospectus.

Full Prospectuses may be had of the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and the Secretary of the Company.

London, 6th July, 1895.

The COOLEST and DRYEST Smoking Pipes in the World.



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SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Cheap Excursions will be run from LONDON (Euston), Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, &c., as follows:— On FRIDAY, July 12th,

To Carlisle, Moffat, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Wigtown, Whithorn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock and Gourock for 11 days.

To Aberdeen, Stonehaven, Montrose, Brechin, Arbroath, Forfar, Kirriemuir, Blairgowrie, Coupar Angus, Dundee, Perth, Oban, Lochawe, Dalurally, Fort William, Dunblane, Sterling, Inverness, &c., for 5 and 11 days.

NOTE.—By these trips CHEAP THIRD CLASS TICKETS will be issued at a Single Fare for the Double journey available for 16 days.

On SATURDAY, July 13th and 20th (Friday midnight),

To Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, and the English Lake district for 3 and 6 days.

On SATURDAYS, July 13th and 20th,

To Blackpool, Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Southport, Wigan, Preston, Crewe, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Stafford, the North Stafford Line, Ashton, Halifax, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, Rochdale, Oldham, Runcorn, Stockport, Widnes, Warrington, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Walsall, etc., for 3 and 6 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, July 1895.

ISLE OF MAN.

UNRIVALLED HOLIDAY RESORT.

Grand Regattas, June 24th and 25th, and Ramsey, June 26th, in which the most celebrated yachts will take part:—Britannia, Valkyrie, Ailsa, Satanita, &c.

Families provided free with Guides, Map, Hotel and Boarding House Lists, &c., on application to Mr. R. Kelly, 5, Athol Street, Douglas, I.O.M.; or at London Office, 87, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

A FORTNIGHT in NORTH WALES.

ON EVERY SATURDAY DURING JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, Cheap Excursions will be run, leaving London (Euston) 8.15 a.m., and Willesden Junction 8.25 a.m., with Trains in connection from Broad Street, Mansion House, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and other Stations in North Wales for 3, 8, 10, 15 and 17 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars (see small bills), which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED HARRISON, General Manager.

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ARMY BELL TENTS

ONLY 15/6 EACH.

(Equal to any advertised at higher prices.)

In First-class condition, cost the Government £5 each. For Cricket, Boating, Camping-out, Field and Garden use.

10 feet high, 40 feet in circumference, with Pole, Pegs, Runners, and Lines all complete and ready for use.

R. LAZARUS & SONS,
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CHANNEL ISLANDS.

FRUIT AND FLOWER GROWING. Several Valuable Properties for Sale, or in some cases partnerships could be arranged. Profits 15 per cent. to 30 per cent. on money invested. FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET. Full particulars, plans, photos, &c., on application to MESSRS. CONSTABLE, TOWNEND & MORRISH, 55 & 56, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C., and at GUERNSEY.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MILLENNIUM.

ITH that word he thrust me towards the door that led to the inner hall and the postern; and, knowing, as I did, that every moment I delayed might stand for a life, and that within a minute or two at most the rear of the building would be beset, and my chance of egress lost, it was to be expected that I should not hesitate.

Yet I did. The main body of Froment's followers had flocked upstairs, whence they could be heard firing from the roof and windows. He stood almost alone in the middle of the floor; alone, in the attitude of one listening and thinking, while a knot of green ribands, who seemed to be the most determined of his followers, hung growling about the barricaded door. And something in the gloomy brightness of the room, and the disorder of the barricaded windows, something in the loneliness of his figure as he stood there, appealed to me; I even took one step towards him. But at the moment he looked up, his face grew dark; and he waved me off with a gesture almost of rage. I knew then that I had but a small part of his thoughts; and that at this moment, while the edifice he had built up with so much care and so much risk was crumbling about him he was thinking not of us, but of those who had promised and failed him; who had given good words, and left him to perish. And I went.

Yet even for that moment of delay it seemed that I might pay too dearly. A dozen steps brought me to the low-browed door he had indicated, in the thickness of the wall at the foot of the main staircase. But already a man was adjusting the last bar. I cried to him to open. "Open! I must go out!" I cried.

"Dieu! It is too late!" he said, with a dark glance at me.

My heart sank; I feared he was right. Still he began to unbar, though grudgingly, and in half a minute he had the door loose. With a pistol in his hand, he opened it on the chain and looked out. It opened on a narrow passage—which, God be thanked, was still empty. He dropped the chain, and almost thrust me out, cried, "To the left!" and then, as dazzled by the sunlight I turned that way, I heard the door slam behind me and the chain rattle as it was linked again.

The buildings intervening somewhat deadened the noise of the mob and the firing; but as I hurried down the alley, bareheaded and with the pistol which Froment had given me firmly clutched in my hand, I heard a fresh spirt of noise behind me, and knew that the assailants had entered the passage by the farther end, and that had I waited a moment longer I should have been too late.

As it was, my position was sufficiently forlorn, if it was not hopeless. Alone and a stranger, without hat or badge, knowing little of the streets, I might blunder at any corner into the arms of one of the parties. I had a notion that the church of the Capuchins was that which I had visited near Madame Catinot's; and my first thought was to gain the main street leading in that direction. This was not so easy, however; the alley in which I found myself led only into a second passage equally strait and gloomy. Entering this, I turned after a moment's hesitation to the left, but before I had gone a dozen paces I heard shouting in front of me, and halted and retraced my steps. Hurrying in the other direction, I found myself in a minute in a little gloomy well-like court, with no second outlet that I could see; and I stood a moment panting and at a loss, rendered frantic and almost desperate by the thought that while I hovered there uncertain, the die might be cast, and those whom I sought perish for lack of my aid.

I was about to return, resolved to face at all risks the party of rioters whom I had heard behind me, when an open window in the lowest floor of one of the houses, that stood round the court, caught my eye. It was not far from the ground, and to see was to determine; the house must have an outlet on the street. In a dozen strides I crossed the court, and resting one hand on the sill of the window, vaulted into the room, alighted sideways on a stool, and fell heavily on the floor.

I was up in a moment unhurt, but with a woman's scream ringing in my ears, and a woman, a girl, cowering from me, white-faced, her back to the door. She had been kneeling, praying probably, by the bed; and I had almost fallen on her. When I looked she screamed again, and I called to her in heaven's name to be silent.

"The door! Only the door!" I cried. "Show it me. I will hurt no one."

"Who are you?" she muttered. And still shrinking from me, she stared at me with distended eyes.

"Mon Dieu! What does it matter?" I answered, fiercely. "The door, woman! The door into the street!"

I advanced upon her, and fear which had paralysed her gave her sense again. She opened the door beside her, and pointed dumbly down a passage. I hurried through the passage, rejoicing at my success, but before I could unbar the door that I found facing me, a second woman came out of a room at the side, and saw me, and threw up her hands with a cry of terror.

"Which is the way to the church of the Capuchins?" I said.

She clapped one hand to her side, but she answered: "To the left!" she gasped. "And then to the right! Are they coming?"

I did not stay to ask whom she meant, but getting the door open at last I sprang through the doorway. One look up and down the street, however, and I was in again, and the door closed behind me. My eyes met the woman's, and without a word she snatched up the bar I had dropped and set it in the sockets. Then she turned and ran up the stairs, and I followed her, the girl into whose room I had leapt, and whose scared face showed for a second at the end of the passage, disappearing like a rabbit, as we passed her.

I followed the woman to the window of an upper room, and we looked out, standing back and peering

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fearfully over the sill. No need, now, to ask why I had returned so quickly. The roar of many voices seemed in a moment to fill all the street, and the casement shook with the tread of thousands and thousands of advancing feet, as rank after rank, stretching from wall to wall, the mob, or one section of it, swept by, the foremost marching in order, shoulder to shoulder, armed with muskets, and in some kind of uniform, the rearmost a savage rabble with naked arms and pikes and axes, who looked up at the windows, and shook their fists and danced and leapt as they went by, with a great shout of "Aux Arènes! Aux Arènes!"

In themselves they were a sight to make a quiet man's blood run chill; but they had that in their midst on view of which the woman beside me clutched my arm and screamed aloud. On six long pikes, raised high above the mob, moved six severed heads—one, the foremost, bald and large, and hideously leering. They lifted these to the windows, and shook their gory locks in sport; and so went by, and in a moment the street was quiet again.

THEY LIFTED THESE TO THE WINDOWS.

The woman, trembling in a chair, muttered that they had sacked La Vierge, the red cabaret, and that the bald head was a town-councillor's, her neighbour. But I did not stay to listen. I left her where she was, and, hurrying down again, unbarred the door and went out. All was strangely quiet again. The morning sun shone bright and warm on the long empty street, and seemed to give the lie to the thing I had seen. Not a living creature was visible this way or that; not a face at the window. I stood a moment in the middle of the road, disconcerted, puzzled by the bright stillness, and uncertain which way I had been going. At last I remembered the woman's directions, and set off on the heels of the mob until I reached the first turning on the right. I took this, and had not gone a hundred yards before I recognised, a little in front of me, Madame Catinot's house.

It showed to the sunshine a wide blind front, long rows of shuttered windows, and not a sign of life. Nevertheless, here was something I knew, and I hailed it with hope; and, flinging myself on the door, I knocked long and recklessly. The noise seemed fit to wake the dead; it boomed and echoed in every doorway of the empty street, that on the evening of my arrival had teemed with traffic; and I shivered at the sound—I shivered, standing conspicuous on the steps of the house, expecting a score of windows to be opened and heads thrust out.

But I had not yet learned how the extremity of panic benumbs, or how strong is the cowardly instinct that binds the peaceful man to his hearth when blood flows in the streets. Not a face showed at a casement, not a door opened; worse, though I knocked again and again, the house I would awaken remained dead and silent. I stood back and gazed at it, and returned, and hammered again, thinking this time nothing of myself.

But without result. Or not quite. Far away at the end of the street the echo of my knocking dwelt a little, then growing into a fuller, deeper sound—a sound I knew. The mob was returning.

I cursed my folly then for lingering; thought of the passage in the rear of the house that led to the church, found the entrance to it, and in a moment was speeding through it. The distant roar grew nearer and louder, but now I could see the low door of the church, and I slackened my pace a little. As I did so the door before me opened, and a man looked out. I saw his face before he saw me, and read it; saw terror, shame, and rage written on its mean features; and in some strange way I knew what he was going to do before he did it. A moment he glared abroad, blinking and shading his eyes in the sunshine, then he spied me, slid out, and with an indescribable Judas look at me, fled away.

He left the door ajar—I knew him in some way for the door-keeper, deserting his post; and in a moment I was in the church and face to face with a sight I shall remember while I live; for that which was passing outside, that which I had seen during the last few minutes, gave it a solemnity exceeding even that of the strange service I had witnessed there before. The sun shut out, a few red altar lamps shed a sombre light on the pillars and the dim pictures and the vanishing spaces; above all, on a vast crowd of kneeling women, whose bowed heads and wailing voices as they chanted the Litany of the Virgin, filled the nave. There were some, principally on the fringe of the assembly, who rocked themselves to and fro, weeping silently, or lay still as statues with their foreheads pressed to the cold stones; whilst others glanced this way and that with staring eyes, and started at the slightest sound, and moaned prayers with white lips. But more and more, the passionate utterance of the braver souls laid bonds on the others; louder and louder the measured rhythm of "Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!" rose and swelled through the vaults of the roof; more and more fervent it grew, more and more importunate, wilder the abandonment of supplication, until—until I felt the tears rise in my throat, and my breast swell with pity and admiration—and then I saw Denise.

She knelt between her mother and Madame Catinot,

nearly in the front row of those who faced the high altar. Whence I stood, I had a side view of her face as she looked upward in rapt adoration—that face which I had once deemed so childish. Now at the thought that she prayed, perhaps for me—at the thought that this woman so pure and brave, that though little more than a child, and soft, and gentle, and maidenly as I had found her, she could bear herself with no shadow of quailing in this stress of death—at the thought that she loved me, and prayed for me I felt myself more or less than a man. I felt tears rising, I felt my breast heaving, and then—and then as I went to drop on my knees, against the great doors on the farther side of the church, came a thunderous shock, and a shower of blows and loud cries for admittance.

A horrible kind of shudder ran through the kneeling crowd, and here and there one screamed and sprang up and looked wildly round. But for a few moments the chant still rose monotonously and filled the building, louder and louder the measured rhythm of "Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!" still rose and fell and rose again with an intensity of supplication, a pathos of repetition that told of bursting hearts. At length, however, one of the leaves of the door flew open, and that proved too much; the sound sent three parts of the congregation shrieking to their feet—though a few still sang. By this time I was half way to Denise's side; but before I could reach her the other door gave way, and a dozen men flocked in tumultuously. I had a glimpse of a priest—afterwards I learnt that it was Father Benoît—standing to oppose them with a cross upraised; and then, by the dim light, which to them was darkness, I saw—unspeakable relief—that the intruders were not the leaders of the mob, but foremost the two St. Alais, blood-stained and black with powder, with drawn swords and clothes torn; and behind them a score of their followers.

In their relief women flung themselves on the men's necks, and those who stood farther away burst into loud sobbing and weeping. But the men themselves, after securing the doors behind them, began immediately to move across the church to the smaller exit on the alley; one crying that all was lost, and another that the east gate was open, while a third adjured the women to separate—adding that in the neighbouring houses they would be safe, but that the church would be sacked; and that even now the Calvinists were bursting in the gates of the monastery through which the fugitives had retreated, after being driven out of the Arènes.

All, on the instant, was panic and wailing and confusion. I have heard said since that the worst thing the men could have done was to take the church in their flight, and that had they kept aloof the women would not have been disturbed; that, as a fact, and in the event, the church was not sacked. But in such a hell as was Nîmes that morning, with the kennels running blood, and men's souls surprised by sudden defeat, it was hard to decide what was best; and I blame no one.

The rush for the door which followed the man's words drove me a little farther from Denise; but as she and the group round her held back and let the more timid or selfish go first, I had time to gain her side. She had drawn the hood of her cloak close round her face, and until I touched her arm she did not see me. Then, without a word, she clung to me—she clung to me, looking up; I saw her face under the hood, and it was happy. God! It was happy, even in that scene of terror!

After that, Madame St. Alais, though she greeted me with a bitter smile, had no power to repel me. "You are quick, Monsieur, to profit by your victory," she said, in a scathing tone. And that was all. Unrebuked, I passed my arm round Denise, and followed close on Louis and Madame Catinot; while Monsieur le Marquis, after speaking with his mother, followed. As he did so his eye fell on me, but he only smiled, and to something Madame said, answered aloud, "Mon Dieu, Madame; what does it matter? We have thrown the last stake and lost. Let us leave the table!"

She dropped her hood over her face; and even in that moment of fear and excitement I found something tragic in the act, and on a sudden pitied her. But it was no time for sentiment or pity; the pursuers were not far behind the pursued. We were still in the church and some paces from the threshold giving on the alley, when a rush of footsteps outside the great door behind us made itself heard, and the next instant the doors creaked under the blows hailed upon them. It was a question whether they would stand until we were out, and I felt the slender figure within my arm quiver and press more closely to me. But they held, and an instant later the crowd before us gave way, and we were outside in the daylight, in the alley, hurrying quickly down it towards Madame Catinot's house.

(To be continued.)

A HAUNTED ACTRESS.

Clairon, the famous actress, was very much persecuted by a lover of hers; he followed her incessantly, and worried her so much that, at last, she positively refused to see him. Soon afterwards he fell ill, and sent an urgent message to her to come to him at once, as he was dying. Clairon would not go. A little while afterwards she was sitting singing to her mother, when a piercing cry was heard in the room. Immediately a messenger arrived with the news of her suitor's death. From this time the actress was followed by terrific shrieks. Sometimes there would be silence for a few days; on one of these occasions she imprudently defied the spirit; instantly the most frightful cries were heard. Clairon fainted—she was growing worn out with terror—when she met the lady who had been with her lover when he died. She informed the actress that just before his death he had declared he would punish her for her cruelty, and he seemed to have kept his word. After this explanation the cries ceased altogether.

From "Harpers' Magazine," 1850.

WORDSWORTH AND STEPHENSON.

Wordsworth was present at a public dinner one night, when he was informed that Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, was present. While the latter was building the Skerrievore lighthouse, he had been in the habit of swinging in a hammock during the evenings and reading the "Excursion." This was told Wordsworth, who was delighted. At the end of the dinner he was called upon for a speech. He rose and said, "Gentlemen, I cannot make a speech, I never did, and am afraid I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer, and if you call upon him to speak he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say; he will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore lighthouse."—*From "Forty Years' Recollections," by Charles Mackay.*

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON AT HOME.

The habitual playgoer rejoices when he sees Miss Gertrude Kingston's name on the bill, for though still quite a young actress—she has only been acting about seven years, and looks more youthful than many who only made their *début* yesterday—she has won a leading position on the English stage since the evening when she electrified a critical first-night audience at the Haymarket by her performance of "Mrs. Harkaway," in *Partners.*

Miss Gertrude Kingston, who is known to a large circle of friends as Mrs. Silver, the wife of a distinguished expert in arms and ammunition, received me, writes a representative of To-Day, in a pretty London drawing-room, for unlike most members of "the profession" she prefers to be comparatively near her work, and has always eschewed the somewhat unpractical delights of leafy suburbs and cool house-boat habitations. Her love of France, French life, and French art, peeps out in many tiny details of her home, and a fine portrait of *La Maîtresse du Logis* recalls the fact that Miss Kingston once had the good fortune to be Carolus Duran's pupil, her artistic knowledge even now constantly standing her in good stead in the pursuit of the art to which she is so devoted.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

"No, I came of an utterly untheatrical family," she answered, smiling in answer to a question; "but I was early stage-struck, and even as a child delighted in mimicry. Still years passed before it seemed in the least probable that I should ever be able to fulfil my ambition of becoming an actress. I acted but rarely as an amateur, yet never lost an opportunity of improving my knowledge of things theatrical."

"I believe, Miss Kingston, that you were one of the 'Greeks at Freakes' when Lady Freake gave her celebrated performance of the classic drama?"

"Yes, but as you know that sort of thing does not lead far; and I was extremely pleased when a change in our family fortunes enabled me to take up acting in earnest. Like many other members of 'the profession,'" she continued, after a short pause, "my first experience of the stage was gained with Sarah Thorne, at Margate. You know she is a very interesting and remarkable woman. At the time I was with her the company were not specially well composed. I became her favourite, I may say, pupil, and I suppose I need hardly tell you that I worked very hard. Though a firm believer in stock companies, especially where beginners are concerned, I must admit that the training is severe. I acted in turn all the old stock parts, from 'Kate Hardcastle' (my favourite *rôle*), to 'Lady Macbeth.'"

"And what do you think of Shakespeare as teacher?"

She hesitated. "Well, I doubt if Shakspearian parts are—from the beginner's point of view—as valuable as they are supposed to be. They require so much knowledge."

"Then, I suppose you are one of those who think that 'Juliet' can never be well played except by a woman who will never see fifty again?"

"Oh, no!" was the unexpected answer. "I consider 'Juliet' a very overrated young lady; and the *rôle*, to be possible, should be acted by quite a young girl, and an equally youthful 'Romeo.'"

"And how did you make your way into the charmed ring of London professionals?"

"I was playing at Margate the part of 'Zoë' in *The Octoroon*, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree happened to see the performance, and straightway engaged me to take part in his forthcoming production of *Partners*, an adaptation of Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Bisler Aîné.* I was given the part of 'Leonie,' transformed by her English dress into 'Mrs. Harkaway,' and my success in the part led, perhaps unfortunately, to my being for a considerable time after always cast for an adventuress. This was notably the case with *Tares*, Mr. Oscar Beringer's powerful comedy, the first of the so-called problem plays, and in which I made a great success.

"*Apropos* of problem plays, Miss Kingston, are you an Ibsenite?"

"I have always longed," she said simply, "to play *The Lady from the Sea* and *The Wild Duck*. But I am afraid if I acted in these dramas I should become identified with a certain set of faddists, and never be allowed to act anything else. I will confide to you another of my ambitions: I long to act a tragic *rôle*. My husband has never forgotten once seeing me play 'Clytymnestra,' and he often tells my managers that when they give me farcical, or indeed tragic-comic *rôles*, they are making a greater mistake than they know. Still," added my hostess brightly, "it is a great relief to play an amusing part. I am thoroughly enjoying my *rôle* in *The Passport*. A good comedy part puts one in a good humour not on, but off, the stage."

"I suppose I need hardly ask you what you think of costumes and scenery" I inquired, mindful of the fact that Miss Kingston is said to be one of the best-dressed women on the stage.

"I certainly admit having views on the subject. Clothes and scenery create an atmosphere around the player. It would be impossible to play a Greek part out of a classical dress. Again, it is difficult to be anything but stately in a hoop. I consider that an actress should not, when taking a modern part, dress very expensively. She owes it to the feminine portion of her audience to dress as well as she can, but in dresses that can easily be copied, and which send away the lady-playgoer happy rather than envious."

"And how about make-up?"

"I believe make-up to be much more appropiate than scenery and costume," she said quickly "But then in make-up, of course, I include costume as well as the actual powder and paint and wig part of the business. Every tiny detail tells and contributes to success or failure. The reception of an actor or actress often depends on how much pains they have taken to *appear* as well as to *seem* the character they assume. I admit that this was not always so in old days, when an actor played 'Julius Cæsar' in a wig and pumps; but audiences have become critical, and the slightest anachronism throws a scene out of gear, and turns pathos into bathos."

"And do you approve of 'business?'

"Yes, so long as it does not hinder the action of a play, 'business' properly conceived and carried out often appeals far more to the audience than the actual words said in a scene. But too often an understudy has to copy in servile fashion the 'business' of an actress she is temporarily replacing. This is a mistake, individuality is very important; that is why I do not believe, as many now do, that the would-be actress should joyfully accept understudy work."

"And are you yourself a quick study?"

"No, I have to take my part away and work at it as if I was a child learning a lesson. Indeed, I do not become word-perfect till within a few days of performance."

"One word more, Miss Kingston. What do you feel about the rehearsal question; it seems to be assuming certain proportions?"

"I have always held," she answered decidedly, "that actors and actresses ought to be paid for rehearsals, if engaged only for the run of a play. If this was done much heart-breaking and terrible disappointment, to say nothing of actual distress, would be saved. Of course, these remarks do not apply to the best known theatres. But think of the case of a theatrical speculator, who produces a play with the vague hope that it may 'catch on.' He gets together a company, often hard-working and really good players, and then after some weeks of rehearsal, the play runs for a few days. If the time taken by rehearsals was paid for the fear of the tragedy—for tragedy it is—would be greatly diminished."

"I suppose that you scarcely find time to continue your painting or writing?"

"Well, my literary labours only take the form of an occasional dialogue or child's story. As for my painting—I sometimes illustrate what I write, but, of course, I can only look back as to pleasant memories to the work I did with Carolus Duran and with Gussow in Berlin, but had I not gone on to the stage I should certainly have become an artist."

And, then, after an hour spent with one of the most charming and delightful members of the profession it has ever been my good fortune to meet, I bade "good-bye" to the "Kate Hardcastle" of yesterday, and, who knows, perhaps the "Hedda Gabler" of to-morrow.

M. A. B.

A LION FIGHTING A BULL.

A tiger and a leopard, a grizzly and a pack of ferocious black wolves turned matadores recently to tickle the jaded appetite of the Spaniards for blood. The first battle of the kind took place the other day in the "Corrida de Toros," at the conclusion of the ordinary, everyday bullfight, in which a score of horses and eight bulls were killed, and three banderillos (or dart throwers) badly used up. The king of beasts, a big African lion from the Zoo, and a bull of the bluest blood and unbroken pedigree, Chirimbolo by name, were the contestants. Queen Marie Christina refused to see the gory contest, but, aside from Her Majesty, all the grandees of Spain were there. Thirty thousand paid admission, and 10,000 more clamoured unsuccessfully for entrance. What a crowd in the Sombra (on the shady side)! What a mob opposite! Nobles and peasants, the Mayor and his staff, Ministers of State and Prelates, women and children, cavalry officers rattling their swords, and municipal guards ordered to keep the masses quiet, while themselves unable to disguise their excitement.

The programme opened with the usual ceremonies: Trumpeters in gorgeous scarlet, blue and gold, preceded the mounted master of ceremony, who commanded a small army of chulos (agitators), banderillos (dart throwing), picadores (mounted pikemen), and matadores, with their glistening swords. The two last-named types of the arena were there for ceremonial purposes only, and withdrew after having shown off. "The President!" "The President!" now cry the masses. That dignitary rises in his box and throws a key to the gorgeous creature in black and gold, the master of ceremony, who delivers it to the mounted keeper of the bull stable, who in turn gallops out of the arena through a door in the stockade, opened for his benefit. Half a minute later a red, glossy Chirimbolo bull plunges into the sand-strewed space, greeted by the yells of the many thousand beholders. Everybody sees the moment he springs into view that he is one of the favourites, a powerful, yet wise; ferocious, yet cautious, beast. How his polished, sharp and curving horns stand out, how well-proportioned his whole make-up! His master—or, to be more correct, his late master, for Chirimbolo killed him an hour ago—had fastened a bunch of gay ribbons between his shoulders, and the long tail is festooned with gold and silver bands.

Again a menial official opens the stable, and a great African lion jumps from a cage that has been wheeled to the arena's edge. The animal proved to be a majestic brute, long of mane and tail, with a fine and dignified face. At his appearance the surging mass of 30,000 became dumb in expectancy and breathless with excitement. The lion, long used to the narrow confines of his cage, seemed to regard the comparatively limitless Plaza with suspicion. Once or twice he glanced at a box resplendent with ladies in gay toilettes. Then he measured his

mighty opponent from the tips of his horns to his hoofs, and turned tail, pressing against the door. A hailstorm of cobblestones, fired by the banderillos, drove him away. His next move was a peculiar one. Advancing half a dozen yards into the arena, he turned his back to Chirimbolo and began scratching the sand with his front paws. This seeming docility, induced perhaps by evil forebodings, exasperated the Spaniards, who were eager for a fray and tremendous violence. They began cursing the king of beasts, "that acted the ostrich," and called to the chulos and banderillos to do their duty.

Immediately half a dozen of the first class advanced with red rags toward the bull, who began dancing about fiercely, endeavouring to bury his horns in the bodies of the offenders. Several of the reckless fellows were obliged to leap the tall stockade, others sought shelter in the screened niches, while Chirimbolo plunged headlong against the wooden wall. Seeing that he had been fooled, the bull then charged upon a banderillo, who, with cat-like agility, jumped on his back, planting two arrows between his shoulders, while holding on to the bull's horns. Before the bewildered beast could realise the indignities to which he was subjected, his tormentor stood panting in the outer ring. At this juncture in the spectacle the lion uttered a thundering roar, which served as a warning to some of the men in the arena who had approached dangerously near, and likewise attracted the undivided attention of the bull.

Chirimbolo had his tail high up in the air, his feet tearing the ground in splendid rage. Licking up sand in large quantities and steaming at the nose, he bowed his head to the ground and pointed his tremendous horns toward the lion. The denizen of the Sahara, on his part, renewed his efforts to deepen the sand-pit he had been endeavouring to make for himself. He looked the coward from his magnificent head to the long silky tail, which latter lay motionless on the ground. Now Chirimbolo, with a light in his eye that meant death, charged upon the lion, who, by a well-calculated backward bound, escaped without a scratch. Chirimbolo lashed himself into fine frenzy on account of the disappointment. He bellowed with rage and then made after the king of beasts, thrusting one horn into the lion's flank; then he remained glued to the spot, as if courting an attack.

He did not have to wait long, for pain got the better of his animal majesty's judgment. He bolted round suddenly and reached with his paw for the bull's eyes. Chirimbolo jumped to one side, leaving about two feet of skin from his face and neck in the lion's clutch, and raw, bleeding and quivering flesh exposed to view. Bleeding profusely and snorting with rage, Chirimbolo went backward a few yards, bowing his head to the ground. The lion, with eyes aflame, tail whizzing viciously through the air, the blood-streaked mane raised and trembling, was preparing to leap. So he stood, half crouched, for ten, fifteen seconds, then, amid the frantic applause of the entire audience, jumped on his adversary's neck.

Yet, before he succeeded in fastening his teeth and claws in the flesh, Chirimbolo shook him off, took up his body on both horns and threw the lion fifteen feet in the air. The tremendous animal mass, that looked for a moment like a yellow-black fur ball, came to the ground with a dull thud, and before the lion could gain his feet, the foaming bull had run one of his three-foot horns into his belly. All this happened within the space of a minute, in a circle formed by the agitators and dart-throwers, who seemed to be lost in the contemplation of the combat, quite regardless of their own danger. Seeing that the lion was in a fair way to be disembowelled, they now rushed forward with their arrows and scarlet rags to divert the bull's attention from the victim. After a while they drew Chirimbolo to another part of the arena, and, while endeavouring to lasso him, whose horns and head were dripping with blood, and whose mouth was covered with foam, a dozen menagerie keepers rolled a low waggon into the arena, on which they deposited the semi-unconscious lion. The poor, peaceful beast did not object to being removed. He may recover, but his chances are slim.—*New York Press.*

THE BATTLE OF THE BUCKLES.

The Pope has issued a propaganda concerning the absurd dress that adorned the feminine head some generations ago. A French law was recently enacted regarding corsets. In Chaucer's time the English authorities took steps to prevent the extravagant wearing of gewgaws, and we all know the nature of the famed Connecticut blue laws. Even as far back as the days of Paul the preacher it was demanded that women's heads remain covered in public places, especially in church, but probably the most unique law ever enforced regarding feminine apparel related to buckles. It is the more interesting to air this bit of antique legality in view of the present astounding popularity of the offending article of jewellery.

Here is the story: Strife was bitter between Athens and Ægeæ. War, or rather a series of petty fights, was the accepted attitude. In one such engagement the Athenians were triumphant. A small body of the soldiers marched into the little town of Ægeæ, to be met by an infuriated mob of women, both matrons and maids. These members of the gentler sex unclasped the girdles from about their tunics and belaboured the incoming militia with their metal buckles, demanding as they did so the lives of brothers, husbands and sons. The soldiers hesitated to return the attack; but resistance of some sort was necessary, as the encounter was rapidly assuming proportions of a serious affray. So they fled down the streets into open arches and cellarways, relentlessly pursued by the enraged women, who used their long winding sashes as lassoes, and pitilessly struck the flying enemy with the dangerous gold and silver ornaments. The soldiers were lashed and cut wherever an inch of flesh was unprotected and presented itself as a target for the markswomen. Finally, exhausted, the Grecian Amazons desisted, but not before the "buckle fray" had become so serious an affair that it became one of the sensations of the day.

A hearing of the case was had before the judges. The women pleaded that all was fair in love and war, but the jury and men in general determined to take such convenient weapons out of feminine possession. Probably they were not only amazed, but alarmed at the ferocity of these female warriors, and resorted to the cloak of law in order to shield themselves from the possible equality of rivalship. At all events, a verdict was rendered forbidding Ægean women henceforth forever to use buckles as part of their attire. Their gowns should be fashioned, the judges decreed, in such a manner that these heretofore necessary ornaments would be omitted from the calculation. It was the bitterest judgment that could be passed on these beautiful women. It proclaimed to the world their unwomanliness, and held them up as examples at whom other women might point the finger of scorn. And they did, for the Athenian women induced the gold and silversmiths to mould the buckles of finer make than ever. These they wore with great pomp and pride to triumph over their male relatives' opponents.—*From Current Literature.*

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

"What woman wills, God wills," says the French proverb, and so it came to pass that as I have ardently wished all my life to meet Rosa Bonheur, my wish was gratified at last, and one of the most charming days I can remember was the one I spent with that wonderful woman. The little lady is very inaccessible, and Dr.

Apostoli, a celebrated physician here, who saved her life ten years ago, when all the other doctors had given her up, was the one who had promised me this treat; but knowing how she dislikes strangers, he is very chary of asking permission to bring them. The promised day arrived at last, however, and a little party of six of us met at the station to go to Fontainebleau, where we were to breakfast before driving to By.

Mme. Isbert, one of the most noted miniature painters in Paris, was one of the party. She was an added charm to the day's pleasure, for she is a wonderful woman herself, seventy-two years old, and lively and active and full of spirit. After a delicious breakfast we took carriages and drove through the forest to the little village of By, where Rosa Bonheur lives. She was expecting us, and when the big gates were swung open to let us through we were greeted by dogs, large and small, and out came trotting the most delightful little figure imaginable.

She adores Dr. Apostoli, whom she calls "ma mère moustache," as she says she owes her life to him. So, after standing on tiptoe to kiss him on both cheeks, she greeted us—his friends—with outstretched hands and great cordiality, begging us to come up at once to her studio. On the threshold quite a little scene took place. Mme. Isbert, in that graceful, gracious manner which Frenchwomen possess to such a degree, told Rosa Bonheur in a few happily chosen words how flattered she was, how proud, to meet at last one whose reputation was world-wide, and for whom she had such an enthusiastic admiration: and Rosa Bonheur in just as graceful a way replied that the honour was to herself, and that Mme. Isbert's reputation was as great as her own. After these preliminaries we were ushered into the sanctum—the studio. It is immense, and the work she is at present engaged on occupies one entire end of it. She began it twenty years ago, and says she is afraid she will never finish it, though it is an order and partly paid for. It represents a field in thrashing time, with machines and men at work in the background, and in the foreground eight horses in a leash, the foremost ridden by a bare-legged boy, crossing over from right to left. It is barely sketched in, but the movement and life are wonderful. She has other paintings finished and begun, standing about on easels and against the walls.

She has a most beautiful collection of her etchings, all signed, and worth millions in themselves, arranged methodically in handsome brass-bound mahogany portfolios. Great china jars stand about in corners, filled with plants and roses, and from the rafters are suspended heads of animals, and casts of horses adorn the walls. But the moving spirit of the place was far more interesting to me than all the canvas on the walls, no matter how wonderful and lifelike, and I grew more and more absorbed in watching her, till she turned and asked me if I would like to hear how bad a child she had been, and why she wore men's clothes, and had I ever heard of her dear lions? And so she told us her history, standing there with her hands in her pockets, or walking up and down making funny little gestures. Such a remarkable little figure, in her well-worn trousers and a long blue cotton peasant's blouse—embroidered in white—falling to her knees. You do not for a moment think she is masquerading in her men's clothes; she is simply a man, with the manners and gestures of one, and that funny little trot that all very little old men have. For she is seventy-three, and her shoulders are bowed a little, but she is energetic and hearty for all that. Her hair is snow-white—a perfect mass—but so neat and trim, cut square off at the nape of the neck, and parted most decidedly on one side. Such vigorous, characteristic-looking hair. Her face is small and round and as wrinkled as a little winter apple. Her nose is inquiring in its upward curve, and her blue eyes—keen and piercing—look you straight and square in the face—eyes that know no fear. A staunch, trim, sturdy little body, personifying the best and highest type of what constitutes the bone and sinew of France—its "peuple"—most French, most un-Parisian.

She lives quite alone in this pretty, rambling old red brick house, where she has been forty-five years, far from the clamour and whirl of the big city and the fret and passions of her fellow-men, and she looks as if she belonged to another age. She was born at Bordeaux in 1822, and is of humble origin, her father, Raymond Bonheur, being a painter of moderate ability. In 1829, the family moved to Paris; the mother died; there were many children, and they were poor, so Rosa Bonheur turned her hand to many an odd job, even carding wool for mattresses. Then times grew better, and she was placed in a convent, but her father soon took her away in despair, for she would not study, and was constantly running away and spending her time making daubs, she says. At fifteen she began to work seriously at her painting, and put on boy's clothes, so she could go to the fairs and slaughter-houses without attracting attention, and she wore them so naturally no one suspected her of being a girl, so she has worn them ever since to work in. She and Mme. Dieulafoy, the wife of the explorer, are the only two women in France who are legally authorised to appear in public in men's clothes. She became the pupil of L. Cogmet, who was also the teacher of Meissonier, and in 1841, she exhibited for the first time at the Salon. In 1845, she received her first medal, a third-class one; in 1848, her first-class medal, and in 1855, the year of the exposition, was her year of triumph, and put her in the first rank of animal painters. In 1865, she was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and in 1894 was made an officer, the only woman holding that rank.

She told us about her love for animals and of the many she has had, but she has had no more wild beasts since her last experience. She had two magnificent lions given her; the male was only seven months old, and she brought it up, and it came to her table and followed her about. The female was vicious, she said, and must have been ill-treated by some woman trainer, for whenever women went near the cage she became quite wild and tore at her bars so that the cage had to be attached to four trees to keep it from overturning. She fell ill and died last year, and then the lion became so violent, and caused so much fright in the neighbourhood, that she decided to give him away, and wrote to the authorities here that she would present him to the Jardin des Plantes. When the cage was mounted ready to start she went to see him off, and she says it was perfectly pitiful; he knew he was going just as well as if he had been told so, and his eyes followed her about, and at last when they started and she said good-bye to him there came an expression in his eyes that was quite human, and as long as he stood there in the gate his eyes never once left her face, he never moved till a bend in the road hid her from his sight. It was as if he, too, were saying—"adieu." Some months later, being in Paris, she went one day to see her lion, and there was a great crowd about his cage. He was dying of disease and neglect. She called out to him: "Oh, my poor Nero, what have they done to you?" and he heard her, and lifted up his poor head and saw her, and crawled to the bars and laid down close beside them so that she could touch him. She says it was only a common crowd there—ragamuffins and rough men and women—but there was not a dry eye there, and they all took off their hats to her as they recognised her. Two days later the lion was dead. And when she ended her story, her own bright eyes were dim, and I think ours were too. She waved her little hands and said: "You see, my friends, I am a real savage. I know no one, not even my fellow artists. I live with my peasants and my animals, and I think with my beloved La Fontaine that the company of beasts is often far preferable to that of men."

She had five or six dogs that ran about and rubbed up against her as she talked, till she stooped down, and taking a little fellow in her arms, she said she had

brought it up by hand; it had lost its mother, and it slept with her, and turning to Dr. Apostoli, she said, laughing: "You see, though I am not a woman, I make a capital mother." Mme. Isbert then told her that she had something to show her that might interest her; that she was the happy possessor of an album, where nearly all the great names in the literary and artistic world of France of the last fifty or sixty years were inscribed. The little lady asked permission to put on her spectacles, and drawing up her chair to the table spread the album out, and we all gathered round her. Mme. Isbert's album, next to Rosa Bonheur, was the feature of the day. She had little pen and ink sketches and water colours, and a few bars of music, and poetry, and philosophy, and bon mots, signed by such men as Corot, Millais, Meissonier, Ste. Beuve, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Gounod, Massenet, Faure, etc., etc. Imagine the value of such a book. Rosa Bonheur was enthusiastic over it, and at the last page she said: "And now I suppose you wish Rosa Bonheur's name here, that is why you bring it?" And she peered over the brim of her spectacles with a most comical expression at Mme. Isbert, who, as the French say, lost herself in confusion, praying and fearing, and hoping and begging that she might receive that great honour. Rosa Bonheur said she would be charmed to be in such goodly company, and, businesslike, took the measure of the page, promising to draw something and send it at once. Then came the time for us to tear ourselves away. Rosa Bonheur trotted down stairs before us, begging us to call again, and saying a pleasant word to each as we left her.—*From Current Literature.*

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THE COOK OF THE GANNET.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by SCOTT RANKIN.

"ALL ready for sea, and no cook," said the mate of the schooner *Gannet* gloomily. "What's become of all the cooks I can't think."

"They most on 'em ship as mates now," said the skipper, grinning. "But you needn't worry about that, I've got one coming aboard to-night. I'm trying a new experiment, George."

"I once knew a chemist who tried one," said George, "an' it blew him out of the winder, but I never heard o' shipmasters trying 'em."

"There's all kinds of experiments," rejoined the other. "What do you say to a lady cook, George?"

"A *what?*" asked the mate in tones of strong amazement. "What, aboard a schooner?"

"Why not?" inquired the skipper warmly, "why not? There's plenty of 'em ashore—why not aboard ship?"

"'Tain't proper for one thing," said the mate virtuously.

"I shouldn't have expected you to have thought o' that," said the other unkindly. "Besides they have stewardesses on big ships, an' what's the difference? She's a sort o' relation o' mine, too—cousin o' my wife's, a widder woman, and a good sensible age, an' as the doctor told her to take a sea voyage for the benefit of her 'elth she's coming with me for six months as cook. She'll take her meals with us; but, o' course, the men are not to know of the relationship."

"What about sleeping accommodation?" inquired the mate with the air of a man putting a poser.

"I've thought o' that," replied the other; "it's all arranged."

The mate, with an uncompromising air, waited for information.

"She—she's to have your berth, George," continued the skipper, without looking at him. "You can have that nice, large, airy locker."

"One what the biscuit and onions kep' in?" inquired George.

The skipper nodded.

"I think, if it's all the same to you," said the mate with laboured politeness, "I'll wait till the butter keg's empty, and crowd into that."

"It's no use your making yourself unpleasant about it," said the skipper, "not a bit. The arrangements are made now, and here she comes."

Following his gaze the mate looked up as a stout comely-looking woman of middle-age came along the jetty, followed by the watchman staggering under a box of enormous proportions.

"Jim," cried the lady.

"Halloa!" cried the skipper starting uneasily at the title. "We've been expecting you for some time."

"There's a row on with the cabman," said the lady calmly. "This silly old man"—the watchman snorted fiercely—"let the box go through the window getting it off the top and the cabman wants *me* to pay. He's out there using language, and he keeps calling me grandma—I want you to have him locked up."

"Come down below now," said the skipper; "we'll see about the cab. Mrs. Blossom—my mate. George, go and send that cab away."

Mrs. Blossom, briefly acknowledging the introduction, followed the skipper to the cabin, while the mate growling under his breath went out to enter into a verbal contest, in which he was from the first hopelessly overmatched.

The new cook, being somewhat fatigued with her journey, withdrew at an early hour, and the sun was well up when she appeared on deck next morning. The wharves and warehouses of the night before had disappeared, and the schooner under a fine spread of canvas was just passing Tilbury.

"There's one thing I must put a stop to," said the skipper, as he and the mate, after an admirably cooked breakfast, stood together talking. "The men seem to be hanging round that galley too much."

"What can you expect?" demanded the mate. "They've all got their Sunday clothes on too, pretty dears."

"Hi, you Bill," cried the skipper. "What are you doing there?"

"Lending cook a hand with the saucepans, sir," said Bill, an oakum-bearded man of sixty.

"There ain't no call for 'im to come 'ere at all, sir," shouted another seaman, putting his head out of the galley. "Me an' cook's lifting 'em beautiful."

"Come out both of you, or I'll start you with a rope," roared the irritated commander.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Blossom. "They're not doing any harm."

"I can't have 'em there," said the skipper gruffly. "They've got other things to do."

"I must have some assistance with that boiler and the saucepans," said Mrs. Blossom decidedly, "so don't you interfere with what don't concern you, Jimmy."

"That's mutiny," whispered the horrified mate. "Sheer, rank, mutiny."

"She don't know no better," whispered the other back. "Cook, you mustn't talk like that to the cap'n—what me and the mate tell you you must do. You don't understand yet, but it'll come easier by-and-bye."

assisted by five ministering seamen. The weather was fine, and the wind light, and the two officers were at their wits' end to find jobs for the men.

"Why don't you put your foot down," grumbled the mate, as a burst of happy laughter came from the direction of the galley. "The idea of men laughing like that aboard ship; they're carrying on just as though we wasn't here."

"Will you stand by me?" demanded the skipper, pale but determined.

"Of course I will," said the other indignantly.

"Now, my lads," said Harris stepping forward, "I can't have you great chaps hanging round the galley all day; you're getting in cook's way and hindering her. Just get your knives out, I'll have the masts scraped."

"You just stay where you are," said Mrs. Blossom. "When they're in my way I'll soon let 'em know."

"Did you hear what I said?" thundered the skipper as the men hesitated.

"THERE'S A ROW ON WITH THE CABMAN," SAID THE LADY.

"*Will* it," demanded Mrs. Blossom loudly; "*will* it? I don't think it will. How dare you talk to me like that, Jim Harris? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"My name's Cap'n Harris," said the skipper stiffly.

"Well, *Captain* Harris," said Mrs. Blossom scornfully, "and what'll happen if I don't do as you and that other shamefaced-looking man tell me?"

"We hope it won't come to that," said Harris with quiet dignity, as he paused at the companion. "But the mate's in charge just now, and I warn you he's a very severe man. Don't stand no nonsense, George."

With these brave words the skipper disappeared below, and the mate, after one glance at the dauntless and imposing attitude of Mrs. Blossom, walked to the side and became engrossed in a passing steamer. A hum of wondering admiration arose from the crew, and the cook, thoroughly satisfied with her victory, returned to the scene of her labours.

For the next twenty-four hours Mrs. Blossom reigned supreme, and performed the cooking for the vessel

"Aye, aye, sir," muttered the crew, moving off.

"How dare you interfere with me?" said Mrs. Blossom hotly as she realised the defeat. "Ever since I've been on this ship you've been trying to aggravate me. I wonder the men don't hit you, you nasty ginger-whiskered little man."

"Go on with your work," said the skipper, fondly stroking the maligned whiskers.

"Don't you talk to me, Jim Harris," said Mrs. Blossom, quivering with wrath. "Don't you give *me* none of your airs. *Who borrowed five pounds from my poor dead husband just before he died and never paid it back?*"

"Go on with your work," repeated the skipper, with pale lips.

"*Whose uncle Benjamin had three weeks?*" demanded Mrs. Blossom darkly. "*Whose uncle Joseph had to go abroad without stopping to pack up?*"

The skipper made no reply, but the anxiety of the crew to have these vital problems solved was so manifest that he turned his back on the virago and went towards

the mate, who at that moment dipped hurriedly to escape a wet dish-clout. The two men regarded each other pale with anxiety.

"Now, you just move off," said Mrs. Blossom, shaking another clout at them. "I won't have you hanging about my galley. Keep to your own end of the ship."

The skipper drew himself up haughtily, but the effect was somewhat marred by one eye, which dwelt persistently on the clout, and after a short inward struggle he moved off accompanied by the mate. Wellington himself would have been nonplussed by a wet cloth in the hands of a fearless woman.

"NOW, YOU JUST MOVE OFF," SAID MRS. BLOSSOM.

"She'll just have to have her own way till we get to Llanelly," said the indignant skipper, "and then I'll send her home by train and ship another cook. I knew she'd got a temper, but I didn't know it was like this. She's the last woman that sets foot on my ship—that's all she's done for her sex."

In happy ignorance of her impending doom Mrs. Blossom went blithely about her duties assisted by a crew, whose admiration for her increased by leaps and bounds, and the only thing which ventured to interfere with her was a stiff Atlantic roll, which they encountered upon rounding the Land's End.

The first intimation Mrs. Blossom had of it was the falling of small utensils in the galley. After she had picked them up and replaced them several times she

"PUT YOUR 'ED ON MY SHOULDER."

went out to investigate, and discovered that the schooner was dipping her bows to big green waves and rolling with much straining and creaking from side to side. A fine spray which broke over the bows and flew over the vessel drove her back into the galley, which had suddenly developed an unaccountable stuffiness; but though the crew to a man advised her to lie down and have a cup of tea, she repelled them with scorn, and with pale face and compressed lips stuck to her post.

Two days later they made fast to the quay at Llanelly, and half an hour later the skipper called the mate down to the cabin, and handing him some money told him to pay the cook off and ship another. The mate declined.

"You obey orders," said the skipper fiercely, "else you an' me'll quarrel."

"I've got a wife an' family," urged the mate.

"Pooh!" said the skipper. "Rubbish!"

"And uncles," added the mate rebelliously.

"Very good," said the skipper, glaring. "We'll ship the other cook first and let him settle it. After all I don't see why we should fight his battles for him."

The mate being agreeable went off at once, and when Mrs. Blossom after a little shopping ashore returned to the *Gannet* she found the galley in the possession of one of the fattest cooks that ever broke ship's biscuit.

"Hullo!" said she, realising the situation at a glance, "what are you doing here?"

"Cooking," said the other gruffly. Then catching sight of his questioner he smiled amorously and winked at her.

"Don't you wink at me," said Mrs. Blossom wrathfully. "Come out of that galley."

There's room for both," said the new cook persuasively. "Come in an' put your 'ed on my shoulder."

Utterly unprepared for this mode of attack, Mrs. Blossom lost her nerve, and instead of storming the galley, as she had fully intended, drew back and retired to the cabin, where she found a short note from the skipper, enclosing her pay, and requesting her to take the train home. After reading this she went ashore again, returning presently with a big bundle, which she placed on the cabin table in front of Harris and the mate, who had just begun tea.

"I'm not going home by train," said she, opening the bundle, which contained a spirit kettle and provisions. "I'm going back with you; but I am not going to be beholden to you for anything—I'm going to board myself."

After this declaration she made herself tea and sat down. The meal proceeded in silence, though occasionally she astonished her companions by little mysterious laughs, which caused them slight uneasiness. As she made no hostile demonstration, however, they became reassured, and congratulated themselves upon the success of their manœuvre.

"How long shall we be getting back to London, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Blossom at last.

"We shall probably sail Tuesday night, and it may be anything from six days upwards," answered the skipper. "If this wind holds it'll probably be upwards."

To his great concern Mrs. Blossom put her handkerchief over her face, and, shaking with suppressed laughter, rose from the table and left the cabin.

The couple left eyed each other wonderingly.

"Did I say anything pertickler funny, George!" inquired the skipper after some deliberation.

"Didn't strike me so," said the mate, carelessly; "I expect she's thought o' something else to say about your family. She wouldn't be so good-tempered as all that for nothing. I feel cur'ous to know what it is."

"If you paid more attention to your own business," said the skipper, his choler rising, "you'd get on better. A mate who was a good seaman wouldn't ha' let a cook go on like this—it's not discipline."

He went off in dudgeon, and a coolness sprang up between them, which lasted until the bustle of starting in the small hours of Wednesday morning.

Once under weigh the day passed uneventfully, the schooner crawling sluggishly down the coast of Wales, and when the skipper turned in that night it was with the pleasant conviction that Mrs. Blossom had shot her last bolt, and like a sensible woman was going to accept her defeat. From this pleasing idea he was aroused suddenly by the watch stamping heavily on the deck overhead.

"What's up?" cried the skipper, darting up the companion-ladder jostled by the mate.

"I dunno," said Bill, who was at the wheel, shakily. "Mrs. Blossom come up on deck a little while ago, and since then there's been three or four heavy splashes."

"THERE'S BEEN THREE OR FOUR HEAVY SPLASHES."

"She can't have gone overboard," said the skipper in tones to which he manfully strove to impart a semblance of anxiety. "No, here she is. Anything wrong, Mrs. Blossom?"

"Not so far as I'm concerned," replied the lady, passing him and going below.

"You've been dreaming, Bill," said the skipper sharply.

"I ain't," said Bill stoutly, "I tell you I heard splashes. It's my belief she coaxed the cook up on deck and then shoved him overboard. A woman could do anything with a man like that cook."

"I'll soon see," said the mate, and walking forward he put his head down the fore-scuttle and yelled for the cook.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a voice sleepily, while the other men started up in their bunks. "Do you want me?"

"Bill thinks somebody has gone overboard," said the mate. "Are you all here?"

In answer to this the mystified men turned out all standing, and came on deck yawning and rubbing their eyes while the mate explained the situation. Before he had finished the cook suddenly darted off to the galley, and the next moment the forlorn cry of a bereaved soul broke on their startled ears.

"What is it?" cried the mate.

"Come here," shouted the cook, "look at this."

He struck a match and held it aloft in his shaking fingers, and the men, who were worked up to a great pitch of excitement and expected to see something ghastly, after staring hard for some time in vain, profanely requested him to be more explicit.

"She's thrown all the saucepans and things overboard," said the cook with desperate calmness. "This lid of a tea-kettle is all that's left for me to do the cooking in."

* * *

The *Gannet*, manned by seven famine-stricken misogynists, reached London six days later, the skipper obstinately refusing to put in at an intermediate port to replenish his stock of hardware. The most he would consent to do was to try and borrow from a passing vessel, but the unseemly behaviour of the master of a brig, who lost two hours owing to their efforts to obtain a saucepan of him, utterly discouraged any further attempts in that direction, and they settled down to a diet of biscuits and water, and salt beef scorched on the stove.

Mrs. Blossom, unwilling perhaps to witness their sufferings, remained below, and when they reached London, only consented to land under the supervision of a guard of honour, composed of all the able-bodied men on the wharf.

HOW NATURE FORMED COAL.

The formation of coal, according to Dr. Homer Greene's cosmical theory, was due to the solar orb bringing forth, millions of years ago, when it was larger and hotter than to-day, a wonderfully luxuriant vegetation, including plants of strange kinds, mosses as large as forest trees, and ferns thirty feet in height, growing up richly from the clayey soil and forming dense jungles in the vast marshes, the latter covering great areas of the earth's surface; these ferns, mosses, and the leaves, branches, and trunks of trees in time falling and decaying where they grew, only to render the soil more fertile and the next growth more luxuriant—year after year, century after century, this process of growth and decay going on, until the beds of vegetable matter thus deposited became of great thickness; the earth's body, however, still continued to shrink, in consequence of which her crust sinking throughout vast areas, the beds of vegetable matter going down and the water sweeping again over the great marshes, sand and mud, and gravel were laid down anew over the deposits, and the clayey soil from which the next rich growth would spring was spread out on the surface, this process being repeated again and again, as often, indeed, as seams of coal in any coal bed. In this way, according to Dr. Greene, the conditions for the formation of coal were made complete, atmospheric air being entirely excluded, while the vegetable beds underwent the processes of decomposition, so that in some beds of coal whole trees have been found, with roots, branches, leaves, and seeds complete and all converted into the same kind of coal as that surrounding.—*From Dallas Times Herald.*

THE FASHIONS OF LOVE.

Love is at once one and many. It is a principle inherent in things; it is a passion most radical and turbulent in the human breast. Like all other genius it is both comprehensive and adaptive. It claims the whole creation as its own, and straightway proceeds to make sure of it by conquest. More than all beside, love stoops to conquer.

In some countries, perhaps in all, at certain stages of its history, love is warlike. Then it is not the coy, winsome wee thing which in after ages it grows to be. Like the young world and young manhood, it is hoydenish, terrible, severe. A mind develops and muscle yields to control, love becomes gentle and persuasive, and captivating only by reason of its beauty.

The aborigines of the continent of Australia were wont to make love in a manner more energetic than polite. The custom varied in different places, but was always characterised by the very smallest quantity of love proper, conjoined with the maximum of savage despotism.

Among the laws that prevailed among these dark sons and daughters of the South Seas, some of the most stringent pertained to love.

No young gentleman among these clans could fall in love when he pleased, or if he was rash enough to do so he would be required at once to fall out again.

The first essential for an aspirant to these honours on many parts of the coast was that he should be "hacked and slashed," mutilated and circumcised. Some of his teeth, too, must be knocked out of his head, one or two on the left side of the upper jaw. During the last year, before arriving at manhood, the probationer was compelled to live apart from the tribe, and especially to avoid the huts where female beauty could be seen.

That he was, or was soon to be, a marrying man was further signalised by a plentiful anointing from head to foot with red-ochre mixed with grease, so that he must have looked like a fresh-painted London pillar-box, a sight for sore eyes. His skin, and sometimes that of the women also, was planed or tunnelled with raised ridges, formed by making incisions, which were then filled with charcoal. So that altogether a rising young man had a pretty lively time of it, one to which he might well look forward with other feelings than those of glee.

In various tribes these decorations were their patents of nobility, their coat-of-arms, and crest. Graduates in heraldry, and there were some who were, could tell at a glance on seeing the subject to what tribe he belonged—a fact at times very important to be known by those who had a maiden to bestow in marriage.

The young recruit having emerged with honour from the stress and strain of this unseemly drill might be supposed to have entered into bliss. Now, at length, discipline over, honours should in the natural order of things crowd in upon him. A victor, he would gain a crown. But, no! the young savage had drained the cup which his brothers-in-woe had filled, but the Fates in some instances held another to his lips, and one more bitter still.

If the fully certificated man had not a sister his lot was cruel. In many districts marriage was an exchange, and he who had no sister to give a brother could find no brother to bestow on him a bride. Some kind circumstance might by and by cut him up a trump, but for the most part a man minus a sister had to go without a wife.

Whilst the lot of the male cannot be envied, that of the female was dire indeed. At the best of times she is bestowed by her father through the agency of some other elder upon a suitor whom she may never have seen, or having seen, dislikes.

Girls become wives at the early age of eight, or from that to fourteen years. The husband arrives by arrangement at the miam-miam, in which his beloved dwells, and without more ado the maiden is told that her husband wants her. With all the ferocity and determination of a police officer her father stands by to see, or rather to secure fair-play. In his hand he carries a spear, or waddy, or tomahawk, which, in case of resistance, he is prepared to use. Often the girl sighs, and sobs, and complains, begging for pity from those who stand near.

Sometimes she is so firm in her refusal as to resist her husband's claim and the command of her father. Up rises the coaxing spear to descend upon her luckless shoulders with cruel blows. If she should add screams and violent resistance she gets a blow on the head. The mother, perhaps, then comes upon the scene armed with her fighting-stick (kan-nan). Neighbouring huts pour forth their occupants—men, women, and children. A general hulla-balloo reigns. Her friends intercede for her, the dogs bark and whine, the mother beats the ground frantically with her stick.

Still determined the father enforces his authority. He seizes the maiden by the hair, and drags her by sheer force to the house prepared as her new abode. Then the boomerangs fly vindictively about, and chiefly upon the desecrated hut. And sometimes as a last resource, and as a final deal of lynch-law, the father drives his spear into the maiden's leg—an effectual safeguard from flight.

Some slight concession is made to a girl who is young and dutiful. She is often allowed to visit her parents for months together. During this period her husband provides her with flesh-meat as if she were at home. If she is very affectionate and pleasing to her lord, he gives frequent attention to her toilet by rubbing her with grease so as to improve her good looks and to make her grow and fatten.

It will be no surprise to those who know anything of love's young ardour to learn that occasions arise when a sisterless man in his desperation sallies forth to steal a wife. The manner of stealing lubras (women) varies. Sometimes, as was the case in New South Wales, and the district of the Riverina, organised raids were made upon the families of another tribe, sometimes one with which they were at war. The eager young swain supported by a party of his friends, makes a cautious journey into the territory whose lubras they admire, and there lies in ambush until an opportunity favours. Under the cover of the darkness, for it is usually in the evening, the young men conceal themselves near the water-hole to which the lubras are bound to go for water. It is then a matter of "making hay while the sun shines." The young men rush together from their hiding-places, seize hold of the lubras they require, and, in case of resistance, strike them down insensible, and then drag them off.

George Barrington, once a convict at Botany Bay, and afterwards, through good conduct, superintendent of convicts, gives evidence from personal observation of this fashion of making love. Some of his details may, perhaps, be taken as applying only in this particular case. In any view the facts are interesting and remarkable.

Near the then small village of Parramatta, a few miles out of Sydney, there lived a young native of about twenty-three years of age, with his two sisters, respectively twenty and fourteen years of age. One day, upon his return from hunting the kangaroo, his sisters did not welcome him as was their wont. He wondered somewhat, but supposing they had gone either to draw water or to dig roots, he sat down and rested at the foot of a tree till they came back. In the words of Barrington himself: "The sun was now withdrawing itself, and the dark mantle of night with rapid strides began to cover the horizon; now the vivid lightning with its forked forms bespoke the impending storm; in a few moments the rain poured rapidly down, and drove my hero from the foot of the tree to his cave. Scarce had he reached it when another flash of lightning showed to

his distressed eyes the form of his youngest sister bleeding on the ground."

When the young man had sufficiently restored the girl to consciousness he heard the following account from her lips. "Oh! my brother! our sister is torn from us, and I narrowly escaped being murdered for trying to prevent it. The wretch, after beating her with his club, caught up one arm to drag her out of the cave, and I laid hold of the other to keep her. The moment the brute saw this, with one blow of his club he knocked me to the ground where you now find me."

Immediately these two meditated revenge. More, they planned its execution. Furthermore, they hied away with a native's speed to carry it out. Arrived at the spot where was encamped the tribe they sought, they together watched and waited. To the quick and tutored eye of the savage there at length appeared in the distance a form he knew. It was that of the sister of the man who had robbed him of his. She had wandered away from the encampment to gather sticks for a fire, and so became an easy prey to his assault. For his companion's safety he caused her to hide herself till he should return, and then with all the skill of ardent revenge flew to the girl he espied.

His club was raised to do his bidding; his victim sorely trembled. Bravely she restrained herself, and quick as thought raised her pleading eyes to his. Their eyes met, the club was restrained, the enchanting beauty of the maiden's looks made him for the moment her slave.

Quick to perceive the advantage she had gained, the fair young savage fell on her knees to implore for pity, and was on the point of begging for it when a victor's revenge softened into a suitor's love.

At this point his sister whom he had left secreted ran to the place. Vindictive for her lost sister's sake she would at once have revenged herself on her brother's captive but for his explanation. The strange trio soon settled into a state of confidence and kindness, and together made off to the young husband's home.

In this particular case the young man secured a more tender and hearty devotion from his bride because he was pitiful at the first.

"You," she said, addressing her victorious lord, "not like others in way you get wife. You have more white heart (white man's heart she meant to say). You no beat me, me love your sisters; your sisters love me. My brother no good man." In the end these three dwelt together in the same hut which Barrington assisted them to build at a short distance from his own house.

Even when the usage of the suitor is of the most brutal kind it does not seem to make much difference to the wedded happiness of their subsequent lives. Sometimes the girl's claimant trails her almost lifeless body through woods, over rocks, hills, and logs, with all the violence and determination of a beast. Yet, when he has gained the day and won his bride he treats her kindly, and she in return seems quite content, rarely proceeding to elopement or even divorce.

MAKING FRUIT WITHOUT SEEDS.

"Appendicitis may not be so fashionable a disease a few years hence as it is now," said Assistant Pomologist Taylor. "Gardeners are trying their best to get rid of seeds in fruits. Already we have an orange which is nearly always seedless. Some varieties of apples have been produced that have almost no seeds. They are abnormalities. Sometimes they are called 'bloomless,' because the blossoms have no petals, and in some cases lack stamens. The core is very small, and commonly there is a hollow at the end opposite the stem. These seedless apples are generally poor in flavour, being grown merely as curiosities. Raisin producers in California are trying to obtain seedless grapes for raisins. The object in view is to get size and seedlessness in the same fruit. You are familiar with the seedless grapes of Corinth, which are commonly known as 'currants.' The Sultana raisins of south-eastern Europe are likewise seedless grapes. Both of these varieties are now cultivated in California, but they are small. A prominent grower in Fresno County is working in this direction with the Muscat of Alexandria, which is a leading raisin grape in California. He selects cuttings from those vines which produce less than the normal number of seeds. Continuing this process from year to year, he hopes to reduce the grapes to absolute seedlessness eventually. It is believed that the seedlessness of the Corinth and Sultana grapes was obtained by simple means.

"The banana is seedless, and has been so for centuries, though nobody knows why. It is propagated by suckers, and possibly it had no seeds when it was first found in the wild state. The banana is a modified berry. Cutting the fruit down through the middle, you will sometimes see a few little brown spots, which are rudimentary seeds. Occasionally the banana does actually produce seeds. The pineapple is nearly seedless, being propagated likewise from suckers and from slips. The egg-plant, which is a fruit, botanically speaking, is occasionally seedless. This plant is able to produce developed fruit, whether the blossoms are fertilised or not. Horticulturists are endeavouring at the same time to rid fruit plants of thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny—for example, the high-priced King orange, which is the best of the mandarins. It is rarely seen in this market. The first trees were brought to the United States from Cochin China. In Florida its thorniness has been diminished by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns. Thorns are objectionable, because they puncture the oranges and lemons when the branches are blown about by the wind. Efforts are being made to get rid of the thorns on raspberry and blackberry plants, simply for convenience in picking the fruit. The thorns are intended by nature to protect the plants from animals. Cultivators select those plants which by chance happen to be thornless, or comparatively so."—*From The Washington Star.*

REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Chamberlain once got into great hot water with the unco' guid of Scotland, because he figured in the visitors' list as accompanied by a certain "Jessie Collins," who was supposed to be a young lady of distracting charms.

Undeterred by this, he went in the same company to Russia, where he had the satisfaction of hearing a waiter ask Mr. Collins whether "*Monsieur son fils*" (meaning himself, Chamberlain) would be down to breakfast.

Talking of the blunders of visitors' lists, Mr. Toole, the actor, came off nearly as badly at Cannes, where I saw him politely described as "Monsieur J. L. Foole (Anglais)."

I saw a visitors' book at Cadenalbia, where Mr. Labouchere had evidently been making merry. Some grandee had been filling the page with his titles, and immediately after them I read the words, majestic in their simplicity, "Henry Labouchere, Elector of Middlesex." I am told he got quite as much attention during his stay as if the title had been at least equivalent to that of Elector-Palatine.

On another occasion Mr. Labouchere found the name of an English Court dignitary inscribed with an array of honours. He took up his pen, and added, "Toady and Tuft-hunter in Ordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." To his huge delight, this was all innocently copied into the local paper as it stood.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I have been reading Mr. Henry James's last book, "Terminations" (W. Heinemann). It is a collection of four short stories, three of which have already appeared in magazines. When I laid the book down I looked round my shop, and mentally compared Mr. Henry James's work with the piles of rubbish which, as a bookseller, I am bound to keep a goodly stock of. "Terminations" is an interesting book, a good book, and a well written book. Perhaps one reason why I liked it so much was that I seemed to see the author in the writing. It is Mr. Henry James's nature to be extremely sensitive and refined to a degree that some people might call affectation. But there are few living authors—very few—that I read with greater pleasure.

* * * *

My customers are always asking me how it is that Mr. Anthony Hope can get through so much work. The explanation is very simple. Mr. Hope has a theory that a man ought to go out to his work, and acting up to his theory Mr. Anthony Hope leaves his chambers in the Temple, and goes to a room which he rents in a street off the Strand, with the regularity of a City man on his way to business. Mr. Anthony Hope knows the value of method, and the results of his theory are satisfactory to all—himself, his public, and his publishers. Still, I could not help noticing the last time he came into my shop how pale and worn he looked. Perhaps it was due to the effort of finishing a series of short stories, after the style of his famous "Prisoner of Zenda," which are to appear first of all in To-Day.

* * * *

The other day a military customer of mine put into my hands a copy of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, containing a letter, written in rather violent language, attacking Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his works. It was in this very paper, I believe, that some of Mr. Kipling's best work originally appeared. The writer of the letter, who was evidently connected with the Army, protested very emphatically against the manner in which Mr. Kipling always presents Tommy Atkins to his readers. I know there are many devoted Kiplingites who think that his portraits of the British soldier are all very much alike, and who wish that occasionally the men might be a little more refined in their conversation. But I am inclined to think that Mr. Kipling knows his own work best. At any rate, his soldiers are far healthier men than the dandified officers familiar to all readers of "Ouida."

* * * *

Talking of Mr. Kipling, reminds me that the other day I had the honour of meeting the lady to whom he dedicated his "Plain Tales from the Hills." She told me she knew him when he first came to their station. His father had an idea that he might turn out a good journalist, possibly an average story writer, but it never seems to have occurred to him that the boy had genius. This lady went on to tell me that one night she was going with her little boy and another child to a magic-lantern entertainment, and overtook Mr. Kipling on the road. He willingly accepted her invitation to join them. When they reached the hall Mr. Kipling had to sit in the row behind the lady and the two children. While the slides were being shown these children, who, like nearly all English children born in India, had made their tour of Europe very early in life, began to talk to each other. They expressed their opinions of the entertainment very frankly, and Mr. Kipling overheard their conversation. It made such an impression on him that on the following day there appeared in the local paper, with which his father was connected, his description of the two little boys and the magic-lantern. It was beautifully done, and from that time the editor of the paper recognised the fact that in Mr. Kipling he had a man who saw things in a different light to that of other men. The smallest details never escaped him.

* * * *

The result of all this was that Mr. Kipling received a commission to travel in India and do a series of descriptive articles, hence "Plain Tales from the Hills." When Mr. Kipling, with a good eye to business, saw that his articles were selling the paper, and that the paper was pocketing the profits, he determined to break away from journalism and publish his articles in book form. They sold rapidly all over the country, and the rest everyone knows. My kind informant lent me her copy of "Plain Tales," and I am reading it again with renewed interest, for it contains Mr. Kipling's autograph and dedication "To the Wittiest Woman in India."

* * * *

A customer tells me that the *St. James's Gazette* people are to issue this month in shilling book form a selection of the short stories which have been contributed to that excellent journal by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. This is a new departure for the *St. James's*, and I shall be interested—as a bookseller—in doing what I can to give the small book a good "send off." If I remember aright, Mr. Pett Ridge is about my own height, but much slimmer in girth. He has a pleasant, rather jovial face, dark hair parted with surpassing neatness in the middle, and, as Mark Twain says, jokes flow from him "as naturally as otto of roses from the otter." He is the life and soul of most of the big weeklies, and works almost as hard as a bookseller.

* * * *

Mr. Rider Haggard is seeking laurels in a fresh field. During the last few weeks he has been busy addressing the electors of East Norfolk in the capacity of a candidate for Parliamentary honours. He claims to be specially qualified for an agricultural representative, inasmuch as he is a landlord who does a certain amount of farming, and finds it much less profitable, according to his own account, than novel-writing. Mr. W. E. Norris, the novelist, is also a well-known man in East Anglia.

* * * *

Mr. Clark Russell writes me to say that Mr. Henry Russell, the musician, and son of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" Russell, is not his brother. "I have but two brothers," writes Mr. Clark Russell, "one is Lloyd Russell, the vicar of Chislehurst, and the other has been settled at Kimberley, South Africa, for twenty-five years. As my mother died, aged seventy-seven, in 1887, I must hope that Miss Marie Studholme was confusing the other. The truth is as above."

* * * *

Mr. Alfred Morrison of *The Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Arthur Morrison of "Tales of Mean Streets," are becoming mixed up in the public mind. Mr. Alfred Morrison reported Ian Maclaren's sermon at Finchley a few Sundays ago, and Mr. Arthur Morrison immediately received copies of *The Sunday at Home*, and other kindred publications from gentle ladies who had been shocked by the truthful realism of his work. Mr. Arthur Morrison does not report sermons, he only preaches them—in "Mean Streets."

* * * *

Can a man be in two places at once? I ask the question because my young friend, Mr. Kennedy Jones, claims to hold the unique record in journalism of editing two evening papers at the same time—one in Portsmouth and the other in London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L. K. (Dysart).—Your book is worthless. I am afraid you would only get wastepaper prices for the fourteen volumes. The value of such a work decreases as it becomes old.

H. S. A.—The book was entitled "Modern Dogs." It is published by Horace Cox in three volumes, each complete in itself. The price of the largest is fifteen shillings, the other two are ten-and-sixpence each. If you require a less expensive book you might try "Our Friend the Dog," by Dr. Gordon Stables, published by Dean and Son, at six-and-sixpence.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The cheap sales point many a moral, if they can hardly be said to adorn a tale. The people who profit most by them are those who know exactly what they want, and make up their minds to have precisely that article and no other; but were we all like that the cheap sales would never pay.

It is so nice to have them in the beginning of July, instead of the end, as they used to be; for as the bulk of the things sold are for summer wear, one can buy them in time for the hot months of July and August. I only wish I had even the smallest royalty on all the blouses that have been sold since last I wrote to you. There seems to be no diminution in their popularity. Among the prettiest I have seen are the cool ones made of grass-lawn, some plain, some embroidered with a little sprig in silk or satin. For half-mourning the sprig is best in black or mauve, but there are very pretty ones in pink, various shades of blue, coral-red, cardinal, and yellow.

I got a very sweet Henley gown at one of the sales at a very small outlay: a grasslawn coat and skirt, both lined with pink silk. I am very much pleased with it, especially as it is the first new dress I have been able to afford myself for months. Some of the costumes worn at Henley were quite delicious; among them a cornflower-blue canvas over white silk, ruched with blue ribbon round the edge. The bodice was quite tight, rather a relief from the blouse style, and was plain at the back but full in front, with large bows of white satin ribbon on the shoulders and at the back of the neck and waist. The belt, also white satin ribbon, was very deep in front, fitted to the waist by a fold inwards of the satin, these folds, one on either side, being stiffened with stout whalebone. A handsome button was sewn on at top and bottom of the fold. This is a capital form of belt, and could easily be made at home. The ribbon should be four inches wide, and can easily be fitted to the waist, and above it by pinning in the folds below. It is finished off at the back under a big bow, one of the ends of which points up, the other down. A piece of whalebone is inserted under the hooks on the right side.

I noticed at Henley that the best-dressed girls had their blouses made to fit tightly at the waist, the seams being boned as in a dress bodice; so I conclude that this is the latest phase of that form of corsage. The collar mania is not dwindling, and the rush for muslin lace-trimmed ones of every shape was great at the sales. Let me whisper in your ear that we bought stockings very cheaply, both open-worked and simply clocked, as well as more elaborate ones, with a little embroidery. I wish someone would induce those at the head of the great stocking factories to be content with about half the embroidery at present lavished on them. It is highly unbecoming to the foot to be covered with coloured stitchery. Were I designing them, I would have three long sprays, the centre one ending just where the house shoe begins—that is, where the rise of the instep commences, those at either side being not more than half an inch away, and ending an inch and a half sooner. That is all. Anything more than this, except a slender clock, gives a thick and lumpy appearance to the foot.

GARDEN PARTY COSTUME.

The dress sketched in our illustration is made of white glace silk, the skirt plain and full, and the bodice slightly fulled in front at neck and waist. A band of cornflower-blue velvet forms the collar, and a drapery of similar velvet is brought from the seam under the right arm, passing diagonally across the fulness and fastened at the back. A large steel buckle holds the folds in position in front, and from them droops a little lace of the same kind as that composing the epaulettes. The bishop sleeves are finished with cornflower-blue velvet at the wrists. The hat is rustic straw of a deep tuscan tint, trimmed with feathers and cornflower-blue velvet.

We have been preparing for a short sojourn by the sea, and have looked up our furs from their seclusion in thick brown paper in company with Keating's powder. A lively recollection of cold evenings spent near the sea has actuated us to put together, all ready for packing, warm stockings and good, substantial serge gowns, one apiece. Those chills, that one only too easily acquires after a hot afternoon that has necessitated light clothing, are annoying enough at

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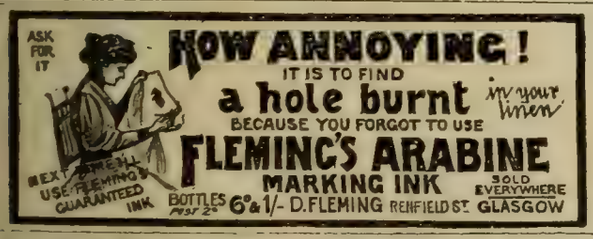

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home, but in lodgings, far from one's pet doctor, they are alarming.

I had a good view of most of our Royalties the other day. The Duchess of York is looking really pretty this season. She was in a very becoming pale green silk brocaded with rosebuds, and wore pink roses in her bonnet, with a tall white aigrette. The Duke of York looked quite strong and well. Little Prince Edward was the picture of baby health. He was laughing and crowing at his nurses, who appeared immensely proud of their charge. The Princess of Wales was again wearing a long dress, the train resting several inches on the ground. I cannot think why she does it. Only quite old ladies now wear these inconvenient and dowdy-looking trains, and they do not suit the Princess's style in the very least. Her charming face was all that could be desired. The stringless flower toques that she affects are very becoming to her.

By the way, the salad headgear has now given place to the poultry hat. Instead of nasturtiums and watercress, and a hotch-potch of roses and cyclamen, or poppies and cornflowers, there is now a serried phalanx of pointed white wings rising erect from the summit of beauty's head. The association of ideas with dead pigeons being packed for market is not exactly pleasant. What do you think?

I happened to be at Clarence House the other morning, just before the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg went back to Germany, and I saw the Princesses return from their ride. Princess Alexandra had a beautifully-fitting habit of dark blue cloth, made with a tight jacket bodice. The Crown Princess of Roumania, over a dark blue skirt, wore a tweed jacket. Little Princess Beatrice was in covert-coating riding costume. They all wore yellow boots. Their low hats were black. The Crown Princess had a white veil pinned on over hers, and it made her pretty pink and white complexion look brilliant. When they had dismounted, a servant came out with a saucer of loaf sugar, with which the young ladies fed their horses. Prince Ferdinand of Roumania was their escort.

Your affectionate

Susie.

Our Cookery Column.

Edna asks for a recipe for Crême Vaudoise. After some search I have found one in *The Pastry Cook and Confectioner.* Here it is:—

Soak a quarter of a packet of Swinborne's isinglass in half a pint of milk, add the peel of a lemon and a half, rubbed off on an ounce and a half of sugar; dissolve it over the fire. Make a custard with another half pint of milk and the yolks of two eggs, sweetened with an ounce of sugar, and stir the whole together. Pour it into a glass dish, and, before serving, decorate the surface with glacé fruits or blanched almonds. (Note.—These Crêmes Vaudoises are put at once into the glass dishes, because if made stiff enough to turn out of mould they would lose their soft creamy flavour. They are ready to serve a few hours after they are made. Whenever isinglass is used for custards fewer eggs are required.)

Pigeon Stuffed with Dates.—Stuff a pigeon with dates, merely splitting them and removing the stones. Sprinkle the outside lightly with a very little salt, a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg mixed. Hang it to roast, baste with butter, and dredge with very finely-powdered bread crumbs and parsley. It should be richly browned, and the gravy is made by boiling in the dripping pan one wineglass of Madeira and one of water, which stir the whole time until it boils.

Original Recipe for Spicing Beef.—Cut into strips a small Spanish onion, and put it into a deep pie-dish with a breakfast-cupful of vinegar and a teacupful of water, some salt, ground ginger, pepper to taste, six cloves, and six lumps of sugar, two bay leaves, and a teaspoonful of unmade mustard. In it place a nice little lump of the thick end of brisket 2lbs. in weight, also 2lbs. of the gristly part of the shins. Cover closely, and let it bake in a nice oven for two hours and a half. Serve just as it is with sippets of dry toast. This dish is equally good hot or cold.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Yer see, it was this wye. 'Ankin's ole missus were regler set on Mawgit this year. She said as she felt the 'eat in Lundun comin' up horf of the hasphult sutthink offul, and she couldn't abide it no longer. Yer see, she bein' of a lawgish 'abit of body naterally would feel it more nor most people. Any 'ow nutthink 'ud do fur 'er but 'Ankin must tike 'er off ter the sea. Well, when she says anythink, 'Ankin mye jest as well do it at once; 'cos if 'e don't do it then, 'e'll 'ave ter do it liter, and theer 'ull be hunpleasantness into the bargain. Besides, it 'appened as 'e *could* do it this year. One wye and another 'e's 'ad more luck this year nor I've ever 'ad in my life. So theer 'e 'is on Mawgit sands at this moment, a-catchin' of the little progressive shrimps with 'is grite demmycritic boots horf, and I dessye as 'e pretends as 'e's enjoyin' it.

Well, whort der you think? I put it to yer. 'Ere we awe with a gineral eleckshun rigin' all ararnd us. Pollertics is hev'rywheer. Hev'ryone is on the gas. And 'ere's 'Ankin goes right awye, art of it all, ter the bloomin' seasoide. It only shows as yuming nychur is a thing as yer cawn't hunderstand. Nar's the time for men like 'Ankin ter push theerselves forrud and mike theer vices 'eard at helechshun meetin's. If 'e warnts ter mike 'isself sea-sick on a Mawgit steamer, why cawn't 'e do it awterwuds when the eleckshuns is over? 'Oo knows but whort 'e might 'ave bin awst to stand fur somewheer as a Libur Kendidit, if 'e'd only stuck to is speechifyin' and 'elped 'is pawty in the grite struggle. Look on this pickshur and on thet, as it says in the advertisements — hon the one side the triumphint 'Ankin issooin' of 'is haddress to 'is constitchyunts, with me and Ike in the beck-grarnd a-cheerin' of 'im on; hon the other side 'Ankin a-missin' of glawss bottles in a bloomin' shootin'-gellery at a penny the time, with 'is ole missus a-rebookin' of 'im fur the langwidge as 'e'd yoosed accordin'. Sick'nin,' I calls it. Well, 'Ankin's ain't the honly perlitikil career as 'as bin rooined by some femile woman. 'E's missed 'is chawnce, and there's nutthink more ter be said abart it.

* * * *

Nort but whort I injies the sea myself, and mye tike a foo dyes theer liter on if things gits better. I told 'Ankin so, and 'e remawks in 'is sawcawstic wye, "Ho, yus, don't you go a-rooinin' of the summur seasing by leavin' of it afore it's hall over! Why, blimey, all the drorin'-rooms 'ud 'ave ter shut darn if you wasn't theer!" I didn't tike no notice, beyond just a-callin' 'im whort 'e was. No, I'm honly witin' fur the luck ter come rarnd a bit. Whart I likes is a good swim in the sea—goin' in horf of the beach and not art o' one o' them sixpenny kerry-vans. I 'as enough of ridin' when I'm at wuk, withart tikin' any in my 'ollerdies. Theer ain't nothink freshens yer like sea-bithin'. O' course a marthful o' salt water ain't no treat. But yer can git the tiste o' that art with a pipe, or it mye be with threepennuth o' rum, as likewise keeps the chill horf and cawms yer innuds wunnerful. It was my old fawther as learned me ter swim; learned me in three lessens. First time, 'e ducked me; second time, 'e showed me 'ar ter do it; third time 'e says, "Nar then, yer swim, or I strap yer." I was horf like a bloomin' fish. If yer only funks the man as is teachin' yer more nor yer funks the water, it ain't very long afore yer goes by yerself, I can tell yer. Yus, I'm alwise 'earin' it said as much kin be done by kindness. I don't dart it. But when yer dealin' with a ornery yoomin boy, theer's a good bit as kin be done by the strap likewise

"SHUTTING UP THE SHUTTERS."

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

Mr. Oldboy. Well, I suppose we can now all sing with Praed, "Good-bye to the Season, it's over," and "Good-night to the Season, Good-night." I can never recall such a sudden collapse.

Mr. New School. Elections, I suppose?

Oldboy. I don't believe it at all. I would far rather say bad managerial policy. *The Idler* was snuffed out like a candle just as *Mrs. Tanqueray* was before it, for the reason that the public does not want *Mrs. Tanqueray* without Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or *The Idler* without Miss Marion Terry. It is rubbish to call these plays epoch-making plays, and plays for all time, or the comedies of the century. Within the space of a few years they have all been proved to be plays for individual personalities.

New School. But Bernard Shaw says that the plays of the revivalists and the Ibsenites have smashed up the drama of the Eighties, and he has signed his name to the emphatic statement that Miss Janet Achurch is a genius on account of her "Nora Helmer."

Oldboy. A brilliant writer this Bernard Shaw. An amusing controversialist and a born journalist. But he knows as little about the drama at present as he did about music when he spoke "Ex Cathedra." I never came across a lively writer who made such deplorable mistakes.

New School. Name any?

Oldboy. I could name a thousand. The most flagrant of his recent errors was to state that Miss Ellen Terry had been kept back at the Lyceum, and was deprived of any chance of showing her talent, when she has played every important heroine in the Shakesperian drama, save the one in which she would have been supreme—in fact, the best of her generation, if she had only attempted it—"Rosalind."

New School. What was the other mistake of Shaw's?

Oldboy. When he gave a list of the plays of the "Eighties," which were smashed up by the Ibsenites, and every one of them was produced before 1879.

New School. But that is an immaterial detail.

Oldboy. It would be nearer the truth to say that the reactionaries had smashed up the drama of the "Nineties" than our product, for they are driving the public headlong from the theatres to the music-halls, where the best possible entertainment is given at the best possible prices.

New School. But you do not mean to tell me that with all your Conservative notions, you go to a music-hall? I thought this was a heresy of youth.

Oldboy. Why so? I went to the Palace Theatre the other night, and found it crammed with an audience as stylish and well dressed as at the opera, all enjoying a wholesome and excellent entertainment at the very moment that the few theatres still open were playing to a "beggarly array of empty boxes."

New School. Were you really amused?

Oldboy. Indeed, I was. Art for Art, I would sooner hear Cissie Loftus imitate Ada Rehan and Sarah Bernhardt, the most perfect things of the kind ever heard—delicate, observant, and exact—than see the decidedly overrated Réjane floundering over her petticoats and clowning as Madame Sans Gêne.

New School. I am with you there; but Réjane has been to America, and she has not returned the Réjane that she was, a marvel of artistic plainness.

Oldboy. But Lottie Collins has been to America also, and she has come back a better Lottie Collins than when she left us in the height of the "Ta Ra! Ra!" fury.

New School. I am inclined to agree with you that Cissie Loftus and Lottie Collins are more precious to my artistic soul than Miss Evelyn Millard languishing, or the excellent Beerbohm Tree making love. These are trials that I suppose we were born to endure with patience and contentment.

Oldboy. But your up-to-date critics persist in making such ridiculous blunders. They actually warned the people off Daly's version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, because he did what every manager from Garrick to Charles Kean has done—made it—not being a good acting or dramatic play—attractive both to the eye and ear. Charles Kean introduced a moving diorama at the Princess's in 1856, and nobody howled then. Why should they howl and hiss now because Daly introduced a large barge full of Athenian nobles, men and women surrounded by picturesque girls singing sweet songs?

New School. But why desecrate Shakespeare? We want Shakespeare pure and simple, not Daly. We want the text as it was written, not melodramatic pinchbeck and American shoddy.

Oldboy. Then I very much fear that you and your reactionaries will drive Shakespeare off the stage as you would if you could have driven off romantic drama, wholesome melodrama; in fact, all the plays that you call conventional and commonplace because they contain intelligible stories and a marked love interest.

New School. No, we will have none of them. This is our programme! Plays without plots; Stories of squalid misery and hate; No sentimental bosh or love.

Oldboy. Listen, my young friend, to the voice of wisdom. It comes from a brilliant dramatist, the son of the most famous novelist and playwright of the century—Alexandre Dumas. He warns the disciples of the Theatre Libre against the course they are pursuing in substituting ugly hate as a dramatic theme for beautiful love: "C'est un moment, un siècle à passer, et cela passera comme toutes les autres formules que l'humanite a cru devoir employer. Quand les hommes verront que la haine ne mire à rien, ils en reviendront à l'amour qui est la base, le moyen, et le but."

New School.—But what has all this to do with the desecration of Shakespeare and the hissing of Augustin Daly's Athenian barge?

Oldboy. I was merely attempting to prove to you that your dramatic Newcastle programme, as you call it, has so far failed completely. Your plays without plots, your plays without love, your plays of hate and ugliness and terror have emptied the theatres and are driving amusement-seekers in shoals to the music halls. Yea, verily, and indeed you have smashed up the religion of the drama with your hideous gods and idols.

New School. But I want you to come to the desecration of Shakespeare.

Oldboy. I will come to it. If Macready was a desecrator so was Charles Kean, and so more than any of them was Henry Irving, who has fostered the love of Shakespeare far beyond any man of his time, and has done it by the very illustrative, pictorial, and lyrical methods for using which Augustin Daly was recently hissed. How is Shakespeare desecrated any more by the Athenian barge than by the Cathedral scene in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Sir Henry Irving and

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Mr. Augustin Daly are rowing in the same boat, and are both honestly endeavouring to retain Shakespeare on the stage by the only means that can make the poet popular, and with the full advantages of modern scenic progress and design.

New School. But would you add to Shakespeare?

Oldboy. Certainly not. To add to Shakespeare would be a sacrilege, but to curtail and transpose him is not a managerial or even an artistic sin. Better Shakespeare lightened than no Shakespeare at all. The work that these two men have done for the poet of all time is not in any sense "Bowdlerising" the plays, it is making them possible for the stage, and to my mind bringing out their beauty.

New School. Then why on earth did they hiss Augustin Daly?

Oldboy. I have my views on that subject also. In all stage matters there is an undercurrent of Chauvinism, even in England. Deep down in the hearts of the people there is a radical objection to the foreigner who is talked about, and most of all to the stranger at the gates who dares to touch Shakespeare. Don't forget that French plays have been hissed off the English stage simply because they were French plays and acted by foreigners; that Fechter and Stella Colas were hounded down in the early sixties; and that some of us take this free trade and invasion of foreigners with a gulp every year.

New School. But you don't mean to say it was an organised opposition against the Americans?

Oldboy. I don't mean to say anything more than this—that a jealous pang is excited in hundreds of breasts whenever an actor or actress not English is praised in Shakespeare; and, lastly, I say that the opposition at Daly's was not caused by any scholastic horror of Shakesperian desecration. There was a great deal of the "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, The reason why I cannot tell," about it, a feeling that is absent from the breasts of very few actors and actresses. When others are praised "they grin and bear it." *Voilà tout!*

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—At this particular crisis we live by minutes. We rush for every ninth, tenth, and eleventh "special edition," and we while away our leisure by night, outside newspaper offices watching for the election returns to be displayed by aid of the magic lantern.

This being so, I write under a disadvantage. I am penning these lines on Sunday night. You will not read them until Wednesday. By that time, the best, or the worst, will be known.

To-day we are all agog because Derby has deliberately "chucked" Sir William Harcourt. If this is anything like a reliable portent, we are in for seven years of strong Unionist Government, and, if the Unionists in the Cabinet don't push the Conservatives too far and too fast, we may be in for twenty years of steady, solid, useful, legislation.

Personally, I do not believe that the Socialistic tendency of the age will be stayed, or thwarted, in the least by the new condition of things. But a Socialistic tendency is not militant Socialism, and it is well to advance in the direction of tremendously subversive theories with cautious steps. No doubt we could, if we would, turn the Legislative machine upside down and build a new one, and perhaps a better in its stead. But meantime, where do I come in? In company with a large number of my fellow-citizens, I should probably find my occupations gone in the general disorganisation of affairs. And if everything did not settle down with sufficient rapidity, we should all feel inclined to support the man who proposed to restore order at the point of a Maxim gun. This is the invariable danger and inclination, of all revolutions. Now, what the Radicals have proposed, remember, was nothing but revolution. But it is the proud boast of Englishmen that they take their revolutions by instalments. What we are seeing all round us at the present moment is the revolt of common sense against over-haste. The Radicals have foreshadowed a number of things that some day will have to come, but they have come a hopeless cropper because their motto has been destruction, and not reconstruction. Their Home Rule Bill was a ridiculous top-heavy impossibility. Their attack on the House of Lords never got beyond theoretical vaporising. Heaps of people share their views of hereditary authority, but very few people know what they would like in place of it. Many of us, therefore, prefer to suffer the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of. This is the great moral of the General Election.

Now that the end is practically in sight, what I dread most is a policy of funk.

I believe that the country would follow the Unionists a long way towards drastic social legislation. But, in all the speeches of all the candidates, I see very little to enthuse over. The Unionists will give us rest, and they will promote commerce, if possible. Will they do anything to excite the patriotism of the nation? I wish we knew. The extension of the Empire, and consequent emigration seems to be their panacea for the Unemployed. I cannot help feeling that this is a very broken reed. One of the great necessities of the moment is to get the population back on to the land. To-day it congests in the big cities. Your City loafer makes a bad Colonist. This is a problem on which I have strong views, and I will give them to you later.

This brings me back to the reorganisation of the true democracy. Mr. Labouchere and certain other "stalwarts" have already issued a manifesto on this subject, but on their programme there is one fatal blot—the talk about respecting the rights of weaker nations. This means Little England. We may like it, or we may not like it, but the fact remains—we are a nation of robbers. Since the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth we have remorselessly expanded our Empire at the expense of anybody and everybody who happened to come in our way. Sometimes we did it in pursuit of commerce and fresh markets. Sometimes we went to bestow the blessings of civilisation and Christianity. Now we have the excuse of over-population. But we get there just the same! The new Democratic Party will never be worth a tinker's damn until it recognises our unconquerable inclination. We talk pretty-pretty and goody-goody about the nigger, but we invariably take that which is his, and we make it our own. Sometimes we kill him off with rum and infectious diseases. Sometimes we take more drastic measures with a machine gun. But we always recognise our destiny. The earth in the fulness of time must be filled by the fittest. If the nigger were the better man, he would come over here, and take our land. But as it is we go away and take his land. When the world is full enough it will become a question of who is going out of it, the white man or the nigger. I am sorry for the nigger, but he will have to go. I do not like cutting throats. But if it's a question of mine or that of my black brother, I have but one answer.

This is the true inwardness of the "Rule Britannia" sentiment. "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!" What waves? Not only those that lap the piers of Margate and Southend, but all the waves, everywhere. Not only the waves of Little England, but the waves of the whole wide world. Yes! And with those waves, the coasts that they break on, and the lands beyond as well!

You can get excited over this sort of thing. You can't work up a big Democratic patriotism round a parish pump. Britannia will never be content to rule only the wavelets that flutter across the puddle in the middle of a village pound.

Talking about waves naturally makes me think of water. Despite its importance, this is a subject that Parliamentary candidates have ignored. Water is a necessity. Certain companies enjoy the monopoly of selling that necessity to us. One of them, the New River Company, enjoyed a revenue twenty years ago of £268,233 per annum. To-day, what do you think their revenue is? £541,259 per annum. On their new £100 shares they last year paid 12½ per cent. Is it right, fair, and just, that such gigantic profits should be made out of what is necessary to the health, the cleanliness, the very life of the citizen? I maintain that it is not.

The Election, as I told you, is playing the deuce with the theatres. George Alexander, with his habitual clearness of mind, grasped the situation "in once," and promptly closed the St. James's directly the date of dissolution was announced. The Avenue has followed suit. *Dandy Dick Whittington* will go out on tour immediately. May Yohé will join the company for five weeks, commencing on August the 12th. It is just on the cards that she will postpone her American trip until September year, as she has received a very tempting offer to remain in town at Christmas. Meantime, Willie Edouin will play a season at the Avenue, which theatre will later pass into the hands of Morrell and Charles Hawtrey. They will start their management with a new farcical comedy by Claude Carton. I could tell you the title, but titles are valuable, so I must keep it to myself. But, whatever you may hear, pray believe that it is *not The Pea-green Hippopotamus.*

Henry Hamilton has been commissioned to write a comic opera for Florence St. John, on the subject of Madam *Sans Gêne.* It is not to be completed for some time, however, and when it is the music will be composed by Messager, with possibly incidental numbers by that fortunate composer's future wife, Miss Hope Temple.
—Your affectionate cousin, RANDOLPH.

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The water supply is ample for all requirements. There is also an abundant supply of timber upon the property for all mining purposes.

Tasmania is one of the largest tin-producing countries known, producing the finest quality of tin in the world.

It will be seen from the report of Mr. Montgomery that, apart from the Lode or Dyke formation, the property contains alluvial ground about 60 acres in extent. The profits from this source it is estimated should be almost as large as those obtainable from the rock crushing, little or no machinery being required, but only ground sluicing.

It is proposed out of the present issue to set aside £50,000 as working capital with which to provide additional machinery sufficient, with that already on the property, to treat 280,800 tons of stone per annum of 312 days.

280,800 tons of stone per annum containing 1 per cent. of black tin at £64 10s. per ton for metal (the present market price)		£181,116
Deduct—		
25 per cent. for loss on smelting	£45,630	
30 days' stoppages for holidays, repairs, &c.	17,550	
Cost of working (282 days), as per Mr. Montgomery's estimate of 4s. per ton	50,760	
Depreciation in value of machinery	7,500	
Cost of transit	4,212	
		125,652
Net estimated annual profit		£55,464

The above estimate takes no account of profits to be derived from the working of the valuable alluvial beds.

The well-known Mount Bischoff Tin Mine in Tasmania, which was discovered in 1871, according to official reports, has already returned in dividends £1,380,000, equal to £115 for every share of £2 10s. paid up. The mine has thus already paid back £4,600 for every £100 originally invested, and is still paying dividends of between 200 and 250 per cent. per annum.

Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, of 6, Queen-street-place, London, E.C., have consented to undertake the management of the Company.

The purchase consideration has been fixed at £100,000, payable as to £25,000 in cash, as to £50,000 in fully-paid shares, and as to £25,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, or partly in cash and partly in shares at the option of the Directors. The Vendor's attorneys will pay all charges incidental to the formation of the Company up to allotment, other than legal expenses and the cost of registration.

There are agreements entered into by the Vendor's attorneys or agents in this country with reference to the working of the Mine and the formation of the Company, and the issue and guarantee of a portion of the capital, including agreements with persons interested in the purchase money, and for payment to them of part thereof, to none of which the Company is a party, and which may be Contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had full notice of such agreements, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors and other persons interested to waive any further compliance with that section or otherwise, and also to waive all claims for compensation under the Directors' Liability Act, 1890, in respect of any misstatement made in the belief that it was true, and subscriptions are received upon that condition only. As Messrs. H. H. Cochrane and R. Nicholson are interested in some of these agreements, they will not join the Board until after allotment.

The original Reports, or copies of those not in this country, Plans of the Property, together with the before-mentioned Contract, cablegrams and copy cablegrams between the Vendor and his attorneys, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded, together with a deposit of 5s. per share, to the Company's Bankers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

It is intended to apply for a quotation of the Company's shares on the London Stock Exchange.

IN THE CITY.

STOCK BROKERS AND CERTIFICATES.

Our attention has been directed by two correspondents to their position in connection with the purchase of mining shares, and as the matter of complaint is of rather general interest it may be well to refer to it in some detail.

Our first correspondent tells us that two or three months ago he bought 100 shares. To be precise, he bought them on April 26th. Early in June the brokers requested cheque in payment, some £235. Our correspondent replied that he would send it when certificate was ready. He was immediately informed that certificate was ready, and after getting some six letters in as many days, he, on June 28th, sent cheque for the amount, although he was informed, on what he believed to be good authority, that certificates would not be ready until the beginning of August. Since then he has had no communication whatever from the brokers in question. They have had his cheque for three weeks, and would have had it for nearly six if he had sent it when first requested. And all he has to show for it is a contract note.

Now our correspondent does not suggest that the brokers in question—very respectable members of the Stock Exchange—have not acted in a perfectly honourable way in the matter, but he does say that the system which requires the buyer of shares in a company to pay for them weeks and even months before he can get anything in return of marketable value is a rotten system.

Our second correspondent has even greater cause for complaint. He, too, bought some mining shares, and he, like our other correspondent, was requested to send a cheque in payment. He replied that he was perfectly ready to send a cheque so soon as the brokers told him that certificate was ready, but as he was informed by others that certificates would not be ready until the end of July, and he declined to send a cheque unless the brokers undertook to forward him a certificate at once. They replied that they would do nothing of the kind, and would issue a writ if cheque was not sent forthwith. Upon that our correspondent told them to do so, and they issued it next day, without even the courtesy of asking for the name of his solicitors who would accept service.

We have it under contemplation to publish the correspondence so soon as the transaction is completed in the one case by the delivery of certificate, and in the other by the decision of the Courts. Meantime we shall be glad to have the views of brokers and others upon the subject. It seems to us that if brokers are in the habit of treating their customers in the way we have described the growing importance and business of the Outside Broker are not to be wondered at.

Of course it would not be reasonable to ask for the delivery of certificates the moment shares are bought and paid for. Time is necessary to completion of the business, but a man ought not to be out of his money for months.

E. JACOBS AND SON.

In our issue of June 29th, and under the heading "Advertising Extraordinary," we directed attention to the methods followed by the "Star" Veterinary Medicine Manufacturing Company in obtaining orders, and in our issue of July 6th we referred to a letter we had received "from Mr. Gray, who describes himself as principal consulting veterinary surgeon to the company." Mr. Gray has since called upon us to protest against this use of his name, and he has requested us to publish the subjoined letter :—

> 33, Langham Road, West Green, N.
> July 13th, 1895.
>
> Sir,—I have seen in your issue of June 29th, reference to a letter which purports to have been written by me on behalf of the "Star" Veterinary Medicine Manufacturing Company.
>
> I beg to say that this letter was not written by me, or with my knowledge or authority. At the present time I have no connection whatever with the company, and I have never had any beyond a six months' agreement as consulting veterinary surgeon—an agreement that expired two years ago, when the company undertook that my name should be withdrawn from their circulars and pamphlets.
>
> Your obedient servant,
> CHARLES GRAY, M.R.C.V.S.

We can only say upon this that the letter we received purported to be written by Mr. Gray on behalf of the company, and that on printed matter which was sent to us with the letter Mr. Gray's name figures prominently. He now tells us that he never had any connection with the company other than a six months' agreement as consulting surgeon—an agreement which expired two years ago; that it was a part of the understanding then arrived at that his name should not be used by the company, and that the letter sent to us in his name is an impudent imposition. That being the case Mr. Gray will no doubt instruct his solicitors to take the necessary steps against the company.

Meantime the question suggests itself—what is the value of the testimonials upon which the company relies in proof of its claim that its medicines are of first-rate quality? If the company is capable of using another man's name without his authority, it is capable of manipulating testimonials. We do do not say that it has manipulated them, but if the company is worked on respectable lines it will be quick to answer Mr. Gray's disclaimer.

And who are the company? We are told that they are Messrs. E. Jacobs and Son, who some time ago were carrying on business in Houndsditch, and that Messrs. E. Jacobs and Son are neither chemists nor veterinary surgeons.

GOODWIN, JARDINE AND COMPANY.

With respect to our comments upon this company, we have received a letter from Mr. Jardine, who informs us that "in addition to the sum written off for depreciation in preliminary expenses in the first year of the Limited Company, a balance to net revenue was carried forward—viz., £6,430 13s. 9d. Mr. Jardine continues :—

> It is not true that Messrs. Moore and Brown were proposed as auditors of the Limited Company, or that Mr. Moore spent three days in Coat's office. The only occasion on which he ever was in the Coat's office was about a year before the formation of the Limited Company, in connection with the Coat's company's books, when he only remained for about an hour, and was afforded every facility.
>
> I had nothing whatever to do with the negotiations for obtaining the concurrence of "good-natured James Goodwin" in the amalgamation, the whole arrangements with him having been made by his brother, the late Mr. M. D. Goodwin.

Mr. Jardine also complains that we spoke of the share capital which the public was asked to subscribe as £210,000, whereas the vendors took the £110,000 ordinary shares in part payment. But we see no provision requiring the vendors to keep their shares for any length of time.

We need hardly say that we have no wish to do injustice to Mr. Jardine in any way, and we shall make more extended reference to his correspondence with us in our next issue.

THE SAFETY BICYCLE.

On Saturday, a very representative gathering of gentlemen interested as manufacturers, writers, inventors, and riders in the cycling trade met at Coventry to do honour to the inventor of the safety bicycle, Mr. H. J. Lawson. It is not as generally known as it should be that the safety bicycle was invented by that gentleman. Many lay claim to the honour, but on Saturday it was conclusively demonstrated that Mr. Lawson is the rightful claimant, and the testimonial presented to him on that occasion is intended to commemorate and stamp the fact.

In the course of a very interesting review of his efforts, commenced when an apprentice and continued ever since, to improve the bicycle, Mr. Lawson referred to the debt of gratitude inventors owe Mr. Chamberlain who, when at the Board of Trade, greatly reduced the cost of provisional protection for patents. Until then it was almost impossible for a poor man to protect the inventive product of his brain. Now, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain, such protection is within the reach of the poorest.

OUTSIDE BROKERS AND MINING SHARES.

Some time ago we warned our readers against being beguiled by alluring circulars into purchasing mining shares recommended by Outside Brokers with their own axes to grind. It is necessary to repeat this warning. Thousands of worthless shares—shares obtained for a song where anything has been paid for them, and without intrinsic value of any kind—are being sold to the unwary upon the recommendation of brokers whose one object is to convert the scrip into cash. As a general rule our readers will do well to throw all circulars, or letters, recommending the purchase of shares into the waste-paper basket. It is safe to assume—common sense ought to make it plain to all—that the broker would not recommend shares to strangers unless he saw his way to personal advantage, and that if only he can get the shares off his hands he does not care twopence what becomes of the property they represent. At the present time there are shoals of these shares—mostly West Australian, but also South African—being shunted upon the public, and this very profitable operation will continue while there are fools to buy. If any of our readers want West Australian or other shares, let them buy them in the ordinary way from a member of the Stock Exchange, and they may then, at any rate, be sure they will get them at the current price of

the day. As it is, in many cases they are giving par for shares that are unsaleable in a regular way.

A CARELESS INVENTOR.

THE letter we print below describes a curious complication. A man invents an instrument, but does not cover it by the usual procedure of the Patent Office. Another hits on the same idea and patents it. Which of the two should be the commercial gainer? There can be no question as to the law. If an inventor does not protect his invention by patent, he must take the consequences. But equity would suggest partnership. Inventor No. 2 writes :—

> In 1893 I patented an instrument which, so far as I was concerned, was absolutely original. For various reasons I did not put the instrument on the market, but had one made for my own use.
>
> This year I find an exactly similar instrument on sale. On inquiry I have learned that my idea was anticipated by another man in 1890, and this instrument is called by his name, but is not protected by patent.
>
> I should like to know if I have power to stop the sale of said instrument, or the right to claim for infringement; not that I have the slightest intention of doing the latter, as it would be unprofessional, and of course would be most unfair. Still, as I had gone through the Patent Indexes most carefully, as I had searched every catalogue I could obtain, and as I had examined text-books bearing on the subject, besides consulting other authorities—as I had in fact taken every precaution to assure myself of the originality of my invention, it seems hard to lose both the *kudos* of the idea, and the cost of patenting, etc.
>
> What course would you advise me to take? I should be willing to sell my claim (if I have any legal claim) to my fellow-inventor for very little (*i.e.*, cost of patenting), or should be glad to have the instrument called after our conjoined names, and receive a royalty on its sale, or any other equitable arrangement. Of course, this altogether depends on whether my patent gives me any legal right or priority.

ANSWERS, LIMITED.

THE shareholders of this company are to be congratulated upon the report and accounts for the year ended May last, just published. The net profits have increased to £35,456, and are sufficient, after paying a 15 per cent. dividend for the year, to enable the directors to place £6,492 to a reserve account, further increased to £15,000 by adding the amount received by the company as premium for shares. Taking the past three years the profits have increased as below :—

1893	1894	1895
£	£	£
23,949	30,059	35,456

An increase of over 50 per cent. in two years should be satisfactory to shareholders. As to the termination of the contract with the advertising agents, which was expected to be of serious moment to the company, the report says that the contract has been renewed, and will last until the end of December, 1897, and that, "considering the state of the advertising market, it is a very favourable one." In future the company will be known as "Answers' Publication Company, Limited."

MR. MARKS has written to the *Star* to deny any responsibility for the disgraceful attack made by a local paper upon Mr. Benn, his political opponent in Bethnal Green. Mr. Marks says that he has not, and has never had, any interest, direct or indirect, in the paper in question. The *Star* is able to show that there is much to suggest the contrary, but even if Mr. Marks has had dealings with the print in question, it does not follow that he knew of, or would have countenanced, the very disgraceful and most cowardly insinuation so properly resented by Mr. Benn. However, if Mr. Marks wants to win the seat he cannot too quickly repudiate upon the platform, and in the constituency itself, the print that found it possible to spread the calumny—the exceptionally vile calumny—complained of.

IT seems that the directors of the Chemists' Co-operative Company have not abandoned their efforts to keep the concern going by inducing some of the original vendors to accept shares in lieu of cash. If they take our advice shareholders will do nothing of the kind. Those who subscribed the £15,000 capital should lose no time in taking the necessary steps to prevent the directors parting with their money. The original scheme of the company must of necessity be abandoned, and no modified scheme ought to be put in force until after consultation with the shareholders in general meeting. If they assented they would, in our opinion, be very foolish.

WE hear that last week the takings of the great wheel at Earl's Court amounted to £250 per day, and now that the working of the machine has been well tested, these receipts, large as they are, are pretty certain to be increased. And the shares of that company were going begging not so long ago at eight shillings a piece!

NEW ISSUES.

The Natal Estates, Limited Authorised Capital, £150,000.—Present Issue, £75,000, in Shares of £10 each, with £75,000 Five Per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £100 each. Formed to relieve the Natal Central Sugar Company Limited, of its sugar plantations in Natal. In these days of low prices sugar estates are not very desirable properties, and we can see nothing in the prospectus before us to convince us that this Natal property is an exception to the rule. The public is asked to pay £115,000 for it, and we are told that "the net profits for the last five years have averaged £12,000 a year." But it would be more satisfactory, having regard to the violent fluctuations in the returns on sugar estates, to have the net profit for each of these years. Even if we take the £12,000 as a fair average profit, which we should hesitate to do, £115,000 means close upon ten years' purchase, and sugar estates in Natal are not worth that.

Brady's Hotel, Limited. Share Capital, £80,000, with £80,000 Four and Half Per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, the latter being now offered for subscription.—We do not think the security for this Debenture issue very adequate. The hotels to be taken over are said to have made in the past twelve months a net profit of £4,882, but nothing has been allowed for depreciation. Yet £3,600 would be wanted to pay debenture interest. The properties are valued at £132,115 as going concerns, but they would realise very much less than that at forced sale.

John Bazley White and Bros., Limited. Issue £400,000 four per cent consolidated first mortgage registered debentures. Here again we consider the security not very ample. This company does a very large business in Portland cement, but its profits are not what they were. For the year ended December 31st last they were only in round numbers £18,500, and the debenture charge for interest and sinking fund for the first four years will be £19,300 per annum, and afterwards £21,500. The freehold and leasehold properties are valued at half a million, but this is the price at which they stand in the books of the company, and it may be taken that their selling value is very much less.

The Yilgarn Exploring Company, Limited. Capital, £100,000. Issue of £50,000, in shares of 5s. each.—This company is to take over and extend the business of the Yilgarn Prospecting Syndicate. The Syndicate has made money by picking up claims, and there is no reason why the larger company should not do the same. The Syndicate is content to take shares for the claims, etc., it has to sell.

The Middle Black Reef Gold Mines, Limited. Capital, £150,000.—Formed to acquire the Middle Black Reef Gold Mines and other lands in the Widwatersrandt district of the Transvaal. The properties are 684 acres in extent, and the Black Reef runs through them. The "underlay" is said to be very rich, and if it holds a fair width over any considerable length, the mine must be a valuable one. The cyanide process greatly facilitates the treatment of Black Reef ore. Without exception, the directors are men of experience in mining affairs. It is a very strong Board.

The Anchor Tin Mine, Limited. Capital £150,000.—Formed to acquire and work a large area of stanniferous land in Tasmania, known as the Anchor Tin Mine, and covering in all about 285 acres. The mine has been worked for some years on a small scale, and with good results, and there can be no doubt that the property is a valuable one. It contains large deposits of tin-bearing rock producing some of the finest tin in the world. £50,000 of the £150,000 capital is to be devoted to working capital. The board is a very strong one, Mr. Alfred Deedes, of Stuckey's Banking Company, being chairman of the London board, and Sir Henry Braddon chairman of the local board. Messrs. John Taylor and Son are to have the management of the property. The Directors and their friends have applied for 45,000 shares. Altogether, the company starts with very promising prospects.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Humber and Co. SHAREHOLDER (London). We advise you to hold. The shares are cheap at their present price. We have reason to know that the dividend for the year will be an unexpectedly handsome one. **Associated Gold Mines.** SHAREHOLDER (Brighton)—The upward movement in these shares during the past week has more than warranted our prediction of a rise, but we think you would do well to take your profit—and without much delay. The rise has not been entirely upon merits. **George and May.** B. (Ealing). Yes, the process has been tried on this property with very encouraging results, but there is still a residuum of gold left, and that, no doubt, will be got, too, by-and-bye. **Pennsylvania Railroad Company.** A. B. C. (Newry).—Mr. T. W. Powell, of Drapers Gardens, is corresponding agent of the company in London. All payments in London are made by the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, Prince's Street, E.C. **Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co.** G. T. J. (Middlesboro').—We do not advise you to sell just now. We are afraid you could not get much for the shares in the oil and candle concern, and the better way is to hold them in the hope of the company doing better. **Commercial Brewery.** G. G. (Stratford).—Yes, we think the ordinary shares a sound investment. **Linotype Company.** S. (Leigh).—We cannot recommend this investment. We understand that the people who were the vendors to this company are now over here with an improved machine, which sets in different types. We give you the same answer with respect to the Blackpool Tower shares. It is not an investment we can recommend. **National Bank of New Zealand.** J. A. (Glasgow).—Yes, we think so. Things are said to be looking better out there. **Glenrocks.** T. E. L. (Duncroft).—Sorry you did not understand. We advised taking up. **The Anchor Tin Mine, Limited.** B. H. (London.)—We are satisfied that the company has a very valuable property.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The South London Music Hall Company, Limited. CONSTANT PERUSER (Pontypridd).—We are obliged to you. It is not an encouraging outlook. The better way seems to be to sell the property for what it will fetch and cut the loss. **Blind Pool.** G. F. (Cork).—We never recommend buying a pig in a poke, and that is what you must do when you take an interest in a blind pool. **Ozokerit Deposits of Galicia.** C. H. N. (Manchester). — We should have had pleasure in forwarding your letter, but we have, unfortunately, lost the address of the gentleman to whom you refer, and from whose letter we quoted on April 27th. If the gentleman in question sees this, perhaps he will be good enough to communicate with us again. We have several letters for him. **Hints upon Advertising.** R. A. G. (Bournemouth).—We do not see how we can help you. We know nothing of foreign papers as mediums for advertising. **Goodwin, Jardine and Company.** MOTHERWELL.—We shall be obliged if you will do as you suggest. **Provident Association of London.** BONDHOLDER (Bristol).—We have not heard. Why not write to the organiser? **Outside Brokers.** F. C. (Brighton).—We have never heard anything to their discredit. **Tanquerey Portrait Society.** E. (Bradford).—Throw the circulars into the waste-paper basket. **Farming in Jersey.** G. B. (Liverpool).—Land is to be got without much difficulty, but a very high price is asked for it. Your better way would be to go over and have a look round. **West Australian Mining Shares.** NOVICE (Bath).—If you are a novice you had better have nothing to do with speculation in the mining market, lest, going to shear, you come back shorn. **Reconstruction of Company.** J. H. (Highgate).—It is the only chance—a poor one at best. **Trustworthy Information.** VERAX (Eltham).—It would be invidious to make the selection you suggest. **Stamp Distribution (Parent) Company.** SHAREHOLDER (Darlington).—So far as we know the examination has not taken place as yet. **Purchase of Patent.** INVENTOR (Plymouth).—It is difficult to handle patents. There is always the fear that the particular one in which you are interested will be superseded by something better. But send us the particulars, and we will see what we can advise.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
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LYCEUM.—Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY.—JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETING, and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, To-night (Wednesday), Tomorrow, and Friday Night, at 8.15. NANCE OLDFIELD and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, MATINEE, Saturday next, at 2. MACBETH, July 22, 23, 25, 26, and MATINEE, Wednesday 24th. LAST NIGHT of SEASON, July 27. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION and EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE.
CRYSTAL PALACE.

CARL HAGENBECK'S EAST AFRICAN VILLAGE and SOMALI DISPLAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE, Daily, at 3.30 and 6.30 Numbered seats, 2s.; unnumbered, 1s.; promenade, 6d.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—In WET WEATHER the SOMALIS will give DISPLAYS in the GRAND CENTRAL TRANSEPT.

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"THE PERFORMANCES by the SOMALIS, with their dromedaries and spirited little horses, their elephants, zebras ostriches, and other animals, were most interesting."—*The Standard.*

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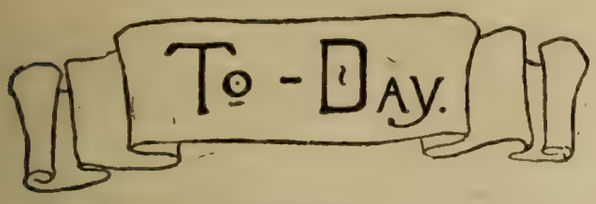

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
The Cook of the Gannet. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Scott Rankin ... 321
The Fashions of Love ... 325
Making Fruit without Seeds ... 326
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 327
Feminine Affairs ... 323
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 330
"Shutting up the Shutters" ... 331
The Ruminations of Randolph ... 332
In the City ... 334
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 337
A Thorough Little Gentleman ... 341
Club Chatter ... 341
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville ... 345
Adelina Patti at Home and Abroad ... 347
Making Light without Heat ... 348
From a London Balcony. By Ernest Bramah. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson ... 349
In an Elephant Convict Station ... 350
Engraving on Diamonds ... 351

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

I respect Sir William Harcourt for having placed Local Veto honestly before the electors of Derby as the main item of the Liberal policy, and I respect the electors of Derby for having promptly put him at the bottom of the poll in response to his question "Shall the British working-man be ruled by the local Stigginses, or shall he be allowed to think and choose for himself?" With the defeat of Sir William Harcourt, Local Veto disappears. It was accepted by the party, as their own organs have kindly told us, not because any thinking human being ever relied upon it as a cure for drunkenness, but because the Radicals were deceived into believing that the teetotal party were as big as the noise they made. When To-Day was young, and somewhat poohpoohed by older journals, who are now busy repeating my arguments, I took the liberty of remarking that I knew the British working-man a good deal better than did most of his representatives. I was born and bred among them, I have talked to them, not across a platform, but across their own table. I know that the average working-man has as much contempt for the spouting teetotaler as he has disgust for a drunken sot. He likes his glass of beer as much as Sir William Harcourt likes his glass of old claret, and he means to have it. He works hard for it, it is one of his few luxuries, and he is not going to have his public-house door shut in his face at the orders of a pack of old women and parsons.

A piece of grosser impertinence than the late unlamented Local Veto Bill was never offered to any free people under the sun, and in a rougher age its originators would have been ducked in the nearest horsepond for their insolence. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Lady Henry Somerset, and the rest of the Pharisaical crew deliberately say to the English working-men: "You are a pack of helpless and badly-disposed children; you are a set of beasts that cannot taste a glass of beer without wanting to get drunk; you do not know what is good for you; you are not fit to be trusted with the ruling of your own lives. We—we, the local grocer, the good parson, the all-wise Nonconformist minister, the old maiden lady, and the schoolmistress, will rule you. You must not have any beer. It is bad for you. We shall take it away from you. You may have a bottle of lemonade now and then, and after your day's work you may have a cup of weak tea with your supper. There must not be any public-houses in your neighbourhood, because if there be any you will all go and get drunk and return home and beat your wives. We know what's best for you. You've got to do what we tell you."

Lady Henry Somerset tells them that one out of every four of the population dies a drunkard's death. A Liverpool solicitor puts it at one in five. In other words, the whole nation is stigmatised as a mob of brainless sots. Perhaps these good people, and their like, will in future leave the British working-man to look after his own morals and attend a little more to their own. Perhaps they will see to it that they do not go about bearing false witness against their neighbours; that they do not "exaggerate"—to use a more courteous term than the proper one—that they thank God a little less fervently that they are not as the poor sinners around them. England is growing soberer every day. It will continue to grow more sober. But temperance will not be brought about by the assistance of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's hired spies and lying police informers. It will not be brought about by travelling troupes of old women from America, by false statements, and harsh laws. It will come, as sobriety has come to the middle and upper classes, by the slow but steady growth of public opinion. A drunken gentleman is an impossibility; there will come a day when a drunken loafer will be hooted out of his own slum.

And now it is the opportunity of true temperance workers to labour to that end. The fanatical teetotaller, who is the greatest friend that the "Drink Devil" ever had, has been swept from the public path. His discredited voice will no longer penetrate beyond the four walls of his own Little Bethel. The true temperance reformer must take his place. The public-house must be made more attractive, the boozing kennel must be cleared away, and bad beer and adulterated spirits should be denied their present monopoly. The working-man likes tea and coffee, if he could only get them decently and cheaply. He should have the option given to him. Nor is there any need that the public-house should be his only place of rest and recreation. With refreshment kiosks surrounding the bandstands in every park and open place, with his cricket and football on Sundays, with his cheap concert-halls on the plan of the German beer-garden, life would have a fresh meaning for him, and the public-house would not be his only refuge from the sordidness of his own home. It is the narrow-minded intolerance of the Puritan that has forced the public-house to its present position. A wiser sympathy with the needs of humanity, a more statesman-like knowledge of human nature, would quickly reduce it to its proper place.

Last year I drew attention to the action of the Stornoway magistrates, a body of bigoted teetotalers, who for no reason whatever, refused to license any public-house within the island peopled by some seven thousand inhabitants. Only three hotels existed altogether. There was no complaint of drunkenness, and no charge brought against the houses. They were absolutely necessary

to the fishermen and to the large number of tourists who every year visit the place. For years the Stornoway fanatics have put these three hotel-keepers to the enormous trouble and expense of appealing against the unjust decision, and had publicly announced their intention of continuing this disgraceful conduct. I took the liberty of making some strong comments about the matter at the time, and I am glad to find that my efforts were not thrown away. This year the magistrates have quietly climbed down, and have granted a license without any more fuss. If the three hotel-keepers who have been saved some £200 or £300 between them by not having to appeal, like to acknowledge To-Day's services by a handsome subscription to the Pluck Fund, I shall not refuse it, though gratitude is not a thing that my worldly experience has taught me to expect.

I do not know whether To-Day can take credit to itself for this case also, but the incident is significant. Matthew Kerry and Peter Smith were charged before the Consett Bench with cruelty to a mare. The animal had been a well-known racehorse, running under the name of East Lynne. Its leg had been broken, but notwithstanding this, Smith and Kerry had worked it. The veterinary surgeon said that it must have suffered a great deal of agony during the past twelve months. The dealers had been overheard to say that if they had only got the mare to Newcastle instead of being stopped at Ebchester, they had a customer for her, who would have shipped her over to Antwerp, the Antwerp sportsmen, apparently, not having any objection to working a horse with a broken leg. The magistrates sentenced each prisoner to three months' hard labour, ordering them also to pay the costs or undergo another fourteen days' imprisonment.

Another Northumbrian bench of magistrates sent a lad to prison for fourteen days for illtreating a donkey at a temperance festival. (I thought the mere connection with temperance did away with all original sin from human nature.) If every magistrate throughout the country were to follow the example of the Northumbrian benches, these cruelty cases would almost disappear. Men of the Smith and Kerry type make a profitable living out of their dealings in worn-out and injured horses. There was a big omnibus proprietor in London a few years ago—a woman—who used to buy horses for a few shillings from the knackers' yard, and work them to death through the streets of the City. She was continually being brought up, and was always fined £5 and costs. It paid her very well.

In a short time the average Englishman will be making his worst mistake of the year—he will be taking his holiday. He needs the holiday probably, and the mistake lies not in the fact that he takes it, but in the way that he takes it. For the rest of the year every business day takes him amid the roar of traffic; there is noise everywhere, and almost every kind of noise. During his holiday he makes up his mind to get away to what he calls "a little peace and quietness," so he goes to the seaside. Everybody else is going, and the average man—not being wildly original—therefore concludes that it must be right. He goes—he arrives. He finds out that one of the consequences of going with the crowd is that he has to pay very highly for very inferior accommodation. That also has its consolations—it is hard to believe that anything for which one pays so much can in reality be as horribly bad as it seems. And then he looks around for that peace and quietness.

There is a band on the pier, another opposite the principal hotel, and a third further up the parade. So he turns on to the beach and finds the nigger minstrels. These will drive him to the back of the town, where, with the exception of justly exiled Germans and imperfectly mechanical pianos, the place can hardly be said to be noisy. I do not know what the average man does then—but I can imagine what he says, and I hardly blame him for it. The amazing part of it is that all these noise-producing people (disguised as musicians) are subsidised by the lodging-houses. Of course the wise man always knows, if he goes to the sea, of some special and secluded village where these things do not happen. But he will not tell the average men where it is, because he knows that where popularity comes noise always follows. The moral is that the average man would do well to be a little more adventurous—to hunt out a quiet spot for himself, instead of entrusting himself to some well-known resort, where the noise will do him far more harm than the rest will do good.

While the goldfields of Western Australia are attracting such general attention, it is not unnatural that consideration should be given to any improvement in the route thither. A French architect was dissatisfied with the route at present existing; it was not direct; it went round. So he took unto himself (says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*) a pick-axe and spade, and at eleven o'clock went to the *Place des Vosges*, removed the paving-stones and began to dig. For three hours the police let him go on with his work; by this time he had not actually got down as far as Australia, but still he had dug quite a nice hole in that direction. Then the police asked him questions, and as they got no answers took him away, leaving the direct route to Australia still, so to speak, in its infancy, and unlikely to be further continued. "*Medio tutissimus ibis*" does not mean that the safest way to Australia lies through the centre of the earth.

Much more amazing than the poor fellow's delusion is the fact that for three hours he was allowed to dig a hole in the street without one question being put to him. But elaborate cunning often fails to impose on the police when some simple monumental bluff takes them in completely. I remember a case not so long ago in London. Some business premises were being altered or reconstructed. In full daylight a gang of thieves came up with a cart, and under the very eyes of the police unscrewed and removed anything they wanted. The police supposed them to be working-men engaged in the ordinary course of business, and never dreamed of interfering. If they had come stealthily by night, after a long observation of the premises, they would probably have been suspected and caught. On the whole we have less to fear from subtleties than from bold and magnificent cheek—nobody ever seems to suspect that.

I call the attention of my teetotal friends to the

delightful fact that Temperance is steadily gaining ground, and that the evils of drunkenness are decreasing rapidly. Mr. William Tallock, a Temperance party, has been visiting the Irish prisons, and has learnt from our old friend Statistics that eighty per cent. of the committals were due to drink. Up to within six months ago the percentage was always ninety-nine. It has never been less to my knowledge hitherto. I cannot express my joy at learning that now it is only eighty per cent.—a reduction of nineteen per cent. obtained in a few months. It always seemed to me remarkable that English human nature should be so much superior to the average. I am given to understand that evil passions existed in the world before alcohol became a common beverage, and travelled friends of mine have told me that crime is actually known to exist in Eastern countries where alcohol is never touched, and yet in England only one per cent. of our criminals have hitherto sinned out of "natural cussedness"; the other ninety-nine per cent. would have been blameless persons throughout life if it had not been for drink. What a nation of saints we must be naturally!

I have to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Pluck Fund:—Cardiff, 2s.; H. Eccles (one who considers he gets more than his money's worth in subscribing to To-Day), £1 1s.; Mr. Chambers, the father of little Wilfred Chambers, to whom was awarded a medal a few weeks ago, 5s. Mr. Chambers writes: "I shall always remind him that he is expected to live up to his medal. I need not say how pleased his mother was." J. W., 2s. 6d.; Miss T., 2s. 6d.; Jannock, £1 1s. (annual subscription); G. D., 2s. 6d.

I am having prepared a medal for Miss Marie Louise Evans, who rescued two lives from drowning off Hythe Pier a little while ago. The monument to be erected at Manor Park Cemetery in commemoration of little John Clinton has now been completed by Mr. H. A. Pegram, the sculptor, and I hope to give a photograph of it in an early issue. I learn that a fund is already being collected to reward the man Worman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN BRITTANY.

A charming correspondent, who has been there, is kind enough to send me the following suggestions for a tour in Brittany:—

I consider myself so much indebted to your paper for a weekly instalment of common sense (not to mention amusement), that I feel it my bounden duty to send you a brief account of some places in the south and west of the province which are not very well known to the average holiday-maker. A railway journey from about 10.0 a.m. to 4.0 p.m. carries one from St. Malo to Vannes, an interesting old town, fortified, and the seat of a Bishopric, close to the inland sea of Morbihan, which is practically an immense tidal lake, dotted with islands, containing Druidic remains, which may be visited very pleasantly by boat from Vannes. The latter town boasts two comfortable and not extravagant hotels, and public conveyances may be taken in various directions, especially to the peninsular of St. Gildas de Rhuys, which almost shuts in the sea of Morbihan. Its bold cliffs and rocks, shining with veins of what appear to be marble and mica, are worth a visit; it boasts a church, partly built in the eleventh century, and a little later on the great Abélard retired to a monastery, which was destroyed in the revolution, but of which the site is now occupied by an orphanage and a convent, where the kindly little sisters take boarders, male or female, to eke out their slender means. The accommodation is rough, but the charge is very low—something like 25 francs per week. It is possible to get still more rustic accommodation in the village, and those who like boating will find it worth while to stay at St. Gildas long enough to take a trip to the island of Ouate. Ouate is an ideal place for a picnic. It has a tiny landing place on one side, with a path leading up over a sandy shore, but elsewhere it is encircled by precipitous cliffs. Scattered round the shore lie numbers of rocky islets covered with yellow lichen, which at the far end of the island enclose a most exquisite miniature bay forming a perfect bathing place. Ouate consists entirely of turf, with a few small trees on one side. It is inhabited by the parish priest, who takes in boarders, and allows his housekeeper to minister to the wants of the wayfarers; by two sisters of charity, who keep a school and a general shop, and by half a dozen or so of fishermen and their families. Such gardens as we saw were rich in flowers, the climate being favourable.

Returning to the mainland, tourists should visit the Castle of Sucinio before going back to Vannes. It is interesting on account of its good state of preservation—as a ruin—having been built in 1260. From Vannes it is but a short railway journey to Auray, where monuments and relics of the Royalists of La Vendée are to be seen; and a few miles further lies St. Anne d'Auray, a celebrated pilgrimage shrine, where tourists who care to see Breton pilgrims by the thousand, and gorgeous open-air processions of ecclesiastics of every grade, including many bishops in full canonicals, should make a point of going, if in the neighbourhood about the middle of July. From Auray you may visit the Peninsula of Lokmariaker and Island of Gavr'innes, with their wonderful Druidic remains, if you have not already done so from Vannes; while nine miles from Auray by road lies the justly celebrated Carnac, with its legions of "menhirs" (rough Druidic obelisks), dolmens, and tumuli. There is also a miniature "Mont St. Michel" with a tiny old chapel, and a quaint, pretty little church; while the primitive village inn is a pleasant resting-place for people of simple habits. Carnac is within a walk of Plouharnel station, which lies on the railway from Auray to Quiberon. The latter is situated on the extreme end of the peninsula of the same name, which, like Carnac, was an important place in Druidical times; but to the average tourist, Belle Isle-en-Mer, which is reached in an hour by a plucky little cockleshell steamboat from Quiberon, is far more attractive. Its own town, Le Palais, is most picturesque, has several small hotels, at one of which, the Grand Hotel de France, I found good bed, good food, and good wine for about £2 per week. The rocky coast is exceedingly fine, but especially on the north and west, where it receives the full force of the Atlantic. Sardine and tunny fishing are the principal industries; the latter is carried on in special boats of graceful appearance, which are as well worth seeing as the succulent tunny is worth eating when caught and cooked as at Le Palais. From Belle Isle you may go by steamboat to L'Orient, the big seaport, but most people would prefer returning to Quiberon, and then going on by rail. L'Orient is, no doubt, very interesting from a naval point of view; but I can give no information about it, as I went straight to Quimperlé, a little country town situated on the banks of a river, amongst wooded hills, from which charming excursions by boat, on foot, or on wheels, may be made into some of the wildest forest lands of Brittany, where wild boar and wolves have not entirely died out. Quimperlé possesses a very good country hotel, a cathedral, and a church or two of some interest; but its great charm lies in the rich green of woods and meadows to a tourist fresh from the rocky and comparatively barren coast. From Quimperlé you can go by rail to Quimpers, the capital of Finisterre, which is an extremely interesting old town, with a fine and much carved cathedral; but if you care for country scenery, turn aside from the iron road, and take the diligence from Quimperlé to Pont Aven, a picturesque village situated in country somewhat similar to Quimperlé, but possessing greater variety, as several streams meet there, and form a river navigable for fishing-boats down to the sea four miles away. The banks are very rocky, with woods running down to the water's edge; and the stream itself seems literally alive with fish. Pont Aven is entirely given up to Art and artists; there is a large hotel where you may board and lodge in comfort for about 30 francs per week, and in an annexe close by, studios are to be had at absurdly low prices. There are cheaper quarters still to be had in the village. Near the mouth of the river, in a bay which seems made for swimmers, the landlady of the big Hotel des Voyageurs runs a pension, called the Villa Julia. A pleasant day's outing may be made from Pont Aven to Concarneau, a quaint little seaport and bathing place overlooking the beautiful Baie de la Forêt; it also has a cheap little artistic hotel, and would be a good starting point for boating excursions. Here my most intimate personal acquaintance with Brittany ends; but I could give *some* hints about the northern districts if someone else does not furnish information. Of course the north of Finisterre is essentially the home of Breton architecture and stone carving, which are very inferior in the south and in Morbihan; but the whole province affords great variety of scenery and costume, while the primitive life and habits of the peasantry are not to be equalled within so short a distance of home. In the country places, children have to learn French as a foreign language, it being rarely understood by the old folks. Nothing could be a more complete change from the wear and tear of London than a plunge into the woodlands of Brittany, say near Quimperlé or Pont Aven, where the woodcutters wear knee

breeches and long coiled hair, and exchange greetings in a strange guttural language, almost as unearthly to the ear as Kaffir; or to Belle Isle, where the rope-makers walk to and fro under the trees above Le Palais all day long, and at sunset dance in great circles, holding hands, just as their Keltic ancestors danced hundreds of years ago. It was downright uncanny at times; there was such a sense of having stepped backwars several centuries; but to many minds this would be a special charm.

Let me conclude by recommending to French scholars the "Guide Diamant Joanne" for Britanny, published by Hachette; it has a good map, and is very practical about most things in a small compass. "Murray" gives more archæology and description; one might do worse than have both. The "Indicateur Chaix" is a sort of French Bradshaw. One of the first things a wise tourist does is to obtain for a few pence the division of the "Indicateur" relating to the railways over which he is going to travel, so as not to need to be perpetually seeking for railway porters to answer questions, which generally proves a rather fruitless occupation by reason of the very limited number of porters; though this perhaps is a lesser evil than the misdirection to which one is subject on some English lines.

Trusting that my experiences may prove helpful to your inquiring correspondent,

A. M. C.

Stageland.—No, I can see no reason why shortsightedness should be a bar to an acting career. Many people connected with the stage are shortsighted—even managers sometimes.

M. L. P. tells me that the Bath Church Institute has excluded from its reading-room To-Day and the *Nineteenth Century*. The committee, composed chiefly of clergymen, consider To-Day to be a "dangerous publication." I trust To-Day will always continue to be a danger to the narrow-minded and the ignorant, by whom the Bath Church Institute appears to be controlled. The *Nineteenth Century* was excluded as the tone of its articles had been anti-Christian of late. The Church in Bath appears to be an extremely fragile institution.

F. H. G.—I think you would do quite right, under the circumstances, to remain a total abstainer. We cannot send legal advice to any but subscribers from this office. I have not given up the Idler; on the contrary, I have acquired fresh interest in it; I thank you for all the kind things you say.

S. P. (Hull) tells me there have been thousands of pounds lost in Jersey this season in market gardening. His explanation is that the land is too dear.

A. E. H. points out that by a printer's error "Randolph" was made to speak of "Wainwright" the other day instead of "Wainewright." My correspondent concludes: "Thanks for To-Day; it is incomparable and indispensable."

De Omnibus.—Many correspondents will be glad to hear that "the conductor" has returned. He explains his absence himself. He is just the sort of man who could explain anything. One or two correspondents have suggested that he has possibly —for once in his life—been "injudishus," while another has made a kind and thoughtful offer to bail him out. I fancy the whole matter has now been arranged, however. He tells me that there was a misunderstanding. A young copper seems to have been chiefly responsible.

E. J. B. tells me that the parents of the unfortunate little girl who was murdered at Walthamstow are being daily insulted and pained by the receipt of letters from teetotallers, in which the poor, grief-stricken couple are told that it was a judgment on them for sending the child out to get the dinner-beer. The beer, my correspondent tells me, was for the mother, who was nursing a baby three weeks old. Humanity and decency can never be expected from a faddist.

Gaba, referring to my paragraph of a week or two ago in which I explained how to punish a dog by thrashing a barrel, tells me that I am entirely mistaken in suggesting that the dog's imagination is worked upon. My correspondent says that the dog howls because he expects to get the blows, not because he fancies he is actually receiving them. My correspondent is so confident about the matter that he quite overwhelms me. He does not think about it at all; he just knows what the dog thinks. Would he tell me why a dog turns round three times before lying down? I have often wanted to know this, and I am sure A. E. H. can tell me why in a moment. There are several other little things that dogs do, the why and the wherefore I have often pondered. It is so useful to have a man about the world who knows all these matters, and does not mind explaining them.

Thomond writes me from Co. Clare: "Even in this remote part of the British Isles your paper and work are appreciated. For the past eighteen months I have regularly received To-Day, and have read it with pleasure and profit; and my friends, to whom I pass it on, appreciate it equally well. We all admire its manly tone, and its abhorrence of cant and everything mean and hypocritical. We hope that your well-deserved success in the past will be trifling to what the future will bring." He also sends me an account of a McCarthyite convention, which is most amusing reading. Unfortunately I have not space enough to publish it.

W. F. N. wishes to draw attention to the selfish conduct of many large firms by citing the case of a man named Jones, who had been employed as a stoker for thirty-eight years by the Mersey Forge Company. As he was getting old he was discharged as incapable. Possibly he was growing a little incapable, but is it policy on the part of employers as a body to carry the spirit of economy to this logical conclusion? The working man has been told that there is no connection between himself and his employer beyond that of work and wages. That there should be any fellow feeling between master and man, that there should be any common interest between them, has been laughed to scorn. The men's leaders have declared that the two must be for ever foes, and the employers have learnt the lesson together with the men. It is the common custom to turn adrift men who have given the best years of their lives to their employers. The old feudal baron, tyrant though he was, felt that his serfs had some claim upon him. They worked for him, they made his wealth, and he didn't turn them adrift to starve in their old age. They were his people, his men; they did not die outside his gates. We have changed all that now. There is no legal obligation from an employer to a servant who has worked for him until he has grown feeble. But still, I think, in spite of the enmity of Unions, in spite of the foolish talk of demagogues seeking to put man against master and master against man, that the employers in their own interests are playing a foolish game in refusing to admit a responsibility and duty towards those who have practically given to them their whole life's labour. A man who has worked for a firm for over thirty years ought not to have to look forward in his old age to a workhouse and a pauper's grave. A few shillings may be saved by this firm, and a few shillings by another, but in the long run it does not pay to outrage the laws of justice and humanity.

Blue Ribbon.—I am glad to find a teetotaller talking so moderately. Drinking alcoholic liquors in moderation and gambling in moderation never injured anybody. It is when too much alcoholic liquor is drunk, and gambling is made a business instead of a pastime, that sorrow follows, and "hundreds," as you say, are driven to ruin. (Most teetotallers would have spoken of millions.) But have you ever considered the number of deaths, suicides, and ruined lives caused by love? Have you ever thought of the amount of misery in the world directly traceable to marriage? Would you like to prohibit love and marriage?

J. H. C. and other Correspondents.—I read Mr. Balfour's remarks on temperance, and was glad to see that he had the good sense to agree with me on every point.

Holiday in Brittany.—Mr. Richard Marsh has been kind enough to steal ten minutes from his literary labours to give my readers the following advice as to a tour in Brittany:—London to Jersey. Same day (if Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday); Jersey to Granville; Granville to Aveanches; Aveanches to Mont St. Michel (road or rail, stay the night, if fine); Mont St. Michel, rail to Guingamp; Guingamp, *diligence* to Carhaix; Carhaix, road to Huelgoet (one of the quaintest places in Brittany, seven miles); Hoelgoet, *diligence* to Brest (spend a day or two); Brest, rail to Morlaix (spend a day or two, see Guimilau); Morlaix, rail to St. Pol de Leon (see cathedral, walk on to Rascoff, four miles, curious fishing village, spend the night or rail back to Morlaix); Morlaix, rail to Dinan (spend the night); Dinan, steamer down the Rance to Dinard (pretty, toney watering place); Dinan, ferry to St. Malo (St. Servan is on the other side of the *Pont Roulant*, and Paramé next door, stay till return; St. Malo steamer to Southampton. Return tickets, London to Granville (60s. first, 45s. second), are available to return *via* St. Malo, give a chance for a peep at Jersey (including Guernsey, if desired), and many people like to go one way and come back another. The tour, which may be done comfortably inside a fortnight, and for a £10 note (exclusive of fare London to Granville), gives one a very fair idea of Northern Brittany, here and there a little off the ordinary route. Granville, Aveanches, and Mont St. Michel, although in Normandy, are next door to Brittany.

M. J. T.—I thank you for sending verses, but it is too late to publish them now. W. N.—Your argument is being put forward by nearly every paper in the kingdom, so there is hardly any need for To-Day to repeat it.

A. H. M.—Your letter got mislaid. I fear the uninvited caller—the canvasser, the tea agent, the beggar, etc., etc.—will always be with the London householder. An intelligent little maid is your only protection.

C. C. M.—No system of straps that was not a positive torture, would be of any use in preventing your stooping. If you are middle-aged the mischief is done, if young, athletics will soon cure you.

G. S.—A three months' index is sent free to annual subscribers, or it may be purchased by non-subscribers for one penny.

A. H. N. (Siam).—In the main you appear to be entirely in agreement with me. I spoke strongly because I felt strongly that the spirit of professionalism was killing sport.

W. H. T.—Thank you for sending the verses. The theme was a worthy one to write round. The more it is recognised that God is in every religion the less intolerance there will be.

J. B.—I do not wish to give the name of the journal. I believe it is not the only one that adopts the method.

W. E. W.—Most likely the explanation is that the same gentleman contributes to both papers.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

A THOROUGH LITTLE GENTLEMAN!

TEN MINUTES WITH MISS CLARA JECKS.

THE charming, gifted young lady who is now contributing in no small measure to the success enjoyed by *Gentleman Joe*, is the worthy representative of a family well known for its long connection with the theatrical world, her father having been for many years business manager of the Adelphi, and her mother (*née* Miss Harriet Coveney) one of the most delightful actresses in the days when our fathers were young.

"Miss Clara Jecks," writes a representative of TO-DAY, "has elected to dwell within a stone's throw of half a dozen leading theatres, in the very centre of that most business like but picturesque thoroughfare, the Strand.

"Yes; I love playing boys' parts," she confessed, smiling. "Think of the splendid opportunities afforded by such a *rôle* as that of Joseph, in *Never too Late to Mend*, or Dan, in *The Streets of London!*"

"By the way, were not most of your early successes made at the Adelphi Theatre?"

"Yes, indeed; but you know I shall soon have played my 200th part. I am well on in my second century," she answered, looking provokingly merry and youthful, "and so I am familiar with the boards of many a London theatre, from Drury Lane, where I made my *début* as the Genie of the Lamp, in *Aladdin*, to the Prince of Wales's, where I am, as you know, taking the part of a love-sick 'buttons.'"

"And do you feel thoroughly at home in boys' clothes?"

"Yes, of course I do, especially in a nice smart little suit. Of course, I have to make up very carefully," she added. "My hair is the only difficulty; it all has to be plastered back, and, of course, completely hidden under a flat wig."

"You have also to transform your voice?"

"Well, I have been extremely successful in that particular. People in front have often absolutely refused to believe that my *rôle* was not being taken by a real boy. I make a special effort to *speak* my lines as they should be spoken, and to also adopt the peculiar twang or accent belonging to the character. But you must not think that I can only play lads," she observed. "I was under-study to Miss Nellie Farren, who taught me her own special Tilburniana business. I stayed on at the Gaiety some time, acting Sally Scraggs in *Stage Struck*, and taking part in several burlesques."

"Then do you join dancing to your other accomplishments?"

"Oh, yes. I was taught the art in a very thorough fashion, before long skirts came to the aid of those innocent of step-dancing. I studied with a Christy Minstrel, a man who thought nothing of making his pupils spend days over a new step. I confess to a belief in a hard apprenticeship. People who imagine that success in our profession is gained by a fluke, and without work, are terribly mistaken. I should like to see a good dramatic school established in England. As it is, we all have to buy our stage experience very dear," she concluded, sadly.

"And cannot you recall some strange or startling adventures connected with your professional life with which to regale the readers of TO-DAY, Miss Jecks?"

"No," she replied, laughing; "of course, I often have amusing letters from members of the audience, often from little boys, who, I suppose, recognise in me a kindred spirit. But as for startling adventures they have been conspicuous by their absence; I always enjoy whatever *rôle* I happen to be playing, and though I have twice or thrice forgotten my words towards the end of a very long run—and I have taken part in some of the longest runs on record," she said, proudly, "I have on the whole been singularly fortunate in all that has befallen me during my professional career."

CLUB CHATTER.

"IT'S a grey old world, brother." If any of my town readers don't know the quotation, it's quite time they did. My country friends will have opportunities of finding it out before long, I hope. Those who do know it may wonder why it came into my head while sitting on a penny chair in the park last Sunday morning, and to those I reply, without going into any searching self-analysis on the subject, that it was because the sight of my own clothes and those of other men around me produced a fit of temporary depression. Will the good old times ever return, when men could wear coloured clothes and yet look respectable?

OF course everyone knows that life isn't all laughter and kisses—or, in more prosaic terms, beer and skittles—but that's no reason why we should deprive ourselves of the semblance of gaiety. Last season black waistcoats were discarded in favour of cummerbunds. The average man discovered that an expanse of white shirt front, bounded on the north by a well-tied bow and on the south by a carefully-arranged silk belt, gave him a light, summery appearance. Where is the cummerbund now? It has disappeared almost entirely, except round the waists of men whose dress—in all other respects—one would rather not imitate.

FROCK coats seem to be as fashionable as ever. The waistcoat may be either single or double-breasted. I noticed plenty of both on Sunday, though the single-breasted ones were worn chiefly by elderly men—a state of things for which I believe laziness is responsible. A double-breasted waistcoat is just a little more bother to put on than a single-breasted one. The smartest men wore dark grey frock coats, usually with trousers of the same material. To those who intend following their example I tender a word of advice. When choosing your suit, be sure that you select a hard cloth, by which I mean one that does not stretch easily. If you take this tip you will find that your trousers won't bag at the knees. Soft, loosely woven cloths should always be avoided for trousers.

THERE were a few men at church parade who tried a little unconventionality by wearing white silk ties tied in a sailor knot; others attempted a little gaiety by wearing shirts of a good, solid, vigorous pink, but the effect in both cases was not pleasing to the eye. The few men who did these things were just the very men to whom Nature had said "You cannot." For, however, we may like gay colours in dress, there are some men to whose appearance they are, or would be, quite fatal. But then there are some men who look uncomfortable in the regulation dress of the present day.

I NOTICED one novelty in trouserings, and that was a peculiar shot effect. Seen in one light, the material appeared to be a plain grey, with thin dark stripes in it; seen in another, it had a stripe about an inch wide, of a shade slightly darker than the material itself.

WHITE, or pale drab linen waistcoats, minus a pattern, seem to be the special fashion for young men, that is, when they are worn at all—which is not often. This is a decided change from the fashion of a few years back, when elderly gentlemen, with comfortable, portly figures, had the monopoly of white waistcoats.

THE fashion in ties helps to produce a general sombre appearance in a crowd. One never sees even a black satin tie now. Those principally worn are made of dull silk, either plain, or with a very small coloured pattern, which is usually very dark red or a deep lilac. They are shaped with big aprons, but are not tied so tightly as they were when they first came in. The very small knot has given place to a broader and more loosely tied one

The whippet racing at the Royal Aquarium is a big success, and deservedly so. The sport has so many advantages to recommend it, that it only wants knowing to be immensely popular. The management of the Aquarium are giving the public plenty of opportunities of seeing how it is worked, for the little dogs race there twice every day. The running is done in the following manner.

The race is divided into heats. Each dog has a separate slipper, who holds him by the scruff of the neck and the tip of the tail. Just before starting, some men wave towels in front of the dogs—a towel and a man to each dog. These men, still shaking the towels, run up the course, and when they have passed the winning-post the pistol is fired and the dogs are slipped. Having been trained from puppies always to run to a towel shaken in front of them, a perfect race is the result.

A capital course of a hundred yards has been arranged at the Aquarium, and the dogs race just as well as though they were in the open air. All the dogs now running at the Aquarium are the best animals that it is possible to obtain. In fact, they all have big reputations in the north, where the sport is more popular.

The entire absence of cruelty in the sport is one of its chief charms. If a dog is tired or out of sorts there is no jockey on his back to flog him along. He can race or not as he chooses, but I never saw one instance at the Aquarium where the dogs did not exert themselves to the utmost, and nearly all the finishes were very exciting.

Of course, these dogs have to undergo a certain amount of training before they are fit to race. Their education has to be attended to, and their diet and exercise have to be regulated to a nicety. Already, the breed has attracted the attention of Spratts Patent, the celebrated manufacturers of dog foods, who now make a specially-prepared whippet biscuit. I have been told by men who have been running whippets for many years that they have never been able to find such a perfect diet for the running dog as this biscuit of Spratts.

The credit for introducing this interesting form of recreation to Londoners is chiefly due to Mr. W. H. Sprague, who officiates at the Aquarium as judge. Mr. Sprague is also President of the West London Dog Racing Club, and men who intend taking up the sport could not do better than join the club, and put themselves under Mr. Sprague's care. The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed some dog-racing the other day for the first time, and were very interested in all they saw. I expect whippet-racing to take the place of the fashionable craze for bicycling. The two sports could hardly live at the same time—that is, if the cyclist intended his dogs to follow his machine when they are not racing. Running dogs must not be galloped either behind a horse or a bicycle. Their training exercise chiefly consists in walking, with an occasional spin of two hundred yards, which is the regulation length for a dog race-course.

The other day a horse named Dunover, belonging to Lord Londonderry, won a small race. Can any reader detect a coincidence here?

Even in the matter of shirt studs the fashions come and go. Just now, the right thing for evening wear is a very small stud, either in plain gold, or consisting of a single little pearl. You can have the shirt-fronts with either two or three stud holes, but the studs must be so tiny as to be almost invisible a few yards away.

There was no more gratifying feature of last week's cricket than the success attending George Lohmann on his reappearance in the Gentlemen and Players' match at the Oval. Fears had been entertained that the great bowler, after an absence of three years, might find himself unequal to the strain of a long three days' encounter, but he acquitted himself in most creditable fashion, taking two wickets in each innings, fielding with something of his old brilliancy at extra-slip, and batting with great vigour and determination.

It is too much to expect that he will ever recover the remarkable form which a few years back made him so famous; but everyone would be delighted to see him filling his old place in the Surrey team with successful results. Though he has made up his mind, whatever happens, to return to South Africa at the end of the present season, he has placed his services at the disposal of the Surrey club, and it seems most likely that his offer will be accepted for all the county's remaining matches. Just now it seems that he will be all the more valuable, as Lockwood's health is a very uncertain quantity, and a first-class man to assist Richardson is sadly needed. Lohmann's reception last Thursday morning was perhaps hardly so enthusiastic as might have been expected; but this was probably due to the fact that the attendance at the Gentlemen and Players' match was scarcely so large as would have been gathered together at a regular county engagement. Further than that, many of the public had scruples about the charge of a shilling made by the Oval authorities, when they had just previously been able to see stronger teams of Gentlemen and Players compete at Lord's at the ordinary sum of sixpence.

One of Lohmann's chief objects in visiting England just now is to arrange for a team to go out to the Cape during the winter, and he has been busily engaged for the last week or so in making his arrangements. He has all his dates fixed for South Africa, and has a proper guarantee of the expenses of the team, so that all that remains is to select a fairly representative side, consisting of about eight amateurs and seven professionals. In the course of a week or two, I fully expect he will be able to supply some definite information to the Press.

I shall not be at all surprised if next year the Oval authorities find it necessary to drop their Gentlemen and Players' match altogether. The game has very little meaning from a cricket point of view, unless the sides can be absolutely representative of the full strength of amateur and professional talent, and with the increased interest taken in county matches, it is not at all likely that any of the committees who have teams taking part in the championship competition, will be inclined to let off their men—except perhaps for the game at Lord's, which is, and probably will remain, a match in which it is the ambition of every player to take part. It serves as a sort of hall-mark of excellence, and gives a man a reputation which is of great commercial value. Next year, the difficulty of arranging suitable dates will be greater than ever, as the various counties will, in the ordinary course of things, be asked frequently to give up some of their leading players to take part in the representative games against the Australians, and as has been shown during previous Australian visits, the Gentlemen and Players matches fade into insignificance beside the international games between England and Australia.

The Eton and Harrow match—prolonged for half-an-hour beyond the usual time—produced an extraordinary finish on Saturday, and one that will always live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present. There has been nothing like it since the famous game in 1885, when E. M. Butler gained a victory for Harrow by three wickets, the match finishing about two minutes before time. On Saturday, the Harrow boys at the finish found themselves in a desperate position, as, while they had no possibility of

inning, they had to struggle to avert defeat, and nine ickets fell before the clock slowly reached half-past even. About two minutes remained when the last layer, Cole—one of the most diminutive cricketers ho ever took part in the Schools' match—came to the icket, and he and Henley had to go through one of the everest ordeals that has ever fallen to the lot of youthil cricketers. Cole and Henley will probably remember e moment as long as they live. Happily for them, ey proved equal to the occasion, stopping the nine alls that had to be bowled, and so averting defeat for arrow. The scene of enthusiasm at the finish was mething wonderful, the spectators giving vent to their ent-up feelings and shouting themselves hoarse in front the pavilion. The policy of playing an extra halfour put, to my thinking, an unnecessary strain on the hoolboys, for it was too much to expect them to play d sustain their form from eleven o'clock in the morng until half-past seven at night. I cannot see why ree days should not be allotted to the game, and the urs of play restricted, say, to from twelve o'clock till . It seems on the face of it, unreasonable that schoolys should be expected to go through greater exertion an grown-up men are ever asked to undertake.

There are many things to be thankful for in this world, and one of them is that we are not all teetotallers. This fact was brought home to my mind the other day while glancing over a copy of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, in which I noticed that Messrs. Dunville and Co., of Irish whiskey fame, had just paid £50,572 8s. 2d., in one cheque, to the Excise authorities. This is, probably, one of the largest cheques ever paid by one firm to the collector of inland revenue, and is the best possible testimonial to the quality of Messrs. Dunville's whiskey.

The great wheel at Earl's Court is sure to be the sensation of the year. £50 an hour was being easily and readily taken when I was there on Thursday evening, and there was practically a free fight for the cars. A ride is a most easy and delightful method of rising in the world, and after the first few seconds are over, all suggestion of danger disappears. I would advise two ascents—one in the daytime, and one in the evening, when the lights of London form a wonderful panorama beneath you. On Thursday I enjoyed a very good view of the Crystal Palace fireworks. The whee

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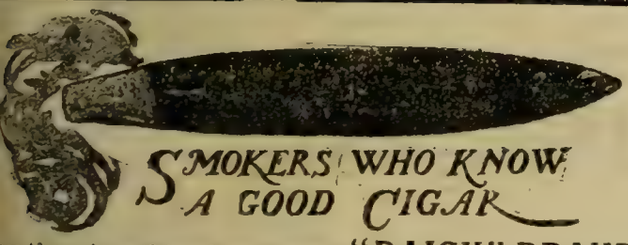

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might go a little quicker with advantage; forty minutes make rather a big slice out of an evening.

Of the many rich prizes instituted by the Sandown Park authorities, the Eclipse Stakes has become most famous. Yet it has hardly proved the huge success anticipated by Mr. Hwfa Williams. The race for the first £10,000 took place in 1886, and attracted—twelve—the largest field which has so far gone to the post. The popularity of Bendigo'c victory was unbounded, for the old horse had risen from selling and plating ranks, and the entry for the big prize had included St. Simon, two Derby winners, and St. Gatien and St. Blaise, two St. Leger winners, Lambkin and Ossian, and the Oaks victress, Miss Jummy.

During a flying visit to Newmarket, I came across Whittier at exercise on the Limekilns. I was at once struck with the habit the horse has of fighting for his lead, and his rider has a rare handful. I was told that the colt is one of the sort who have "done going when they have done pulling." He may be able to go at full speed right through in the Eclipse Stakes, but such cannot be expected of him in the St. Leger, and this note of warning should be borne in mind by the speculators who are tumbling over one another to obtain a short price about him for the big Doncaster race.

Some comment has been made upon Sir Francis Jeune's reference to a book during the Tasker divorce case, and subsequent statement that the Derby of 1893 was won by Mr. McCalmont's Isinglass. It has been stated that the volume Sir Francis referred to was a "McCall Racing Guide." Now, Sir Francis takes little or no interest in any branch of sport except athletics—he has himself just become a cyclist—and it is ridiculous to assume that he had a "Racing Guide" by him. The book he derived his information from was "Whittaker's Almanack."

The one feature of the race for the Eclipse Stakes this year will be the running of Whittier. It is generally thought that Mr. Russell's colt is far and away the best of his year, and certainly, on the occasion of his first appearance in public this season, he performed in splendid style. At first blush his defeat of Best Man looked a marvellous performance, but the subsequent running of Mr. Wallace Johnstone's horse considerably takes the gloss off the victory of the son of the infatuated Laureate.

I understand that the new Bookmakers' Association is determined to clear the rings of all shady characters. The backing they are receiving should encourage Messrs. Fry and Co. to do their utmost, and backers will soon find the enclosures a perfect paradise. There is quite a fluttering in the dovecotes at present.

The Major.

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BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE MILLENNIUM.

It seemed to me that we were safe then, or nearly safe; so glad was I to find myself in the open air and out of the church. The ground fell away a little towards Madame Catinot's, and I could see the line of hastening heads bobbing along before us, and here and there white faces turned to look back. The high walls on either hand softened the noise of the riot. Behind me were M. le Marquis and Madame; and again behind them three or four of M. le Marquis's followers brought up the rear. I looked back beyond these and saw that the alley opposite the church was still clear, and that the pursuers had not yet passed through the church; and I stooped to whisper a word of comfort to Denise. I stooped perhaps longer than was necessary, for before I was aware of it I found myself stumbling over Louis's heels. A backward wave sweeping up the alley had brought him up short and flung him against me. With the movement, as we all jostled one another, there rose far in front and rolled up the passage between the high walls a sound of misery; a mingling of groans and screams and wailing such as I hope I may never hear again. Some strove furiously to push their way back towards the church, and some, not understanding what was amiss, to go forwards, and some fell, and were trodden under foot; and for a few seconds the long narrow alley heaved and seethed in an agony of panic.

Engaged in saving Denise from the crush I did not, for a moment, understand. The first thought I had was that the women—three out of four were women—had gone mad or given way to a shameful, selfish terror. Then, as our company staggering and screaming rolled back upon us, until it filled but half the length of the passage, I heard in front a roar of cruel laughter, and saw over the intervening heads a serried mass of pike-points filling the end of the passage opposite Madame Catinot's house. Then I understood. The Calvinists had cut us off; and my heart stood still.

For we could not retreat. I looked behind me, and saw the alley by the church-porch choked with men who had reached it through the church; alive with harsh mocking faces gloating over our capture, and scowling eyes, and cruel thirsty pikes. We were hemmed in; in the long high walls, which it was impossible to scale, as no door or outlet short of Madame Catinot's house—and that was guarded. And before and behind us were the pikes.

I dream of that scene sometimes; of the sunshine, hot and bright, that lay ghastly on white faces distorted with fear; of women fallen on their knees and lifting hands this way and that; of others screaming and uttering frenzied prayers, or hanging on men's necks; of the long writhing line of humanity, wherein fear, showing itself in every shape, had its way; above all of the fiendish jeers and laughter of the victors, as they cried to the men to step out, or hurled vile words at the women.

Even Nîmes, mother of factions, parent of a hundred heartless brawls, never saw a worse scene, or one more devilish. For a few seconds in the deadly surprise of this trap, in the sudden horror of finding ourselves when all seemed well, at grips with death, I could only clutch Denise to me tighter and tighter, and hide her eyes on my bosom, as I leaned against the wall and groaned with white lips. O God, I thought, the women! The women! At such a time a man would give all the world that there might be none, or that he had never loved one.

St. Alais was the first to recover his presence of mind and act—if that could be called action which was no more than speech, since we were hopelessly enmeshed and outnumbered. Putting Madame behind him he waved a white kerchief to the men by the door of the church—who stood about thirty paces from us—and adjured them to let the women pass; even taunting them when they refused, and gibing at them as cowards, who dared not face the men unencumbered.

But they only answered with jeers and threats, and savage laughter. "No, no, M. le Prêtre!" they cried. "No, no! Come out and taste steel! Then, perhaps, we will let the women go! Or perhaps not!"

"You cowards!" he cried.

But they only brandished their arms and laughed, shrieking "À bas les traîtres! À bas les prêtres! Stand out! Stand out, messieurs!" they continued, "or we will come and pluck you from the women's skirts!"

He glowered at them in unspeakable rage. Then a man on their side stepped out and stilled the tumult. "Come, listen!" said this fellow, a giant, with long black hair falling over a tallowy face. "We will give you three minutes to come out and be piked. Then the women shall go. Skulk there behind them, and we fire on all, and their blood be on your heads."

St. Alais stood speechless. At last, "You are fiends!" he cried in a voice of horror. "Would you kill us before their eyes?"

"Ay, in their laps!" the man retorted, amid a roar of laughter. "So decide, decide!" he continued, dancing a clumsy step and tossing a half-pike round his head. "Three minutes by the clock there! Come out, or we fire on all! It will be a dainty pie! A dainty Catholic pie, messieurs!"

St. Alais turned to me, his face white, his eyes staring; and he tried to speak. But his voice failed.

And then, of what happened next I cannot tell; for, for a minute all was blurred. I remember only how the sun lay hot on the wall beyond his face, and how black the lines of mortar showed between the old thin Roman bricks. We were about twenty men and perhaps fifty women, huddled together in a space some forty yards long. Groans burst from the men's lips, and such as had women in their arms—and they were many—leaned against the wall and tried to comfort them, and tried to put them from them. One man cried curses on the dogs who would murder us, and shook his fists at them; and some rained kisses on the pale senseless faces that lay on their breasts—for, thank God, many of the women had fainted; while others, like St. Alais, looked mute agony into eyes that told it again, or clasped a neighbour's hand, and looked up into a sky piteously blue and bright. And I—I do not know what I did, save look into Denise's eyes and look and look! There was no senselessness in them.

Remember that the sun shone on all this, and the birds twittered and chirped in the gardens beyond the

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walls; that it wanted an hour or two of high noon, a southern noon; that in the crease of the valley the Rhone sparkled between its banks, and not far off the sea broke rippling and creaming on the shore of Les Bouches; that all nature rejoiced, and only we—we, pent between those dreadful walls, those scowling faces, saw death imminent—black death shutting out all things.

"WITH HIS PIKE FIXED IN MY SHOULDER."

A hand touched me; it was St. Alais' hand. I think, nay, I know, for I read it in his face, that he meant to be reconciled to me. But when I turned to him—or may be it was the sight of his sister's speechless misery moved him—he had another thought. As the black-haired giant called "One minute gone!" and his following howled, M. le Marquis threw up his hand.

"Stay!" he cried, with the old gesture of command. "Stay! There is one man here who is not of us! Let him pass first, and go!" And he pointed to me. "He has no part with us. I swear it!"

A roar of cruel laughter was the answer. Then "He that is not with me is against me!" the giant quoted impiously. And they jeered again.

On that, I take no credit for what I did. In such moments of exaltation men are not accountable, and for another thing, I knew, I think, that they would not listen, that I risked nothing. So trembling with rage I flung back their words. "I am against you!" I cried. "I would rather die here with these, than live with you! You stain the earth! You pollute the air! You are fiends——"

No more, for with a shrill laugh the man next me, a mere lad, half-witted, I think, and the same who had

cursed them, sprang by me and rushed on the pike-points. Half a dozen met in his breast before our eyes—before our eyes—and with a wild scream he flung up his arms and was borne back against the side-wall dead and gushing blood.

Instinctively I had covered Denise's face that she might not see. And it was well; for at that—there was a kind of mercy in it, and let me tell it quickly—the wretches tasting blood broke loose, and rushed on us. I saw St. Alais thrust his mother behind him, and almost with the same movement fling himself on the pikes; and I, pushing Denise down into the angle of the wall—though she clung to me and prayed to me—killed the first that came at me with Froment's pistol, and the next also, with the other barrel at point blank distance—feeling no fear, but only passion and rage. The third bore me down with his pike fixed in my shoulder, and for a moment I saw only the sky, and his scowling face black against it; and shut my eyes, expecting the blow that must follow.

But none did follow. Instead a weight fell on me, and I began to struggle, and a whole battle, it seemed to me, was fought over me—in that horrible slaughter-house alley, where they dragged men from women's arms, and forced them, screaming, to the wall, and stabbed them to death without pity; and things were done of which I dare not tell!

(*To be continued.*)

ADELINA PATTI AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Adelina Patti is a wonderful woman. For does she not at the age of fifty-two still contrive to fascinate both you and me with the magic of her voice, the charm of her smile, and the engaging candour of a manner which has known no change or variety since she tripped, thirty-three years ago, upon the Covent Garden stage to warble "Ah, non Guinge!" in the simple frock of the unforgettable "La Sonnambula."

"*J'ai été jeune pendant toute une soirée,*" declared Auber after hearing her for the first time in Paris in "La Traviata," and I fancy that when that great crowd trooped out of the theatre after assisting at the *rentrée*, which was certainly *the* event of the season, in this very "Traviata," they, too, said in chorus, "*Nous avons été jeunes pendant toute une soirée.*"

Turning over some old books the other day I came across a cutting from a *New York Herald*, which I read with much amusement and curiosity. The paper was dated November 28th, 1859, and I cannot but give an extract from it, since for the moment we are expressing ourselves about Adelina Patti:—"One of the most remarkable events in the operatic history of the metropolis, or even of the world, has taken place during the last week at the Academy of Music. We refer to the *début* of Miss Adelina Patti, whose career bids fair to rival those of the most brilliant Queens of Song. . . Miss Patti sang the mad scene from 'Lucia' in such a superb way as to stir up the audience, which is usually chary of applause, to the heartiest demonstrations of delight. The prima-donna was twice called before the curtain, and the stage was literally covered with the flowers which were thrown before her. The success of this artist, educated and reared among us, with all the vocal gifts of an Italian, and all the cleverness of a Yankee girl, has made everybody talk of her, wondering who and what she is, where she has been, and so on. She was brought out at the Academy to save the season. The manager had a good opera, plenty of fine artists, everything required for fine performances; but the great outside public, always thirsting for something new, requires a sensation. They have it in 'Little Patti' who not only pleases composers, and is the special favourite of the fair, but has all the material for a great popular pet."

The critic of the *New York Herald*, even in the year 1859, knew what he was about. "Little Patti" scored one triumph after another—all great ones—but I suppose her greatest was when she appeared at our own Covent Garden.

A friend of mine, present at her *début*, tells me how unwillingly he was persuaded to leave a party at Ascot and join in the crowd at the opera merely to listen, as he expected, to a nonentity. Patti was then like an ordinary Yankee school-girl in appearance, thin, unfledged, almost appealing-looking, with her big black eyes shining out of a wistful face. When first she came on to the stage scarcely a hand was raised for her. A little temper in consequence flashed out of those eyes as she advanced to the footlights.

"There's something in her after all," thought my friend. Patti came forward, nearer to footlights still. "Care Compagne!" she began, and there came a silence all over the house. By the time she had finished her first aria, crowned with a shower of brilliant *staccati*, and a trill long, liquid, and sustained, her hearers were conquered. Seven recalls followed the fall of the curtain. It seemed as if the house were made of straw and had caught on fire. The sleep-walking scene was gone through quietly and naturally, and the voice which breathed through the gentle soliloquies of the innocent girl was itself innocent and girlish. Nothing more was needed. In the scenes of her agonised awakening to find herself surrounded, accused, the frantic cry, "Rea non sono," showed her capable of true dramatic fire. But it is the last act, of course, which proves the real mettle of any Amina's powers. Jenny Lind in the "Ah, nom credea mirarti!" had been wont in her pianissimo long-drawn notes to show something of the eerie quality of a ventriloquist as well as of a singer. Her "Ah, non Guinge!" which followed, was an overwhelming outburst of joy. Patti gave the airs with less effect, but with an art so pure and pains so childlike, that she conquered her audience anew. Then, as now, she possessed an intangible something. With all her simplicity she dominated, she captivated, she aroused a perfect storm of controversy. A and D might have been the dearest friends, and life-long ones to boot; but if A admired the new singer and D did not that friendship became severed. Neither friends nor foes could discuss her and keep a calm head. The only woman I have ever met who possessed a magnetism as great, if not greater, than Adelina Patti's is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. And, *à propos*, I wonder it has never struck anyone that the resemblance between the art of these women—albeit one is a singer and the other an actress—is altogether remarkable. Patti, like Mrs. Campbell, never ventures on a trial beyond her strength, never gives herself "out," restrains her every effort. You would not imagine that either would appeal to the gallery so directly as to the stalls. Yet the masses appreciate both artistes even more than do the classes. The resemblance is, further, a personal one. Patti had an Italian father and mother. Mrs. Campbell is an Italian only on her mother's side. But the national traits are as strong in one as in the other. A certain tenacity and shrewdness, coupled with a winning simplicity, and a strongly-developed desire to please, untinged by any element of irritating vanity. They have, too, the same brilliant dark eyes and thick

black hair, the same kind smile—but there the likeness ceases, for the expression of the face in repose is totally dissimilar — the one so happy, and the other as undoubtedly *triste*.

In society Patti scarcely shines so much as at home. She is bright and pleasant enough; has known men and cities; and if not a clever talker, is an excellent listener. But, somehow, it is at Craigynos she is seen to the best advantage. Nicolini would tell you that no more excellent wife exists in the three kingdoms than "Nini"—that is his pet name for her. As for her servants, they simply adore her. It it pretty to see her with the faithful "Caro," a German maid, who has been "in attendance" for the last thirty years, or with "Patro," an honest Creole, who likewise assists at that elaborate *toilette* of hers. Patti treats her servants as if they were her friends, yet at the same time with such tact and dignity that not one would venture to address her with any but the most perfect respect.

At home, then, the Diva appears supremely content, trotting about her lovely gardens, snipping at her flowers, followed by a train of admiring friends—English, French, German, Russian, and American—and "making music," as the old song has it, "wherever she goes," for I defy Patti to live ten minutes without humming or warbling you something! Singing comes as natural to her as the birds of the air.

After not having appeared in opera here for over eight years, the Diva is not unnaturally extremely nervous. She is indeed one of the most nervous singers I ever came across. But her welcome will be a warm—nay, more, an enthusiastic one. Her generosity and kindness to her neighbours—rich and poor—in South Wales are proverbial; and the "little birds" which have conveyed the truth to us here right aud left from across the wild hills of Brecon have done her good service. Patti was always known to be in her line the first of living singers. Of late we have learnt to look upon her as a charitable as well as a gifted woman.

MAKING LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT.

A young New Jersey electrician, D. McFarlan Moore, claims to have discovered the secret of the firefly. In other words, he insists that he can make light without heat, in accordance with a new principle in molecular vibration. He proposes to emulate the glowworm, and instead of having the present red-hot hairpin filament in the ordinary incandescent light, he will make the whole surface of the glass glow with a brilliant illumination. Mr. Moore's experiments have been directed along the lines of a new principle in electricity, which he claims to have discovered. He maintains that, theoretically, there is no reason why we cannot have light without heat, than there is why we cannot strike a chord on the piano without striking all the chords, in order to have music. He claims to be able to separate the several divisions of energy, and employ only the illuminating elements. He employs the ordinary current of 110 volts, and from this he gets a light that compares very favourably with sunshine, so far as obtaining a good negative is concerned. Indeed, he asserts that a one-volt current is enough to accomplish illumination.

He expects one of these days to sell sticks of light about the size of a stick of candy, that will burn for forty-eight hours. They will be a sort of storage battery, and a man can carry them around in his waistcoat pocket. At night all that is necessary to be done is to press a little button, and you have a bright light. His laboratory is in Harrison, N.J., and recently a party of electrical experts examined his new apparatus for producing light without heat. The machinery employed by him is said to be very simple, and the present commercial current of 110 volts will be enough for nearly a hundred lamps. Under the present incandescent lamp lighting the heat amounts to ninety-nine per cent. of the energy; under Mr. Moore's system nearly all this is saved, so that the cost of his lamps is reduced very much. When the current is turned on and the lamps become phosphorescent, the bulbs are as cold as if they had been in an icebox. The whole surface of the lamp is illuminated, and not merely the filament or hairpin, as in the present incandescent lamp. The effect of the new light is said to be something exceedingly brilliant. He proposes to use tubes in big halls and churches. He is a graduate of Lehigh University, and is the youngest active member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He has lectured before the Brooklyn Institute and Columbia College, and not long ago put the electrical steering gear on the United States man-of-war *Miantonomah*.—*New York Telegram.*

TEMPERING WINE WITH ELECTRICITY.

Italian wine merchants have reason to congratulate themselves on the introduction of the electrical process for ageing wines, in the wine-producing provinces of Italy. The process is said to render possible extraordinary modifications in the bouquet and body of the vintage, and the suggestion has been made that it might be employed with advantage in the correction of faults frequently apparent in Californian wines, arising from the richness of the soil on which the grapes have been grown. But the tempering of wine is only one of many uses to which electricity is now put in the wine-producing industry. In an establishment in Algeria, where the Arab labour was uncertain and unsatisfactory, a generating plant has been erected for doing the whole work. The plant consists of a compound dynamo and a steam-engine. The current from the dynamo is utilised for lighting purposes, and for the operation of seven electric motors, ranging from two to ten effective horse-power. One motor drives a one-ton crane, which lifts boxes of grapes from the ground floor to the beating-room; three motors operate the beaters and presses; and the remaining three are coupled direct to the centrifugal-pumps, which keep the must moving in the tuns. The work of the electric motors is extremely variable, and consequently there is much fluctuation in the load of the generating dynamo. All trouble, however, in lighting circuits is obviated by a perfect system of regulation.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

MR. POTTER'S RELIGION.

Mr. Potter once travelled in an unexplored district of Scotland, where the natives cherish an exaggerated curiosity on the subject of theology. Accordingly, at the public-house in the evening, Mr. Potter's servant was put through a sharp cross-examination. "Now, coachman," they said, "tell us what religion's your master." "Religion!" he repeated, meditatively, and then, after puffing away at his pipe for some minutes, abruptly changed the subject. But they were not to be baffled so easily, and insisted on being told. At last he gave in. "If you want to know just what master's religion is," he said, "I'll tell you. His religion is to do as much good and as little harm in the world as he can." "And what's your religion, coachman?" "The same as master's."

FROM A LONDON BALCONY.

BY

ERNEST BRAMAH.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

The balcony runs the whole length of the terrace, and by its several stages of decrepitude serviceably indicates the prosperity of the occupants. In some places it is gay with hanging plants and festoons of creepers; in others neglected, unpainted, and falling to pieces. Years ago fair ladies and brave men found it a charming vantage point to sit and gossip and flirt, or watch their neighbours while "taking the air." Below, the iron stanchions still remain where hung the swinging lanthorns which threw an uncertain glimmer over voluptuous sedans or stately carriages. That was before civilisation swept further west, and before the people of the Square were content and even proud to describe their neighbourhood as "quite respectable."

All the houses are large and uniform, but no one who could afford the rent would ever dream of living there unless, as they say, "there was something coming back." In most cases this resolves itself into letting apartments.

There is little traffic in the Square, and its quietness is mentioned as a particular recommendation. As the night deepens, there are strange sounds to be heard, and strange sights to be seen from the balcony. The sounds are the weirdest, for often they are inexplicable and insoluble; just haunting. Lately a little child lost itself—so someone said—and its incessant cries rang out like the bleating of a strayed lamb. Not a window was thrown up, not a door opened; it was nothing. Presently the policeman came his round, and took it away.

FOR A FEW MINUTES SHE STOOD THERE.

My balcony enjoys a happy mean. There are no flowers, nothing fancy about it, but it is painted, like the rest of the house, once every three years. The house on the left is dingy and jealous. The balcony there is latticed all round, and on the roof, high above, two jagged *chevaux-de-frise* mark the boundaries. The house on the right seems ordinary and common-place. At certain and regular hours the door opens, and a white-haired lady, leaning heavily on a gold-headed stick, walks out and across the road into the garden beyond. She has a kind, benevolent face; a face that instinctively inspires confidence and trust. No one else ever seems to leave the house, but on a sunny afternoon a light-haired girl may occasionally be seen for a moment, hanging a caged goldfinch out or watering the ferns and plants.

To the friendless, aimless man there is a humanising fascination in idly watching the meaningless trivialities of the little world around him. In piecing together the casual incidents, and building upon the passing commonplaces he loses his oppressing sense of utter loneliness, and invests his neighbour with an interest of comedy or tragedy, as may seem most appropriate. A passing word, an intercepted smile, a shrinking look, each becomes the key to a chapter of romance, and contributes to the unreal creation of his imagination.

In this way I had come to take an interest in the silver-haired lady next door, and assigned to her the *rôle* of fairy godmother, and pictured her as a benevolent intervener in the destinies of numerous *protégés*. One evening this imaginative conceit was strengthened by a pretty incident. I was on the balcony watching the white light of the evening pale into a faint opal dusk, when a cab rumbled along the road below me, and stopped at the next house. First of all my fairy godmother alighted, slowly, as all her actions were, and then followed the veritable Cinderella of my fancy. Cinderella just from the fields and monotonous toil, with her eyes shining out to the first mad glamour of London town; Cinderella, in poor, coarse dress, with the face of an angel and the form of a perfect woman.

For a few minutes she stood there, watching her corded wood box being lifted down, while her companion walked slowly into the house, and—in my imagination—stood waiting in the hall to welcome her when the girl rejoined her.

Whether it was that after the new arrival I began to notice the house on the right more closely than before, or whether other people also had gone in, I cannot say, but certainly from that time I grew conscious of new and unascribable sounds and incidents. Through the open window came the frequent sounds of voices in dispute, a voice in tears and entreaty, and a hard, coarse female voice—utterly irreconcilable with anyone I had seen—raised in threats and anger. I came to the absolute certainty that the house was occupied by more than one party.

The houses are substantial and the partitions thick.

for they were built at a Georgian period, when ugliness and solidity were alike aimed at. But one night there came a knocking at the wall on the right, that no amount of brick and mortar could quite deaden. It was the mad beating of two clenched hands, like the dashing of the wings of a newly caged bird against the wires of its prison. I flung open a window and stepped out. At the same moment a door in the next room slammed, the light went out, and all was still. From one balcony to another is only a step; but what can one do? A shrug of the shoulders, and back in again.

* * * * *

With the vibration of a piercing shriek still ringing through my brain, I jumped out of bed and to the window.

Where do the people come from at such a moment? I could not have been more than a couple of seconds, but already there were half-a-dozen collected round outside.

Ugh! it was too ghastly. There on the horrid spiked railings, twenty feet below——

I turned sick and faint, and I, at the moment, had not the nerve even to look at what a weak woman had dared to do.

They lifted her off, and put her gently down on the cold flags in the grey, early morning. They reverently straightened her limbs, and closed her eyes, and drew back her dabbled black hair; and presently they carried her in.

For weeks after, no matter how muddy the road might be, people stepped off the path, to avoid crossing those stains.

It must have been terribly distressing to the people in the house. They left almost immediately; but I saw the white-haired lady only yesterday at Paddington. She was talking to a very pretty girl, and she looked as nice and sympathetic as ever.

As for the house, it is still empty. Such houses do not readily let.

IN AN ELEPHANT CONVICT STATION.

Of all the animals in the world the elephant is by far the most intelligent. Few people who have not travelled in India are aware of its extraordinary sagacity. Everybody will doubtless admit that he is the strongest animal living and possessed of a most marvellous memory, but beyond this there is very little known or thought about him, except that he is exceedingly awkward and ungainly to look at. But those who have lived in India and visited places where the elephant convict stations are, and who have met an elephant battery, have a little more to say on the matter. Elephants are used for many purposes, but principally for carrying heavy loads from one part of the country to another. The Indian Government procures the best of them, which they use as transports and for their artillery. When garrison artillery go to India they become either mule or elephant batteries. There are twenty elephants to each battery. To each gun (forty-pounders) there are attached two elephants tandem fashion, and a third elephant follows as a reserve. When they come to a very rough road or steep hill, where the two are unable to pull it, the reserve elephant catches hold of the gun behind with his trunk and pushes.

Elephants are very particular about their rights. For instance, when formed upon parade, the senior or longest serving elephant takes the right of the rank, the others forming up in succession according to their seniority, just like soldiers, the tallest man always taking the right, the others forming on his left according to size. If, say, No. 9 elephant, by mistake or otherwise, formed up on the right of No. 7, elephants Nos. 7 and 8 would push him bodily out of their way. There is quite frequently a tremendous row in the ranks occasioned by this sort of thing, and only stopped by the officer in command shouting "Attention!" There was one battery in India of which I took particular notice, as I lay in the same station with it for a long time; in fact I became just as well acquainted with the men and elephants as if I really belonged to the battery. It was known as the First Battery of the First Brigade of garrison artillery. We were stationed at Campbellpore, near Rawal Pindi, Bengal. On one occasion I noticed, as the battery fell in as usual for morning parade, a scuffle in the centre between two elephants, originating by No. 9 elephant forming up on the right-hand side of No. 8 elephant. No. 8 objected to this, and by reining back out of the ranks and pushing forward again, jammed in between Nos. 9 and 7, being particular to knock as roughly against No. 9 as possible. No. 9 gunner was angry and not easily pacified. He said No. 8 gunner did it himself, and not the elephant. The consequence was a fierce fight.

No. 9 proved more than a match for No. 8 and kept hitting him unmercifully, when No. 8 elephant, who had lingered behind the other elephants, apparently suspecting mischief, ran to the rescue, and, picking No. 9 gunner up with his trunk, threw him up into the air. He was afterwards found in an unconscious condition and revived with difficulty, though practically unhurt. No. 8 elephant was brought as a prisoner to the orderly-room and charged with violent assault. It is a fact that in India elephants are tried and punished by reducing their diet, by terms of imprisonment or flogging, all according to the merit of their crime.

On a certain occasion there was an afternoon parade ordered. It happened to be pay-day, and, as the canteen had been open all day, some of the men were a little late in turning-out, but the one that seemed more troubled than anybody else was No. 5 elephant, who moved about searching for his absent rider. The elephant continually turned his little eye in the direction of the canteen, and was presently rewarded by seeing his worthy master come running from there with very unsteady steps; but when within a few feet of the parade ground the unfortunate gunner fell flat on the ground, and, though struggling hard to get up, appeared utterly incapable of doing so. His friend, the elephant, took the position in at a glance. In three strides he was at the gunner's side, and picking him up gently with his trunk, and placing him in his correct position on his head, formed up in his proper place on parade, with Burke, the gunner, sitting to attention, as if nothing unusual had happened. During that afternoon No. 5 elephant went through every movement, including the march past, without a single mistake, although the rider was practically incapable of guiding him. The following morning the lieutenant temporarily in charge of the battery sent for Gunner Burke, and addressed him as follows: "Gunner Burke, do not run away with the idea that I did not notice your drunken condition on parade yesterday. By right I should have confined you to the guard-room, but my reasons for not doing so were simply because I knew you to be a clean, and in every respect, except being too partial to beer, a good soldier. The noble act performed by your elephant showed that you were kind to it, and, further, should I have had you put in the guard-room, the elephant might possibly have thought it had done wrong in lifting you up, and, perhaps, at another time, where it might be really the means of saving your life by so doing, the elephant might let you lie to die. Just try and keep sober on the next afternoon parade."

Shortly after this I happened to be appointed a member of the court-martial ordered to assemble at Campbellpore for the purpose of trying Elephant Abdul (No. 15) for causing the death of Syce Ramboucles. This court-martial was certainly the most impressive one

ever witnessed. The prisoner, with eyes filled with ars, was marched in front of us between an escort mposed of No. 2 and No. 3 elephants. Along with em came all the witnesses. The president of the urt-martial was Major Cameron, a grey-haired an of the 34th Hogras Native Infantry, who had en for years in India. He read the charge: "Elephant bdul is charged with causing the death of Syce Ramoucles by catching him by the legs in his trunk and ating his brains out against the walls of the grain it." The first witness called was Orderly Bombadier oberts, who said he was in the lines at twelve o'clock eing the elephants fed. When the trumpeter sounded feed," he saw Syce Ramboucles run with a bag of ain toward Elephant Abdul. At this time all the other ephants were fed, consequently Syce Ramboucles was e in feeding Elephant Abdul. He, the bombadier, dered the syce to hurry and feed him, but he did not em to move any quicker. As soon as he approached, ephant Abdul seized him by the legs, and dashed his ains out against the little grain hut. Eight syces and e jemindar gave similar statements. When they had ished, the president, who had kept his head down the hole time with the elephant's defaulter-sheet in front him, suddenly looked up and glared at the prisoner. eing the elephant's eyes swimming in tears, said: "It's no use; that game wont do me. I am ite accustomed to see tears, and never take any notice them. I see by this defaulter-book that you have en guilty of no fewer than sixteen crimes of injuring ople, and I have not the slightest compassion for u." We members all agreed with the major, and, ter a short adjournment, found Abdul guilty, and ntenced him to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonent.

When the elephant was marched back a prisoner he ared crying, not from grief for having killed Ramoucles though, but for his own sake. He anticipated me severe punishment, especially as he was marched to e prison shed, where only those who are awarded long term of imprisonment are taken. Three days ter this I was informed the flogging process would ke place, and as I was very anxious to see how the gantic Abdul would stand his punishment, I resolved be an eye-witness of this painful though necessary ode of enforcing discipline. The whole thing struck e as being a most peculiar sight, but rendered very stressing owing to Abdul's pitiful howls; but you uld not help laughing occasionally at the comical tions of the flogger. When I arrived on the scene I und the whole battery drawn up in a square, fourteen ephants forming one side and the non-commissioned ficers and men the other three sides. In the centre were e two huge elephants, the prisoner, Abdul, and his flogr, Lalla, No. 1. It always falls to the senior elephant's t to inflict the punishment. Beside these two elephants l officers of the battery, the provosts, the brigadier, the ajor, and the doctor, were in the centre, and elephants os. 2 and 3 stood on either flank as an escort in case e prisoner might try to escape. There were four great on pegs driven into the ground, to each of which one the prisoner's legs was chained. Lalla, No. 1 eleiant, stood by with a huge cable chain fastened around r trunk, waiting further orders. When all was prounced ready the doctor, who stood with a watch in s hand, gave the signal to begin. Lalla raised her unk in the air, gave it two turns, and down came the ble with terrific force on Abdul's back. A loud thud as heard, followed by an unearthly roar from the unfornate Abdul. Again the doctor gave the signal, and own came the cable with terrific force, causing more aring. Again and again it came down, until the full umber of lashes were given, after which the prisoner as marched back to his quarters, trembling from head foot, and having a few lumps on his back as the sult of the lashing. The parade was dismissed and things went on as usual. This is an exact description of how they use elephants in India, all of which can be verified by writing to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, India.—*From the Brooklyn Eagle.*

ENGRAVING ON DIAMONDS.

Diamonds can now be engraved in a very artistic manner. This development of the diamond-cutting art brings into existence a new class of jewellery, for which a considerable demand is expected. It was long believed that the diamond could not be engraved with safety or satisfactory results. A few stones roughly engraved were found in India, and a diamond was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878 on which a portrait of the King of Holland was scratched. But the work was very imperfect and the stones were rather depolished than engraved. Some of the finest examples of engraving on diamonds are the work of M. Bordinet, a Paris jeweller. One is a beautiful scarf-pin representing a yataghan, of which the blade is a slender diamond, the handle a ruby. Another example is a large circular stone on which a pansy with its foliage is engraved. In another case the design is a knife, made with two diamonds. An elaborate piece of work is a bicycle, of which the wheels are two circular diamonds. The spokes are represented by lines engraved on the diamonds. A small hole is pierced at each axle: Another diamond is carved like a fish. A handsome brooch is a scarabæus, surrounded by sapphires and brilliants.

The most remarkable is a ring made of one diamond, the interior surface being polished and the exterior elaborately engraved. It is said that there is nothing similar to this in existence. Other examples are brooches representing flies, of which the wings are thin engraved diamonds; two diamonds engraved with armorial bearings, the imperial arms of Russia being used in one instance on shirt and cuff buttons. Formerly it was only possible to produce the polish on flat surfaces, but M. Bordinet has been able to do this on concave portions, as on the body and tail of the fish and the interior of the ring. His tools produce not only straight lines, as in the wheels, the racquet, and the flies' wings, but a free modelling, as in the pansy, the Russian arms, and the scarabæus. He has invented these tools himself, and intends that his son alone shall have the use of them. They are exceedingly delicate and difficult to handle. He has spent twenty-five years in bringing them to perfection. It is but a few years since it was first possible to pierce holes in diamonds. This feat made possible the placing of diamonds on a string, alternating with pearls. The work is now done generally in diamond-cutting establishments.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A TENDER RECOLLECTION OF ROBESPIERRE.

(From *Harper's Magazine*, 1850.)

An old woman was brought before a Paris magistrate for begging in the Place de Greve. She pleaded that she had no parents and no friends. "I have only had one friend in my life," she said, "and he is gone. Poor dear man!" "Who was he?" inquired the magistrate. "Robespierre," returned the old woman. "My mother with a tricoleuse; she used to sit at the foot of the guillotine, knitting. I was a little child then. Robespierre used to touch my cheek, and call me La Belle Marguerite. Poor, dear man!" "He must have been a great benefactor to your family in some way?" asked the judge. "He guillotined my husband, poor, dear man!" replied the old woman, simply.

GRASS THAT MAKES YOU TIRED.

In some parts of New Mexico there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses after eating the grass, in nearly all cases, sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down. It has occasionally happened that travellers have stopped to allow horses to feed in place where the grass grows pretty thickly, and the animals have had time to eat a considerable quantity before its effects manifested themselves. In such cases horses have gone to sleep on the road, and it is hard to arouse them. The effect of the grass passes off in an hour or two, and no bad results have ever been noticed on account of it. Cattle on the ranches frequently come upon patches of this grass, where they feed for perhaps half an hour, and then fall asleep for an hour or more when they wake up and start feeding again. The programme is repeated perhaps a dozen times, until thirst obliges them to go to water. Whether, like the poppy, the grass contains opium, or whether its sleep-producing property is due to some other substance, is not known.—*From the Pittsburg Despatch.*

THE DUKE OF YORK'S COOK.

When the Duke of York (George IV.'s brother) died, his French cook, Ude, lamented him with tears. "He shall miss me, wherever he has gone to," he said.—*From "Glances Back through Seventy Years," by H. Vizitelly.*

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LITTLE TEXAS.

BY

ARTHUR SPERRY.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

FEATS of marksmanship, even as skilful as were those of Little Texas, might be regarded as out of place as part of a Sunday sacred concert anywhere but in New York's Bowery. But it has been so often said and sung and become so well understood that "Everything goes on the Bowery," that the shooting of potatoes from people's heads by a slender, narrow-eyed girl in a short dress and leggings did not seem at all out of place in the Bowery Sunday concert that was called "sacred," because concerts that were not called "sacred" were by law forbidden on Sunday.

Little Texas with her revolvers and her bantering talk to the audience, quaint with the nasal drawl of the Far West, was a prime favourite at these sacred concerts of the Bowery. There was a slap-dash about the way she performed her feats, and a breezy freedom and forcefulness about her banter that smacked of the cowboy land that is as remotely romantic to the mind of the New Yorker as it is to the mind of the Londoner. So redolent of the spirit of the wild and woolly West was this little markswoman that she seemed entirely out of place on the dingy stages of the Bowery concert halls. From the moment she dashed on from the wings in the midst of a fusillade from the two six-shooters in her little brown hands until she performed her last feat, throwing two potatoes into the air with her left hand and shooting both of them with a revolver as they fell, Little Texas kept her audience breathlessly interested. That was the reason she appeared only on Sunday.

Her advent into the Bowery was during one of the occasional attacks of straight-lacedness to which New York used to be subject, and during this attack concert halls were not allowed to sell intoxicants on Sunday, Little Texas' turn was so exciting that the spectators forgot to drink while she was on. While this did not matter so much on Sunday, it was an insurmountable obstacle to her histrionical success during the week.

"Dar's a chink wants to see yo' in de manager's office, Missy Texas," said the negro stage-director to Little Texas one Sunday as she sat on the chair that served as her dressing-room, taking off her leather leggings after she had finished her turn.

She found the Chinaman in the little alcove at the end of the passage leading to the bar-room, where drinks were being served to such thirsty searchers as the proprietor knew or thought were to be trusted. As he scrutinised those who wished to pass to the bar-room, exchanging greetings with his friends, and cautioning those who seemed disposed to be noisy, he told Little Texas why she had been sent for.

"Miss Texas," he said "this feller asked me if your act was all honest shooting, or if it was fake. I told him that your act was on the dead square, and said he could have a private exhibition and satisfy himself what you could do if he wanted to pay for it. He asked me to interduce him to you, and there your are!"

Little Texas swept her eyes over the fat little Chinaman before her in a way that made him feel that she could read him like a book.

"Well, what do you want? Learn to shoot?" she asked him.

The Chinaman seemed aghast at the idea.

"No, no!" he said hastily. "Me Tom Yen. Heap big gambler. Win heap money, loose heap money. When me win, bad man come bump, bump," and Tom Yen struck his podgy fist into his chubby neck under his ear to explain what he meant, "take my money and run. Tell policeman and policeman laugh. Hire Chinaman to keep bad men from robbing me, and he rob me himself. But me can trust you, you good gel, can see. You no steal."

"And you want me to go around with you and protect you?"

"Yes, Missy Texy."

"How much will you pay me?"

"How much you want?"

"Ten dollars a day."

"All light," said the Chinaman promptly. "Come now."

"Of what?" questioned Little Texas contemptuously, disappointed to find her employer's home so shabby, and quickly deciding to demand her salary in advance. The Chinaman's cheerful "Come on, then," was all the

HE BREWED HIS PROTECTOR A CUP OF TEA.

Little Texas said she would, and went to dress for the street. She put a six-shooter into the side pocket of her tailor-made coat, and was ready for business.

"No kill," Tom Yen said to her as she rejoined him, "No kill, just ping, ping," And the Chinaman punched the girl's arm and shoulder sharply with his finger ends to illustrate what he meant.

"I see what you mean," Little Texas said, "and you have got a lot sense for a Chinaman. Are you ready?"

Tom Yen was; and the odd pair started down the Bowery toward Chinatown. Little Texas walked a step or two behind, but close enough to her charge so that no one could come between them. The Chinaman led her over into the upper part of Mott Street, down which he turned toward Chinatown. Just beyond, where the character of the street changes from Italian to Chinese, he stopped before an old tenement house. Shabby, iron-railed stone steps led up to the doorway, and under these steps was another door into the basement. The one basement window was closed by wooden shutters that seemed never to have been opened. Tom Yen went down to the basement door.

"No 'flaid?" he asked over his shoulder.

answer she got. He unlocked the outer door with a latch-key. The narrow passage-way it opened on was dark and damp. A step or two down the passage was a second door opening out of the passage. This door was of iron thickly studded with rivets. It had three locks which Tom Yen unlocked, one after the other. As he opened this door a flood of soft light from a cluster of electric glow lamps in the ceiling of the room behind the door fell into the grimy passage.

"Come in?" asked the Chinaman.

Little Texas said "Yes" and the Chinaman ushered her into a room that was a revelation to her. It was floored with fancifully worked straw matting, over which were strewn dozens of silken cushions of all colours and sizes. The walls were hung with fine woollen tapestry, and the room was crowded with lacquered cabinets, low tables and quaint Chinese *bric-à-brac*. Indeed, no single thing in the room seemed to Little Texas like anything she had seen before. With the skill of long practice, and the loving care of a connoisseur Tom Yen brewed his protector a cup of tea the like of which she had never tasted before.

"Me safe in here," the Chinaman chattered over his

tea. "Bad man can't get in here to steal. All stone," he explained, pointing to the ceiling and walls; "no window, no door only one."

When they had finished their tea Tom took a roll of notes and a little bag of gold from one of the lacquered cabinets, and made ready to leave. He locked the three locks of his door carefully, and Little Texas and her charge started down Mott Street.

"Me go Hi Foy's, play fan-tan. You wait at Hi Foy's or go way and come back at one o'clock, or two o'clock, or whenever you like. You will be all light—Chinaman no hurt white gel."

"I'll come back for you about midnight," Little Texas answered. "Now, if you see anyone that you think is going to hurt you, just put your hand behind your back and I will be on the look-out. Go on ahead."

The Chinaman shuffled on in his cork-soled shoes, and Little Texas walked a step or two behind him. They reached Hi Foy's without anything happening. Tom Yen spoke a few words to the Chinaman at the door and received from him a small square of pale pink silk, with a Chinese word on it in black, which he handed to Little Texas

"Sure come back, Missy Texy?" he said, as he handed her the pass to the gambling resort.

"Yes, sure," she answered as she turned away.

Little Texas went to the restaurant in Great Jones Street, patronised by most of the Bowery Thespians who ate, as distinguished from those who only drank. A knot of artists she knew looked up from the current copy of the *New York Clipper* that belonged to the establishment, and from which they were extracting the tidings of professional friends that serve instead of correspondence in the world of American vaudeville.

The news of Little Texas' odd engagement had already been brought in by someone who knew her, but after she had explained that as yet she had done no shooting for her new employer, the matter excited no further comment. Little Texas supped slowly and well, and gossiped with the other artists until midnight.

THE NEWS OF HER ODD ENGAGEMENT HAD ALREADY BEEN BROUGHT IN.

She was admitted at once on showing her bit of silk at Hi Foy's, and walked straight ahead into the main room of the place. She expected that her presence would attract some attention, but it did not, because the Chinese gambler regards, or affects to regard, everything as a matter of course. Her employer was one of the dozen or so players at a fan-tan game at the farther end of the room. As she stood looking around the room, the smoke from the players' cigarettes filling her throat, Tom Yen rose and came to her.

"You give me heap luck," he said. "Win all time. Come and watch me."

So she sat behind Tom, and watched the game. One by one the players left as Tom won the last of their money, and the game broke up. Like the wise gambler he was, Tom refused all invitations to chance the inevitable change in his luck and join in another game, and prepared to go home.

"Me win thousand dolla," he said to Little Texas, when they got outside. "You bring me luck," and as he spoke he slipped a fifty-dollar note into her hands. She looked at him doubtfully a moment, and then pushed the folded note into the palm of her glove. Before he got home the gambler had further cause to congratulate himself on his good luck.

As he passed the black mouth of a dark alley two Chinamen stepped out, and one of them was about pulling a big sack down over his head and shoulders while the other held his arms, when there was a sharp report behind them. Little Texas had shot the man with the bag through the elbow. He turned, and looked down the barrel of her revolver. Then he said something in Chinese to his companion, who was still struggling with Tom Yen, and the pair at once took to their heels.

Tom thanked his protector warmly, and explained to her that he was glad she had not killed the robber, because if she had Tom would have had to make good his life insurance to the Highbinders. When they reached the strong box Tom Yen lived in he bade her good-night, after telling her to come for him at ten o'clock the next night, and, after waiting till he had locked himself in, Little Texas went home to her lonely room in Tenth Street.

For a week or so attacks on Tom Yen were of almost nightly occurrence, and they always resulted in a painful but not dangerous wound for some bad Chinaman. Then the footpads learned a lesson, and attempted robberies became so rare as to be regarded as uncommon events. It was only when a strange robber came to Chinatown that Little Texas had a few minutes work to do for her salary.

Meanwhile Tom Yen lavished presents of money and jewellery on her, and tried to extract from her a promise that she would always act as his bodyguard. But Little Texas would not promise. There was but one hope in this odd girl's life, and its fulfilment would put an end to her engagement with

Tom Yen. So she refused to bind herself more than from day to day, and Tom was oppressed by the constant fear that he would lose her.

One evening when Little Texas came to his strong box for Tom to start on their round of the gambling places, she found him dressed in American clothes. He looked as uncomfortable in them as he felt. His stiff collar choked him, and the heels on his boots made his gait uncertain, like that of a walking doll. He made her a cup of tea, and began to tell her about his fortune. He was worth a lot of money, he said, and he wanted to go away from Chinatown and live quietly with a nice little wife. His usual confident and somewhat arrogant manner was changed to one of timidity and nervousness. At last he drew a chair, and the only two in the place were palpably new, as Little Texas had never seen any chairs there before, beside his protector, blushed more furiously than ever, and said, his eyes looking away from her as though repeating a lesson learned with difficulty: "Missy Texy, I aware of the presumption of what I am about to say to you, but I trust that you have already observed that me—that I—you"—— And then Tom Yen became dumb.

"Well, what are you chewing the air about now, Tom?" the girl asked, with a puzzled laugh.

"Me fool. No can say. Here," he added, suddenly turning to one of the cabinets, and taking out a little book, "lead it fo' me."

The book was "Smith's Handbook of Etiquette," and was opened at a page headed, "How to Make a Proposal of Marriage."

"Oh, I see," said the markswoman, as she glanced at the book, "You want to marry someone, and want me to tell you how to pop the question."

"Want to mally you, Miss Texy."

At first Little Texas was angry. Then she laughed, laughed so heartily that she scarcely heard what Tom said.

"Me got plenty money," he was saying, "Heap money. Go way, live any place you likee. Give you anything you want."

"Hush! You're crazy, Tom," the girl said. "Why I'm married already."

"Me no care, me love you."

"Now look here, Tom, no more of this nonsense. Come on if you want me to go down town with you. If you don't, say so, and give me my ten dollars. And if you don't keep still about my marrying you after this I won't have anything more to do with you."

Tom Yen could not keep the tears from his eyes.

"All light," he said, "but please not leave me. Give you anything you want, but if you bad friends with me, me not go out again, never."

"What do you mean? That you will kill yourself?"

"Yes, if you do not come for me evly day."

"No, you won't, Tom. Now, you must get out of those clothes that make you look like a fool, put on your own clothes, and go down to Hi Foy's and play just as if nothing had happened. And no more of this nonsense." There was authority in her voice.

"But me not want money, not want to live if you not let me love you."

Little Texas grew scornful. "Love," she said, "What do you know about love?" And then her clear eyes filled with tears as she thought of what she herself knew about love. "You don't know what love is."

She was sobbing softly to herself now, and to the Chinaman seemed more beautiful than ever with this new softness in her eyes. He feared he might anger her if he spoke.

"I will tell you about myself, Tom," she said at last, "and then you will know why I can't marry you, and how I came to be alone in the world. And perhaps you will know something of what love is too. My father had a big cattle ranch in Texas, and I was born there. I learned to shoot and ride before I learned to read, and all the tricks I do in my performance I learned from my father. The next ranch to my father's was owned by a man named Wilson, and the very day I saw his son Ned I fell in love with him. Ned had been East to college, and only came home when his father died.

"I think Ned loved me too then," Little Texas went on, the tears welling into her eyes again. "Anyway, we were married. Within a month we quarrelled, and he left me. Then my father died, and I owned the ranch. Ned came back, and made friends with me again, persuaded me to sell the ranch and give him the money. He lost it all gambling, or told me he lost it all, and then ran away again and took a Mexican woman with him. Then I swore that if ever I found him I would kill him. I knew that he would come East, and I came East after him. The men in the town where my husband gambled my money away made up a purse for me, and I came to New York at once. When my money was gone I went into the theatres to earn my living. I know that I shall find the man who has been the curse of my life some day, and then—then after I have killed him, I don't care what happens."

As she told the Chinaman the story of her wrongs, hot anger dried the tears from her eyes, and the girl rose and began to walk to and fro, nervously.

"You must never speak of this again, Tom," she went on. "I don't know why I have told it all to you, anyway. I have not spoken of it to anyone since I left Texas until now. Go and change your clothes, and go down to Hi Foy's. Forget me."

"Not can do that," Tom said, but he went to the gamblers' resort, and played, and was luckier than ever during the days that followed.

One night, as Little Texas was following Tom Yen on his way home, she noticed a stout, middle-aged woman standing on the other side of the narrow street. Little Texas saw that the woman was not of Chinatown, and could only conclude that she was a slum missionary. As the woman followed them she told herself that either she or Tom was in for a talking-to.

As they reached the dark and deserted portion of the street near Tom's house the strange woman passed Little Texas and walked close behind Tom. Suddenly there was a quick motion of the stout woman's arm, and Tom lay motionless on the pavement, stunned by a blow from a sandbag. The respectable-looking woman bent over him for a moment, and then fell forward in a heap on top of the Chinaman with a bullet from Little Texas' tardy pistol through the shoulder.

The markswoman, still wondering at this, to her, new development of crime, kneeled on the pavement and looked intently into the pain-drawn face of her employer's assailant. It was very dark, but she could see that a wig had fallen from the would-be robber's head and that the hair was short.

Suddenly she seized the face between her hands and

raised it into the little light that came from a distant lamp.

"My God!" she cried as she looked. "Ned! Ned! Is it you!"

"No, I won't steal," she said, "but I'll ask him to let you stay at his place to-night you will be safe enough there—and then we will see what we can do to-morrow. I've got money in the bank of my own."

SHE SEIZED THE FACE BETWEEN HER HANDS.

It was the voice of her husband that answered.

"Yes," he said. "It is me, you wild-cat, and I will kill you for this if I live."

"Oh! My poor Ned—my poor Ned! Forgive me. I never thought of hurting you when I fired."

"You lie, you she-devil. You swore you would kill me, and I hope you have. But I wish I could have a chance to get even."

Little Texas drew his head into her arms, and kissed the vicious face of the thief. The markswoman had known her heart as little as other women do.

"No, no, Ned!" she cried. "I love you. I was mad when you left me, but I love you—I love you. Be good to me, Ned, darling. I can't help but love you."

"Then get me out of this before the police come. I have been doing these jobs up town in women's clothes that the newspapers have had so much to say about, and if they catch me it will be a ten years' trick at the very least. Your chink here has got money. Take it, and help me walk till we find a cab."

The coil of his queue had protected Tom Yen's skull from the blow of the sandbag to some extent, so that he was only stunned by it. He was already on his feet when Little Texas turned to him.

"Tom," she said, "it is my husband, dressed like a woman, who tried to rob you. When I saw who it was that I had shot I forget all about the past. I love him, Tom. Will you let him stay in your place to-night so the police can't get him?"

Only a moment the Chinaman hesitated, and then he gave his assent to the plan. After helping Little Texas take the outlaw to his strong box, Tom went for a doctor, who attended to the outlaw's wounds.

When the doctor had gone, Tom turned to the pile of cushions where Ned Wilson lay.

"You," he said, fixing his eyes on the footpad's face, "you one velly dem bad man. She," nodding towards Little Texas, though he seemed not to want to look at her, "she angel. Me love her. Me tell her she have all my money if she marry me. She say 'No.' She say

me not know what love is. Now she can see if I do. She love you. To make her happy me going to give her ten thousand dolla so she can go 'way with you. Get in cab and go down to the East River, and get in boat and go to South 'Melica. Nobody know you there, only my friends that I have watch you. Now, be sure not forget what I tell you—be good to Lil Texy. If you not ———."

THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

The author of "Alice in Wonderland," charming, kindly gentleman that he is, has a horror of anything approaching to publicity which might almost be called morbid. So much does he dread a chance encounter with the ever-wily interviewer, and even the possibility of a betrayal by an acquaintance, that he avoids making friends. Only a very few of those who surround him are admitted to his intimacy and enjoy the charm of his quick sympathy, bright intelligence, and wide learning. To us who live in the world, and who are accustomed to have our thirst for information regarding all those whom we admire ministered to by the enterprising journalist, it seems difficult to understand how Mr. Dodgson can believe that the individuality of Lewis Caroll is entirely hidden in that of the spare, grey-headed, austere-looking don of Christchurch, but so it is, and he even takes a joy in the thought that his family name is hardly known outside the University save to ardent lovers of mathematics.

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson has spent the greater part of his life in college. He was elected a student—*i.e.*, a Fellow of Christchurch in 1854, and from 1855 to 1881 he was mathematical tutor. His subject is mathematics, and he has contributed a number of books to its literature. Curiously enough he hardly realises that his fame has come to him, not as the advanced mathematician, but as the author of the most fascinating nonsense that ever was written. When in the first flush of her success "Alice" was in every hand, and her Wonderland adventures were the delight of grown-up people as well as of children, Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent a message to the author begging him to send her his next book. Like all her subjects, she was anxious to hear more of the delightful child, whose prototype was the daughter of the dean of Christchurch. She was much astounded to receive soon after a copy of "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson, for in those days he had managed to preserve his incognito, and Her Majesty, like the rest of the world, believed him a mere humorist.

Mr. Dodgson is a clergyman in deacon's orders; he was never ordained a priest, owing, it is said, to a slight hesitancy of speech which prevents his speaking in public. This, however, he has in a measure overcome, and he now not infrequently reads the lessons and prayers at the college services in the Cathedral. He has even occasionally been known to preach at the special services for the college servants, but it is very rarely that he mounts the pulpit. He is a creature of habit, and in term time is never absent from his own particular seat in St. Mary's for the University sermon, always staying to matins afterward. During the last five-and-twenty years he has hardly ever been missed from his accustomed place.

For years Mr. Dodgson has been a keen amateur photographer, and he finds in the art one of his favourite relaxations. Long before the craze became at all general, the Christchurch don was as enthusiastic and as indefatigable in pursuit of good negatives—or were they positives then?—as he is in everything that interests him. His rooms very soon included a shed for photography, and though his ardour has now slightly cooled, he by no means neglects his camera. Children are, perhaps, his favourite subject, but then he adores children under every condition. He found one of his chief delights in the dramatic version of "Alice," so charmingly arranged for the stage by the late Mr. H. Savile Clarke, that it was played entirely by children. He took a great interest in the little actresses, and had several of the principal performers to stay with him at the seaside, where the fascinations of castle-building and paddling were diversified by instruction in mathematics by their host. He would also send presents to all the diminutive company, with the proviso, however, that they were only to be given to those children who deserved them. Of course, he is immensely popular among small folk, but their affection is mingled with a certain amount of awe, for he has a quaint way of talking to them about great and beautiful things in an elaborately mystifying way, which, while it somewhat confuses his juvenile listeners, delights the grown-ups. He is a great lover of mystery and mystification, and it is, no doubt, partly owing to this that he is so extremely sensitive on the subject of his name and his whereabouts.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE TRUE STORY OF "THE BELLS."

At this time there was "hanging loose on" the theatres one Leopold Lewis, who had been seduced from an office by the enchantments of the stage. He had made a translation of a very striking French play, *Le Juif Polonais*, which had been shown to the new actor. This *Juif Polonais* is more a succession of tableaux than a formal play, but it has a charm that is irresistible.

"Much against the wish of my friends," says Sir Henry Irving, "I took an engagement at the Lyceum, then under the management of Mr. Bateman. I had successfully acted in many plays besides *The Two Roses*, which ran three hundred nights. It was thought by everybody interested in such matters that I ought to identify myself with what they called 'character parts'; though what that phrase means, by the way, I never could exactly understand, for I have a prejudice in the belief that every part should be a character. I always wanted to play in the higher drama. Even in my boyhood my desire had been in that direction. When at the Vaudeville Theatre I recited the poem of 'Eugene Aram,' simply to get an idea as to whether I could impress an audience with a tragic theme. I hoped I could, and at once made up my mind to prepare myself to play characters of another type. When Mr. Bateman engaged me he told me he would give me an opportunity, if he could, to play various parts, as it was to his interest as much as to mine to discover what he thought would be successful—though, of course, never dreaming of *Hamlet* or of *Richard III.* Well, the Lyceum opened, but did not succeed. Mr. Bateman had lost a lot of money, and he intended giving it up. He proposed to me to go to America with him. By my advice, and against his wish, *The Bells* was rehearsed, but he did not believe in it much. When he persuaded the manager to produce *The Bells* he was told there was a prejudice against that sort of romantic play. It produced a very poor house, although a most enthusiastic one. From that time the theatre prospered."

Our actor, thus always earnest and persuasive, pressed his point, and at last extorted consent; and the play, which required scarcely any mounting, was performed on November 25, 1871. An extraordinary alteration, due, I believe, to the manager, was the introduction of the vision of the Jew in his sledge, a device unmeaning and illogical. In the original the morbid remorse of the guilty man is roused by the visit of a travelling Jew, which very naturally excites his perturbed spirit. But this vision discounts, as it were, and enfeebles the *second* vision. The piece would have been presented under far more favourable conditions had it been prepared by or adapted by someone of more skill and delicacy than Mr. Leopold Lewis.—*From "Sir Henry Irving," by Percy Fitzgerald.*

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I was chatting the other day in the shop with a well-known writer, who told me some interesting news about the late R. L. Stevenson. It is commonly supposed that Stevenson was an ardent young literary sportsman who pursued his game of "style" on a little oatmeal. The fact is that, being the only—and delicate—child of his father, a tolerably wealthy engineer, he had a very substantial allowance, which was interrupted during that short period (about 1879-80) when he persisted, against the parental prohibition, in going to America. On his return (married and very ill) his father became reconciled to him, and allowed him considerably more than a thousand a year. Something of this must be apparent to those who are competent to consider the particular kind of thing which constitutes the Stevensonian style. It is plain that it could not be produced by a man who had to write for his living. In Stevenson's early days of essay-writing for the *Cornhill* an essay would cost him a whole month's hard, close application.

* * * *

If this be so, and I have every reason to believe that the speaker was well informed, another illusion vanishes. I had always pictured Stevenson as going without bread in order not to sully the purity of his style. Still, one is thankful for his work under whatever conditions it may have been produced. The writers who cultivate literature on a little oatmeal rather give themselves away nowadays from their inordinate appetites for the flesh-pots. When I was a young man there were revels in Grub Street on steaks and porter; now it is chicken and champagne, and personal paragraphs in all the papers next morning to say that the great Mr. So-and-So toyed with his ice-pudding, and preferred green to yellow Chartreuse. If so unliterary a person as myself is entitled to express an opinion, I think that an occasional return to the Grub Street days for a few of our minor bards and authors would not be at all a bad thing. On their present fare they wax fat and kick, and—produce nothing but wind.

* * * *

I am selling a good many copies of Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Japanese Marriage." There is an impression abroad that people do not marry in Japan. Hence the blushing shyness with which one or two elderly ladies have asked me for the book.

* * * *

Mr. Spielmann is extremely busy with his forthcoming "History of *Punch*, and its Times." He has secured the assistance of all the known surviving contributors to *Punch* from its first number, and has succeeded in obtaining a vast amount of information from the friends and relatives of such as are dead. The book will be profusely illustrated with sketches, drawings, and portraits, and brought down to 1895.

* * * *

Occasionally I pick out volumes of no particular importance that contain illustrations by some of our cleverest younger men, to keep until their hour arrives, and the man with it. Years ago I did the same with Randolph Caldecott as I do to-day with Phil May and Raven Hill; and to this collection I have just added the private view cards and catalogues of both of these clever caricaturists. When you remember that a little pamphlet, "Sunday Under Three Heads," by Charles Dickens, with the first drawings by "Phiz," done for this author, easily fetches £10—I sold a copy myself for that, and had half a dozen rival telegrams for it—you will see that if it is a waiting game, it pays.

* * * *

Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, who is preparing a monograph on "Velasquez," which is to be profusely illustrated, is the cousin of R. L. S., and his chum from boyhood. A fascinating master of style, and a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall* to-day, as to the *Saturday Review* and *National Observer* in the past, he is yet so shy and reserved that probably his personal appearance is unknown even to up-to-date people; yet my customers, who speak with authority, say that England has never known a greater art critic, and that if it were not for his diffidence and extremely altruistic attitude towards contemporaries, he would be one of the best known men of the time.

* * * *

Miss Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves) tells me that she is very busy just now revising her new novel, entitled "The Lovely Malincourt," which has already appeared in an abridged form in one of the new ladies' magazines. The authoress is now making considerable additions to the book, which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons in the new uniform addition of Miss Mathers' works at 3s. 6d.

* * * *

Mr. Christopher Davies, whose "Guide to the Norfolk Broads" has made Norfolk famous, is a prosperous Norwich lawyer. He is a frequent *habitué* of Messrs. Jarrold's Library and Book Warehouse at Norwich, which Sir Walter Besant, who paid them a visit last year when staying on the East Coast, described as "a big bookshop, which maketh glad the heart of man."

* * * *

"It's only a little one," he said, smiling in his modest way; "your customers can read it between the acts of *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe*." He often comes into my shop, and I like to talk to him about books and authors; his prejudices are so few and strong, his likes so many and so generous. I am speaking of "Jo" Hatton, and the fact is I was remonstrating with him on a new book I had just ordered for the window and the counter—Hutchinson's latest shilling story, "Tom Chester's Sweetheart." "Charge the full price for 'Jessop,' and throw 'Tom Chester' in," he said laughing. When he had left I dipped into the well-illustrated volume, and found a tale of the Press, a love story in an Editor's room, the tender incidents going on amidst the clicking of the telegraph tape, the tintinabulary performances of the telephone bell, and the adventures of a City knight, who declares that any fool can edit a newspaper, and sits down to prove his words. The old fellow has a bad time of it.

* * * *

"Stolen Souls," a new volume of psychological stories, by Mr. William Le Queux (the Tower Publishing Company), is the latest addition to my library. The get-up of the volume is antique, with a photogravure portrait of the author. The note of "Stolen Souls" is modern, and the scenes of the stories are laid in all quarters of the globe.

* * * *

That veteran writer and old friend of mine, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, dropped in yesterday to inquire after the sale of his new book, "Sir Henry Irving" (Chatto and Windus.) It is an interesting record of over twenty years' work at the Lyceum, with a capital engraving of Sir Henry. There is nothing more interesting in modern literature than the record of our great actor's climb to fame and fortune.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F.—Your book is worth about 2s.

C. A.—*The Yellow Book* is the correct title of a quarterly publication.

H. M. H.—You would get very little for it. Possibly you might sell it by advertisement; but I should say it would hardly pay you to do this, unless you have other similar wares to dispose of.

C. D. T.—I have been trying to find a complete set of the *Whirlwind*, but have not come across one. Mac.—"The Silver Domino" is generally attributed to Marie Corelli. This makes about the thirty-ninth time I have answered this question.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—We were in a large West End establishment this morning choosing a blouse each, and were much amused to hear that they were busy over "Cowes gowns, Goodwood costumes, and electioneering dresses." We asked a few questions about the last-named, and found that the difficulty was about colours, and how to render some of them becoming to wearers whom they suit extremely ill. Lady Blank, a blonde, has to wear buff, than which a more trying colour could scarcely be placed in proximity with her pretty pink-and-white complexion, especially when she is fatigued after a long afternoon's electioneering. And when does a woman more urgently need to look her best than when soliciting votes!

Then, again, there is Mrs. Dash, a charming brunette, and the blue she has to wear is of a sort to set one's teeth on edge—crude, harsh, and frightfully unbecoming. But the clever dressmaker knows how to get over all these difficulties by adding cream colour, or a deep, warm shade of biscuit wherever the gown approaches the face. The worst blue ever devised, and surely there are more atrocities in this favourite colour than in any other, can be rendered innocuous by the application of an antidote of the above sort.

As to Cowes, the dresses prepared are chiefly white, whether the material be serge, flannel, alpaca, crêpon, drill, piqué, canvas, or batiste. The hot weather has made it quite a white summer. There seems to be a rage for very pale green, too, and many of the white suits are worn with green vests of softest green silk or fancy gauze. One of the prettiest I have seen was in this gauze barred with lines of open work in white and green, the coolest possible conjunction. Another white serge is worn with a yellow front crossed by bands of Mechlin insertion in deep cream colour. The neck and waist ribbons were in biscuit-coloured satin, the three tones making quite a harmonious chord, the white of the dress being the top note. Quantities of tan and biscuit canvas have been made up for Cowes. They are most useful colours, and always look well.

Princess Heinrich of Pless has been lovelier than ever this season. At a recent wedding she wore a broché of the favourite pale green with a wonderful cape of butter-coloured lace, all frills set into a tightly-fitting back of embroidery in silks, which echoed the green-and-white of the broché. Her flower toque was set most becomingly upon her masses of soft brown hair. Her blue eyes retain the sunny look that seldom continues after girlhood.

It is a literal fact that the conductor of an omnibus had to press down a girl's hat at each side the other day before she could get in at the door. The wearer of the cart-wheel could not make out what was hindering her from getting in, when the conductor, with a polite, "Allow me," gently depressed the brim at either side. Large hats are very certainly becoming, but when they are exaggerated to the extent that prevails at present they only succeed in making the wearer look top-heavy. Girls with very small noses should never affect these immense hats, for the size of the headgear reacts very curiously on that of the nasal organ, diminishing the latter very apparently. An extremely tiny nose almost disappears when seen under a cart-wheel hat. But it is good to give a large one of the Roman variety an extensive chapeau.

SUMMER COSTUME.

It is to be a white satin Goodwood, weather permitting. What a monoply this fabric enjoys among the very smart. It is indispensable for afternoon, as for evening wear. The very prettiest gowns are made of embroidery or guipure over satin, and the most charming combination of colour is certainly that of cream and deep biscuit, which suggests something nice to eat, does it not? Yes, méringues. That gives the exact combination; especially when the méringues are well baked, as they ought to be, and the cream real cream, *not* white of egg!

The pretty dress shown in the sketch is made of rose-pink alpaca lined with pale green, the skirt being quite plain and very full. The bodice is composed of bud-green silk arranged in pretty folds from the neck to the side seams. The back is flat and plain. The bishop's sleeves are in similar silk. The small shoulder cape is white satin lightly embroidered in shaded pink and green beads and edged with chiffon in the same colours, the folds of pink being lined with green. Double frills of chiffon also appear at the wrists. The neck ribbon is dark green satin. The hat is in pale green straw, trimmed with pink feathers and alternate puffings of green and pink chiffon.

What a gentle, pretty sense of humour some people have! A party on a large launch the other day landed at a certain lock not more than a thousand miles from Marlowe, and seeing some clean clothes hung out to dry in the lock-keeper's garden, some of the men had the happy thought to drag the garments off the line and pull them on over their own clothes, tearing and soiling

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them in doing so. Their gentle comrades of our sex were highly amused, laughed heartily, and otherwise proved themselves fit companions for the perpetrators of the "joke!" It is so amusing, you know, to soil and tear the washing of a hard-working woman, who had spent hours over the tub on a broiling July morning. And how subtle the humour of grinning in her poor distressed face when she asked some of the "gentlemen" to compensate her for the mischief they had done! Truly 'Arry is a festive wag, especially when out for a holiday, and 'Arriet is a congenial soul, fit helpmate for him in his kindly joys.

Yours affectionately,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Cookery Column.

Salmon is now pretty cheap. Cutlets should be three quarters of an inch thick, dipped into beaten egg, in which a little chopped parsley has been mixed, flavoured with pepper and salt, and breadcrumbed; then fried in boiling butter, dripping, lard, or olive-oil. Serve them with Tartar sauce.

Vinaigrette Sauce.—To be served cold. Mix three tablespoonfuls of salad oil with one of Tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of Chili vinegar, a saltspoonful of mignonette pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped chervil, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix all well together, and serve the sauce in a boat.

Calf's Brains.—Calf's brains make a tempting little dish prepared thus: After cleaning and washing, put them on to boil, with a pinch of salt in the water. Directly they become tender take them up, and mince finely with cayenne, mace, and a little grated fine herbs, among which also grate a dash of lemon peel. Put three ounces of butter into an omelette pan, and let it brown (gently), then put in the mince, which should simmer for about half an hour. You may then add a tablespoonful of walnut ketchup, and two of port; stir it about for a minute or two, then dish in this way: Have a centre of plainly-boiled spinach, reclining upon a foundation of toast, and arrange the brains all round.

Dutch Sauce is also liked. It is prepared as follows:—In a clean stewpan put half a pint of good vinegar, six peppercorns, the yolks of three raw eggs, a saltspoonful of salt, and two ounces of butter. Stir them all together, as you would a custard, and be careful not to allow it to boil, or it will curdle.

Stewed Ducklings.—Order a pair of ducklings, and have them stewed in brown gravy, thus: Melt three ounces of butter, which thicken with a little flour, and let it just commence to change colour, that is, to brown. Then add to it three finely-minced anchovies, three or four cloves, a few whole peppercorns, alspice, a blade or two of mace, some pounded ginger, salt, and two bay leaves, a faggot of sweet herbs, a pinch of sage, a big onion, a carrot, and a tumbler of Madeira. While it is coming to the boil, either cut the birds up or fill them with forcemeat; if the latter, make a few balls to boil with them. Put them into the stewpan, cover, and let them simmer, not quickly, for about one hour. A few minutes before dishing them add a tablespoonful of soy, and one or two of mushroom ketchup. The herbs or vegetables must not be sent to table. Serve with dry toast, and upon each piece place a tiny posy of watercress with a little lump of coloured jelly nestling among it.

Rice Cakes.—Take one pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, and one pound of castor sugar. Mix them well together, and work in half a pound of butter that has previously been creamed. Prepare half a pound of currants by washing them, picking them carefully, and drying them. Chop four ounces of citron into small pieces. Beat separately the yolks and whites of six eggs, add them to the flour, rice, and sugar, beating them all the while, then citron and currants, and a large wineglassful of Liquid Sunshine rum. When all is well mixed separate the dough into small cakes, and bake them in a brisk oven.

Tea Cake.—Put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, and allow them to amalgamate. Meanwhile beat four eggs to a froth. Add to these the sugar and butter. Mix with one pound of flour a teaspoonful of baking-powder, then add the sugar, butter, and eggs already mixed. Put the cake into a buttered tin, and bake it in a brisk oven until done, which should be in about an hour and a half. Sultanas, currants, or caraways may be added, if liked.

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BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

I 'AVE bin much amoosed with this 'ere eleckshun. Folks rarnd abart do sim ter tike it so serus-like, sime as if it were goin' ter mike any real difference one wye or the other. One man came up ter me lookin' that agernized you'd 'ave thought e'd swallered a brick ascerdentul. I says: "Whort cheer! 'Urt yerself?" 'E gawps art, "'Awcut's artside for Derby!" "Ho!" I says, sarcaustic like. "His 'e? his 'e, indeed? Nar, that's a pity, that is. Stops the bloomin' warld goin' rarnd, don't it? Halters the roote of the 'buses, an' tikes a shillin' a week horf your pye, don't it? Gar'n! stow it? whort's the odds anywye?" Much the same thing 'appened agin when they bumped Mr. Morley art o' Noocawstle. I dunno whether 'e did ought to 'ave 'ad the sack, or whether 'e didn't. But I cawn't see as I need upset my liver abart it, anywye. Pollertishuns, ter my mind, is like shrimps. Hev'ry man knows as theer is tew sorts o' shrimps. Theer is brarn shrimps and theer is red shrimps. But come ter eat 'em with your eyes shut, and yer won't find much diff'runce atween 'em, though some prefers one sort and some t'other. Ho, yus, pollertishuns is uncommon like shrimps—they're werth jest abart as much the pint, and their 'eads is mostly yooseless. Anywye, while I've seen most men I know a-wukkin' o' theirselves up over this eleckshun, and gettin' ter a pitch of egsitemunt as mikes 'em more like loonytics nor reas'nable men, I've jest set tight, and smoked my ole cly pipe, and lawfed at 'em. On the 'ole, I'm corntent with things as they is. If we is ter 'ave pawties, let 'em tike it turn an' turn abart. I've no prejoodishes myself. These 'ere Reddiculs 'ave 'ad a nice little innin's (though they was plyin' a short team and some retired 'urt) and nar they mye go art and field fur a bit.

* * * *

'Ankin's beck from Mawgit in a grite stite o' mind, Mister Morley 'avin' affected of 'im perticlar. 'E says ter me in acsinces of despeer: "I cawn't think whort the nyshun's a-comin' to!" "Likely, it's comin' to its senses," says I, meanin' ter aggrivite 'im, which I did. Horf 'e stawts, pullin' art 'is opinyuns by the yawd like string art of a box. 'E give me ten minnuts of it, and would 'ave gladly give me more if I 'adn't awst 'im for to chuck it or else I'd chuck 'im. But theer, when 'e'd done, wheer were yer? No further, not a bit. 'E don't warnt the Reddiculs in, nor 'e don't wornt the Tories, nor e' don't believe in the Inderpendunt Libur Pawty neither. The only thing as 'e seems to feel suttun abart is that anythink as 'appings is just abart the rottenest thing as could 'apping. And thet's a pretty sort o' conclooshun fur a man ter come to whort 'as talinks, and 'as luck, an' pulled it off the on'y time 'e ever backed anythink, and is jest fresh from a week's enjymunt at Mawgit. Why, I calls it wicked!

* * * *

It 'appened a fortnight ago as I were pervented unavoidable from mikin' of mye remawks as yooshal in this piper. In awnser tu ingquieries (fur which my respecful thenks) the Editor said lawst week as it were a matter of a young copper, which in a sense it were though lierble ter mislead. Yer see, I were art with a pony and cawt whort I'd 'ad the loan of. One of them ole Italyun ice-creamers stuck 'is bloomin' barrer right acrorst the bloomin' road. So I tells 'im ter get back ter 'is bloomin' native land an' pore it darn the volkiners fur ter cool 'em. And as 'e were a-awns'rin of me beck, hup comes the copper as were a noo young copper, and not the reggler one as I knoo pussernally and never 'ad no trouble with. Well, 'e says ter me——

[*Want of space compels us to omit the remainder of this explanation. It is quite satisfactory, and differs in every particular from the equally satisfactory explanation which he gave to me.*—EDITOR.]

REVOLUTION IN THE CYCLE TRADE.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form enclosed, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with the amount of the Deposit.

Each Holder of Four Five Shilling Shares and upwards will be entitled to purchase from the Company a Cycle of guaranteed quality and workmanship, at the lowest market quotation to the Trade, Exporters and Merchants, thus effecting a saving of about £4 per machine, or equal to four times the par value of the Shares.

THE MUTUAL CYCLE MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

Share Capital, £100,000, divided into 400,000 Shares of 5s. each. £75,000 is reserved for Working Capital. Over £60,000 of the entire amount required have been applied for, but no Preference in Allotment will be given these Applications. The above shares are now offered for public subscription, the instalments being payable—2s. 6d. per Share on application, 2s. 6d. per Share on allotment.

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*HENRY HOLMES, D.L., J.P., Director of the City Bank (Limited), London, Hornchurch, Essex.
EDWIN BACKHOUSE RICHARDSON, D.L., of Richardson, Duck, and Co., Stockton-on-Tees and Hartburn, Shipbuilders.
JOHN WOOD, M.E., Coxhoe Hall, Durham, Colliery Owner.

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*CECIL W. HOLMES, of the Leicester Cycle Company, and Croft, Leicester.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

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SOLICITORS.

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T. EDWARD SILVESTER, 8, Church-street, Birmingham.

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PATENT AGENT.

ALFRED J. BOULT, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Boult and Wade, High Holborn, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.).

WILLIAM HOPE, 5, Fenchurch-street, London.

REGISTERED OFFICES AND WORKS.
FRIDAY-STREET, LEICESTER.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to establish and carry on a new system in connection with the manufacture and supply of Cycles, whereby Shareholders may be directly benefited by being enabled to purchase Cycles of the very highest class, and of approved and world-wide reputation, at first-cost prices, thus saving the considerable profits hitherto enjoyed by Agents and Middlemen.

For every four Shares standing in his or her name a Shareholder will be entitled to purchase from the Company one Cycle per annum at wholesale price.

The successful working of the principle of mutual benefit to Shareholders has been proved, as is well-known by the wonderful strides made during the past decade by co-operative societies in other branches of trade.

The system which, after careful consideration, has been adopted by the Directors will appeal to all Cyclists or would-be converts to the sport of Cycling, inasmuch as they will be in a position not only to obtain their mounts for £5 to £10 less than has hitherto been demanded, but will also derive their share of profits from the manufacture and working of the business.

The present rate of profits made by agents and dealers may be estimated as equal to 25 per cent. of the cash sale prices, and this Company, with the extensive productive capabilities of its factory, will be in a position to supply shareholders at a price estimated from 15 to 20 per cent. lower than agents' purchasing price.

A Light Roadster Safety of best quality, with latest pneumatic tyres, listed at £26 10s., will be supplied to a shareholder at £14 11s. 6d., or a machine listed at £17 for about £9 7s. This would still leave sufficient margin of profit to enable the company to pay carriage to shareholders resident in the United Kingdom.

The enormous increase in the numbers of cyclists, more particularly during the present season when cycling has become the fashionable form of amusement, leads the Directors to believe that the trade produced by the demands of the shareholders alone will ensure to the Company an output of some thousands of machines, and if but a quarter of the shareholders avail themselves of the benefits offered by the Company a sale of about twenty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-two machines would result.

This result upon the working of the mutual system could be obtained without advertising, travellers', or other similar expenses, which would probably amount to a sum exceeding 10s. per machine, or, in other words, effect a saving of £11,231, equal to a dividend of over 10 per cent.

It is estimated that there are over 2,000,000 riders in Great Britain, and considering the important advantages offered by this Company, at least one per cent. of the said riders should be using the Peregrine Cycle. This alone would yield sufficient to pay a dividend of 20 per cent.

The Company will acquire the valuable plant, stock-in-trade, and the lease of the fully-equipped factory of the Leicester Cycle Company, at Friday Street, Leicester, at the valuation price of £20,150.

The Directors have secured the services of Mr. Cecil W. Holmes, the present Manager of the Works, as Managing Director.

The Company will take over the business as and from the 24th day of June, 1895, free from all liability.

Particulars of Contracts, etc., are given in full prospectus.

Copies of the Prospectus, with forms of application for shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or of its Bankers and Auditors.

BREACH OF PROMISE UP TO DATE.

SINGLE v. FESTIVE.

This special jury action came on yesterday before Mr. Justice de Murrer and a Special Jury.

Mr. Easter, Q.C., in opening, said this was an action for breach of promise, and a somewhat unusual one—the parties never having met. (Sensation.) Early last year the plaintiff, who was engaged in type-writing, inserted the following advertisement in the *Matrimonial Exchange:* "An attractive young lady, in a good position, wishes to correspond with a gentleman." The defendant responded and an engagement was come to by means of letters, and, he might add, photographs. (Laughter.)

His Lordship. Pardon my interrupting. Am I right in understanding that this case has been settled?

Mr. Easter (after consultation with Mr. Hilary, Q.C., who appeared for the defendant). No, my lord.

His Lordship. Ah! then I was mistaken. It is a pity, for from what you have stated the case is likely to be very painful, and a few minutes' talk might benefit both parties.

Mr. Easter. Quite so.

Mr. Hilary. They might go off together to the Derby. (Laughter.) There's a train about two.

His Lordship. 1.50 I think. (Laughter.)

Mr. Easter. My client won't settle. She is a lady. (Laughter.)

His Lordship. Very well; of course it is quite the same to me.

Mr. Easter resuming, read the correspondence:—In April the defendant addressed the plaintiff as his "Little April fool," and in May as his "Sweet wee raving lunatic," and in answer to her question when he would marry her, replied, "In the summer." They had already exchanged photographs. Thenceforward there was no reserve between the parties, and every letter contained words or symbols of endearment. She inquired, as was natural, as to his position, and he assured her that he had broken the bank at Monte Carlo, and would come into large estates in the event of the Shah of Persia leaving no children. After these statements it would be vain for his learned friend to say that the marriage would not have brought distinction and affluence to the plaintiff. Painful though it was for her to lay bare the inmost recesses of her heart, to act cicerone to the ruins of her hopes——

His Lordship. She might have settled.

Mr. Easter. I won't pursue that line of thought. Call the plaintiff.

The Plaintiff, a stylishly-dressed, prepossessing young woman, stepped into the box and bore out the opening statement. She understood from the defendant's letters that he was wealthy and of high social standing. The background of his photograph confirmed this impression. She took it to represent some of his Oriental possessions. By "the summer" she understood the summer of 1894.

Mr. Hilary. We haven't had that summer yet. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Easter. If that is your defence, it is not raised in your pleadings.

His Lordship. But I can give you leave to amend at any time, and might adjourn for the purpose.

Mr. Hilary. We don't rely on that.

His Lordship. Still I think it would be for the plaintiff to prove that the agreed time had come. And if *he* wishes to adjourn—

Mr. Easter. No, my lord.

His Lordship. Very well. I can only suggest. Go on.

The Plaintiff, continuing, said she could not point out her fiancé, as the photograph was all she had to go by. She thought he might be a gentleman in court whom she indicated. The gentleman, who was a stranger, expostulated vehemently, and was fined £10 by his Lordship for contempt of court.

Mr. Hilary explained that his client was not in court, though he expected him every minute. He had had a telegram, which he would hand up.

His Lordship. You expect more than I do. I see the telegram was handed in at Epsom. (Laughter.)

The Plaintiff further said that she understood his crosses to mean kisses. Hers certainly did. (Laughter.)

His Lordship said that the meaning of the crosses was clearly a matter for expert evidence. And, as having regard to the ambiguous nature of the defendant's words, he thought great importance might attach to his hieroglyphics he would adjourn the case till to-morrow to give the plaintiff an opportunity of procuring expert evidence. This course was ultimately agreed to, and there being no other case in the list, the Court rose at 12.50.

SECOND DAY.

This case was resumed yesterday, the first witness being Mr. Gobetween, who appeared in the box in convict dress. He stated that he was the manager of the Matrimonial Agency Company, Limited. Having examined the defendant's letters, he was of opinion that the crosses therein signified kisses. Fifteen years professional experience also led him to believe that the position of the stamps on some of the envelopes indicated passion.

Mr. Hilary. Not on my envelopes. (Laughter.)

Mr. Easter. No, you never prepaid your letters. (More laughter.)

His Lordship. You do not claim the twopences as special damage, Mr. Easter? (More laughter.)

Mr. Hilary cross-examined the witness. Is that the official costume of a manager of a matrimonial agency? I see there are darts in it. (Roars of laughter.)

His Lordship. I think I can take judicial notice of the witness's dress. The arrows are not Cupid's. (Renewed laughter.)

The Plaintiff was recalled and cross-examined. She had not observed that the defendant's photograph purported to be taken in the Euston Road. She did not know what Persia was like, nor whether there was a Euston Road there. She had never heard the expression "In the summer" used as meaning "never," nor had she ever heard a song about the Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. (Laughter.) She was not musical. (Renewed laughter.) Had never heard that the Shah had any children. Had heard that he was married, but that was quite a different thing. (Laughter.) When she said "correspond," in the advertisement, she most certainly meant correspond with a view to matrimony—any nice girl would. (Laughter.)

Re-examined. She received five hundred answers, some of which must have been good. She had thrown them all aside on the defendant's account. It was because she loved him.

The Defence calling no witnesses, Mr. Easter addressed the jury. He commented severely on the defendant's absence from the box. When his honour and her happiness were at stake he was away enjoying himself at Epsom—

His Lordship. It does not follow from his being at Epsom that he was enjoying himself. I see there were some horse-races there yesterday, and he may have lost over them. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Easter. As to the promise there could be no doubt—the question was simply one of damages. The defendant had not thought fit to offer himself for examination as to his means, and the jury might give the rein to their imaginations. A defendant in a case of this kind must be very rich indeed to dispense with the usual practice of appearing in the box in the very oldest suit he had. (Laughter.) The jury

would also remember that the plaintiff had been led by him to check the advances of 499 other suitors, with anyone of whom she might have been happy, prosperous and respected.

Mr. Hilary, in reply, said the case was a very simple one. The plaintiff advertised that she wished to correspond with a gentleman, and it said much for the gallantry of our men that no less than 500 of them placed themselves at her disposal. Nothing was said about marriage in the advertisement, and there was no reason why she should not have corresponded with the whole 500 at once, especially as she had a type-writer. (Laughter.) It was she who first dragged in marriage, and his answer was that he would marry her "In the summer." The jury knew what that meant. (Laughter.) Courtship there was none. The only terms of endearment—on his part at least—were fool and lunatic, and although lovers might deserve such terms, they did not generally use them to each other. (Laughter.) His learned friend had to bolster up his case by calling the witness Gobetween in order to construe innocent cleanings of the pen into love symbols. Of him he would say nothing, except that there was one case in which a man and the value of his evidence might be safely judged by the clothes he wore, and that was when he had been dressed in accordance with the verdict of a British jury. (Loud applause.)

The learned judge, as soon as the applause had subsided, after fining a juryman who had joined in it £5, summed up. The jury, after a lengthened retirement, being unable to agree, and Mr Hilary not acceding to his Lordship's suggestion to accept the verdict of the majority, was discharged.

It is understood that eleven of the jury were in favour of the plaintiff, and only one in favour of the defendant.

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE.

Mr. Sladen's "A Japanese Marriage" (A. and C. Black, 6s.) is decidedly a novel with a purpose, but the story is not allowed to suffer in consequence, the interest being kept going almost to the last page. Had the author surrounded his characters with English scenery instead of Japanese, he would still have written a good story; as it is the novelty of the descriptions makes the narrative doubly readable. The great charm about Mr. Sladen's book is that one feels when reading it that it is all genuine. There is no "writing up" here with the help of a good guide book, no "spoof"—to borrow a slang word. Each scene is described with faithful accuracy, and any illustrations would be almost an insult to the author. The only complaint I have to make is that after having been told how the English live in Japan, I have grown rapidly tired of my native country. We never get anything like this in poor old England:—

> It certainly was a very charming spot. On a little hill rose a tall obelisk, with a bronze map let into its face, and a handsome bronze railing round it, recently erected to some Japanese *Mercator*, who had executed a map of the world, known to the Japanese some hundreds of years before. But no one paid much heed to the monument, for right against it was a sweet little tea-house, consisting only of a roof and a raised floor, covered with the delicate primrose-coloured Japanese matting, and supported by a shaft at each corner. Along the eaves hung a row of brilliantly coloured lanterns, to allure patrons by night, and on its floor were some *fu-ton*—flat Japanese cushions for them to sit on, which the Japanese do, tailor-fashion, after kicking off their clogs, while the English sit on the edge, with their feet dangling over. The little *mousmees* came running round from the sort of kitchen attached, where they boiled the water for the tea, stooping and rubbing their knees together—the outdoor salute—while they sucked in their breath, and called out *ohaio*. They brought with them little trays of straw, dyed brown, carrying tiny blue and white porcelain cups, full of the local abomination, *sakurada*—tea flavoured with salted cherry-blossom, and the horrible Japanese confectionery, made for the most part of bean flour. . . . The ladies drank the tea—but minus the cherry-blossom—a pale green decoction, without milk or sugar. They were all long in the country, and accustomed to drink Japanese tea whenever politeness demanded. It is not easy to shop in Japan without. Philip meanwhile took stock of their exquisite surroundings—the temples below peering out of the dark cryptomeries and acres of pink cherry-blossom, the tall scarlet pagoda on the hill-slope, the great city stretching away to the left round the broad river and the innumerable canals; the blue sea to the right, with its row of geometrical islands in front and blue hills on the horizon, dotted all over with the white sails of junks, square at the top and gathered almost into a point at the sheet.

The actual story is slight. Philip Sandys falls in love with, and marries, Mary Avon. She dies from the result of an accident, and in due course Philip becomes attached to the sister Brynhild. His love is returned, but being his deceased wife's sister she has conscientious scruples against marrying him. She lives in the same house with him until a shameful scandal drives her away—she, of course, being entirely innocent. She then goes to England to live with a second cousin, a clergyman. Mr. Sladen apologises in his preface for making this clergyman such an unpleasant man, and he certainly is the worst specimen of a canting Pharisaical bounder that I ever met. But the author has made a little slip about the number of services this good clergyman is supposed to conduct. A Low Churchman, as he is here depicted, does not have an early service in his church every day of the week. There are many earnest Evangelical parsons who would be almost shocked at the idea. I think, too, that out of kindness to sportsmen in general, Mr. Sladen should not have endowed this clerical cad with a taste for fishing and shooting. Somehow it does not seem consistent with the rest of his little ways. However, this is a mere matter of personal taste, and does not in any way affect the story, which ends very happily. Mr. Sladen is evidently an ardent admirer of the fair sex, which accounts for his giving us such a bewitching little heroine. Bryn Avon is a lovely character, whose beauties are greatly enhanced by Mr. Sladen's delicate pen.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite—of the ideal made real.—Carlyle.

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"TO-DAY"

SUMMER NUMBER, 1895.

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IN THE CITY.

STOCKBROKERS AND CERTIFICATES.

We have received numerous letters in reply to our comments of last week upon the delay on the part of brokers in giving clients anything tangible in return for their cheques. We publish below one or two, which will give the substance of all. The first is from Mr. Leonard Wells, of 9, Drapers' Gardens, and the Stock Exchange, E.C.:—

Your article on above subject is liable to mislead the public generally. When shares are bought the broker has to pay for them against delivery of transfer and certificate. He must therefore be provided by the client with the necessary funds for payment of same. When the broker receives the transfer he forwards it to his client, who returns it duly signed, and it is at once lodged with the company for registration. The purchaser has then full control of his shares, as a certificate is of no practical value, merely a document which shows that the holder is duly registered. Should he wish to sell before certificate is ready he can do so, as the company will certify against transfer receipt. When the shares are purchased of a respectable firm, no trouble is experienced, as these matters are easily explained. The delay in issuing certificates is caused by the overwork of the companies, owing to the enormous business in their shares, and there is sometimes a delay of three to four months.

And this from a member of the Stock Exchange who asks us not to give his name:—

Surely your correspondents are a little unreasonable in their grumble about stockbrokers. Put it this way—supposing they sold some mining shares, and signed the deed transferring them to "A. B." of the Stock Exchange. Would they be willing to wait for their money until the fresh certificate was made out in the name "A. B."? Some of the mining companies often take four or five months to make these certificates out. Yet if "A. B." transfers the shares to your correspondents they expect him to be out of the money until the mining company choose to issue the fresh certificate. I myself bought some shares in March, the deed transferring the shares to me was delivered soon after —when, of course, I had to pay for them—I sent it in to the company early in April, but have not yet received the certificate. But it is no anxiety to me, as I know my title to the shares is good. The bad management of the mining offices, or their insufficient staff, cause a great deal of the confusion in the Mining Market.

A Glasgow broker writes as below:—

The public generally are so ignorant of the procedure connected with Stock Exchange transactions that they are constantly abusing their brokers when the omissions and delays are not in the slightest degree the fault of the latter. When a broker has bought shares for a client, on the second day of the fortnightly settlement he passes "a ticket" with the full name and address of the purchaser to the dealer from whom he bought the shares. Either the next day, or a few days later, the ticket is brought back to the broker, with the transfer of the shares attached. The transfer is signed by the original seller, and is accompanied by the certificate in the name of that person, or the deed is "certified" by the secretary of the company to the effect that the certificate is at the company's office.

Directly the broker receives the transfer of the shares he has to pay for them at once. His next step is to forward the deed to his client for signature, and, on receiving it back, he lodges it at the company's office for registration, receiving a receipt notifying that the new certificate will be ready by a certain date,—the time varying with different companies from a fortnight to three months.

It is a notorious fact that this year the Chartered Company have taken two months to issue new certificates, while the charge of four months has been laid at the door of the Balkis Company.

Now, I ask, are the brokers to be blamed for the delay?

As to the client who would not pay for his shares until he got the certificate, I can only say that to take up such an attitude is ridiculous and most unfair to the broker.

Stockbrokers would have to possess an unlimited supply of ready money, if clients, instead of remitting the amounts due for their purchases at the latest by Settling Day, did not pay for their shares until they received their certificates. Banking houses and big financial men in the City of London may not pay for shares until the transfer has come in, but their position is very different from that of the ordinary public. From these firms the brokers can obtain payment for shares the same day as they themselves have to hand a cheque to the seller.

I must also disagree with the statement that "a man ought not to be out of his money for months." An investor is nothing of the sort. As soon as his purchase is made, the broker's contract being the evidence, he becomes entitled to all dividends and rights that may accrue on his investment from the date of the execution of his order. When he has signed the transfer and the broker has obtained the receipts from the company's office, that receipt, which is usually held by the broker, is practically as good as the certificate which is to come whenever it may please the directors of the company to issue it.

There is a great deal too much red-tapeism in the registration of transfers, and I am of the opinion that the passing of them at a board meeting—when the shares are fully-paid—is quite unnecessary. The entries should be made at once by the secretary or registrar, and the certificates prepared, ready for the first two directors who call at the office to examine and sign.

The suggestion contained in the last paragraph of this letter is an excellent one.

STOCK EXCHANGE QUOTATIONS.

Speaking upon Stock Exchange procedure in granting official quotations for shares, a member of the House recently said that he wished the Stock Exchange authorities could be induced to adopt some fixed rules. It would be a blessing "to all of us." As bearing upon this question the following may be read with interest:—

The privilege of an official quotation is for the benefit of the public and not of individuals, and it is generally understood by members of the House and the investing public, that the committee, in accordance with their fixed rules (a printed copy of which may be had from the Secretary for one shilling), never grant a quotation to any company without a declaration on oath from the chairman and secretary, made before a commissioner, affirming that two thirds of the capital are unconditionally held by the public, and that the vendors or their nominees only hold one third. (*Vide* rules 130 and 131.) There are many honourable vendors who know from experience that the committee strictly adhere to this rule.

It is, however, unfortunately possible for unscrupulous company promoters to ride through the said rule, and get the shares under their control. That is, vendors may have the bulk of the shares alloted to themselves, and thus secure absolute control of the valuation, audit, and goodwill of their own undertaking, then cook the company's register by transfers to dummies, and so alter their holdings that the return to the registrar of joint-stock companies shows that they only hold one-third of the capital. It is a scandal that for this purpose directors can with impunity transfer shares or stock of unlimited value on ten shilling stamps to Dick, Tom and Harry, and then declare on oath that the shares so transferred have been unconditionally disposed of by them to the public, while the public have to pay a stamp duty of ten shillings per cent. on the amount paid by them for the shares or stock purchased; that is, directors, in order to falsify the company's register, may transfer or convey, say, one million pounds worth of stock to, say, thirty dummies on thirty ten shilling stamps, equal to a stamp duty of £15; but thirty *bona fide* purchasers could not have the said stock conveyed to them under a stamp duty of five thousand pounds.

Vendors with absolute control as above, after manipulating their shares to a considerable premium, are known to have obtained a quotation from the committee by this method, and then to have commenced unloading through nominees upon the public, who were in ignorance that the responsible directors of the company were thus selling out.

There is no form of gambling more demoralising than this, and it would, indeed, be a blessing not only to investors, but to officials and others engaged in company work—who, it may be, for fear of dismissal, lend themselves to carry out transactions which they know to be dishonest—if this system of demoralisation was put a stop to.

Directors are known to have dismissed officials who demurred to be parties to such misrepresentations, and who (in accordance with the instructions issued by the Board of Inland Revenue to registry officers of public companies *re* stamp duty on deeds of transfer) declined to pass transfers where an obvious discrepancy existed between the consideration stated and the value of the stock transferred without an explanation of the facts and circumstances connected therewith.

It would be a safeguard to the widow, orphan, and trustee, as well as the investing public, if the committee now sitting to amend the Companies' Acts would so frame an Act as to penalise false swearing and the cooking of company registers for Stock Exchange purposes.

The conduct of directors reflects upon their subordinates, and if they cook accounts and make misleading statements on oath for personal gain, depend upon it such manipulation on the part of company managers is bound, sooner or later, to lead to corruption, and end in public plunder.

THE BOND TEA TRICK.

Some months ago we directed attention to the doings of a concern known as the Public Benefit Tea Association, and carried on by a well-known Birmingham grocer named Norris. We pointed out that this bond trick was doing great injury to honest traders, and we called upon the Public Prosecutor to interfere, seeing that the association was doing business in London. But this august official moves very slowly. Still he *does* move sometimes, and when he is prodded sufficiently. Last week summonses taken out by him were heard by Mr. Curtis-Bennett at the Marylebone Police-court. On the hearing Mr. Wontner, who appeared for the Public Prosecutor, opened the case, and concluded by stating that the defendants had "approached the Commissioner, and offered to give an undertaking, not merely to close the shops"—that had been done—"but also never again to carry on such trade." Great stress was put upon the statement that Norris was "a respectable tradesman in a large way of business in Birmingham," and that if he was to be convicted, as he was certain to be, of the offence against the lottery Acts with which he was charged, it would be as a "rogue and vagabond," and that might seriously injure his business. Consequently Mr. Wontner asked that the summons should be adjourned *sine die*, in order to see whether Norris kept his promise, and with some reluctance the magistrate consented, warning Norris, however, that if he was brought up again he would be dealt with in an exemplary manner, and the maximum punishment would be meted out to him.

We do not quite see why the prosecution should have made an application of this kind. If Norris wished to plead for mercy, the plea would have come better from his own solicitor. But the principal thing after all is to stop this bond tea trick, which has done such injury to legitimate trade. Norris himself deserves no pity. When he found that the inventor of the trick, Nelson, was being convicted all over the country as a rogue and vagabond, he tried another scheme with the same object as the old one, and, when that failed, "when" to quote Mr. Wontner, "Mr. Norris found that he still brought himself under the law, he turned the concern into a public company, under the impresssion that a public company can do what a private individual cannot." No doubt it can; but it cannot flout the lottery laws with impunity. For the rest, it is as well to remember that in Birmingham the summonses against Norris were withdrawn on his giving an undertaking to discontinue bond tea trading, yet he went on with it afterwards in London. But Mr. Curtis-Bennett has given him fair warning, and we hope it will be sufficient.

WE have received the following amusing letter from a gentleman who writes from Birkenhead, and wishes to be known as Mr. Verdant Green.

> The following advertisement, which appears in to-day's *Liverpool Post*, caught my eye this morning, and I was about to rush off to my uncle to see what amount I could get him to let me have on my watch and other trinkets, so that I might take advantage of such a desirable offer, when my wife—*nee* Dorothy Wideawake—suggested that, as I was rather excited with the election of yesterday, I should ask your able advice on the matter. Now, Mr. Editor, as I have a small income and a large family, don't you think it is my duty to take advantage of such an excellent offer? Kindly advise me.

The advertisement referred to is inserted by Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams, and claims that by their "Own Investment System" they have paid dividends at the rate of 9 per cent. per month since the beginning of the year.

We have already had occasion to warn our readers against having anything to do with "Our Own Investment System," that system which Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams recommend to a credulous public. In one of the numerous letters from these people, sent to us by correspondents, we read as follows:—

> As we make money on an active market, regardless of which way the market goes, it is evident that we shall continue to make handsome profits all through the summer.

But how is this money to be made "without speculation," and how is loss to be guarded against? We can only repeat what we have said very frequently before, namely, that men who invite the public to entrust moneys to them on the assurance that they will get six, seven, or eight per cent. dividend per month *without risk* are—well, are persons who should be avoided.

WITH reference to a statement in our last issue to the effect that the vendors to the Linotype Company "are now over here with an improved machine which sets in different types," Messrs. Hays, Schmettau, and Ancrum write to us to say that we have been misinformed. "The original vendors are still large shareholders in the Linotype Company, and they have loyally given it the benefit of all improvements which they have made since the beginning," this being one of the original conditions of sale. Messrs. Hays, Schmettau, and Ancrum go on to say that "the quick interchangeable and duplex magazine which enables fresh types to be put on the Linotype machine in the space of about one and a half minutes, is the sole property of the Linotype Company."

We are glad to publish this statement from the company, and shareholders are to be congratulated upon having the right to the benefit of new patents which the vendors bring out.

THE Up-to-Date Young Woman seems to have reached Johannesburg. We take the following advertisement from a local print:—

> To Speculators, etc.—Young lady of fortune wishes to know what shares to buy. Address, Miss Ysenlter Carr Glyn, Edenburgh, O.F.S.

THERE is a curious story going round about the way in which the original vendors of the Londonderry property persuaded Colonel North and his friends of the enormous richness of the claims. Maybe that story will get into print.

WE hope to have something to say next week about Mr. Sansom Fox's new gas. The particulars should interest our readers in Leeds, and thereabouts.

MR. BARNEY BARNOTO is not fortunate in the Courts. The last mail brings us news of the hearing of a case in which his old acquaintance, Mr. Lowenthwal, sued him for moneys alleged to be due to him from a Langlaate Royal pool, and judge and jury said he must pay.

WE hear on what should be good authority that a very large American insurance office doing business in this country intends to close its English branches almost immediately.

NEW ISSUES.

The Greenwich Inlaid Linoleum Company, Limited. Capital £240,000.—Formed to purchase from the Frederick Walton Mosaic Linoleum Company a license to work the British patents for the manufacture of inlaid mosaic linoleum, as well as the lease for forty years of the Victoria Works, Blackwall Lane. The invention claims to have overcome the difficulties hitherto encountered in producing floor coverings of mosaic or parquetry of self-coloured linoleum, and as the process is mechanical and automatic throughout, the first cost of producing the inlaid linoleum is very small. The estimates of the promoters show "a dividend of upwards of twenty per cent. upon the capital of the company." The purchase price of the property—license, lease, buildings, etc.—is £105,000, of which £85,000 is to be paid in cash.

The Mutual Cycle Manufacturing and Supply Company. Share capital £100,000. The object of this company is to some extent explained by its name. Shareholders are to get cycles at cost price, provided the holding is not less than four shares. Thus, a light roadster safety listed at £26 10s. would be supplied to a shareholder at £14 11s. 6d. The company is to take over the plant and stock-in-trade of the Leicester Cycle Company, for which it is to pay £20,150, with an additional £5,000 for goodwill. The shares are 5s. each, and if by being a holder of four, cyclists are entitled to a first-class machine at cost price they may be expected to apply for shares in large numbers. The idea seems a good one.

The Colonial Consignment and Distributing Company, Limited. Capital, £100,000.—Four and half per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, £75,000; Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each, £225,000; Ordinary Shares of £5 each. Formed to acquire the English branch of the business of Nelson Brothers, Limited. The assets to be taken over are valued in the books of the vendors at £205,290, and Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols and Co., certify that the net profits of the English Storage and Commission business of Nelson Brothers, Limited, for the past two years has been £30,188 and £32,683. The vendors ask for assets and goodwill £285,000, of which £60,000 is to be in cash. Consumers have no difficulty in believing that big profits are made out of the foreign meat trade, but £285,000 is a heavy price to pay for a business, however good, and the figures of the prospectus before us do not, in our opinion, show that the business to be disposed of is worth this huge sum.

The Cauca Gold Estates, Limited. Capital, £60,000. Formed to acquire and work the estates in the Cauca Valley, Colombia. These estates are said to comprise about 6,400 acres of "gold-bearing gravel" of an average depth of six feet," and the estimated value runs into millions. The vendors want £45,000. A highly speculative investment, and one which we cannot recommend.

Free, Rodwell and Company, Limited. Capital £84,600, divided into 5,000 6 per cent. preference shares of £10 each, and 8,000 ordinary shares of £10 each.—In addition there is an issue of £75,000 4½ per cent. debenture stock at 102 per cent. Messrs. Debenham and Tewson value the freehold properties, plant, machinery, utensils, etc., not counting the goodwill, at £59,759, while with stock of malt, book debts, cash, etc., amounting in all to £149,394, forms the security for the holders of this debenture stock, security that should be sufficient.

The Goongarrie Gold Fields, Limited. Capital £70,000. Formed to acquire and work three claims at Goongarrie, some seventy-five miles north of Coolgardie. There has been some development, and reports speak highly of the value of the property. The vendors want £50,000, of which £30,000 will be in shares and the rest as the directors may determine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Guernsey Water-works. SUBSCRIBER (Malton).—The Four and a Half Per Cent. Debentures should be fairly safe. We do not think the Ordinary Stock a very attractive investment. **Sunlight Soap.** A. B. T. (Liverpool).—The company is doing well, but the public fancy is apt to change, which makes investing in soap companies somewhat risky. **Outside Broker.** R. B. (Glasgow).—Quite respectable and trustworthy, so far as we know, but we always advise against risking money in blind pools. **Sundry Securities.** A. R. C. (Epsom)—We have no information as to the Fourth City Mutual Property Investment Company. Newfoundland Bank. **Verax.**——(Preston).—As you no doubt know, there is still something very like financial chaos in Newfoundland. The Bank in question is in liquidation. **Randfontein Shares.** SPECULATION.—Yes, for a time. **Ottoman Bonds.** COLON (Greenwich).—The price varies. The drawings are quite genuine. **Associated Gold Mines.** F. W. (York).—It is quite possible. **Bodegas.** SHAREHOLDER (London).—We think you would be unwise to sell. The company is doing well, and the price of the shares is pretty certain to steadily improve. **Spiers and Pond, Limited.** A. C. (Shepherd's Bush).—No doubt the price is high, but there has been a great development of the business. **Great Boulders.** J. G. (Halifax).—Market manipulations have more to do with the question than intrinsic merit. There is nothing in the returns to warrant the present price. **West Australian "Boom."** J. CARRUTHERS (Paisley).—It is impossible to say what may happen after the holidays, but the indications point to considerable activity in this market. **Londonderry's.** SHAREHOLDER (Finchley).—These reports must be taken *cum grano salis*, but we give you the advice we have given others, and that is to hold. By some means or another we shall probably see the shares at par again before very long. **Brewery Stocks.** SHAREHOLDER (Shortlands). The change of Government. The publicans were in no real danger, but timid folk thought they were. **Ottoman and Panama Bonds.** DOUBTFUL (Falmouth).—Not necessarily. You can make other arrangements. The bonds are genuine. LEEK. — We do not understand the question. If you will make your meaning clear we shall be happy to answer you. **Merchants' Patent Company, Limited.** W. B. (Twickenham).—Have nothing to do with it. **Costa Rica B.** COSTA.—No, certainly not; but you will probably find it to your advantage to hold for a time. Further purchases would be very speculative. **Sundry Investments.** H. J. (Newington Green).—The insurance shares are safe enough. You must be more precise if we are to give you our opinion about the other securities. Send us a list of them. **Achilles.** J. S. (Halifax).—Quite likely, but, it would be a very speculative purchase. **Western Australian Gold Fields.** SHAREHOLDER (Bristol).—We should hold The report is a very favourable one, and the company is in a strong position.

INSURANCE.

L. D.—It is doubtful whether you will be able to assure in a better office than the one you name. **M. F.** (NEWCASTLE).—It is probable you will get most for your money from the office established in 1843, but all the offices named are good ones. **T. W. H.**—(1) The company you have proposed to assure in is well-managed, pays a good bonus, and will pay larger bonuses in the future. By all means pay the premium and complete the assurance. (2) The second-named company is falling rather than standing. For many years past the management has been shamefully extravagant, and if it had not made large profits out of policies, which on account of mismanagement large numbers of policy-holders either lapsed or surrendered, the office would have closed years ago. No office deceives and disappoints its policy-holders as this does. **Widower.**—The Life Office you are already assured in is well managed, and gives excellent bonuses. Those on endowment-assurances are as large as on whole-life assurances. What bonuses are given by the other office is not by any means clear. We commend you, therefore, to assure again with your present office. **Teneriffe.**—(1) The Scottish Company you mention is not only sound but profitable to its policy-holders. (2) By no means easily answered. **George Wigens.**—What induced you to buy the policy? Did you or did you not expect Bowles to die soon, and thus enable you to quickly make a big profit? You say you were "an innocent holder for value." Were you "innocent" of Bowles' habits and state of health? Have you issued a circular containing the names of the jurymen who decided against you, cautioning the public to beware of a jury packed with their names on?

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Will be transferred on Monday, July 29th, to Terry's Theatre.

LYCEUM.—HENRY IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY.—MACBETH.—MATINEE, To-day (Wednesday) at 2 (Theatre closed to-night); also Thursday and Friday nights at 8.15. LAST NIGHT of the SEASON, Saturday, July 27. NANCE OLDFIELD, A STORY OF WATERLOO, and the Church Scene from MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5 and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

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"THE TIMES" December 29, 1894, asks in a Leader on
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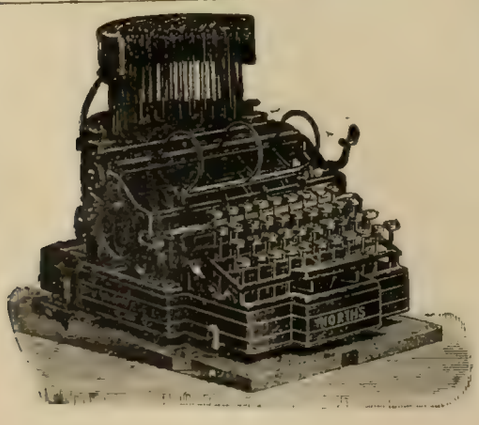

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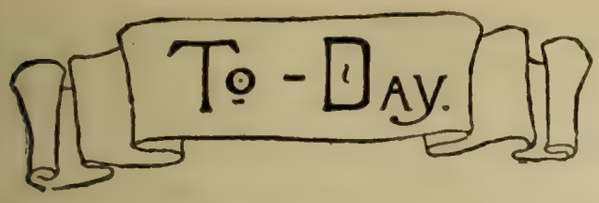

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
Little Texas. By Arthur Sperry. Illustrated by Hal Hurst 353
The Author of "Alice in Wonderland" 358
The True Story of "The Bells" 358
The Diary of a Bookseller 359
Feminine Affairs 360
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 363
Breach of Promise Up to Date. Single v. Festive 364
A Japanese Marriage 365
In the City 366
To-Day. By J. K. J. 369
The Ruminations of Randolph 372
Club Chatter 373
The Effect of Diminished Atmospheric Pressure 377
The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville 378
The Dog Tamer. By B. A. Clarke. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest 383

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

I am continually having to acknowledge my indebtedness for ideas to the excellent *Daily Chronicle*. This last week it has suggested to me a further train of thought. The following passage occurs in one of its leading articles:—"But in the meantime, the work most necessary and most vital is to find out wherein the present programme of the Liberal party is out of touch with the mind of the country and to revise it accordingly." Here we have the spirit of party politics in a nutshell. The Liberal party, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, is to be simply a cadger for office. "The most necessary and most vital" work for this great moral party is not to do good, is not to benefit the people, is not to perform its duty, is not to serve God and man. It is simply to be Coddling and not Short; it is simply to be a tradesman finding out what the public wants, and giving it to them. The Liberal party thought that the people wanted Local Veto, so everybody opposing Local Veto was denounced as an emissary from the devil, and the great moral Liberal party was going to crush the "Drink Fiend." It has become manifest that the people don't want to crush the "Drink Fiend;" so the Liberal party is promptly ready to swing round and abandon Prohibition.

The Vicar of Bray would have been the ideal Liberal of modern times, according to the *Daily Chronicle*. He took good care to find out wherein his present programme was "out of touch with the mind of the nation," and he promptly saw to it, good man, that his programme was soon brought round *into* touch with the mind of the nation, much to his own advantage. Talleyrand would be the *Daily Chronicle's* ideal statesman. He was monarchical when France was monarchical, revolutionary when the mind of the French people became revolutionary, bloody when blood was in the people's eyes, Conservative when the Parisian mob grew tired of change, Napoleonic when Napoleon captured the French, anti-Napoleonic when Napoleon lay captive at St. Helena. That is the great thing for men and party in this country—to be always in touch with the minds of the people. It is a pleasing and profitable programme, but the necessary gyrations are apt to make a brainy man somewhat giddy. Mr. Pickwick saw the necessity for this policy. He summed it up in a shorter phrase than that employed by the *Daily Chronicle*. It was to the effect that you should always shout with the largest crowd.

I like the *Daily Chronicle's* honesty in frankly admitting what has always been known. It was time that this cant about a party and their leaders acting from any other desire than that of being in office was exploded. The party that is in power is the party who can alter their opinions first to fit in with the popular mind. Let us acknowledge this, and let us have done with silly hypocritical talk about right and wrong, truth and falsehood. Both parties are mere rival cheapjacks, each one praising up his wares with a goodly flow of plausible twaddle, each one ready to throw his whole pack of panaceas into the ditch and adopt his rival's if he thinks he can do a quicker sale.

As To-Day has said more than once, and as the *Daily Chronicle* now hastens to emphasise, Parliament is nothing but a mere registry, and a pretty late one, of public opinion. To talk about its leading the nation is absurd. What is done is done outside Parliament. Your party leader arrives on the scene when the work is finished, and does the shouting. The nation had decided to wipe out the Local Veto Bill, while the Liberals and Conservatives were arguing among themselves as to its morality. Here and there a great man arises and thinks for himself independently of the mind of the majority. Caring nothing for popularity, caring nothing for success, he does his duty. It is of such that the real leaders of the people consist; but we do not call them party men. Their aim is not to find out wherein their opinion is out of touch with the mind of the country; their aim is to bring the mind of the country into touch with their opinions.

I have often been lectured by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on the subject of the British drama. These many lectures he has now gathered together into a volume, so that when he is not by I and others can still listen to his teaching. I am glad to be reminded again that Mr. Jones believes in the entire freedom of the modern dramatist, in his right to portray all aspects of human life, all passions, all opinions. Mr. Jones claims, and rightly claims, for the dramatist perfect freedom of search, perfect freedom of phrase, and perfect freedom of treatment. Now this is a fine, sensible standpoint, and I am glad to see Mr. Jones occupying it. But, alas, what a narrow thing is tolerance! Mr. Jones, after claiming perfect freedom of thought for the dramatist, at once begins to denounce a brother dramatist who thinks differently. He calls Ibsen a strong, dirty man, and would evidently have him silenced.

So it has always been in the history of human nature; so it always will be. We are for ever claiming freedom—for ourselves, and denying it to every being who differs from us. Christianity smothered the fires of persecution with its blood, claiming liberty of conscience, and in its turn burned and tortured those who dared to differ with its slightest dogma. The Covenanters died for their religion under the bloody sword of Claverhouse, and murdered innocent old men in cold blood for daring to belong to a different denomination

to themselves. The Puritans sailed in the *Mayflower* to escape tyranny, and established in America one of the most galling and narrow-minded despotisms that has ever dwarfed the development of human life.

Freedom invariably means liberty to think as we like and to compel everybody else to agree with us. Mr. Jones, dramatist of the broad-minded nineteenth century, demands freedom to look at human nature with his own eyes and to write down what he sees. But because Mr. Ibsen and others do not see what he sees, and wish to write down what they perceive, he is virtuously indignant. I am not blaming Mr. Jones; he is typical of human nature. We can none of us grasp the fact that no two pairs of eyes can see the same object. If you put a lump of chalk in the middle of a table, and place twelve men round it, every one of those twelve men will see a different lump of chalk. Everyone will be certain that what he sees is the true lump of chalk and that the other eleven men's eyes are misleading them.

Would it not be better for us to be content with our own impressions, and allow everyone else to have his? We are all so terribly anxious to unmake the Universe, and to remake it exactly according to our own model. All the men are to be our type of men; all the women the type of women that we admire. Everyone is to think on all points exactly as we think. Nothing is to happen but what we like. Our amusements are to be tolerated; everybody else's recreations stopped. Our art is the only art; our society the only society that is not contemptible. It seems as though a man could not admire Whistler without finding it necessary to abuse Leighton. A man cannot enjoy the Dutch school without going off into a tirade against the impressionists. We find it impossible to appreciate Thackeray without sneering at Dickens. To appreciate the classic, it is absolutely necessary to deny any good to the modern.

Is there not room in this world for other people's tastes as well as our own? Of what use is this perpetual sneering? It seems to me sometimes that men and women spend about nine-tenths of their time in sniffing at one another. The aristocracy sneer at the middle-class; the middle-class sneer at the aristocracy. The working-man sneers at both, and both sneer at the working-man, and everybody sneers at the public. The artist sneers at commerce and at everybody else's art but his own, and the crowd sneers at the artist. The most popular man in a drawing-room is always the one who can sneer most cleverly at those who are not present. Women are beginning to sneer at men, and men are sneering at women. The whole world seems to be one vast school for sneering, and it is becoming a sign of culture to sneer at God. It is a sign of littleness—of very great littleness. The whole world is, after all, only a looking-glass. The man who finds everywhere only food for sneers is worthy only of sneers. It needs a great man to see the great, and to the little all things are little.

One grows tired of this everlasting backbiting and abuse. I am thinking that we would get on better if we did our own work and let other men do theirs. Mr. Jones has a good deal to say to me, and when he says it in the form of *Judah*, or *The Middleman*, or *Rebellious Susan*, I am delighted to listen to him. But Ibsen has also something to say to me. Why, Mr. Jones, am not I to hear him also? Our object should be not to narrow the bounds of life but to enlarge them, to make the world still fuller of voices. In God's name let every man speak that which is within him. If I do not like it, if I do not need it, I can turn aside. If I find good in it, let me listen to it. Why, because we love lilies should there be no roses? Let us have freedom, Mr. Jones, by all means, but let it be freedom for all. Freedom for what seems even wrong to us and false. Perhaps we are not so invariably a judge on these matters as we consider ourselves to be.

A correspondent writes me from Macclesfield, drawing my attention to the action of a Mr. Seddon, who raced his mare, "Lady Combermere," against time over the Manchester racecourse the other day. Mr. Seddon had backed the mare to do twenty miles within an hour. This is a possible feat, and there is no objection to its being tried with an animal whose pace and wind are known. In the present instance, the race seems to have been done as an experiment, for after fifteen miles the mare was seen to stagger from side to side, and was evidently greatly distressed. She was still forced to the task, however, and won with four-fifths of a second to spare. The night after she was seized with a violent illness, and, to quote my correspondent, "for many hours her sufferings were so great, and her condition so critical, that those who were sitting up with her expected that every breath she drew would be her last."

Now, this is not sport. When it became apparent—as it did at the end of fifteen miles—that the mare was spent, it was simple brutality to force her to the remainder of the distance. Mr. Seddon appears to have recognised the cruelty of the performance, and to have expressed his determination never to repeat it in any form, and I am quite willing to exonerate him from the charge of wilful cruelty. But this driving of animals to their death for the sake of wagers is becoming a little too frequent. The other day we had an American betting man trying to drive a horse twenty-six miles within the hour. This case is, I understand, in the hands of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I am waiting somewhat eagerly for the result. Our sporting-men must understand that where sport ends brutality begins, or the Sporting League will find its task somewhat uphill work.

The bitter cry of the water consumer (with no water to consume) has been frequent in the papers of late. I believe that he frequently exaggerates his grievances, but I am by no means saying that he has no cause for complaint. If the frost cuts off the water from his house in the winter, and the drought cuts it off in the summer, it can be but little consolation that all that messuage or tenement was flooded during the excessive rains of the previous autumn or that—though he has not subsequently had the water—he has nevertheless been compelled to pay for it. I can quite understand that he feels sore. It does not seem to me essential that he should shriek for the abolition of the water companies, but I think he might fairly demand that they should be compelled by law to make proper provision for a dry season and to lay their mains at a depth where a prolonged hard frost is not likely to affect them.

But people who have grievances rarely seem to be satisfied with them as they are. They must make what they would call a good case. Consequently there is a little suppression, a little exaggeration, and then the whole thing is garnished with sarcasm, and served up red-hot in the correspondence column of a daily paper. On the other side, the water companies have their own complaint to make—that the water is frequently wasted. This may be the case even where the consumer is not given to any great use of water, internally or externally. If a tap is needlessly left running, it is nothing to him—it is the water company, and not he who will lose by it. Without doubt the consumer has at present cause for complaint; but it by no means follows that the water companies have no excuse to offer, and the whole question seems to me to be one of the many on which it is better to hear both sides, and on which one is rarely allowed to hear more than one.

I observe that the Confectioners' Association have resolved to call the attention of the authorities to the continued sale of lottery sweetmeats. They do not, I believe, pretend that they are actuated solely by the motives of a purely unselfish morality. There is a risk in dealing with such goods, and the wholesale or retail tradesmen may very easily find that, without the least intention of doing wrong, he has brought himself within the reach of the law. It seems to me that an appeal should also be made to the youth of England—the confectioners' most important patrons. There is really not enough material in the penny prize egg, unless its colouring is peculiarly poisonous, to produce any indigestion worth mentioning, and the fact that one has, say, one chance in a thousand of finding a threepenny-piece in it does not really compensate for this defect. A penny laid out in the expenditure of a sweetmeat that made no pretensions to being a financial speculation would give far better results. It would take longer to eat, and, very likely, longer to cure.

But I am inclined to doubt whether the sin of the lottery sweetmeat really has the first claim upon the attention of the police. I know that I shall be told that it is the thin end of the wedge, and that those who buy prize eggs in their youth speculate with their employers' money, embezzle trust funds, and give themselves up to arson and murder in their later years. Unfortunately, I cannot accept the theory (so convenient for the purposes of argument) that sin is always wedge-shaped. I know men who take, and always have taken, a moderate amount of intoxicants, yet have never been intoxicated or felt the least desire to be. I know men who play whist for a fixed point once every week of their lives, and yet never seem disposed to carry their gambling any further. Besides, when one considers the small proportion of threepenny bits to total blanks in the lottery sweetmeat, it looks rather as if its sale would disgust more youths with speculation than it would ever attract.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

F. W. K.—I have seen the manager of the paper on your behalf. The matter, I presume, is all right now.

Magna Est Veritas.—You write anonymously. I traced one or two anonymous letters on this very subject, and found they emanated from the personal enemies of the firm. I am quite satisfied as to the genuineness of the firm myself, and find the advertising-manager quite sufficient for my purposes.

Englishwoman. Your very kind letter gave me the deepest pleasure. Our fanatical friends seem to forget that there would be no virtue whatever in a temperance that was enforced by law.

Tasmaniac writes me a charming letter all the way from Hobart Town. To-Day seems to be quite a little power over there.

S. R. writes me on the subject of over-population. I have already spoken on the matter. There is no earthly necessity for any man to have more children than he can afford to keep, and no operation or illegal act is necessary. Five minutes chat with any intelligent medical man would save a deal of future trouble.

Yorkshireman writes me: "As you will see from enclosed cutting your excellent remarks on cruelty to horses have already taken effect." A horsedealer, Benjamin Adamson, of Hessle, backed himself to drive a pony from Hull to York and back within one day. He did it, and killed the pony. The Hull magistrates committed him to prison for thirty days, and ordered him to pay all costs.

A. K. thinks that the punishment meted out to ruffians who assault children is utterly inadequate, and suggests the cat. I have not much faith in the cat, which savours of old world cruelty. A man generally commits crimes of this sort when he is blind with evil passion, and does not think of the punishment. It should be made severe enough to check a man who had a grain of thought left in his brain at the time.

E. A. B. (Derby).—The argument turns upon the amount paid to the librarian, and that you do not mention. The committee seem merely to ask the librarian what he wants. I am returning you the papers under cover.

E. J. G.—I fear your scheme is somewhat impractical. R. D. A. considers that in South London jurors are summoned illegally.

D. S.—I thank you for sending the address. I find that a local fund has been started to reward Worman.

S. M.—It has too long been the fashion among Englishmen to decry everything English, but the folly seems to be passing away slowly, and our self-respect returning.

A Delighted Reader.—The insurance coupon does not hold in the case of railway employés or sailors while on duty.

Squills.—You might try one of the streets leading off Great College Street, Westminster. C.W.D.—You would get all information from the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

W. N.—There is no way to get connected with a London newspaper except by personally knowing the editor or some important person on the staff. Continue writing for the paper that already knows you, and keep your eyes open for useful introductions.

Ant Hater.—A good way to get rid of insects is to close up every available crevice in the room, and then to burn sulphur for an hour. The fumes of the sulphur penetrate everywhere and kill not only the living but the embryo.

H. A.—Some such idea was under consideration in the spring, but we did not see how to make it really practicable.

G. M.—The two things are exactly the same in different words. J. H.—I cannot use your story. If you send stamps it shall be returned. Moscow.—Yes, unless he has become a naturalised Russian citizen. A. S. (Wurtemburg).—Sorry I cannot make use of your paper; you don't enclose stamps for its return.

T. H. was charged eighteenpence by a pirate 'bus from Kew Bridge to Hyde Park. He has no remedy. The law allows a 'bus to charge anything it likes. He can thank his stars the fare was not made thirty-five shillings. People should look to it that they never use any 'buses but those of the London General Omnibus Company or the Road Car Company. These pirate 'buses not only overcharge the public, they are generally run on spec by old gaol-birds, and are drawn by poor wretched animals that ought to be resting peacefully in their graves. I am always glad when a passenger is overcharged by a pirate 'bus, because if the public were a little more careful these instruments of torture would not ply at all.

C. M. wishes to know of a reliable home for inebriates into which a working-man could be received at a payment of 15s. a week.

Lover of Animals.—I would punish cruelty by imprisonment; but I would not add "frequent and liberal doses of the cat" until I was assured by experience that milder courses were not preventive. You cannot eradicate cruelty by the infliction of cruelty. That is merely revenge.

Undecided.—We have no objection to receiving subscriptions from newsagents, in which case they get their commission. If your wife and children would in any case be provided for at your death I see no necessity for your insuring your life, unless you wish to add to the provision.

A. C. H.—The case is a painful one. The sentence certainly seems inadequate. Fortunately, such crime is exceedingly rare.

H. E. F.—It is in the Australian Colonies that there seems to be the greatest opening for woman labour at the present time. Apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, S.W.

E. L.—Thank you for the anecdote, which I shall hope to make use of later.

W. A. A.—I fear seaside landladies often call themselves teetotallers on purpose to allay suspicion. Am glad you like To-Day so well.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—How large the Unionist majority is going to be I do not know, but that party is evidently in for a record—it is, or should be, also in for seven years. Whether it will remain to the end of its term will depend on a variety of things, but the moral of the moment is "Never depend on a crank." The Great Liberal Party—and at one time it really was a very great party indeed—is scattered for ever, torn into fragments by a clamouring mob of fadmongers.

During the present election the full strength of the faddists has been put forth, and the result is that they are proved to have practically no power at all. The whole of the Unionist policy is summed up in the two words "No fads." It has no programme. It practically promises nothing. It merely undertakes to be reasonable and sensible. With a more sweeping and overwhelming majority than any given during the last half century it has been set up by the nation as a safeguard and a barrier against the revolutionary excursions of fanatical extremists.

You may waste as much time as you like in argument. You may prove that in theory various fads are exceedingly admirable. But what a whole Government of faddists will do we have just seen. There are thousands of voters in this country who voted, as I did, for a Unionist out of sheer and utter disgust at the muddle made by the Radicals. After all the past years of talk and turmoil—everything said and nothing done—my sentiments were practically, "Oh, for goodness sake, give the Unionists a majority, and then we can *all* go to sleep!"

The most remarkable feature of the election to my thinking, is the absolute failure of the Radical leaders to realise the nature of the disaster that has overtaken them. Knowing the danger of divided counsels they have each fought separately for their own ends. Sir William Harcourt went on Local Veto, Mr. Morley fought for Home Rule, and so on. Now, even when the end is perfectly clear, we hear no talk of a council of war, no reorganisation of the battered and beaten batallions, but only more and more senseless howling for individual fads. Take such a clever man as T. P. O'Connor for example. Not content with seeing the Radical party smashed up in its endeavour to establish Irish Home Rule, he rejoices at the possible rise of a National party in Wales. This, as I have always told you, is a fatal tendency. It means government by groups, which is equivalent to perpetual administrative instability

Having strong democratic leanings myself, I regard all this as deplorable. Those who think with me should realise as speedily as possible that we have to begin at the very beginning, if we are ever again to have any influence in the conduct of the State. In the first place we want a name. Many people who sympathise with measures that are to all intents and purposes Socialistic, are frightened of the term "Socialist." Therefore that won't do. The rise of Unionism makes it necessary to qualify the name of "Liberal." "Radical" is too nearly associated with every shade of faddist and crank. "Nationalist" is good, but it has been already appropriated in Ireland. I do not see why we should be afraid of "Democrat" pure and simple. But if we do go for that name, we ought to make it perfectly clear what we mean it to cover.

If we are ever to do any good we must put the word "confiscation" outside our category. It is all nonsense going back to the year one for arguments and reasons. We must be content to deal with things as they are. For example, England belongs to the people of England. But the land of England belongs to a comparatively small number of individuals. In theory the people ought to enjoy the fruits of the land. But they don't. And a measure of land nationalisation, though it is very beautiful to talk about, could never be passed in a lump. But the people living in any particular town have a perfect right to the advantages they could reasonably expect from cultivated land in their immediate vicinity. Very well. If an owner of land did not choose to cultivate—did not raise crops and employ labour—the people of the town should be able to insist on his selling the land to them at the *uncultivated* price. I am not speaking of parks or preserves remember. I mean agricultural land. Quantities of land are untilled to-day, and there are heaps of people ready and willing to till it. But fruits and crops can be so cheaply raised in more generous climates and can be so cheaply imported that land in England cannot be tilled at a profit. That is to say, it cannot be tilled at a profit to the nominal proprietor, though more than a living can be got out of land by the actual labourers. The law of supply and demand has brought the value of agricultural produce so low that agriculture does not pay in this country *as a business*. But the land would easily support ten times the present number of our unemployed. And it is the natural vent for our congested populations. Obviously, if an owner does not cultivate his land, but lets it lie fallow, it does nobody any good. He would be no worse off if compelled to sell it at prairie value. And the community would benefit if the land in question supported a number of families at present living on the ratepayer through the medium of the workhouse.

Now, I venture to think that the land can be dealt with after some such fashion as I have suggested without injustice or confiscation.

Many similar problems might be similarly approached. These are the measures and reforms towards which the new Democratic party should direct its attention, and on which it could unite many conflicting interests. Above all things it should not waste time howling over the machinery of government. This is the most glaring delusion of the age. Our Government is not perfect, but it works better than most. For scandals and corruption, for Panamas and Tammanys, look to the Universal Suffrage Republics of France and America. Our system is quite democratic enough for all practical purposes. But we don't want to devote it any longer to ploughing sand, filling cups, and rot of that description. We want sense. Good, solid commonsense. I can't say how it sickens me to read day after day of some little silver bookmaker being fined for betting, while every daily paper teems with racing reports and statements of the odds about this or that race. The sport of horseracing is a gigantic national industry. It employs and gives indirect occupation to hundreds of thousands of people. Its capitalised interest amounts to millions. Why on earth should not the thing be recognised, why should not a bet be made a transaction just as legal as the purchase of an option on the Stock Exchange—which is precisely the same thing, a bet that certain shares will fall or rise by a given date? Directly you legalise betting, and license the bookmaker, you elevate the industry and eliminate the shady trader. But here the crank rampant steps in, saying that to bet is to gamble, that gambling is wicked, and we must not recognise it;

in fact, that we must shut our eyes tightly to a huge fact for the sake of a ridiculous prejudice.

If betting is wrong, then make it a criminal offence, and punish and suppress it in all shapes and forms. But if it is not wrong, make it legal. At present we punish the unhappy little man, whose only fault is that he pays ready money, while we say nothing to the "Leviathan Penciller," who settles in thousands every Monday at Tattersall's.

This is a practical injustice that every Democrat should wish to see set right.

The much-puffed Sporting League ought to take the matter in hand of course. But, like many contemporary leagues and associations, the Sporting League is, I fancy, not so powerful as it supposes. It took great credit to itself for the winning of Brigg by Mr. Richardson at a bye election. Mr. Richardson was a strong local candidate, and a thorough sportsman. He was one of the finest gentleman-riders that ever sat in a saddle. He won the Grand National twice on Disturbance, and on Reugny for Capt. Machell. He married the widow of Lord Yarborough. But last week the Radical candidate upset him, and won back Brigg by an increased majority. I never believed much in the Sporting League after one experience of the way it touted for members. I was on the stage at Drury Lane when a pretty dancing-girl from another theatre came round, and, producing a document, asked for signatures of adhesion to the Sporting League. I believe she captured those towers of political strength, Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell, together with certain lesser lights; but the whole proceeding did not impress me with confidence in the cause she represented

Similarly, I remain unconverted by the Conservative fervour of the *Saturday Review*. It goes for Mr. Chamberlain in scathing terms, and sneers profoundly at his gradual conversion to Moderate views. Still, the *Saturday Review*, of all papers, should not regard this as such a startling phenomenon. Its own editor, Mr. Frank Harriss, used to be president of the Marylebone Branch of the Democratic Federation started by Henry Hyndman. Frank is now a staunch Tory; but there was a time when he harangued the populace under the trees in Regent's Park, where I once heard him make a funny slip. He had explained that at the end of the beam, as far as you could go, there was he. And he went on to show what could be done by determined co-operation. "Look at Cromwell," he said, "what did he do? He and a few stout friends stood together, they took Charles I., and they hanged him!" This was not strict history; but he meant well, and the moral was the same.

I have been away for a few days, so I have, practically, no theatrical information for you this week. Moreover, half the theatres are closed, or closing, and all the theatrical celebrities are off for their brief holidays. Early next month I hope to go for mine, but I will write to you from wherever I am.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

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CLUB CHATTER.

Several correspondents have asked for my advice lately as to marrying and giving in marriage. One man wants to know if a bridegroom has to make presents to the male members of the bridal party. My correspondent says he knows all about the presents from the bridegroom to the bridesmaids, but he has been told he will have to give new hats, gloves, and ties to the men. I have never heard of this being done, but the idea is excellent. There would be another inducement for a man to go to a wedding—somebody else's wedding, of course. On arriving at the church he wouldn't be conducted to a seat, but would find his way round to the vestry, which would be temporarily fitted up as a dressing-room. Here he would leave the hat, gloves, and tie he brought with him—I don't see why the bridegroom shouldn't throw in a clean collar as well—and select others from the extensive stock laid in for the occasion. The verger would reap a harvest by selling all the old hats, gloves, ties, etc., and every man would be feeling very happy—except the bridegroom.

The idea is capable of being developed. I would suggest that, instead of sauntering into a church one after the other, all the men remain in the vestry until the bridal party arrives, when they might join in at the end of the procession. A body of men holding new silk hats in imposing positions would be very impressive. The organist would have to be excused if the shock were too much for him. Possibly he might be betrayed into playing an appropriate hymn, as was done the other day at a village church. It was an unusually brilliant wedding for a village, and the organist, thinking that the usual matrimonial hymn was inadequate for the occasion, led off with "Who are these like stars appearing?" as the procession entered the church. But perhaps my correspondent has mixed up weddings and funerals. At the latter functions I believe it is the custom in some places for a servant to hand round black gloves, hatbands (not hats), decanters of dry sherry, and other outward and visible signs of deep mental anguish.

Other correspondents have asked me for details about getting married. There are several methods. The one most in vogue with lady novelists is the special license. As a matter of fact this is a very expensive affair and can only be obtained under exceptional circumstances. It is not granted merely for the payment of the fee; there must be special reasons for the request. Then there is the ordinary license, costing, I believe, about three guineas. This does away with the necessity of publishing the banns. This last method is the one in general use. The fee for publishing the banns is eighteenpence, and the ceremony may cost you anything from five shillings upwards. If the parties live in different parishes the banns must be asked in both, and the ceremony can only be performed in either of the two churches. A three-weeks' residence in the parish is necessary for both parties, whether married by license or banns. The three weeks is an elastic term, and does not always mean twenty-one days. I believe the actual time has not been fixed, but it must include the three Sundays on which the banns are published. The above only refers to the Church of England service.

A marriage at a registry office can be performed either with or without a long notice. The latter, like most nice things in this world, is rather expensive, and consists in paying a big fee and posting the names of the contracting parties in the registrar's office for, I believe, two days prior to the conclusion of the contract. If you give a three-weeks' notice and have the names posted up for that time the fee is smaller. With regard to religious marriages by other denominations than the Church of England, I believe the only one recognised by the law is the Quakers'. Roman Catholics and Nonconformists must either have a registrar at the service or go

to his office—I am not sure which—and in this case the religious ceremony is not binding by law, and the marriage only counts from the time when the registration is complete.

Another correspondent writes for "a complete description of a best man's apparel," and wants to know if a stand-up collar is essential to a frock-coat. Certainly not. This is a free country, and there is nothing to prevent a man from wearing a turned-down collar if he wants to. But it is not fashionable. The correct wedding garments just now consist of a black frock-coat and waistcoat, with fairly light trousers, or a grey frock-coat suit (the trousers being of the same material as the coat), patent boots, grey suède gloves, and a silk hat. The bell-shaped hat is correct at present. The collar may be a stick-up, either all the way round or with turned down points.

If any man wanted a practical illustration of the old proverb about the "ill wind," he could have had it at Sandown on Friday. A stiff breeze was blowing across the course as I came up from the station, and a three-card-trick man was doing his best to conduct business under somewhat adverse circumstances. He had seated himself on the little asphalte path, with a group of accomplices standing at his back, and an open umbrella propped up at his side. Two or three very young men were pausing to consider which was the picture card, when a sudden gust of wind playfully turned it over. The changes of expression on the faces of those men were really beautiful, and I left the little crowd with the feeling that come what might I had not been to Sandown for nothing.

In an interval between the races I sauntered out on to the course, and interviewed a policeman. I wanted to find out exactly what would happen if I turned bookmaker and stood outside one of the rings. I had no intention, of course, of doing anything of the sort and I fancy that policeman knew it, for he replied very courteously that "he was afraid he should have to run me in." Then, pointing to one of the notice-boards, I asked him if he could tell me the difference between legal and illegal betting. "No, sir," he replied, "I can't say, standing on this course, what's legal betting and what isn't; but you come to Cheapside, and I'll show you in two minutes!" And there was a merry little twinkle in that policeman's eye as he turned away to help clear the course. Shall we ever get this point settled?

The ladies' dresses at Sandown were very gay, or, at least, if the dresses were not the hats were, which comes to the same thing. With regard to male attire, I thought there were fewer frock-coats and silk hats than usual, their place being taken by short jackets, cut rather square in front, and white straw hats, with black bands and self-tied bows. I think a white straw hat must be absolutely new to appear in such a place, and it's about the only article of dress which does look at its best when quite new. The Prince, of course, wore a black frock-coat which he kept buttoned up, and a silk hat of his usual shape. By the way, I believe the Royal party were detained on the course slightly longer than they intended. It seems that the coachman, thinking, I suppose, that the Prince would stay till the end of the racing, was giving himself a little holiday. At any rate, a Royal footman was running about the paddock trying to find the missing man. But the delay could not have been long, as the Prince left very soon after the big race.

I was rather surprised to meet Miss Julia Neilson and her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, in the members' enclosure. Of course it's no business of mine, but I should have thought they would have been present at Sir Henry Irving's presentation at the Lyceum. Miss Julia Neilson seemed in very high spirits—perhaps she was one of the lucky few who were on Le Justicier—and looked much more beautiful than any photograph of her I have ever seen. For the benefit of my lady readers I may say that she wore a black dress. The top of the bodice seemed to be composed of a sort of fretwork, lacey-looking stuff, wi heliotrope silk underneath—or it may have been lil silk. Her hat was black and white—chiefly white—a had a small piece of lilac on it—I think it was lilac. T whole thing seemed to be all corners, and was real very pretty. I am sure after this description, no illustr tion is necessary.

The victory of Le Justicier in the Eclipse stakes w not nearly so popular as the daily papers would lead o to suppose. He came away at such a terrific rate fro the start that everyone expected to see him pumped o coming up the hill, whereas he simply romped aw from Whittier. As he neared the winning post I hea a general moan from the ring that "the adjective Frenc man has won," which was quickly followed by "Le Var broken down."

What a poor lot our three-year-olds are is now plai evident. Whittier was really the only one to make a show against the invader, Le Justicier, who, if we ta the book as a guide, is not by any means in the fro rank of the French three-year-olds. Baron Schick was a very prominent figure in the paddock. He w accompanied by his son-in-law, Count Pourtales.

The Surrey men had a great piece of luck on Saturd as but for the heavy rain they would, in all probabili have suffered defeat at the hands of Derbyshire. Unc the most favourable circumstances the best thing th could have hoped for was a draw, but with the grou seriously affected, as it must have been, I would have given much for Surrey's chance. Their fortu have turned immensely since they were beaten by Leic tershire in the early part of the season, and it will very strange now if they do not maintain their pres position at the head of the leading counties to the end the summer. They will probably find most trouble w Yorkshire and Lancashire at the Oval.

It was generally expected that George Lohmann wo take his place in the Surrey eleven both against Han shire and Derbyshire, but he was unable to do so, havi slightly strained his leg in the Gentlemen and Playe match at the Oval. The injury, however, is by no me serious, and I shall quite expect to see him taking p in the most serious of Surrey's remaining engagemen Mr. N. F. Druce, the famous young Cambridge Univers batsman, was to have played for Surrey against Der shire, but he could not get back from Dublin in ti It is more than likely that both he and Mr. H. D. Leveson-Gower, of the Oxford eleven, will be seen in Surrey team in several of the latter matches, there be apparently a strong desire among the committee preserve the amateur element in the team.

Derbyshire may well be proud of their display agai Surrey, but it was strange they should have done so w immediately after an extremely feeble display agai Essex at Leyton. For some weeks past there have b rumours as to dissensions in the Derbyshire team, matters were brought to a crisis, when, last week, S. H. Evershed, the captain, reported William Sto the famous wicket-keeper, for insubordination at Ley Mr. Evershed must have felt very strongly on the po and apparently he kept out of the Surrey match, as he not wish to play on the same side with Storer until matter had been cleared up. Had Storer maintained obstinate attitude the position might have become v serious, but happily he climbed down and apologised the Derbyshire committee and to Mr. Evershed. cricket is to be maintained at its present high stand the full authority of the captain must be kept up, everyone will applaud Mr. Evershed for the firm act he has taken. It will be a lesson to many young pro sionals neither to be carried away by a little success, to think that their services are indispensable.

The good people at Huddersfield have been terr

unlucky in the matches allotted to them by the Yorkshire County Committee. Last year the game against Somerset was begun and ended in a single afternoon, and last week, in the contest between Yorkshire and Sussex, when the start gave every promise of a long and interesting struggle, rain came on with such severity that not a ball could be bowled on either Friday or Saturday. I understand that from one cause or another there has not been a match at Huddersfield for fifteen years that has lasted into the third day. Considering that they only get one county engagement each year, and that they spend large sums of money in preparing good wickets and making adequate arrangements for the reception of a big crowd, the loss to them, occasioned by the rain of last week, can easily be imagined.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS are having their wants well catered for by the London and North Western Railway this year. On every Saturday during July, August, and September cheap excursions will be run from

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE

ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.

EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

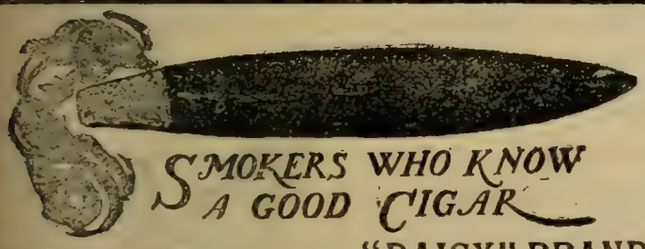
NO MORE IRRITATION OF THE TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists.

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d., or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from

J. P. BURNS, (Established 1830), Tobacconist & Cigar Importer, GLASGOW.

The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.



SMOKERS WHO KNOW A GOOD CIGAR

say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.

This choice Cigar is specially manufactured in Manila for private consumption from the Finest Picked Leaf the Philippine Islands can produce. Prices range from 12/- to 24/- per 100 according to size and weight (carriage paid).

Boxes, containing two or three samples, will be forwarded to any address, post free, on receipt of seven penny stamps, or a full set will be sent for 2s. 6d.

When writing for a few samples, please state at about what prices wanted.

IMPORTER:—

W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

JOHN JAMESON'S

OLD IRISH WHISKEY,

UNBLENDED,

Railed free at 45/- per Case.

SAMPLE BOTTLE POST FREE FOR 4s. 2d.

KELLY BROTHERS,

39, Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN.

ARMSTRONG'S

Cushion Tyres £5 10 0

Dunlop-Welch, 1895, Pneumatic Tyres 8 17 6

Address:— Sporting Gun Department, Collingwood-street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, On approval, and we pay carriage both ways.

MR. E. EVERETT, 85, Great Portland Street, W.

has for some time taken up this [illegible]

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN

and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

ARMY BELL TENTS

ONLY 15 6 EACH.

(Equal to any advertised at higher prices.)

In First-class condition, cost the Government £5 each. For Cricket, Boating, Camping-out, Field and Garden use.

10 feet high, 40 feet in circumference, with Pole, Pegs, Runners, and Lines all complete and ready for use.

R. LAZARUS & SONS,

86, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C.

Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking.

Sold only in 1 oz. Packets and 2, 4, and 8 oz., and 1 lb Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE" on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

Containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

Euston, at 8.15 a.m., and at Willeden Junction at 8.25 a.m., to Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, and other stations in North Wales. These tickets are available for three, eight, ten, fifteen, and seventeen days. No one need fear the prospect of a long railway journey before and after their holiday when they are to travel on this line. All the carriages of this company are as comfortable as easy-chairs.

The run of *The Prude's Progress* at the Comedy Theatre is to be interfered with to suit Mr. Comyns Carr, who wants his theatre for the production of Mr. Pinero's new play. *The Prude's Progress* will be transferred to Terry's Theatre on Monday next, July 29th. The original company go with it, including Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Edward Righton, Miss Lena Ashwell, and Miss Fanny Brough. By the way, it was at a rehearsal of *The Prude's Progress* that Miss Ashwell first met her *fiancé*, Mr. Arthur Playfair.

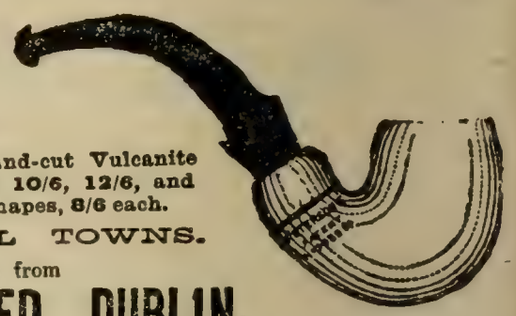
Cycling numbers amongst its devotees all sorts and conditions of men. Not the least enthusiastic concerning the merits of the "safety" are several of our leading jockeys. Bradford, Loates, and Woodburn are all skilful riders, and they find riding keeps them in excellent trim. Should he ever get too heavy for a jockey, Bradford might do worse than turn his attention to the cycling path.

Fortunately, the election will be practically at an end before Goodwood commences. There will be no party at Richmond House, and several mansions which as a rule are always the subject of much competition are still to let. The Prince of Wales will, of course, attend the meeting in the ducal park, and, unless I have been misinformed, His Royal Highness will have the pleasure of seeing his colours borne to victory in more than one event.

Of course the great drawback at Goodwood is the distance of the course from the railway station. To the ordinary racegoer the expense is very great, for the various charioteers fix their own price—and see that they get it. The Stewards of the Meeting would earn the thanks of all sportsmen if they arranged with a few omnibus proprietors to run vehicles to and from the race track at reasonable fares, and in reasonable time.

The COOLEST and DRYEST Smoking Pipes in the World.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.
Any not bearing Stamp
Peterson's Patent No. 9059/94 are not genuine.



Prices—First Quality, Best Briar, Hand-cut Vulcanite Mouthpieces and Silver Mounts, 9/6, 10/6, 12/6, and Extra Large, 15/- each. Straight Shapes, 8/6 each.

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Drop a Post Card for Particulars from

The Makers **KAPP & PETERSON, LIMITED, DUBLIN.**

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

Convenient Fast Expresses for Tourists and Families.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

London (Euston) .. .. .. dep.	a.m. 9 30	a.m. 10 30
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Barmouth .. .. arr.	4 30	5 40
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	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) .. .. dep.	9 30	10 55	1 30
		p.m.	
Rhyl .. .. arr.	—	3 55	6 53
Colwyn Bay .. .. .. ,,	—	4 25	7 22
Llandudno ... . ,,	—	4 30	7 48
Penmaenmawr .. .. ,,	—	4 43	7 47
	p.m.		
Bangor .. .. .. ,,	3 44	5 10	8 8
Pwllheli .. .. .. ,,	6 0	7 15	—
Criccieth .. .. .. ,,	5 54	7 15	—

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.
London (Euston) .. .. dep.		10 30
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Blackpool .. .. arr.		4 15
Morecombe .. .. ,,		3 54
Windermere .. .. ,,		4 45
Keswick .. .. ,,		5 50

For further particulars see the Company's Time Bills.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston, July 1895.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

A WEEK OR FORTNIGHT IN NORTH WALES.

On Every Saturday during July, August and September, Cheap Excursions will be run, leaving London (Euston) 8.15 a.m., and Willesden Junction 8.25 a.m., with Trains in connection from Broad Street, Mansion House, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and other Stations in North Wales for 3, 8, 10, 15 and 17 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars (see small bills), which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, July, 1895.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

Stenhouse

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.,
WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

For Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Foul Breath, Nervous Depression, Irritability, Lassitude, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, &c.

As a General Family Aperient Medicine,

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

ARE UNRIVALLED.

10, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.,
October 25th, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Scott's Pills as a family medicine. We have used them in our household for many years, and are never without them

Yours faithfully, J. SELLARS.

The Genuine are in a SQUARE GREEN PACKET.

Do not be persuaded by anyone to buy any other Medicine instead.

Prepared only by—

W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour Place, LONDON, W.

In histories of the turf, considerable space is always devoted to the doings of jockeys. No jockey, if we except Fred Archer, has gained such fame during the present decade as Mornington Cannon. The style in which the young Danebury horseman has forced his way to the head of the profession is deserving of commendation. He is the youngest champion jockey ever seen in the saddle.

Let us compare Archer's figures with those of Cannon's. The best period of Archer's career was from 1881 to 1885. In 1881 he rode 532 horses, and won on 220 occasions. The other figures were: 1882, 564 races, won 210; 1883, 631 races, won 232; in 1884, 577 races, won 241; 1885, 667 races, won 246. It will thus be seen that in five years, Archer rode in 2,971 events, and won 1,149.

There was a falling off in Archer's record during his last year—1886—but this was owing to the illness which finally resulted in his death. His average for the five years quoted in the preceding paragraph was almost one in two races. Will Cannon ever equal this?

Cannon's average is not so good as was Archer's, but what is more important is that his winners would have brought in a much larger sum, for Archer's mounts rarely, if ever, started at good odds. Even now, Cannon frequently gets home with long shots. The small bookmakers, however, are barring "Cannon's mounts."

Archer's advance was not so rapid as that of Cannon's. Mornington is now only twenty-two. It will be remembered he was married before he was 21. He first headed the list in 1891—the year T. Loates was refused his license—and led next season by 182 to G. Barrett's 154, but Loates wrested premier honours from him in 1893.

Of the two, Archer was much the taller, for he stood as near as possible 5 feet 9 inches, whilst Cannon is hardly 5 feet 6 inches. Archer was rather slim, with long legs, but Cannon is very sturdily built. Archer was a great advocate of the Turkish bath, but Cannon believes in plenty of exercise, and he is a very skilful sculler. His great delight is to spend his spare time on the river.

It is Trilby here, there, and everywhere. Lord Lonsdale has evidently read Du Maurier's work, for he has named a daughter of Amphion, Profile Trilby. What is more, the filly is said to be a very fine specimen of the thoroughbred.

The Major.

THE EFFECT OF DIMINISHED ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

When we started walking in June, it is probable that none of us were in very good condition. Our early ascents were made in a region which nowhere rises to a high level, and for some days we did not reach an altitude of 10,000 feet. At this time we frequently experienced discomfort from the effect of diminished atmospheric pressure. The fact appears to be worth record, for I do not remember ever before noticing any similar sensations in Europe at so low an elevation. I shall describe only my own experiences, but they were similar to those of the rest of the party. I have said that we were not in good mountaineering condition, but I was not in bad condition either. I had been taking two hours' exercise with daily regularity for several months and could walk twenty miles, at any rate, without inconvenient fatigue. I was, in fact, distinctly pleased with myself the first day in the hills, and thought I had never begun an Alpine season so well. My disgust was all the greater next morning, when, at about 7,000 feet, all the symptoms overtook me in a mild form that we used to feel at about 19,000 feet in the Karakorams. There was the same peculiar fatigue, the same discomfort if the regularity of breathing were interfered with, the same disinclination to stoop or permit the arms to press against the sides. I should probably not have noticed these effects in detail if Himalayan experience had not familiarised me with each of them in an acute form. The faintest suggestion of them was, therefore, immediately perceived, and recognised for what it was.

It is certain that the diminution in the supply of oxygen to the blood is the cause of so-called mountain sickness. In order that the blood may be supplied at a high level with the same amount of oxygen in a given time as it is accustomed to be brought in contact with at sea-level, a proportionately greater volume of air must be passed through the lungs in that time. This may be accomplished by breathing deeper or more rapidly; in either case a greater amount of work is thrown upon certain muscles than they are accustomed to. If a man has a generally strong and healthy frame, or possesses the swift adaptability which is the special characteristic of youth, he may be able to meet such a demand without inconvenience. As a rule, however, the special muscles must be brought into training, and for this time is required, which will probably be longer for an older man than for a youngster. Before I was thirty years of age I could go from England to the Alps and climb the first day; it takes me now longer every year to get into climbing condition, and this without reference to the general condition for low-level exercise in which I may start.

These remarks seem worth recording, because one so often hears climbers state that, having never experienced any discomfort from diminished atmospheric pressure, they believe men mistake lack of condition and fatigue for such discomfort. The fact is, that lack of condition manifests itself in this form, but it requires closer observation than most climbers devote to matters passing under their notice to differentiate between the symptoms of mere fatigue, the same at all levels, and those of lack of condition in a man's breathing apparatus. During the course of the summer, and when our condition left nothing to be desired, I yet on several occasions noticed trifling indications of the same symptoms; once, for instance, late at night, in the Mutten See hut, and several times after drinking mulled red wine. My belief is that the vigour of every man begins to be diminished at a very moderate elevation above sea-level, and diminishes further with every increment of height, until a level is reached where even the dullest observer perceives that something is wrong. To find a scale of comparison for one's energies at different levels is the difficulty. It is easy to tell when one is doing one's best, but to compare the efficiency of that best at various times, and under varying circumstances, is not at all easy, and for the unobservant is impossible. —*"The Alps from End to End." By Sir W. M. Conway (Archibald Constable and Co.).*

PLAYING AT THE GUILLOTINE.

The aristocrats imprisoned in the Luxembourg during the Terror, while in hourly expectation of hearing their names read out from the death list, not only amused themselves with cards and other games, but played with the scaffold itself. Three chairs were placed to represent the guillotine, arranged so that the middle one served for the slide. Ladies generally acted the parts of the victims, and the most graceful ones were loudly applauded by the other prisoners.

THE RED COCKADE.

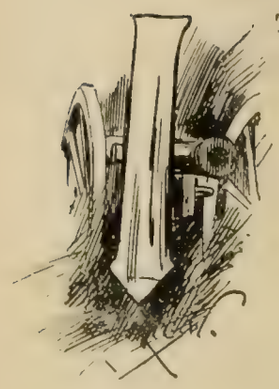
BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XXV.

BEYOND THE SHADOW.



THANK Heaven that I saw little more than I have told. A score of feet trampled on me as the murderers stumbled this way and that, and bruised me and covered me with blood that was not my own. And I heard screams of men in the death-throe, ear-piercing shrieks of women—shrieks that chilled the blood and stopped the breath—mad laughter, sounds of the pit. But to rise was to court instant death, and, though I had no hope and no looking forward, my momentary passion had spent itself and I lay quiet. Resistance was useless; at last I thought the end had come. The body that pressed on me, and partly hid me, was abruptly dragged away; the light came to my eyes, and a voice cried, briskly, "Here is another! He is alive!"

I staggered to my feet, stupidly willing to die with some sort of dignity. The speaker was a stranger, but by his side was Buton, and beyond him stood de Géol; and there were others, all staring at me, face beyond face. Still, I could not believe that I was saved. "If you are going to do it, do it quickly," I muttered; and I opened my arms.

"God forbid!" Buton answered, hurriedly. "Enough has been done already, and too much! M. le Vicomte, lean on me! Lean on me, and come this way. Mon Dieu, I was only just in time. If they had killed you——"

"That is the fifth," said de Géol.

Buton did not answer, but taking my arm, gently urged me along, and de Géol taking the other side, I walked between them, through a lane of people who stared at me with a sort of brutish wonder—a lane of people with faces that looked strangely white in the sunshine. I was bareheaded, and the sun dazzled and confused me, but obeying the pressure of Buton's hand I stopped, and passed through a door that seemed to open in the wall. As I did so I dropped a kerchief which someone had given me to bind up my shoulder. A man standing beside the door, the last man on the right-hand side of the lane of people picked it up and gave it to me with a kindly alacrity. He had a pike, and his hands were covered with blood, and I do not doubt that he was one of the murderers!

Two men were carrying someone into the house before us, and at the sight of the helpless body and hanging head, sense and memory returned to me with a rush. I caught Buton by the breast of his coat and shook him—shook him savagely. "Mademoiselle de St. Alais!" I cried. "What have you done to her, wretch? If you have——"

"Hush, Monsieur, hush," he answered, reproachfully. "And be yourself. She is safe, and here, I give you my word. She was carried in among the first. I don't think a hair of her head is injured.

"She was carried in here?" I said.

"Yes, M. le Vicomte."

"And safe?"

"Yes, yes."

I believe that at that I burst into tears not altogether unmanly; for they were tears of thankfulness and gratitude. I had gone through very much, and though the wound in my arm was a trifle I had lost some blood; and the tears may be forgiven me. Nor indeed was I alone in weeping that day. I learned afterwards that one of the very murderers, a man who had been foremost in the work, cried bitterly when he came to himself and saw what he had done.

They killed in Nîmes on that day and the two next, about three hundred men, principally in the Capuchin convent—which Froment had used as a printing-office, and made the headquarters of his propaganda—in the Cabaret Rouge, and in Froment's own house, which held out until they brought cannon to bear on it. Not more than one-half of these fell in actual conflict or hot blood; the remainder were hunted down in lanes and houses and hiding-places, and killed where they were found, or, surrendering at discretion, were led to the nearest wall, and there shot.

Later, both in Paris and the provinces, this severity was commended, and held up to admiration as the truest mercy; on the ground that it stamped out the fire of revolt which was on the point of blazing up and prevented it spreading to the rest of France. But, looking back, I find in it another thing; I find in it not mercy, but the first, or nearly the first, instance of that strange contempt of human life which marked the Revolution in its later stages; of that extravagance of cruelty which three years afterwards paralysed society and astounded the world, and by the horrible excesses into which it occasionally led men, proved to the philosophers of the Human Race that France in the last days of the eighteenth century could do in the daylight, at Arras and Nantes and Paris, deeds which the tyrants of old confined to the dark recesses of their torture-chambers: deeds—I blush to say it—that no other polite country has matched in this age.

But with these crimes—and be it understood I do not refer here to the work of the guillotine—I thank God that I have at this time nothing to do. They left their traces on later pages of my life—as on the life of what Frenchman have they not?—and some day I may revert to them. But my task here barely touches them. It is enough for me to say that of eighteen men who shared with me the horrors of the alley by the Capuchins, four only lived to tell the tale, and look back on the walls of Nîmes; they and I owing our lives, in part to the timely arrival of Buton and some foreign representatives, who did not share the Cevennols' fanaticism, and partly to the late relenting of the murderers themselves.

Of the four, Father Benôit and Louis St. Alais were two, and strange was the meeting, when we three, so wonderfully preserved, with clothes still torn and disordered, and faces splashed with blood, came together in the upstairs salon at Madame Catinot's. The shutters of the room, with the exception of one high corner shutter, were still closed; dead ashes lay white and cold

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in the empty fire-place, that had blazed so cheerfully in my honour the night I supped with Madame Catinot. The whole room was gloomy and chill, the furniture cast long shadows, and up the stairs came the clamour of the mob, that having seen us into the house eddied curiously round the scene of the murder, and could not have enough of it.

A strange meeting, for we three had all loved one another, and by stress of the times had been separated. Now we met as from the grave, ghostly figures, livid, trembling, with shaking hands and eyes burning with the light of fever; but with all differences purged away. "My Brother!" "Your Brother!" and Louis' hands met mine, as if the dead man who had died with the courage of his race joined them, or while Father Benôit wrung his hands in uncontrollable grief or walked the room, crying "My poor children! Oh, my poor children! God have mercy on this land!"

A low sound of women's voices, and weeping, with the hurrying of feet going softly to and fro came from the next room: and that it was, I think, that presently calmed us, so that except for an occasional burst of grief on Louis' part, we could talk quietly. I learned that Madame St. Alais lay there, sadly injured in the mêlée, either by her fall or a blow from a foot; and that Denise and Madame Catinot and surgeon were with her. The very room in its gloom was funereal, and we talked in whispers—and then sank into silence; or again one or other would rise with a shudder of horrid remembrance, and walk the room with heaving breast. Presently, the sound of guns coming to our ears, we forgot ourselves for a while and talked of Froment, and what chance of

I WALKED BETWEEN THEM.

escape he had, and listened and heard the mob raving and howling as it surged by; and then talked again. But always as men who were no longer concerned; as men whom death had released from the common obligations.

Presently they came and called Louis, who went to his mother; and then after another interval Father Benôit was summoned, and I walked the room alone. Silence after so great commotions, solitude, when an hour before I had dealt death and faced it in that inferno, safety after danger so imminent, all stirred the depths of my heart. When, in addition, I thought of St. Alais' death, and recalled the brilliant promise, the daring, the brightness of the haughty spirit now for ever quenched and lifeless, I felt the tears rise again. I paced the room in uncontrollable emotion, and was thankful for the gloom that allowed me to give it vent. Old times, old scenes rose up, and my boyhood; I remembered that we had played together, I forgot that we had gone different ways.

After a long time, a long, long time, when evening had nearly come, Louis came in to me. "Will you come?" he said abruptly.

"To Madame St. Alais?"

"Yes, she wants to see you," he replied, holding the door open, and speaking in the dull even tone of one who knows all.

After such a scene as we had passed through comes reaction; I was worn out and I went with him mechanically, thinking rather of the past than the present. But no sooner was I over the threshold of the next room, which unlike that I had left was brilliantly lit by candles set in sconces, the shutters being closed, than I came to myself with a shock. Propped up with pillows on a bed opposite the door, so that I met her eyes and had a full view of her face as I entered, lay Madame St. Alais; and I stood. Her face was white with a red spot burning in each cheek; and her eyes matched the colour in brilliance; but it was neither of these things that brought me up suddenly, nor—though I noticed it with foreboding—the way in which she plucked at the coverlet when she spoke. It was something in her expression; something so unfitting the occasion, so bizarre and light that I stood appalled.

She saw my hesitation, and in a gay and slightly affected tone, that in a moment told the story, a tone more dreadful under the circumstances than the most pathetic outburst she reproached me with it. "Welcome, M. le Vicomte," she said. "And yet I am glad to see that you have some modesty. We will not be hard on you, however. A late repentance is better than none and—where is my fan, Denise? Child, my fan!"

Denise rose, with a choking sound from her chair by the bed, and must, I think, have broken down; we had all nerves worn to the last thread. But Madame Catinot saved the situation. Hastily reaching a fan from a side table she laid a firm hand on the younger woman's shoulder as she passed, and gently pressed her back into her seat.

"Thank you, my dear," Madame St. Alais said, playing an instant with the fan, and smiling from side to side, as I had seen her smile a hundred times in her salon. "And now, M. le Vicomte," she continued with ghastly archness, "I think that you will have the grace to say that I was a true prophet?"

I muttered something, heaven knows what; the scene, with Madame's smiling face, and the others' bowed shoulders and averted eyes, was dreadful.

"I never doubted that you would have to join us," she went on, with complacency. "And if I were cruel, I should have much to say. But as you have returned to your allegiance before it was too late, we will let bygones be bygones. His Majesty is so good that—but where are the others? We cannot proceed without them."

She looked round with a touch of her native peremptoriness. "Where is M. de Gontaut?" she said. "Louis has not M. de Gontaut arrived? He promised to be here to witness the contract."

Louis, from his place by one of the closed windows, where he stood with Father Benôit and the surgeon, answered in a strained voice that he had not yet arrived.

Madame seemed to find something unnatural in his tone and our attitude, for she looked uneasily from one to the other of us. "There is nothing the matter is there" she said, flirting her fan more vigorously, "Nothing has happened?"

"No, no, Madame," Louis answered. "Doubtless he will be here by-and-by."

But a shadow of anxiety still clouded Madame's face. "And Victor?" she said. "He has not come either? Louis, are you sure that there is nothing the matter?"

"Madame, Madame, you will see him presently," he answered with a half-stifled sob; and he turned away with a gesture of horror, which, but for one of the curtains of the alcove she must have seen.

She did not, but there was enough in this to arouse a sane person's suspicions. As he spoke, however, Madame's eyes fell on me, and the piteous anxiety which had for the moment darkened her face, passed away as quickly as the shadow of a cloud passes on an April morning. She took up her fan again, and looked at me gaily. "Do you know," she said, "I had the strangest dream last night, M. le Vicomte—or was it when I was ill, Denise? Never mind. But I dreamed all sorts of horrors; that our house here was burned, and the house at Cahors, and that we had to fly and take refuse at Montauban, and then—I think it was at Nîmes. And that M. de Gontaut was murdered, and all the canaille were up in arms! As if—as if," she continued, with a little laugh, cut short by a gasp of pain, "the King would permit such things, or they were possible. And there was something—something still more absurd about the Church," she went on, knitting her brows, and then with a touch of her fan dismissing the subject, "but I forget—I forget. And just when it was most horrible I awoke. It was all absurd. So extravagant you would all be ill with laughing if I could remember it. I fancy a pair of red-heeled shoes were as good as a death warrant, and powder and patches condemned you at once."

She paused. The fan dropped from her hand, and she looked round uneasily. "I think—I think I am not quite well yet," she said in a different tone, and a spasm crossed her face—it was plain that she was in pain. "Louis!" she continued petulantly, "where is the notary? He might read the contract. Doubtless Victor and M. de Gontaut will be here before long. Where is he?" she continued, sharply.

It is easy to say that we might have played our parts; but the pity and the horror of it, falling on hearts already tortured by the scenes of the day, fairly unmanned us. Denise hid her face, and trembled so that the chair on which she sat shook; and Louis turned away shuddering, while I stood near the foot of the bed, frozen into silence. This time it was the surgeon, a thin

young man of dark complexion, who put himself forward.

"The papers are in the next room, Madame," he said, gravely.

"But you are not M. Pettifer?" she answered, querulously.

"No, Madame, he was so unwell as to be unable to leave the house."

"He has no right to be unwell," Madame retorted, severely, "Pettifer unwell, and Mademoiselle St. Alais' contract to be signed! But you have the papers?"

"In the next room, Madame."

"Fetch them! Fetch them!" she answered, her eyes wandering uneasily from one to another. And she moved in the bed and sighed as if in pain. Then "Where is Victor? Why does he not come?" she asked impatiently.

"I think I hear him," Louis said suddenly. It was the first time he had spoken of his own free will, and I caught a new sound in his voice. "I will see," he went on, and moving to the door he gave me a sign, as he passed, to follow him.

I muttered something, and did so. In the room in which I had waited, the half-shuttered room of gloom and shadows, from which Louis had fetched me, we found the surgeon groping hastily about. "Some paper, Monsieur," he said, looking up impatiently as we entered. "Almost anything should do."

"Stay!" said Louis, his voice harsh with pain. "We have had too much of this—this mockery. I will have no more."

"Monsieur?"

"I say I will have no more!" Louis answered fiercely, a sob in his throat. "Tell her the truth."

"She would not believe it."

"At any rate, anything is better than this."

"Do you mean it Monsieur?" the surgeon asked slowly.

"I do."

"Then I will have no part in it," the man answered with gravity. "I acquit myself of all responsibility. Nor shall you do it, Monsieur, until you have heard what the inevitable result will be."

"My mother cannot recover," Louis said stubbornly.

"No, Monsieur, nor will she live, in my opinion, more than a few hours. When the fever that now supports her begins to wane she will collapse, and die. It depends on you whether she closes her eyes, knowing none of the evil that has happened, or her son's death; or dies——"

"THE PILOT WILL LEARN," HE ANSWERED.

"It is horrible!" Louis said with a shudder.

"It is for you to choose," the surgeon answered inexorably.

Louis looked round. "There is paper there!" he said suddenly.

I suppose that we had been absent from the room no more than a couple of minutes, but when we returned we found Madame St. Alais calling impatiently for us and for Victor. "Where is he? Where is he?" she repeated feverishly. "Why is he late to day of all days? There is no—no quarrel between you?" And she looked jealously at me.

"None, Madame," I said, with tears in my voice. "That I swear!"

"Then why is he not here? And M. de Gontaut?" Madame asked. Her eyes were still bright; the red spot burned still in her cheeks; but her features had taken a pinched look, she was changed, and her fingers were never still. Her voice had grown harsh and unnatural, and from time to time she looked round with a piteous expression as if something puzzled her. "I am not well today," she muttered presently, with a painful effort to be herself. "And I forget to be as gay as I should be. Mademoiselle, go to M. le Vicomte, and say something pretty to amuse us while we wait. And you, M. le Vicomte! In my young days it was usual for the fiancé to salute his mistress on these occasions. Fie on you! For shame, Monsieur! I am afraid that you are a laggard in love."

Denise rose, and obediently came slowly to me before them all, but no word passed her pale lips, and she did not raise her eyes to mine. She remained passive when in accordance with Madame's permission I stooped and kissed her cold cheek; it grew no warmer, her eyes did not kindle. Yet I was satisfied, more than satisfied; for as I leant over her I felt her little hands—little hands I longed to take in mine and shelter and protect—I felt them clutch and hold the front of my coat, as the child clings to its mother's neck. I passed my arm round her before them all, and so we stood at the foot of Madame's bed, and she looked at us.

She laughed gaily. "Poor little mouse!" she said. "she is shy yet. Be good to her, mon cher, she is a tender morsel, and—I don't feel well! I don't feel well," Madame repeated, abruptly breaking off, and lifting herself in bed, while one hand went with difficulty to her head. "I don't—what is it?" she continued, the colour

visibly fading from her face and leaving it white and drawn, while fear leapt into her staring eyes. "What is it? Fetch—fetch someone, will you? The—the doctor! And Victor."

Denise slipped from my arm, and flew to her side. I stood a moment, then the surgeon touched my arm. "Go!" he muttered. "Go. Leave her to the women. It will be quickly over."

And so Madame St. Alais gave Mademoiselle to me at last; and the compact for our marriage, into which she had entered so many years before with my dead father, was fulfilled.

* * * * *

Madame died next morning, being taken not only from the evil to come, but from that which was then present, and roared and eddied through the streets of Nîmes round the unburied body of her son; for she died without awaking from the delirium which followed her hurt. I went in to see her lying dead and little changed; and in the quiet decorum of the lighted chamber I thought reverently of the change which one year—one brief year had made, coming at the end of fifty years of prosperity. It seemed pitiful to me then, as I stooped and kissed the waxen hand—very pitiful; now, knowing what the future had in store, remembering the twenty years of exile and poverty and tedium and hope deferred, that were to be the lot of so many of her friends, of so many of those who had graced her salons at St. Alais and Cahors, I think her happy. Possessed of energy as well as pride, a rare combination in our order, she and hers dared greatly and greatly lost; staked all and lost all. Yet better that, than the prison or the guillotine; or growing old and decripit in a strange land, to return to a patrie that had long forgotten them; that stood in the roads and jeered at the old berlins and petticoats and headgear that were the fashion in the days of the Polignacs.

I have said that the riots in Nîmes lasted three days. On the last Buton came to me and told us we must go; that to avoid worse things we must leave the city without delay, or he and the more moderate party who had saved us would no longer be responsible. On this, Louis was for retiring to Montpellier, and thence to the émigrés at Turin; and for a few hours I was of the same mind, desiring most of all to place the women in safety.

I owe it to Buton that I did not take a step hard to recall, and of which I am sure that I should have repented later. He asked me bluntly whither I was going, and when I told him, set his back against the door. "God forbid!" he said. "Who go, go. Few will return."

I answered him with heat. "Nonsense!" I cried. "I tell you, within a year you will be on your knees to us to come back."

"Why?" he said.

"You cannot keep order without us!"

"With ease," he answered coolly.

"Look at the state of things here!"

"It will pass."

"But who will govern?"

"The fittest," he replied doggedly. "For do you still think, M. le Vicomte—after all that has happened—that a man to make laws must have a title—saving your presence? Do you think that the wheat will not grow, nor the hens lay eggs, unless the Seigneur's shadow falls on them? Do you think that to fight a man must have powder on his head as well as in his musket?"

"I think," I retorted, "that when a man who does not know the sea turns pilot it is time to leave the vessel!"

"The pilot will learn," he answered. "And for quitting the vessel, let those go who have no business on board. Be guided, Monseigneur," he continued in a different tone. "Be guided. They have killed in Nîmes three hundred in three days."

"And you say, stay?"

"Ay, for there is blood between us," he answered grimly. "That has been done now which will not easily be forgiven; that has been done which will abide. Go abroad after this—and stay abroad! Or rather do not—do not, but be guided," he continued, with rough emotion in his voice. "Go home to the Château, and be quiet, Monsieur, and no one will harm you."

There was much in what he said. At any rate, I thought the advice so good that I not only determined to follow it, but I gave it to the others. But Louis would not change his mind. A horror of the country had seized him since his escape; and he would go. He raised no opposition, however, when I asked him to give me Denise; and within twenty-four hours of her mother's death she became my wife, in that dark-shuttered house by the Capuchins' alley, Father Benôit performing the service. Louis was at the same time married to Madame Catinot, who was to share his exile. Needless to say there were no rejoicings at these weddings; no fête and no joy-bells, and no bride clothes, but sobs and wailings, and cold lips and passive hands. But a bright day has sometimes a weeping dawn, and though for three years or more our life knew perils enough and some sorrows—the story of which I may one day tell—and we shared the lot of all Frenchmen in those times of shame and stress, I had never, no, not for a day or an hour, cause to repent the deed done so hurriedly at Nîmes. Clinging hands and warm lips, eyes that shone as brightly in a prison as a palace, cheered me, when things were worst; and when better days came, and with them grey hairs and a new France, my wife found means still to grace, and even more and more to share my life.

One word of the man to whom under God I owe it that I won her. He survived, but I never saw Froment of Nîmes again. On the third day of the riots cannon were brought to bear on his tower, it was stormed and the garrison were put to the sword, one man only, I believe, escaping with his life. That man was Froment, the indomitable, the most capable leader that the Royalists of France ever boasted. He got safely to the frontier and thence to Turin, where he was received with honour by those whose aid might a little earlier have saved all. Who fails must expect buffets, however; the cold shoulder was presently turned to him; he was slighted, and as the years went on his complaints grew louder. Once I sought to find and assist him, but he was then engaged in some enterprise on the African coast, and my circumstances were such that I could have done little had I found him. Soon afterwards, I believe, he died, though certain information never reached me. But dead or alive I owe him gratitude, respect, and other things, among which I count the greatest happiness of my life.

THE END.

THE DOG TAMER.

BY

B. A. CLARKE.

Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

"STIT there, don't move," said the newcomer. He repeated this twice. Everyone in the shop looked round. The assistant who was engaged in altering the direction of my features relaxed his efforts, and my nose, escaping from the constraint of a hot thumb and forefinger, resumed its normal shape. The political dicta of the head barber were broken in upon and were not resumed The stranger held the floor. We regarded him in silence, as he stood pointing a monitory finger towards a white, dejected-looking dog. The latter was crouching in a corner, cowed beyond words. At last the stranger was satisfied with the effect. He turned round briskly and settled himself for a shave.

"He'll remain where you put him, eh?" said the head barber admiringly.

"Moses knows better than to move," replied the man. In the way that he uttered them, a wealth of significance seemed to lurk beneath these words.

"I'll be shaved," he continued irrelevantly.

The life of the shop ran back into its old channels. The attendant on my left, who was trying to set an old gentleman afire with a lighted taper, resumed his disquisition on the advantages of this course. Suddenly we were startled by a new sensation.

"Stop," cried the dog trainer, raising his hand. The principal of the establishment paused with the razor in mid-air.

"That dog has left the shop."

If a bombshell had fallen amongst us it could not have occasioned more surprise. The stern man leaped from his chair. He brushed aside the barber and his suggestions like cobwebs, and dashed out into the street. Arrayed in a garment like a spotted surplice, with the fire of madness in his eyes, and with one side of his face covered by a thick lather, he must have been a terrifying apparition to the passers-by. A minute or two later he backed into the shop, dragging his pet along by the loose skin of its neck. Physically the contest was not an equal one; but in the exchange of profanity it seemed to me that the dog held its own.

When the animal had been forced into its corner, the stranger called for a stout cord.

"This nail will hold, I suppose?" he continued, not heeding our protests.

The string was brought in. "But the dog is so young," faltered one of the attendants.

"He is old enough to disobey," came the sententious answer. In a few seconds, by means of the cord the dog was tethered to an iron hat-peg.

"Now," said the disciplinarian, assuming the attitude in which he had first won our regard, "I dare you to disobey me again." The animal blinked furtively and curled up against the wall. He made no attempt to go into the street.

"That dog has met his match," said the barber reflectively.

"'E knows 'e's conquered," remarked the boy who sweeps out the shop.

The owner thawed beneath these tributes.

"Firmness," he said, "it's all done by firmness. Keep them under"—he made a vertical movement with his right thumb—"and they soon know their place."

"Remarkable how animals 'ull recognise a strong will," said my attendant, who so far had not opened his mouth.

"You've hit it," said the stranger delightedly, whilst the barber was sponging off the hardened soap. "Take Moses there. No one would suppose, to look at him now, that he could be any trouble to master, but there is no one but myself at home who has any control over him at all. As for my wife, he defies her openly. I have seen that woman, when Moses has been wanting to run out into the rain, order him to lie down, yes, and threaten him with a rolling-pin, but do you think he cared? Not a bit. He just ran into the scullery, jumped on to the sink, and was out of the window before you could say Jack Robinson. I can see his mistress's face now."

The man laughed pleasantly at his wife's discomfiture. We all joined in (we were married men), though somewhat self-consciously.

"He won't play those tricks when you talk to him," said the barber, beginning to re-lather the unshaved cheek.

"HE DEFIES HER OPENLY."

"Scarcely," said the martinet, drily. "Moses knows me better. I say to him quietly, 'Stop here'—just like that, and then I go and shut down the scullery window. The dog stays in right enough. He sees that when I say a thing I mean to have it carried out. It saves a deal of trouble."

"It's the only way to make them respect you," said the barber, applying his razor to the formidable chin. The conversation flagged. The incendiary took advantage of the interval to start upon some anecdotes illustrative of canine intelligence in general, and the 'cuteness in particular of a terrier owned by his wife's uncle.

"Talking about sagacity," interrupted the fierce man, the moment that he could speak without endangering his life, "Moses here is far from being a fool (you may cut my hair if you want to). There is one trick that is rather amusing. It consists in making a dog beg with a biscuit balanced upon his nose. The animal will sit like this until his master says 'Paid for.' Then the biscuit is gobbled up. Have you ever seen it done?"

"Have you taught your dog to do this, sir?" said the barber diplomatically.

"No," replied the educationalist, "and for a good reason, he won't learn."

The hairdresser examined his scissors, and smiled tentatively.

"You can fool an ordinary animal in that way, but not Moses. He's as sharp as a needle is that dog. I have wasted sometimes as much as a pound of Osbornes on him at a sitting. I can balance the biscuits right enough, and say, 'Trust!' But, bless you, the second that I take away my hand, that biscuit is down Moses' throat. 'Seize what you can, and blow the ceremony,' is his motto, and not a bad one either."

"Did you hear that?" whispered my attendant in an ecstacy of admiration. "He's a sharp one, There's not much, I'm thinking, that you could teach that gentleman or his dog either." And I believe this was true.

"They're almost human beings when they get like that," said the barber, who, like all hairdressers, had a leaning to philosophy.

"Call it instinct, or what you will," said the dog's owner, "it is very wonderful. Now the first week that I had Moses, I told him that he must not steal. He remembers that as well now as if it had happened yesterday. He often sits up with me for hours after everyone has gone to bed; but although the uncleared supper is upon the table, he makes no attempt to touch it. One night I forgot to call him into the passage when I went upstairs. If you'll believe me, within a minute of my leaving the room he was upon the table, and eating the amily joint."

WE WATCHED THE DOG.

"A hard brush, of course?" said the barber, pressing a white button.

At this point my object was accomplished, and I left the shop. In taking my hat from its peg I must have pushed off the small loop in which the dog's string terminated. Passing through the swing doors, I felt something brush against my knees. I walked some fifty yards down the street, when I turned and saw the dog tamer at my side. Since the last time he had sallied forth what a change The voluminous garment was the same, with an additional towel or two crammed inside the collar, but the countenance above it, how altered! The face was now an ashy grey, and a thick head of black hair was standing literally upon end. We watched the dog—a streak of white—vanish round the corner. The dog trainer stood there, it seemed hours, without uttering a word. I began once or twice an apology for my carelessness, but he did not hear me.

"Moses has carried his point," he said at last, but whether he addressed me or the crowd of little girls that was gathering round us, I cannot say. "My hold on the dog is broken, I must start all over again."

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IN LIMEHOUSE REACH.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

IT was the mate's affair all through. He began by leaving the end of a line dangling over the stern, and the propeller, though quite unaccustomed to that sort of work, wound it up until only a few fathoms remained. It then stopped, and the mischief was not discovered until the skipper had called the engineer everything that he and the mate and three men and a boy could think of. The skipper did the interpreting through the tube which afforded the sole means of communication between the wheel and the engine-room, and the indignant engineer did the listening.

The *Gem* was just off Limehouse at the time, and it was evident she was going to stay there. The skipper ran her ashore and made her fast to a roomy old schooner which was lying alongside a wharf. He was then able to give a little attention to the real offender, and the unfortunate mate, who had been the most inventive of them all, realised to the full the old saying of curses coming home to roost. They brought some strangers with them, too.

"I'm going ashore," said the skipper at last. "We won't get off till next tide now. When it's low water you'll have to get down and cut the line away. A new line too! I'm ashamed o' you, Harry."

"I'm not surprised," said the engineer, who was a vindictive man.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the mate fiercely.

"We don't want any of your bad temper," interposed the skipper severely. "*Nor* bad language. The men can go ashore, and the engineer, too, provided he keeps steam up. But be ready for a start about five. You'll have to mind the ship."

He looked over the stern again, shook his head sadly and after a visit to the cabin clambered over the schooner's side and got ashore. The men after looking at the propeller, and shaking their heads went ashore too, and the boy after looking at the propeller and getting ready to shake his, caught the mate's eye and omitted that part of the ceremony from a sudden conviction that it was unhealthy.

SHE SAT IN A WICKER CHAIR READING.

Left alone, the mate, who was of a sensitive disposition, after a curt nod to Captain Jansell of the schooner

Aquila, who had heard of the disaster and was disposed to be sympathetically inquisitive, lit his pipe and began moodily to smoke.

When he next looked up the old man had disappeared, and a girl in a print dress and a large straw hat sat in a wicker chair reading. She was such a pretty girl that the mate forgot his troubles at once, and after carefully putting his cap on straight strolled casually up and down the deck.

To his mortification the girl seemed unaware of his presence and read steadily, occasionally looking up and chirping with a pair of ravishing lips at a blackbird, which hung in a wicker cage from the mainmast.

"That's a nice bird," said the mate, leaning against the side, and turning a look of great admiration upon it.

"Yes," said the girl, raising a pair of dark blue eyes to the bold brown ones, and taking him in at a glance.

"Does it sing?" inquired the mate, with a show of great interest.

"It does sometimes, when we are alone," was the reply.

"I should have thought the sea-air would have affected its throat," said the mate, reddening. "Are you often in the London river, miss? I don't remember seeing your craft before."

"Not often," said the girl.

"You've got a fine schooner here, the mate, eyeing it critically. "For my part, I prefer a sailer to a steamer."

"I should think you would," said the girl.

"Why?" inquired the mate tenderly, pleased at this show of interest.

"No propeller," said the girl quietly, and she left her seat and disappeared below, leaving the mate gasping painfully.

Left to himself he became melancholy, as he realised that the great passion of his life had commenced, and would probably end within a few hours. The engineer came aboard to look at the fires, and, the steamer being now on the soft mud, good-naturedly went down and assisted him to free the propeller before going ashore again. Then he was alone once more, gazing ruefully at the bare deck of the *Aquila*.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon before any signs of life other than the blackbird appeared there. Then the girl came on deck again, accompanied by a stout woman of middle age, and an appearance so affable that the mate commenced at once.

"Fine day," he said, pleasantly as he brought up in front of them.

"Lovely weather," said the mother, settling herself in her chair and putting down her work ready for a chat. "I hope the wind lasts; we start to-morrow morning's tide. You'll get off this afternoon, I s'pose."

"About five o'clock," said the mate.

"I should like to try a steamer for a change," said the mother, and waxed garrulous on sailing craft generally, and her own in particular.

"There's five of us down there with my husband and the two boys," said she, indicating the cabin with her thumb, "naturally it gets rather stuffy."

The mate sighed. He was thinking that under some conditions there were worse things than stuffy cabins.

"And Nancy's so discontented," said the mother looking at the girl who was reading quietly by her side. "She doesn't like ships or sailors. She gets her head turned reading those penny novelettes."

"You look after your own head," said Nancy elegantly without looking up.

"Girls in those novels don't talk to *their* mothers like that," said the elder woman severely.

"They have different sorts of mothers," said Nancy, serenely turning over a page. "I hate little pokey ships and sailors smelling of tar. I never saw a sailor I liked yet.

The mate's face fell. "There's sailors and sailors," he suggested humbly.

"It's no good talking to her," said the mother with a look of fat resignation on her face, "we can only let her go her own way, if you talked to her twenty-four hours right off it wouldn't do her any good."

"I'd like to try," said the mate plucking up spirit.

"Would you?" said the girl for the first time raising her head, and looking him full in the face. "Impudence."

"Perhaps you haven't seen many ships" said the impressionable mate, his eyes devouring her face. "Would you like to come and have a look at our cabin?"

"No, thanks!" said the girl, sharply. Then she smiled maliciously. "I daresay mother would, though; she's fond of poking her nose into other people's business."

The mother regarded her irreverent offspring fixedly for a few moments. The mate interposed.

"I should be very pleased to show you over, ma'am," he said politely.

The mother hesitated; then she rose, and accepting the mate's assistance, clambered on to the side of the steamer, and, supported by his arms, sprang to the deck and followed him below.

"Very nice," she said, nodding approvingly, as the mate did the honours. "Very nice."

"It's nice and roomy for a little craft like ours," said the mate as he drew a stone bottle from the locker, and poured out a couple of glasses of stout. "Try a little beer, ma'am."

"What you must think o' that girl o' mine I can't think," murmured the lady, taking a modest draught.

"The young," said the mate, who had not quite reached his twenty-fifth year, "are often like that."

"It spoils her," said her mother. "She's a good-looking girl too in her way."

"I don't see how she can help being that," said the mate.

"Oh, get away with you," said the lady pleasantly. "She'll get fat like me as she gets older."

"She couldn't do better," said the mate tenderly.

"Nonsense," said the lady, smiling.

"You're as like as two peas," persisted the mate. "I made sure you were sisters when I saw you first."

"You ain't the first that's thought that," said the other, laughing softly; "not by a lot."

"I like to see ladies about," said the mate, who was trying desperately for a return invitation. "I wish you could always sit there. You quite brighten the cabin up."

"You're a flatterer," said his visitor, as he replenished her glass, and showed so little signs of making a move that the mate, making a pretext of seeing the engineer, hurried up on deck to singe his wings once more.

"Still reading?" he said softly, as he came abreast of the girl. "All about love, I s'pose."

"Have you left my mother down there all by herself?" inquired the girl, abruptly.

you sometimes. I daresay our craft 'll pass each other sometimes. Perhaps in the night," he added gloomily.

"I shall sit up all night watching for you" declared Miss Jansell untruthfully.

"YOU VILLAIN!" SHE SCREAMED.

"Just a minute," said the mate, somewhat crestfallen. "I just came up to see the engineer."

"Well, he isn't here," was the discouraging reply.

The mate waited a minute or two, the girl still reading quietly, and then walked back to the cabin. The sound of gentle regular breathing reached his ears, and stepping softly he saw to his joy that his visitor slept.

"She's asleep," said he going back, "and she looks so comfortable I don't think I'll wake her."

"I shouldn't advise you to," said the girl, "she always wakes up cross."

"How strange we should run up against each other like this," said the mate sentimentally; "it looks like Providence, doesn't it?"

"Looks like carelessness," said the girl.

"I don't care," replied the mate. "I'm glad I did let that line go overboard. Best day's work I ever did I shouldn't have seen you if I hadn't."

"And I don't suppose you'll ever see me again," said the girl, comfortable, "so I don't see what good you've done yourself."

"I shall run down to Limehouse every time we're in port anyway," said the mate; "it's be odd if I don't see

In this cheerful fashion the conversation proceeded, the girl, who was by no means insensible to his bright eager face, and well knit-figure, dividing her time in the ratio of three parts to her book and one to him. Time passed all too soon for the mate, when they were interrupted by a series of hoarse unintelligible roars proceeding from the schooner's cabin.

"That's father," said Miss Jansell rising with a celerity which spoke well for the discipline maintained on the *Aquila*, "he wants me to mend his waistcoat for him."

She put down her book and left, the mate watching her until she disappeared down the companion-way. Then he sat down and waited.

One by one the crew returned to the steamer, but the schooner's deck showed no signs of life. Then the skipper came, and, having peered critically over his vessel's side, gave orders to get under way.

"If she'd only come up," said the miserable mate to himself, "I'd risk it, and ask whether I might write to her."

This chance of imperilling a promising career did not occur, however; the steamer slowly edged away from

the schooner, and, picking her way between a tier of lighters, steamed slowly into clearer water.

"Full speed ahead," roared the skipper down the tube.

The engineer responded, and the mate gazed in a melancholy fashion at the water as it rapidly widened between the two vessels. Then his face brightened up suddenly as the girl ran up on deck and waved her hand. Hardly able to believe his eyes, he waved his back. The girl gesticulated violently, now pointing to the steamer, and then to the schooner.

"By Jove, that girl's taken a fancy to you," said the skipper. "She wants you to go back."

The mate sighed. "Seems like it," he said modestly.

To his astonishment the girl was now joined by her men folk, who also waved hearty farewells, and throwing their arms about shouted incoherently.

"Blamed if they haven't all took a fancy to you," said the puzzled skipper; "the old man's got the speaking-trumpet now. What does he say?"

"Something about life I think," said the mate.

"They're more like jumping-jacks than anything else," said the skipper. "Just look at 'em."

The mate looked, and as the distance increased sprang on to the side, and, his eyes dim with emotion, waved tender farewells. If it had not been for the presence of the skipper, a tremendous stickler for decorum, he would have kissed his hand.

It was not until Gravesend was passed and the side-lights of the shipping were trying to show in the gathering dusk, that he awoke from his tender apathy. It is probable that it would have lasted longer than that but for a sudden wail of anguish and terror which proceeded from the cabin and rang out on the still, warm air.

"Sakes alive!" said the skipper starting; "what's that?"

Before the mate could reply the companion was pushed back and a middle-aged woman, labouring under strong excitement, appeared on deck.

"You villain!" she screamed excitably, rushing up to the mate. "Take me back; take me back."

"What's all this, Harry?" demanded the skipper sternly.

THE "AQUILA" WAS STILL ALONGSIDE.

"He—he—he—asked me to go into the cab—cabin," sobbed Mrs. Jansell, "and sent me to sleep and too—too—took me away. My husband 'll kill me; I know he will. Take me back."

"What do you want to be took back to be killed for?" interposed one of the men judicially.

"I might ha' known what he meant when he said I brightened the cabin up," said Mrs. Jansell, "and when he said he thought me and my daughter were sisters. He said he'd like me to sit there always, the wretch!"

"Did you say that?" inquired the skipper fiercely.

"Well, I did," said the miserable mate; "but I didn't mean her to take it that way. She went to sleep, and I forgot all about her."

"What did you say such silly lies for, then?" demanded the skipper.

The mate hung his head.

"Old enough to be your mother, too," said the skipper severely. "Here's a nice thing to happen aboard my ship, and afore the boy, too!"

"Blast the boy!" said the goaded mate.

"Take me back," wailed Mrs. Jansell; "you don't know how jealous my husband is."

"He won't hurt you," said the skipper kindly; "he won't be jealous of a woman your time o' life—that is, not if he's got any sense. You'll have to go as far as Boston

with us now. I've lost too much time already to go back."

"You must take me back," said Mrs. Jansell passionately.

"I'm not going back for anybody," said the skipper. "But you can make your mind quite easy: you're as safe aboard my ship as what you would be alone on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic; and as for the mate, he was only chaffing you. Wasn't you, Harry?"

The mate made some reply, but neither Mrs. Jansell, the skipper, nor the men, who were all listening eagerly, caught it, and his unfortunate victim, accepting the inevitable, walked to the side of the ship and gazed disconsolately astern.

It was not until the following morning that the mate, who had received orders to mess for'ard, saw her, and ignoring the fact that everybody suspended work to listen, walked up and bade her good morning.

"Harry," said the skipper warningly.

"All right," said the mate shortly. "I want to speak to you very particularly," he said nervously, and led his listener aft, followed by three of the crew who came to clean the brasswork, and who listened mutinously when they were ordered to defer unwonted industry to a more fitting time. The deck clear, the mate began, and in a long rambling statement, which Mrs. Jansell at first thought the ravings of lunacy, acquainted her with the real state of his feelings.

"I never did," said she, when he had finished. "Never! Why, you hadn't seen her before yesterday."

"Of course I shall take you back by train," said the mate, "and tell your husband how sorry I am."

"I might have suspected something when you said all those nice things to me," said the mollified lady. "Well, you must take your chance, like all the rest of them. She can only say 'No,' again. It'll explain this affair better, that's one thing; but I expect they'll laugh at you."

"I don't care," said the mate stoutly. "You're on my side, ain't you?"

Mrs. Jansell laughed, and the mate, having succeeded beyond his hopes in the establishment of amicable relations, went about his duties with a light heart.

By the time they reached Boston the morning was far advanced, and after the *Gem* was comfortably berthed he obtained permission of the skipper to accompany the fair passenger to London, beguiling the long railway journey by every means in his power. Despite his efforts, however, the journey began to pall upon his companion, and it was not until evening was well advanced that they found themselves in the narrow streets of Limehouse.

"We'll see how the land lies first," said he, as they approached the wharf and made their way cautiously on to the quay.

The *Aquila* was still alongside, and the mate's heart thumped violently as he saw the cause of all the trouble sitting alone on the deck. She rose with a little start as her mother stepped carefully aboard, and, running to her, kissed her affectionately and sat down on the hatches.

"Poor mother," she said caressingly. "What did you bring that lunatic back with you for?"

"He would come," said Mrs. Jansell. "Hush! here comes your father."

HE WAS ROUSED BY A SLIGHT TOUCH ON HIS ARM.

The master of the *Aquila* came on deck as she spoke, and walking slowly up to the group, stood sternly regarding them. Under his gaze the mate breathlessly reeled off his tale, noticing with somewhat mixed feelings the widening grin of his listener as he proceeded.

"Well, you're a lively sort o' man," said the skipper as he finished. "In one day you tie up your own ship, run off with my wife, and lose us a tide. Are you always like that?"

"I want somebody to look after me, I s'pose," said the mate, with a side glance at Nancy.

"Well, we'd put you up for the night," said the skipper, with his arm round his wife's shoulders; "but you're such a chap, I'm afraid you'd burn the ship down or something. What do you think, old girl?"

"I think we'll try him this once," said his wife, "and now I'll go down and see about supper; I want it."

The old couple went below, and the young one remained on deck. Nancy went and leaned against the side; and as she appeared to have quite forgotten his presence, the mate, after some hesitation, joined her.

"Hadn't you better go down and get some supper?" she asked.

"I'd sooner stay here, if you don't mind," said the mate. "I like watching the lights going up and down; I could stay here for hours."

"I'll leave you, then," said the girl; "I'm hungry."

She tripped lightly off with a smothered laugh, leaving the fairly-trapped man gazing indignantly at the lights which had lured him to destruction.

From below he heard the cheerful clatter of crockery, accompanied by a savoury incense, and talk and laughter. He imagined the girl making fun of his sentimental reasons for staying on deck; but, too proud to meet her ironical glances, stayed doggedly where he was, resolving to be off by the first train in the morning. He was roused from his gloom by a slight touch on his arm, and, turning sharply, saw the girl by his side.

"Supper's quite ready," said she, soberly. "And if you want to admire the lights very much, come up and see them when I do—after supper."

TAHITIAN LOVE.

Imagine a unusually slumberous sea, nearly always moaning in the same soft monotone; and multitudes of bright-plumaged but songless birds, mere flitting gleams of silent, sensuous colour; and semi-industrious bees, whose slight pretence at honey-gathering is exploited so quietly that the ear can scarcely catch the unobtrusive sound of their faint humming; and skies, whose brilliant warmth of pure azure, shining in patches through dense but unrustling foliage, suggests that there are vaster distances overhead than one is elsewhere conscious of; and encompassing it all a mysteriously-soft heat in the air, which seems to have the power of subduing and locking the human mind, leaving only the body and its purely physical attributes alert; and, the island where these sense-stirring enchantments hold daily sway set, too, in waters so far remote from European civilisation as to be outside the circumference of its beneficial influences.

It is probable that fifty centuries of such environment would somewhat shake even the moral rectitude of a race of Puritans, let alone a tribe of prehistoric savages, cast in voluptuous mould, and with nothing to do but satisfy whatever appetite is uppermost.

Such, in brief outline, is Tahiti, a little country in the distant South Seas, whose people were cannibals previous to the Victorian period, and who under French protection are rapidly progressing toward extinction—Gallic measures of "reform" containing, seemingly, a fuller reek of deadly potencies than native vice.

But vice, in Tahiti, is not a visible monster of uncouth wantonness, openly stalking about. It is covert to the point of being coy; as quiet as the musicless birds, as mysterious as the sea and sky. Whatever hue and shape the background of their past may wear, the women of Tahiti are ever shy, timid, difficult to approach. The hundredth lover, like the first, must woo if he would win, and so delicately and deferentially as if the object of his pursuit were a vestal virgin. Modesty here never throws off her mantle, whatever may happen to other typifications of restraint.

In the shaded hollows, among the wooded hillsides, are numerous deep pools, the cool waters of which trickle down in little rivulets from the upper heights. These places on sunny afternoons are the bathing-resorts of the women and girls, and the natural seclusion is further fortified by female sentinels who guard every avenue of approach so jealously that, however expert he may be, no male spy can pass them.

To reach in some way these Adamless paradises of ungarmented grace is the chief but fruitless aim of every man on the island, native or foreign, unless the fealty of one of these pretty nymphs is already in course of enjoyment.

When the procession of bathers has wholly disappeared the young men emerge from the bushes and follow them at a respectful distance, till the fascinating line is broken, and each marriagable member of it is alone, by herself, on her especial homeward way. Then to each comes her particular admirer, begging that she will make him happy by saying what midnight she will go with him to the nearest bathing-place, or fountain, there to pledge him her love-vows—for all of these pools, where female loveliness runs riot in daytime, are held to be holy spots after dark, dangerous to approach except for solemn purposes, since the gods descend to them nightly from the mountain tops, to witness and register all vows of passion, with intent to punish all who lightly break them.

Before the taint of the worst phases of nineteenth century civilisation fell upon Tahiti no man there might kiss a woman, or even touch her hand, unless such act was prefaced by this midnight oath in the presence of supposed goblins of direful power; and the old "moral code," governing the relation of the sexes is only relaxed in isolated instances even yet.

The after-period of these fantastic nuptials is long or short in accordance with the ability of the contracting parties to keep harmony. Let the primarily-ardent passion of either wane, ever so little, or let a quarrel come, and usually the end is instant. Another midnight journey is made to the fountain, and each formally releases the other; each, then, having a legitimate right to woo, or to be wooed, the same as originally; and there is then no danger of punitive vengeance of the witnessing gods, since this can only fall upon them if they continue living together in discord, or if either gives or accepts the slightest caress from any other person previous to the formal pilgrimage of marital dissolution.

Often the sighing swain has to walk many times from the bath, with the disturber of his peace, before she accepts him—not infrequently before she even answers the slightest word to his wooing; for the right of utter silence is hers as long as she chooses not to speak. Ultimately, though, the suppliant usually gains his object, unless she is sought by some foreigner, in which case the native youth generally has either to fix his affections elsewhere, or be patient till the experimentive stranger has wearied of his temporary toy and abandoned it.

The marriage institutions of the civilised nations have not yet ceased to be a source of great wonderment to the Tahitians. If the dusky beauties of that far-off gem of an island were to speak frankly of love and marriage, from a South Sea standpoint, unquestionably they would say something very much like this:—

"You must not condemn us, for you are so steeped in the shameful ways in the midst of which you have grown up from childhood that your eyes are blind to truth. You make confusion and darkness out of what should be clear as daylight. If not, then love is a different thing with us than it is with fair-skinned women. Any way, *we* give no deep-seated sentiment to any man. We hold that love is only an inherent personal appetite—a kind of hunger. Our other hunger we satisfy with fruit to-day, and with flesh to-morrow; and when we are enjoying the one food we never think of sighing for the other. So with our love. It is true that for a week or a month we find blissful happiness in one man's love; but the same joy likewise comes to us from another man's devotion in the week or month which follows; and neither in going leaves bitter memories behind. We are, if you like, butterflies in the sunshine, caring only for whatever joy is present, heeding nothing which is not straight before us. Perhaps you people of the Eastern world take life too seriously. Is love a cup with you to be drained but once, and to be then left dry ever after? Here it is replenished each time it is emptied, and we hold that each succeeding draught is as sweet as the one before it. How do you know that your way is best? And why, after all, are not right and wrong mere matters of custom or accident?"

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, that genial, broad-shouldered Scot, ran up to Town the other day, and dropped in for a chat. He tells me that his new story for the September *Idler* will be called "The Smugglers of the Clone," and deals with an exploit of one of Sir Herbert Maxwell's ancestors. Mr. Crockett stays at St. Andrews until the end of this month, and then returns to Penicuik. The shop seemed to shrink whilst he was in it. He is one of the few men of letters I know whose personality is redolent of the woodlands. Most of the others look as if they never left their studies at all, particularly Mr. J. M. Barrie, although, as a matter of fact, he takes an active interest in cricket. It would be interesting to have details of the outdoor pursuits of my principal customers. Sir Walter Besant takes long walks; Mr. William Black yachts and fishes; Mr. Andrew Lang golfs; Dr. Conan Doyle is a good all-round sportsman, to whom nothing comes amiss in the shape of open-air exercise; and Mr. Anthony Hope delights in football. Mr. Blackmore is an enthusiastic gardener, but I do not know whether he shoots or rides.

* * * *

Mr. J. M. Barrie has just finished his serial story for *Scribner's*. It was, I believe, commenced three years ago. Many things have happened since then. Mr. Barrie himself has been ill unto death, recovered, and married. Now, however, despite these mundane interruptions, the story is finished, and speculation is rife as to whether it will attain the success of "The Little Minister." Who can tell? Changes are in the air. Since "The Little Minister" appeared many a reputation has been made and marred. The public of to-day is not the reading public of yesterday. To confirm this, I have only to glance at my stock list.

* * *

A few weeks ago I asked if anyone could complete the list of titles of literary men suggested by Sir Walter Besant at the dinner given in his honour. Twenty-five postcards have reached the shop, but not one of them, with the exception of Mr. R. P. Dodgson's, is correct. One old-world humourist, Mr. Charles Lamb, gave Mr. Zangwill as the Earl of Brattleborough (Vermont), and another selected Mr. Crockett as Lady Fauntleroy. This is Mr. Dodgson's list:—

His Grace the Duke of Boxhill	George Meredith.
The Earl of Wessex	Thomas Hardy.
The Lord of the Hebrides...	William Black.
Lady Fauntleroy	Mrs. Hodgson Barnet.
Lady Elsmere	Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
The Earl of Man	Hall Caine.
My Lord of Thrums	J. M. Barrie.
The Earl of Brattleborough (Vermont)...	Rudyard Kipling.
The Marquis of Samoa	R. L. Stevenson.

* * * *

A customer from the country (he has just returned from merry Margate) ran in yesterday for a copy of John Strange Winter's "Private Tinker." His real reason for getting this particular book was that John Strange Winter is a familiar figure at Margate just now. Her summer residence, he tells me, is at Birchington Bay—(a quiet, breezy spot four miles from Margate; Rossetti lies buried in Birchington churchyard)—and it is Mrs. Stannard's daily custom to drive her grey mare into Margate, and draw up the stanhope at the roadside near the pier entrance, in order to watch the varied crowds that pass to-and-fro.

* * * *

I was astonished to find that the young lady who sometimes comes into the shop and spends five minutes in elevating the existence of an old fogey like myself is Miss Evelyn Sharp. Her "At the Relton Arms" (Keynotes series) is not only remarkable for its wit, but gives high promise for the future. Here are a few sentences which struck me as hitting the nail on the head:—

> Of all forms of self-indulgence unintelligent self-sacrifice is the most degrading. Somebody says that the time of the clever people is taken up in undoing the harm done by the good people.
>
> The fates will help you out of a hole if you have been a clever sinner, but they will lay a pitfall for you if you are a blundering, good-intentioned sort of creature. The fact is, this world of ours was made for clever people, and the fools haven't a chance. That is why it has gone wrong.
>
> It comforts us sometimes to be the most miserable person in the world."
>
> There is not much to choose between the negative virtue of the present day and the positive wickedness of our forefathers.

When Miss Sharp is a little younger (as a matter of fact, she is about three and-twenty) she will brilliantly fulfil the promise of her present somewhat cynical old age.

* * * *

The would-be Poets-Laureate seem to be having a bad time of it lately. Sir Edwin Arnold's last volume receives scant praise from the critics (I hear these gentlemen discussing things with great freedom in the shop), and the *Daily Chronicle* actually called Mr. Eric Mackay's book "thundering verbiage." Some time ago Mr. Mackay wrote a poem in honour of Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne did not acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the *World* containing the poem, so Mr. Mackay wrote to Mr. Swinburne saying that, though he meant to include the poem in his new book, he should omit Mr. Swinburne's name. This is Mr. Swinburne's reply:—

> Mr. Swinburne begs to inform Mr. Mackay—whose name is unknown to him—that he did receive the number of the *World* inquired about, and is happy to learn that the lines inscribed to him which appeared in it will not reappear under that inscription.

Dear! dear! How these poets love one another!

* * * *

An admirable article on teetotalism, exposing the absurdity of the teetotal faddist, has been prepared by Mr. T. C. Down, of the Middle Temple. The pamphlet "The Teetotal Tyrant," has done yeoman service during the late General Election. Local Veto is now so utterly dead that discussion on the subject comes somewhat late; but those of my readers wishful to show to their grandchildren what a silly insult was at one time contemplated to be offered to the British public by a handful of fanatics, might do well to treasure up the pamphlet in their domestic archives.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. T. (Hammersmith).—"Christmas Books," etc., is of no value unless the marginal writing is really by Dickens. If you take it to Messrs. J. and M. L. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, they will tell you if it is genuine. For a cheap second-hand book on old china I can only recommend you to try the second-hand book shops till you meet with one.

Inquirer.—An Apocrypha Bible, dated 1629, is not at all uncommon. Yours is probably worth about a pound, if in good condition.

H. B.—"All the Year Round," from 1859 to 1869, is practically valueless unless the volumes are bound.

W. F. B.—The first issue of Ainsworth's "Tower of London" was in monthly parts. It was afterwards published in book form, bound in cloth with a gold design. Its value now would be about thirty shillings, if clean.

Cotton.—For books on cotton growing try Dr. J. F. Royle's "Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India and Elsewhere" (Smith and Elder, 18s.), and W. R. Cassel's "Cotton, its Culture in Bombay," published in Bombay, at 18s. I cannot read your second query; kindly repeat it.

R. M.—There are any number of books on the Darwinian theory, of which the best are Professor E. Haeckel's "History of Creation and History of Evolution" (Kegan Paul), Dr. A. Weismann's "Studies in the Theory of Descent" (Sampson Low), Dr. C. R. Bree's "Exposition of Fallacies in Hypothesis of Darwin" (Longmans), and others by Professors Lankester and Huxley, Dr. A. Wilson, Grant Allen, &c.

Britannica.—Twenty-four volumes of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica are worth about £10. Your set requires the index volume to make it complete. Messrs. J. and M. L. Tregaskis. 232. High Holborn, London, would purchase it.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—London is nearly empty of its butterflies, and a goodly number of its bees are absent as well, enjoying a rest they have well earned. I rather like the first week in August, when everybody is away. There is a pleasant quietude about it, after all the rush and bustle of the season. For once one can enjoy the blessed sense of leisure that usually evades even the most diligent seeker. After weeks of engagements it is delicious to wake up in the mornings and realise that there is nowhere to go and nothing to do. One would soon tire of it, however, and, after all, life would hardly be worth living without whole troops of friends.

Before Meta left Town she had us over to lunch to show us her new Cowes costume. It was very pretty indeed, consisting of white serge, lined with coffee-coloured silk, and provided with a ruche of coffee-tinted ribbon round the edge, to protect it from contact with the ground. The front of the bodice was made with a little fulness, as most bodices are just now, and on the shoulders rested a large, square collar of the snowy serge, bordered with a frill of coffee-coloured lace, which formed epaulettes, and yet permitted the pretty line of the shoulders to be plainly seen. To wear with this are provided a long pair of suède gloves in the exact tint of the lace, and shoes to match. Above the elbows, round the neck and waist, and forming a pocket-bag to hang on the arm, are checked ribbons in coffee-colour and white; the hat is made of the fashionable light mohair straw, also in coffee colour, and it is trimmed with rosettes and wings of white chiffon. Meta has supplied herself with coffee-coloured stockings, open work and otherwise, to wear with this pretty dress.

For the club garden on bright afternoons she has a cream-coloured French muslin, flowered with pale blue poppies and brownish foliage—single blossoms with a large space between them. With this she is to wear a blouse in a curious shade of blue, with green ribbons at the [illegible] and [illegible] of accordeon-pleated green chiffon. It sounds odd, but it is a remarkably pretty gown. The hat is blue straw, the same shade as the blouse, trimmed with green chiffon and creamy-white wings.

The sketch I send you is taken from a very pretty electioneering dress worn by a charming woman. The colours must be left to the imagination, but the materials are glacé silk with a pin spot in pale colour, old lace, chiffon, and satin ribbon bright in tint. The large hat is in rush straw, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

ELECTIONEERING DRESS.

At Battersea Park the other morning I saw a very pretty dress made of the finest and silkiest silver-grey alpaca, the bodice forming an Eton coat over a vest of yellow chiffon, fastened at the waist and neck with wide white moire ribbons. The Eton coat was turned back at the sides and neck with white moire, and when the wearer was stepping over the barrier I saw that the skirt was lined with white moirette—the new skirt-lining, which is silk moire on the surface and cotton at the back. It answers its purpose admirably, looking like moire but with all the strength of cotton. With transparent materials the silky side is turned next the dress, but with others the plan is reversed, and it shows on the wrong side.

A pretty blonde wore a remarkably lively blouse covered over with a design of pink pelargonium petals and blue flowers, an extraordinary mixture, but it suited her. Her brown straw hat was trimmed with bunches of flowers, some pink, some bluish lilac.

The nicest bicycle costume I saw was a grey-blue cloth coat and skirt, the former made with long and rather full basques, and the skirt very full round the knees and feet. A full white blouse showed all softness in front. The sailor hat was white with a band of grey-blue ribbon. Sailor hats seem indispensable for bicycling, but one or two girls seem to prefer smart hats with flowers and ribbons and wings. They do not look so workmanlike, but they are certainly much more becoming to the generality of faces than the rigid severity of the sailor.

Here is a lovely evening blouse. White satin, made full on the chest, but sewn perfectly plain and tight into the seams about the waist. The back is "half-high," a technicality which infers that it is carried up to within two inches of the neck. It is finished all round the shoulders with old Mechlin lace lined with black chiffon, a plan that not only brings out its lovely "tint of fading," but also enhances the whiteness of the shoulders. Round the waist a black chiffon sash, edged with the Mechlin and fastened in front in rather a point with a rococo buckle. How do you like it?

Your affectionate

Susie.

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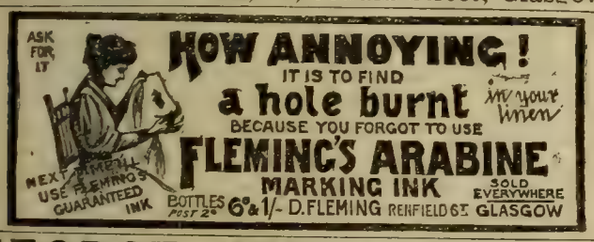

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Our Cookery Column.

Currant Cordial.—Carefully pick two pounds of red or white currants from their stalks; add three-quarters of an ounce of ground-ginger, the thinly-pared peel of a large lemon, and half a gallon of whiskey, and let the whole remain well covered in a deep pan or very large jug for at least four whole days, stirring the mixture occasionally with a long-handled spoon; strain it through a jelly-bag, but do not squeeze the currants, as doing so will tend to make the cordial thick. When all the liquor has run through, wash the jelly-bag and strain the cordial through it a second time. It should then be clear. Now measure it, and to every quart add one pound of preserving sugar; cover it closely, and stir it occasionally until the sugar is all dissolved; it will then be ready for bottling. It is a splendid cordial for cold weather. White currants, having a more delicate flavour than red, may be used in rather larger proportion.

As there is no sense in wasting the last of the cordial, which will not run through the jelly-bag without pressure, prepare a foundation for a tipsy cake and squeeze the bag out over it, afterwards adding jam, guava jelly, or damson cheese, and the usual custard. This makes a delicious dish, especially if a little whipped cream be piled lightly over it.

If, when the cordial has been strained and sweetened, it should taste too strongly of ginger (in these days of adulteration one can never tell!) add to the white currant a pound of apricot jelly to every half gallon. Stir it well in, and strain the cordial next day. With the red, proceed in the same way, only substituting red currant jelly for the apricot.

I had no idea of wasting the mass of currants left, impregnated as they were with whiskey, and flavoured with ginger. This would have been wicked. So I got cook to make a syrup with a quart of water and one and a half pounds of preserving sugar. When it had boiled quickly for half an hour we threw in the currants, and allowed them to boil rapidly for another half hour, and then strained them away, and a delicious syrup is the result, suitable for eating on bread and butter, spreading on sponge cakes, for puddings, or tipsy cake, or for inserting between the sides of split American biscuits.

If you happen to have a stale loaf and don't know what to do with it, try this pudding: Cut as many slices as a large pie-dish will hold. Lightly butter them, and cover each with a layer of jam. Arrange them in the pie-dish, filling it to within an inch of the top. Beat two eggs to a froth, add two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar; stir the mixture into a pint and a half of milk, and bake the pudding for an hour in a moderate oven.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Good-nychur's hall very well, and I 'ope I'm as good-nychured as most, but all the sime it mye be pushed too fur. I dunno as me and the missus didn't push it too fur when we said as we'd tike my young nevvy Algynun in fur a week. Yer see, 'is fawther and mother was both called awye sudden to a rawther good chawnce, bein' a dyin' awnt by the mother's side as owned 'er little shop and 'ad sived money. Well, they couldn't tike the boy, and so they awst us, an' we 'adn't much chice. Tike any boy—any or'nery boy—and you'll find 'e's a curse and a angsiety as needs wallopin' constant. Well, Algynun ain't a ornery boy. 'E don't plye off no tricks on yer, don't set 'isself down in puddles with 'is best clothes on, don't get 'isself lost, don't awnser back, don't do nutthink whort an ornery boy does. But theer—I horftun wishes as 'e was ornery, fur 'e's that queer I dunno whort ter mike of 'im. My missus awst 'im when 'e fust come if 'e warnt sorry ter be awye from 'is fawther. "Well," says Algynun, "I 'ad wornted ter be at that death-bed, 'cos I ain't never seed one, and readin' abart 'em ain't as good, but I dessay I'll get another chawnce—p'raps afore I goes beck." My missus said as it give 'er a reg'lar turn ter 'ear 'im tawk; why, the ghost stories as that boy told 'er one evenin' was sich as she deern't set in the kitching alone arter 'em, and ad ter fetch a nybur ter keep 'er comp'ny until I comed beck. It mide me lawf, that did. The 'ole of one mornin' 'e spent in the Brompting Cemetry a-seein' foonerals. That was 'is hideer of enjoyin' 'isself. 'Is fawther 'ad give 'im a shillin' fur ter see Lunnun with, and I, like the fool I am, give 'im another. Thinks I, 'e'll be horf ter the Crystil Pellice or the Zoo. Not 'e. 'E puts three buns in 'is pockit instead of 'is reglar dinner, and pawses the best of the dye in them Tooso wax-wuks darn in the Chimber of 'Orrers. "Yus," says 'e, "thet were very good, on'y yer 'ad tu pye fur it. When I comed art, I seed a man bein' took ter 'orspital on a ambylunce, as was more real and nutthink ter pye." 'E's shawp enuf, yer know—finds is wye abart Lunnun sutthink wunnerful, and knows 'ow ter tike kur of 'isself. Still 'is tistes is queer fur a boy. My missus says as 'e gives 'er the creeps and she wouldn't 'ave 'im in the 'ouse agin not were it ever so. E's got a cheek on 'im too. 'E farnd art one o' them shops whur they sells bones and knives and sich ter the medikil stoodents. In 'e goes and says, "show me some o' them bloming skulls." They showed 'im the bloomin' door and pretty shawp. "Quaet right too," says I, when 'e telled me abart it. "Whort d'yu egspeck, a be'ivin' like that?" "Yus," says 'e, "they knoo I couldn't buy nutthink. I ought tu 'ave offered 'em a 'ipe'ny fur a look. They might a took it.' 'E means ter be a undertiker when 'e grows up, and offered ter bury me and the missus on a reduckshun if I'd give 'im the order nar. 'E 'as a Jewish idear o' business, yer know. If any ornery boy 'ad said thet, I should 'ave knowed as as it were meant as imperence, and took it as imperence, and strapped 'im accordin'. But 'e didn't seem ter see as 'e were syin' anythink art o' the wye. Thur 'e set a-starin' at me with his little pig's eyes, an' 'is grite fat white fice as solumn an' seris as a bloomin' judge. Oh, 'e's a o't un, is Algynun—a reglar 'ot un. Blest if I kin think whort'll become of 'im! At present 'e's horf ter see if 'e can git inter a morchery, which I knows 'e cawnt—barrin' 'e kills 'isself, which 'e won't—and consequently I don't trouble myself abart 'im.

* * * *

'Ankin's startin' of a noo debitin club in 'ar nybrood, and I fears the wust. I sims ter feel suttun as trouble 'ull come of it. 'E's mide 'isself Preserdunt an' roped me and Ike an' some more inter it. Well, we shall see.

EIGHT WEEKS' HARD LABOUR.

By One Who Has Done It.

The good gentleman who was responsible for meting out my punishment must have been pretty used to similar jobs. He said the fatal words in much the same sort of way that a woman tells a troublesome child to "run away and play." I thought the most I should get would be a pretty stiff fine, but my luck was out. I wasn't even allowed to speak after I was sentenced. "There ain't no fines this journey," said the bobby, and he bustled me off as though I'd been a regular bad 'un. I honestly considered myself innocent—it doesn't matter what of—and I think so now, though it's no use talking about that.

It was some little time before Her Majesty's carriage—known to the general public as "Black Maria"—came round to take me and several other men away. I had never seen the inside of such a vehicle before. The authorities are so considerate that they make provision for every man to ride forwards. When you get inside there's a row of little boxes on your left and right, and just enough room for a warder to walk up and down between them. You get into one of these boxes, the door of it is shut and barred, and there you are. The whole show might turn over, or be run into, and you cou'dn't get out unless someone came and undid the door. There is not a window to look out of, and the sitting accommodation is strictly limited; I don't believe I could have done my bootlace up when I was shut in. There were a few holes in the top to let in the air, and as much rain as could manage to get in, and there was a sort of little grating let into the floor when the thing began to move, and I looked down at this grating and saw the ground slipping away from under me. I felt almost seasick. Not that the springs weren't good, though. As far as the riding went I was as comfortable as though I'd been in a 'bus. It was not until I first got inside the prison that I realised what my sentence meant. When a man has been used to his freedom all his life he dosen't much care for all the locking-up business that goes on in a gaol. No sooner did we get through one gate than it was locked after us, and by the time we had got right to our destination the undoing of all the locked doors behind us would have kept a hard-working burglar employed for a week.

I can't say that the warders were over and above polite in the way they spoke to us, but I suppose the more prisoners they've got to look after the more work they've got to do. I was told to strip, and then I was weighed, and my height was taken. After that I took a bath and put on the prison clothes. The authorities are not at all particular about the fit of any of your garments. I had a big pile of boots given me to choose from, and some of them were the rummiest boots I ever saw. They were all shapes and sizes, and if there's any man has got a bigger foot than the largest of those boots I had to choose from, he ought to consider himself deformed and go round with a penny show.

The first night I was there I had a mattress given me to sleep on, and I believe that's the regular custom. After the first night my bed was a hard board for my first month, but during the second I had a mattress sometimes—not every night though. Of course, I didn't sleep the first night; I don't suppose any man ever does. I just walked up and down the cell, and wondered what was going on outside. What wouldn't I have given for a candle or an evening paper! Whenever I stopped in my walk to listen, I could hear other men walking in their cells; it seemed to be the general occupation for the best part of the night. Late in the evening I was a little startled by a sudden clicking noise in the door of my cell. I looked up to find out what it was, and saw two big dark eyes glaring at me. Have you ever been out with a black dog in the evening, when it has been so dark that you have only been able to see his eyes? I thought of that as I saw those human eyes staring at me, but the warder didn't look for long. I wasn't doing anything against the rules, for they never stop you from walking in your cell. That's about the only thing you may do, though; they bar whistling, or singing, or talking out loud to yourself. After I had been walking for about an hour, I altered the position of my arms, folding them behind my back. This made a little change, and to pass the time away I put my arms in all sorts of positions—over my head, behind my back, straight down at my sides, swinging easily—and walked up and down my cell so many times in each position.

A bell rang at half-past five. That was intended to wake me up. A warder opened the door soon afterwards, and asked if I was all right. I said, "Yes," and he slammed the door to again. This happened every morning, and no prisoner is deprived of the visit. I wasn't well during my first week, and no wonder, considering the unaccustomed work and diet; and on the third morning when I was asked if I was all right I said "No," and saw the doctor afterwards. There's nothing particularly comforting about that job, though. I was taken into another room to see the doctor, and there were a lot of other men. We had to stand with our faces to the wall, our hands folded behind our backs, and so far apart that we couldn't possibly whisper to each other.

The general routine of the place was: Rise at six, breakfast at half-past seven, then exercise, chapel half-past eight to nine, dinner at twelve, supper at half-past five, and bed at eight. With regard to the work, if you are to be on first-class hard labour you get the treadmill. I only got second-class labour, so have had no experience of what the treadmill is like, but I've been advised by those who have to keep to the sides if I ever get on. I believe you can get a slight grip of the wall if you do that.

The diet varies according to the length of your sentence. If you are only in for seven days I don't think you get anything else besides brown bread and skilly. If you are in for two months, as I was, you get a greater variety; you couldn't do the work if you didn't. Besides the brown bread and the skilly I had potatoes—served in their skins—three times a week, half a pint of soup, and occasionally some suet pudding made of coarse oatmeal. Then four times in the second month I had three-quarters of an ounce of fat bacon with seven ounces of haricot beans, and four times I had three ounces of American potted meat. The first week I lost my appetite completely, and could hardly touch a thing; after that the plainest food was very acceptable, but I don't believe any man could get it down unless he was absolutely starving.

My work chiefly consisted of turning a crank in my cell. It was a sort of machine that registered the number of times you turned, but it did not do any good whatever with the labour. Then I had a little oakum given me to pick every day, not very much, and occasionally I had to wash some clothes. After I had been in a few days I was given a job in the workshops. This was a great improvement on the crank-turning, especially as it was absolutely necessary to speak occasionally to your mates. Of course there were warders looking on, but it was easy enough to ask a man loudly for a chisel, and then add something in an undertone.

The morning exercise was wearisome work. We had to walk round and round a ring about two hundred yards in diameter, and you were not allowed to get at all near to the man in front of you. I think the discipline at exercise was the most severe of the lot. If you were seen to moisten your lips a warder would shout, "No talking there," and it didn't do to try and explain matters. But where there's a will there's a way. I soon found out how to talk to a man without being caught. I used to sing lustily in chapel—further explanation is not necessary. It was some little time, though, before I

found a way of carrying on a conversation with the man in the next cell to mine. But I did it at last. I began with a series of tappings in my cell. He answered, and by dint of putting my ear close to the wall I could just hear him whisper. After a time we got quite proficient in the art of talking through a thick wall. You will find that if the man who is talking will put his mouth close to the wall, and the man who is listening will do the same with his ear, the faintest whisper can be heard quite distinctly.

There was an execution in the prison while I was there. I shouldn't have known much about it if I hadn't been engaged in the workshops, where we heard the news. The condemned man had a little curtained pew at chapel so that none of us could see him. On the morning of his execution we weren't allowed any exercise; in fact, the warders themselves were not allowed out unless they were officially engaged. The tolling of the funeral bell sounds dismal enough at any time, but it's really horrible when listened to in a prison cell. After the customary inquest had been held over the body it was buried in the prison yard. The coffin was filled with lime so as to consume the remains, and the interment was done so neatly that it was difficult to tell where it was. I fancy the authorities did not wish us to know.

The first thing I did on coming out of prison was to go and have a stiff glass of brandy, and I wanted it badly. In the evening I had a steak, and was ill for three days in consequence, my digestive organs having been weakened by the prison diet. Taking all things into consideration—the diet, the confinement, the work, and the monotony of the whole thing—I don't think I could wish my bitterest enemy to have anything worse than eight weeks' hard labour.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Thank goodness it is all over at last. A gigantic Unionist majority is an established fact. Parliament will assemble for a short session in September; the Queen's Speech will practically amount to asking the "faithful Commons" for a bit of "ready" to go on with, and then there will follow a Prorogation until February; when you will probably find that Chamberlain will be utilised as Lord Salisbury's great excuse. Measures that a solid Conservative Government could not in conscience pass will be introduced out of deference to the desires of the Liberal Unionists, and the least progressive of the Conservatives will be told that they must vote for them in virtue of the Unionists' compact. It is perfectly clear that amongst other things a Redistribution Bill is badly wanted. Ireland is largely over-represented—London is ridiculously under-represented. Ireland should send us fewer members — London has a right to many more. This is so obviously true, right, and just that I expect the Unionists will hold the matter in reserve until they have got through several years of domestic ordinary legislation, and then they will appeal to the country for a mandate to alter the incidence of representation. Such an alteration would greatly benefit England, and England being the predominant partner would probably send back the Unionists with another big majority.

And where will the Democratic party come in? You may reasonably ask that question. The Democrats will probably remain in opposition for some considerable time longer. They have got just to formulate the articles of their faith, and then they must sternly refuse to mix themselves up with small and narrow-minded groups, who stand on political platforms containing only one plank. But there will be plenty of time to discuss that later on. Meantime, where is the Democratic Party coming from? Has any Parliamentary leader the sense, or the courage, to grasp the situation, and boldly proclaim the necessity for beginning all over again? No, not one of them! Why? Because political thought is a habit, and the mind gets into a groove. The Democratic Party must come from outside. It must be full of young, new blood. It must be formed by the enterprise and endeavour of the young men, to whom as a body To-Day specially appeals. In almost every town and village they are in touch with one another—they meet at cricket, football, cycling on the roads, at Volunteer drills, and elsewhere. They have every possible opportunity for forming local centres, and during the long winter months before us establishing an organisation. They should find out exactly in each centre how many have votes, or can affect votes. And, some time next spring delegates from each centre should meet in London and determine on a simple, sensible programme. Not in a week—not in a month—not in a year, but gradually and surely the Young Democrats would become a power.

You may, and probably you will, tell me that the apparent failure of the Independent Labour Party is a warning not to be neglected. So it is. But I.L.P. has a great deal against it. By sticking the name of "Labour" to the fore it warns all employers who might vote for it. It is at once too narrow and too assertive in its demands. It almost selfishly obtrudes the necessities of one class, with complete disregard to all others. And the utterances of its leaders are rather too suggestive of promising "the Millennium and a quarter of a pound of tea" to all who will support them. Many an expert carpenter, bricklayer, or coal-miner earns just as much money as a junior bank clerk, or shopman at Maple's or Shoolbred's. But the I.L.P. seems inclined to open a gulf between the man who works with a pen and the man who works with a pick. This is a fatal mistake. A party representing nothing but mechanics could never govern England. But a party representing all grades of those who have to earn their living by their work could govern any country. Now, perhaps, you see what I am driving at. The British Empire becomes day by day more of a vast industrial community. It has got to be run in the interest of those who do something, not in the interest of those who do nothing. The Conservatives were always supposed to represent the leisured classes. But with the Liberal Unionist stimulus infused into them they are more likely to make the legislative machine do its work than the Radicals, who made the machine do nothing while they talked yards of nonsense about altering it. That is why the Unionists have been sent back to power by the vast body of voters, who are eager to work and earn their living in security and peace.

Whether Mr. Gully will be re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons depends on a variety of things. He shaped well during his brief term of office. But in the days to come a very firm Speaker will be required. The Irish are short of funds, and to excite sympathy with their American supporters a section of them are pretty sure to start on a campaign of violent obstruction. Several of them will probably play up for the martyrdom of "suspension," and a man of great tact and experience will be wanted to deal with them. Sir Matthew White Ridley would be better able to undertake the task than Mr. Gully. This, however, we are told would not be in accordance with precedent! Confound precedent. I am sick of the twaddle talked in its name. Everything must have a beginning. You must first get an act or deed done before it can become a precedent, to repeat the act is merely to follow a convenient custom. In the whole wide world there is no such idiotic argument against a useful proceeding as the contention that it is not in accordance with precedent.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

The Public Subscription List will Open on Wednesday, 31st July, 1895, at ten a.m., and Close the same day at four p.m. for London, and at twelve noon the following day for the Country.

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PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and working the celebrated Wealth of Nations Mine, situate on the Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia. The property comprises Lease 1,024, embracing 24 acres on the line of reef, and two adjoining blocks of six acres each—a total area of 36 acres, or thereabouts.

Since the sensational discovery of the Wealth of Nations Mine systematic work has been prosecuted on the property. Many reports have been made on the mine, but its development has been so rapid, particularly during the past three months, that most of them are out of date. It was therefore determined, for the satisfaction of the directors of this company, to obtain independent cable reports on the present condition of the property, and the following engineers were instructed to inspect and report on the mine, viz.: Mr. George Seymour, of Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour and Co., London; Mr. Montague Barney, of Coolgardie, a gentleman of large mining experience; and Mr. Charles Kaufman, the consulting engineer of the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited). It should be stated that Mr. Kaufman had previously made a report on the property, which is here reproduced, in conjunction with the later reports referred to above.

Mr. Kaufman's March report was as follows:—

"The Wealth of Nations is situated 40 miles N.N.W., and within easy access of Coolgardie; the number of the lease is 1,024, and covers an area of 24 acres.* It is situated on the summit of a mountain range, at an elevation of 70ft. above the valley, and 2,100ft. above sea level. The surrounding country is very rich in alluvial deposits—sheddings from the outcrop of the lode, from which £20,000 alluvial gold has been obtained—in addition to £15,000 from specimens from the outcrop by the dollying system. The surrounding country is highly metalliferous; the geological formation is diorite, underlaid by slate formation. There is no doubt that it is one of the best veins in the district; it is a distinct mineral vein of great strength and permanency." (*12 additional acres have been subsequently acquired.)

"The lode is a strong, well-defined and persistent one, and is prominently exposed for a distance of 850 ft.; from this point it appears to be visible only by occasional outcrops. The width of the reef is from 6 ft. to 13 ft., and the average width of the vein is 8 ft.; the lode runs N.W. and S.E., and is dipping in a westerly direction at an angle of 45 degrees.

"The developments consist of three shafts, several open cuts, and trial shafts along the course of the vein; it is very well protected.

"Shaft No. 1 South is located 282 ft. N. of the southern boundary of the reef. The shaft is sunk 20 ft. vertical in country rock, thence on the incline of the vein 60 ft.

"The average thickness of the quartz here is 7 ft., and appears to be very permanent; the matrix is quartz, containing a large percentage of oxide of iron; this is a very favourable indication for permanency. An average sample of the ore from the bottom of the shaft gave a result of 1 oz. 15 dwt. per ton: it is a very large body of low-grade ore; the ore is free-milling. There are about 100 tons of ore on the dump.

"150 ft. north of shaft No. 1 South is an open cut 25 ft. long by 15 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep, exposing the reef. Most of the gold has been extracted from this open cut; the vein here is 6 ft. wide and very distinct; there are about fifty tons of ore on the dump. Carefully assorted samples here showed rich pieces of stone, carrying visible gold. The main shaft is down 80 ft. vertical, and is located 150 ft. north of No. 1 South shaft. It is situated 40 ft. west from the open cut; the vein has been crosscut at the bottom and proved to be 10 ft. wide. It is a very strong body of mineralised quartz stained with iron oxides. An average sample from the bottom assayed 2 oz. 5 dwt. per ton, but in my sample I excluded such stone as looked barren, and which is easily distinguishable from the metal-bearing rock, as there will be no necessity for mining the whole body of the stone for years to come, on account of the large quantity of quartz and the width of the reef. At a depth of 50 ft. this shafts connects with an incline shaft sunk from the surface on the lode. A level run at this place east 15 ft., and one run south 15 ft. on the vein, showed the average width of the vein to be 8 ft. The measurement of the dump showed it to contain 150 tons of ore.

"An open cut 250 ft. north from main shaft, 30 ft. long, 8 ft. wide, and 10 ft. deep on the vein, exposes a very strong reef 8 ft. wide. An inclined shaft, 35 ft. to the north, is 40 ft. down on the underlay.

"Another shaft sunk perpendicularly in country rock, west and 400 ft. north of main shaft, has reached a depth of 45 ft. This shaft has not yet cut the vein.

"There is a surveyed water right three miles west on which a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 140 ft., with 10 ft. of water in the bottom of the shaft; the water area is extensive, and of a highly favourable character for a tank system.

"In conclusion, I strongly recommend the Wealth of Nations; it is a compact, large, well-defined vein in a very regular formation, and there is no doubt in my mind that rich shoots and chimneys of rich ore will be developed in the mine. I am of opinion the ore will average about 1 oz. per ton. On account of the vast size of the vein, I strongly advise to hand-sample the ore in the underground workings, and only raise such quartz as will go from 1 oz. per ton upward; this result can easily be obtained by a thorough system of sampling as the work progresses, and these samples regularly assayed. In this way a large amount of ore can be obtained to keep a ten-head stamp mill running for years to come, and additional stamps can be added from time to time as the development of the water will permit. There is not sufficient water at present developed to warrant a larger number of stamps. It is a property with a great future before it, and of immense possibilities."

Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour, and Co., after inspection of the property by their Mr. George Seymour, during the present month, cabled as follows:—

"At your request, report briefly by wire, and fully by letter, on Wealth of Nations Gold Mine, after inspection by our Mr. Seymour. The property is situated in the immediate vicinity of Jaundic Hill, N.W., from Coolgardie 34 miles. Main lease covers an area of 24 acres, aditional two blocks 12 acres, total area 36 acres. The direction of the lode is N.W. dipping to the W., varying in width from 3 ft. to 25 ft. Calculations based upon average width of 6 ft. to a depth of 70 ft. Main shaft has reached a depth of 84 ft. I estimate the amount of ore in sight above the same leval is greatly in excess of 20,000 tons. The vein has all the appearance of being permanent. I estimate the value of ore at 30 dwt. per ton. Another sample assayed 7 oz. 15 dwt. per ton. The situation of the property is all that can be desired. Timber is plentiful for all mining purposes, and for fuel. Very favourably situated for water-tanks. Judging from the appearance of the district mineral vein, of permanent character. Am sure it is a mine with a great future before it."

Mr. Montague Barney, after his inspection of the property, during the present month, cabled as follows:—

"Wealth of Nations, covering an area of 36 acres—a contact fissure—the hanging wall is diorite, the footwall is talc schists—iron ore gouge—average width of the vein is 8 ft. The vein has been proved for a length of 500 ft. The lode has been proved to a depth of 100 ft., dips to the west. No. 1 depth of shaft 100 ft. The width of the vein 11 ft. The bottom of the shaft will average 1½ oz. per ton, showing plainly that ore in shaft is improving as it goes down. Shaft No. 2, the vein formation very similar to Great Boulder Gold Mine, Hannan's find. No. 3 shaft has reached a depth of 50 ft. An average sample gold-bearing quartz 4 ft., assays 2 oz. 10 dwt. per ton. Talc 5 ft.; an assay of hand-picked samples gave 75 oz. per ton in coarse gold. Shaft No. 4, iron pyrites, assay of concentrates 95 oz. per ton. Depth of shaft 40 ft.; ore is largely charged with sulphide and oxide of iron, peacock copper ore. Indications show that gold exists in abundance on this property in both the quartz vein and matrix. Estimated quantity of ore in sight 16,000 tons, that will average 1½ oz. per ton. The mine is getting richer as depth is attained. Facilities for mining exceptionally good. In conclusion, from first to last, I consider it a most valuable property, amongst best in Coolgardie."

Mr. Kaufman, in the following cable, confirms the foregoing reports:—

16th July, 1895: "Wealth of Nations.—Have examined the mine and workings. Can fully confirm Seymour and Barney's reports in all essential particulars."

On the 7th June, 1895, the same gentleman cabled: "Wealth of Nations.—Struck a rich body of ore, assaying 20 oz. per ton, at the bottom of the shaft, cross-cutting."

And on the 14th June, 1895: "Wealth of Nations.—Have struck 5 ft. talc. exceedingly rich in gold, against the hanging-wall."

The directors are of opinion that the mine is sufficiently develped to justify the immediate erection of an appropriate plant of crushing and milling machinery, which they propose to order forthwith.

In regard to working capital, in view of the magnitude of the reef, and the extent of the ore already developed, as appears by the fregoing reports, £50,000 will be provided, and has been guaranteed.

The purchase price of the property has been fixed by the vendors, the London and Globe Finance Corporation (Limited), at £150,000, payable as to £50,000 in cash, and as to £100,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, or partly in cash, and partly in fully-paid shares, as provided by the contract of purchase. The vendors have agreed to pay all the expenses of forming and establishing the company up to allotment, other than the legal expenses and fees of and incidental to the registration of the company.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.: An agreement, dated 20th July, 1895, between Alexander Forrest, W. E. Marmion, Neil McNeil (by his attorney, Alenxander McNeil), and Henry John Saunders of the one part, and the London and Globe Finance Corporation (Limited), of the other part, and an agreement, dated 25th July, 1895, between the last-named corporation, of the one part, and Charles Lloyd, as trustee for this company, of the other part, copies of which, together with the reports and prints of the memorandum and articles of association can be inspected at the offices of the company's solicitors, Messrs. Williams and Neville, 23, Austinfriars, London, E.C. Agreements have been entered into with third parties in respect of formation of the company, and the subscription of part of its capital, to none of which the company is a party, and applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their right (if any) to particulars thereof, whether under section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Applications for shares should be made on, or in accordance with the form enclosed in the prospectus, and sent with the required deposit to the bankers of the company. If the shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Prospectuses and application forms may be obtained at the offices of the company, and also of the bankers and brokers.

London, 26th July, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

THE TRAMWAYS AND THE COUNCIL.

Calm observers, aware that the London County Council has in more than one direction done good work, are sometimes unable to understand why it is that the Council is detested and despised, as it is by a very considerable section of Londoners The answer may found in the report of the London Street Tramways Company just published.

When the lease of this company expired and the Council determined to take over the lines, To-Day contended that the company ought not to be compensated on the usual lines. We contended — and the Courts have shown that our contention was right—that under the governing Act of 1870 the company was only entitled to be paid the "bare" value of their property, and they have been paid that, and nothing more. We mention this to show that we are no blind supporters of the company against the Council. But it must e difficult for the best friends of the Council to defend the action to which we are about to direct attention.

After the purchase of the lines by the Council an agreement was arrived at with the company by which it leased 4¼ miles of tramway and depots at an annual rental of £5,729. That was an excellent bargain for the Council. It had paid for the part of the company's undertaking thus acquired on lease £101,798, so that the annual rental gives the Council something like 5¾ per cent. for its money,-or about 1¾ per cent. more than the company is able to pay its shareholders for the current year.

But this was not enough for the wise men of the Council. Without consulting the company, apparently without consulting any level-headed business man, the Council inserted into the ease a clause requiring that no employé should work for more than sixty-four hours in any one week. Now, taken by itself, there was nothing objectionable in this proviso. If a tram-conductor or driver has been at work for sixty-four hours in a week he has given a very fair week's work, and, if it were possible, we should like to see this number of hours made the maximum of work in this particular class of workers. But then it is not possible. The County Councillors did not condescend to work out the problem, They did not ask themselves whether the Company could afford to increase its wages bill by more than a third. They took it for granted, we must presume, that the Company's coffers were full, and that insistence upon the limitation meant only an insignificant diminution in very large dividends. Here, as in so many other instances, they ignored facts. Inquiry would have shown them that the present dividend of the company is only 4 per cent., and that if they were not to employ the men for more than sixty-four hours in any one week they must cut down wages. But what was plain to all who gave the matter a minute's consideration was not plain to the County Councillors. and the inevitable result followed. The company notified their men that as from August 1st they would be paid "less wages in proportion as they would be compelled by the Council to work less hours."

Of course the men were up in arms at once. A nine-hour day is a very nice thing if you can get twelve hours' pay, but where that cannot be sensible folk prefer the longer hours and better wages. And so we have had the ridiculous, but withal significant, spectacle of the men petitioning the Council to leave them alone, and the Council compelled to approach the directors of the company to negotiate "for any fair readjustment of the rent to secure the intended reduction of hours without reducing wages."

It is quite possible that some arrangement will be arrived at which will give the men the shorter hours without loss to the company. But that arrangement must be made at the expense of the ratepayers. It may or may not be desirable to make it. We are not discussing that. We draw attention to the matter, because it is a vivid illustration of the way in which leading men of the Council approach labour questions. They do not think them out. They seem to go upon the broad principle that the capitalist must be fleeced. They will not see that in injuring the man with the money you may and probably will, injure the man who is possessed of nothing but the power to labour. They mean well, these County Councillors. So far as it can be done at other people's expense, they want to improve the position of the workman. But they seem to be incapable of shaping means to ends.

As it is with the tramways so it is with the water companies. We have none of us a good word for these monopolies just now, But the policy of the Council with respect to them is a failure. The Radical party is raising a great outcry against the East London Waterworks Company because during the recent drought their water supply proved lamentably inadequate to the wants of the constituency served by the company. The normal death-rate has been doubled, and we might have seen a terrible epidemic in the districts concerned. But it is not the fault of the water company. The responsibility must rest upon the Council. The company went to Parliament for powers to enable it to extend its supply. The Council successfully opposed, on the ground that the water companies were going to be taken over by the Council. We have seen the result. Better, according to the faddists of the Council, no water supply than one not controlled by the Council.

Can it be wondered at that pursuing a policy of this kind the Council has become unpopular with all classes, with the poor man as well as the rich? Fortunately the faddists have no longer the power to work much mischief. The spring elections paralysed them, the Parliamentary elections have still further crippled them, and three years hence they will be as numerically insignificant in the Council as they are at present in Parliament.

GERALD RADCLIFFE AGAIN.

In our issue of May 18th we directed attention to the advertisement of a man promising "a certain weekly income of 25s. for every £10 invested." The public were assured that this was a "genuine investment," that it was "no stock or gambling transaction," and that the capital remained under the investor's own control. The thing had fraud stamped upon the face of it, but the advertisement was a cunning one, pretty certain to entrap the credulous, and we warned our readers against the rogue who inserted it. This person, one Gerald Radcliffe, had the impudence to threaten us with an action for libel, and in our issue of May 25th we printed the letter in which Messrs. Bernard Abrahams and Co. thought fit to convey the threat. Since then we have had no further communication upon the subject.

But we have heard of Mr. Gerald Radcliffe. A few days ago a lady called upon us with a pitiful tale—fully supported by documentary evidence—of how she had been deluded by this man. Some three or four years ago the same lady come to the present writer for advice. Her trustee had absconded, and his defalcations had reduced her from comparative affluence to a position of great dependence. Since then she has struggled on, doing her best to earn a modest living, and to support a crippled daughter. But it is weary, weary work for a lady, and one no longer young, to earn enough to keep a roof over her head; and it is not to be wondered at if sometimes the lady in question was despondent. It was at a moment when she was asking herself if she could hope to keep up the struggle much longer, that she saw Radcliffe's advertisement. Curiously enough it was on the very day that our first warning was written that she saw and answered this advertisement. And it delighted her. Twenty-five shillings a week, without speculation, without risk, and without giving up the control of the £10 that was to bring her this little income! Overjoyed, she scraped together, by selling this and postponing that, the £10, and sent it to Radcliffe. She did not get the 25s. even for a single week. The first week she got a few shillings, the next something smaller, a third week even less, and since then nothing at all. When she asked for the return of her £10—which in a letter, dated June 10, Radcliffe assured her she might draw out at the end of any week—she was told that she must be "very careful what you do with any intention of injuring me." Very careful, indeed! The poor lady does not want to "injure" the rascal. He may go his own way to perdition. She wants back her £10 which he got from her by false pretences.

Is the law powerless to protect the public against rogues like Radcliffe? We may be told that our poor friend, and others like her, deserve no sympathy, because they were fools to be gulled by an advertisement that was a fraud on the face of it. But, as Lord Esher is fond of saying, the law is intended not for the

protection of wise men but of fools. Whilst God Almighty makes man and womankind on the present pattern fools—innocent, simple-hearted fools—will abound, and without law to protect them from the rogues they are in sorry plight indeed.

LOEWENTHAL V. BARNATO.

With reference to the paragraph of last week respecting Mr. Loewenthal's action against Mr. Barnato, a well informed correspondent writes :—

> By last mail news is to hand regarding the action *Leopold Loewenthal v. B. J. Barnato*, and for the first time in his life, Mr. Barnato has lost a case, Mr. Loewenthal obtaining judgment for the full amount claimed (£3,618 15s.) and costs. The plaintiff's claim arose out of the flotation of the Langlaagte Royal Company, the plaintiff having an original interest in the promotion. Defendant in his pleas denied the claim *in toto*, always under the impression that Mr. Loewenthal would back out of the case in the belief that he (Loewenthal) would think he would have no chance to beat Barnato, whose boast it has been that he could not lose a case in the South African Courts. Mr. Loewenthal, however, went for his man, with the result that Mr. Barnato's first move in court was to admit—*vide* his counsel's opening speech—liability to the extent of 217 Langlaagte Royal shares and costs, a characteristic change of tactics which Mr. Loewenthal's counsel did not fail to make the most of. Mr. Barnato, from all accounts, presented a most pitiable object whilst in the box, and forgetting himself and the admission already made on his behalf by his counsel, swore that plaintiff was "entitled to nothing." Barnato also was worried into admitting that his demand to obtain certain imaginary evidence on commission in England was a blind, a move to procrastinate; the same mean sort of tactics, as Mr. Loewenthal's counsel pointed out, as when the summons was originally issued in April, 1893, defendant excepted on the ground that it was not shown with whom the contract had been made, and this, notwithstanding that entries connected with the transaction were in Barnato's books, as was found when the books were produced at the trial.

JOHANNESBURG.

A leading house-agent in Johannesburg has just been interviewed, and gives some interesting particulars of the rapid growth of this rising town. We are accustomed to the mush, room-like growth of American cities, but usually the houses run up are of the flimsiest kind. It is otherwise in Johannesburg where good substantial buildings are the order of the day. Mr. Bradley tells us that the value of property in the town is increasing very rapidly, especially in the City and Suburban :—

> Some stands that were sold there in March last for £1,150, we (Bradley and Delahunt) sold again in April for £2,250. Buildings are going up there very fast. A house that will sell from £400 to £650, and containing three rooms and kitchen, or four rooms and kitchen, only is the kind most in demand. These are wanted everywhere, and fetch a rental of from £7 to £11 or £12 per month, according to locality. . . . . House property brings in from 15 to 20 per cent. We have just let a three-roomed house and kitchen at £9 a month, in Upper Braamfontein, and another that was brought to us at eight o'clock a few mornings ago, containing four rooms and a kitchen, was let before eleven o'clock at £11.

It is rather surprising to learn that transfer fees amount to as much as 5 per cent. on a property of £39,600. The heavy water rate, too, is a great hindrance, but that should be rectified when the new company is at work. Mr. Bradley is confident that, by 1897, the white population of Johannesburg will reach a quarter of a million.

TO-DAY'S BLACK LIST.

Merchants' Portrait Company, Limited, 106, Kentish Town Road, N.W.—This company assures the public that it gives away "elegant life-sized Alrinda portraits . . . of the same quality which commands at retail £3," the only condition being that the customer pays for the frame. Is it true that the company gives away portraits worth £3 to any chance customer? The claim is absurd. The profit must be made upon the frame. But, if it is made upon the frame the portrait cannot be worth £3, and the statement that the portrait is given away is a mere jugglery with words.

Referring to some remarks in our last issue upon the contemplated action of the Confectioners' Association with reference to the sale of Lottery Sweetmeats, Messrs. Bowden Brothers, of Ashton-under-Lyne, write to us, and in the course of their remarks say: "The sale of Lottery Sweetmeats is even more contemptible than the Bond Tea Trick. In the one case it is working against the children, who are not old enough to think for themselves, whereas the trade in the Bond Tea is among adults who ought to be able to take care of themselves." We agree.

Mr. E. R. Spiers, Comptroller of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, informs us that there is no truth in the report that the Association is withdrawing from this country. We understand that the Association is considering the advisability of abandoning the assessment system and running the Association on Natural Premium lines.

NEW ISSUES

Wealth of Nations, Limited. Capital £200,000.—Formed to acquire and work the well-known Coolgardie Mine of this name. The reports speak very confidently of the value of the property. The purchase price is £150,000, of which one-third is to be in cash. The entire cash capital required by the Company has been guaranteed, including £50,000 working capital. These shares may be recommended as a speculative investment.

The Southern New Chum Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £100,000.—This Company is formed to buy and work a portion of the property belonging to the New Chum Gold Mines, Limited. There are various reports speaking to the value of the property, and development work appears to have been done. The purchase price is £80,000, which, having regard to the present state of development, is, in our opinion, a good deal too much.

The Dolcoath Mine, Limited. Issue of 100,000 shares of £1 each.—Formed to take over as a going concern the famous Dolcoath Mine. A fall of rock, which occurred in September, 1893, and necessitated large expenditure to restore the workings, led the shareholders to consider the advisability of converting their property into a limited liability company. Accordingly the present company has been formed with a capital of £350,000, of which 188,000 shares will be given in exchange for 7,400 old shares at the rate of £40 per share, 62,000 shares will be held in reserve, and the balance represents the present issue of 100,000, of which one half has been reserved for allotment to existing shareholders and their friends. A fresh lease for sixty years has been obtained, on terms which will effect a large saving in royalties, and it is anticipated that by the erection of modern machinery and improved developments in sinking shafts, profits will be largely increased. On the whole, the speculation looks a promising one.

New Hauraki Gold Properties, Limited. Capital, £160,000, in shares of 5s. each.—Formed to acquire and work a mining lease in the Thames and Coromandel Gold Field, New Zealand. The purchase price is £55,000. The prospectus does not satisfy us that the property is worth it.

Hannan's Roya Gold Mining Company (W.A.) Limited. Capital, £120,000.—Formed to acquire two mining leases, covering thirty-six acres, in Coolgardie, and near the Great Boulder Associated Mines. If we are to believe the experts, the property taken over by the company is a very valuable one.

Edward Packer and Company, Limited. Capital £100,000. 4½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures, £60,000.—The vendors take the whole of the purchase price in shares. The debenture issue is offered to the public, and is secured by a first mortgage on freehold property, buildings, etc., valued at £83,654, a floating charge on stock-in-trade, etc., valued at £25,925, and book debts, cash in hand, etc., amounting to £72,035. The security for this debenture issue should be sufficient.

The Gwanda (Rhodesia) Consolidated Developing Company, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to acquire, develop, and resell 225 gold claims in Rhodesia. The purchase price is £80,000, and folk with faith in Rhodesia have found the money.

Henry Luker and Co., Limited. Share capital £80,000. 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, £70,000, all the share capital being taken by the vendors.—The debenture issue is secured on property valued by Messrs. Alfred Thomas Peyer and Miles at £104,465, who also certify that the annual net profits during the last three years were sufficient to cover the interest on the present issue, more than three times over.

The Niekerk (Klerksdorp) Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital £150,000.—Formed to acquire and work sixty-six claims in the Klerksdorp district of the Transvaal. The purchase price is £100,000, in fully-paid shares.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Sundry Mining Shares. E. H. (Bradford).—(1) We shall probably see the shares of the Associated Company higher, but in our opinion there is nothing in the known facts to warrant the present price. It is quite possible that by-and-bye a good deal of gold may be got out of the land owned by the company, but at present this is mere expectation. The working capital of the company is quite inadequate, and the market value stands as we write at over half a million sterling. (2) We expect to see Great Boulders higher. (3) Lake View should be worth holding. **Consols** (Goschen's). S. B. (York).—We are disposed to think that the quotation will be lower "towards the end of the year." With returning confidence many investors will not be content with the meagre returns given by Consols at their present price. **West Australian Gold Fields.** Shareholder (Brighton).—You were foolish to sell. These shares are well worth buying even at their present price. We should not be surprised to see them at 10 within six months. **Willey and Pearson's.** W. D. B. (Edinburgh).—Not quite, as we are informed. We do not expect to see much immediate advance in the price of the shares. **Three West Australian Shares.** Alpha (Manchester).—West Australian Gold Fields, Consolidated Gold Fields of Western Australia, Lady Loch. **Maxim-Nordenfeldts.** D. R. (London).—Yes, we think them worth buying just now. The Company is moving ahead a little, but it is not a share we should recommend as an investment. **Kaugarillas.** Shareholder (Bath).—Better hold. At present they are at a rubbish price; but if the new process is half as good as it is said to be, the Company may pull through yet. **Great Eastern Stock.** W. L. (Lowestoft).—We think not. The quotation is too high. **West Australian Shares.** W. A. (Perth).—We agree with you as to the likelihood of the "boom." If you want to buy some shares that represent a maximum of probable advantage with a minimum of risk we do not think you could do better than buy West Australian Gold Fields. They are at a big premium, but it will soon be a good deal higher. **Boudard-Pevril Gear Company.** L. M. N. (Dublin).—Calls in arrear are being enforced. The company say they are doing a big business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Provident Association of London. Bondholder (Bristol).—You should study the report recently published. The solvency of the association is unquestionable. If it was to cease to get new business to-morrow present bondholders would not have the slightest occasion for uneasiness. All that it has contracted to do the association will do. **Universal Stock Exchange.** Sag Tor (Chelsea).—It is not sufficient to send the certificate. You must sign the transfer, and if you refuse you will not get the cheque. **Mill's Day Dream.** J. E. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—A fair speculation. The outside brokers you speak of are respectable, so far as we know. **Williams and Co.** G. C. (Liverpool).—We are obliged by the circular. We know nothing of Messrs. W. Williams and Co. **John Charles Brooke Jones' Trading Companies.** F. H. B. (Wednesford).—Thanks. A remarkable list. **Sworn Brokers.** Regular Reader. (Oxford).—They are outside brokers whose statements should be taken *cum granosalis*. **South African Matters.** Scribo. (King Williamstown).—We are pleased to have your good opinion. We shall be glad to hear from you whenever you have anything of interest to send us. **Ozokerite Deposits.** C. H. N. (Manchester).—We have forwarded your letter to the gentleman named. **The Mutual Cycle Manufacturing and Supply Company.** J. M. S. (Milton).—If the company does all the prospectus promises it should be largely supported by cyclists. **Banking Agency.** Romanus (Blackpool).—Branches, no; but there is the Anglo Italian Bank of 9, St. Helen's Place, E. C. We do not quite understand what you want. There would be no difficulty in arranging drafts upon Rome. **Fire Escape.** ——(Ipswich).—It is difficult to deal with patents, but if the invention is as workable as you say it is we may be able to help you, if you give us particulars. You had better make an appointment by letter.

TERRY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Mr. Edward Terry. Every Evening at 8.30.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
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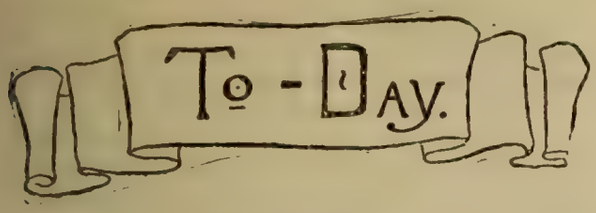

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
In Limehouse Reach. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Max Cowper 385
Tahitian Love 390
The Diary of a Bookseller 391
Feminine Affairs 392
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 394
Eight Weeks' Hard Labour. By One Who Has Done It 395
The Ruminations of Randolph 396
In the City 398
To-Day. By J. K. J. 401
The Gods and Some Mortals 404
Club Chatter 405
Maulstick. Illustrated by L. Baumer 410
Looking-Glasses 411
Sold Again, Satan! By Fred Whishaw. Illustrated by L. Baumer 412
"Lalege Potts of the U.S.A." A Chat with Miss Sadie Jerome 414
Puritans in Power. A Sketch of a Puritan-Ridden Town 415

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

If the elections teach anything, they prove that an ancient people, long used to the exercise of political thought, is not fooled for ever by empty words. In the late election the working-classes have deliberately turned their backs upon the people who flattered them and grovelled before them. They have turned a deaf ear to those who told them that society could be turned topsy-turvy and stood bottom upwards. The masses have come to see that their best rulers are likely to be found among the classes, and not among self-seeking panderers and windy demagogues. For years they have been promised a speedy millennium if only they would abolish lords, drive away capital from the country, and suppress talent. They have voted as they have been urged once, twice, thrice, and they have found their position merely going from bad to worse. They have swept aside the theorists and experimenters, and have decided to settle down comfortably for awhile under the old fundamental laws of sociology.

The doctrine of democracy has, in fact, been the curse of the poor, and the poor are beginning to understand this. It is an idle and false doctrine. It was invented by ambitious demagogues, wishful to use the people as the stepping-stones to their own selfish ends. It has imposed upon the thoughtless, and has been accepted by the cynical. It is in opposition to the laws of Nature. It will continue to grow until the weight of its own foolishness overtopples it, and then it will be swept away into the realms of limbo, together with many another foolish theory that has been proved rotten at the expense of poor humanity. Napoleon's motto is the only sensible one: "Everything for the people, nothing by them." The history of the world has proved that folly is to be found in masses, wisdom only in the individual. The voice of the people from the days of the Tower of Babel has been the voice of foolishness. The world has only been saved and maintained by the strong man who has arisen from time to time, as occasion demanded, to stem the current of popular delusion.

Humanity is always at its worst in the gross, at its best in the individual. The crowd that cried "Crucify Him" must have contained thousands of Jewish traders and professional men, every one of whom in his individual capacity was no doubt a kind-hearted father and husband, a sensible and reasonable citizen. The September massacres were executed by a mob of Parisian shopkeepers and artisans who, the day before and the day after, kissed their wives good-night, laughed with their little ones, and were genial comrades with their neighbours. The men who, when brutalised by being gathered together in a vigilance committee, will crucify a nigger alive, and flog an old man to death, are the same men who have proved themselves hospitable hosts and pleasant fellows. If numbers gave wisdom and insight, the science of evolution would have been discovered during the course of a mass meeting, and Newton might have learnt the principle of gravitation from a young men's debating society.

Democracy is an idle folly, and no one but an uneducated fool can believe in it. Ten thousand idiots cannot teach one child wisdom. A flock of sheep will never control the wolf. It is character that rules the world. It has been ordained that the strong shall govern the feeble, that the powerful shall rule the weak. All the tub-thumping in the universe will not alter this law. The science of government does not consist in crowning the incapable nor in dressing a shallow-brained multitude in the robes of the philosophers. It consists in teaching the strong to govern with humanity; in teaching the powerful, sympathy with the weak. It consists in teaching those who do rule, those who were meant to rule, those who will always rule, their duties and responsibilities to God and their fellow-man; in teaching them the justice of kindliness; in teaching them the wisdom of unselfishness; in teaching them that their thought must be not for their own ends but for the benefit of humanity at large; that their power and their strength must be exercised towards the fear of God, towards His ends.

Democracy has been given its chance, and its value has been proved. It grew up a weed from the world's highway in the early morning of history, to be trampled under foot with a laugh, as the pioneers of the human race pushed their slow way across the Ural mountains. It was reared again in Greece and Rome, to be mowed down by the sword. It had its opportunity in France a hundred years ago, and it was swept away as surely as the sandbank raised by the children's spades upon the shore is swept away by the returning tide. It was set up to be worshipped in America, and to-day America worships the Almighty Dollar; and the Almighty Dollar tyrannises over her with a rod of gold such as no people in old monarchical days would have tolerated. A society can be no more reared upon Democracy than a house can be built upon the water. Democracy has not even the vitality to perpetuate its own species. Its child is invariably a despotism. Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, each sprang from the womb of a democracy.

To descend from greater things to lesser, who are the rulers in our election-governed lands to-day? Are they the people, or those who drive the people, teaching them their cry, drilling them in their march? Gladstone, Parnell, Joe Chamberlain, John Burns, are men who would have been rulers and leaders under any form of society. They use the people to their ends (good ends, I am quite ready to admit) as the ambitious courtiers

of old used their kings, as ambitious generals their armies. Time changes, and circumstances change with it. To-day it is the ballot-box that is the ladder upon which the strong man climbs to power. To talk of this as a government of the people by the people, is idle playing with words. It is the government of the people by those who were meant to govern them, who have governed them in every age, who will govern them to the end of history, who were made strong that they should govern. A country governed really by the people would be the greatest tyranny under which mankind could possibly be stifled. It would topple over as surely as a house, supported on its chimneys, would fall and crush those within it.

I write these paragraphs as a warning to others, and not from any desire to dwell upon a personal matter that is somewhat painful to me. As, however, a good number of my literary and artistic colleagues living in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood will have, sooner or later, to come into contact with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, my experience may be of service to them. Three years ago I found a little house in St. John's Wood that seemed to me an ideal residence for a literary man. It was in a quiet bye-road through which no traffic passed; it was surrounded by big houses standing in their own grounds; it was quite detached, with a garden all round it. It was just the place where I felt I could work, and, taking a twenty-one years' lease of it, I expended some eight hundred pounds in improving and repairing. When the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company came to turn me out they offered me seven hundred and fifty pounds, which, according to their estimate, was the value of the house to me.

But they refused to allow me anything further in consideration of my being evicted from a place of business peculiarly adapted to my work, and ignored the fact that houses of this quiet and isolated description are disappearing so rapidly from London that it is impossible to obtain one at all within a reasonable distance of the Strand, and that the few that are still to be found in outlying districts fetch enormous rents. St. John's Wood was the one spot in London where a literary man could find quiet and peace, and that neighbourhood the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company have destroyed. With these grievances in my mind I, in a weak moment, decided to appeal to the sense of justice and fairplay supposed to be found in the British jury.

The jury promptly gave me five hundred pounds. The Railway Company themselves had offered me seven hundred and fifty, so that, of course, meant my paying the costs of both sides—some six or seven hundred pounds. The result is that I am turned out of a house that admirably suited me, and on which I have spent some eight hundred pounds in hard cash, am sent packing with my furniture to look about for another residence, and am fined to the tune of some two hundred pounds. The British Constitution exists, according to Mr. Gladstone, chiefly for the purpose of getting a British jury into a box. I should be sorry to think, with Mr. Gladstone, that the British Constitution is of no more service to the cause of law and justice than that.

The other day the body of a girl was taken out of the Thames; it was identified as the body of Agnes Norcutt by her father, stepmother, and sister, and buried with that name on the coffin. The identification was wrong, and last week the real Agnes Norcutt returned to Henley alive and well. I mention it, not because I am interested in the case itself, but because I am interested in the comments, written or spoken, which must infallibly have been made upon it. If I know anything at all about the kind of thing that the usual person is accustomed to say, I know what he said on this occasion. He said that truth was stranger than fiction, that if anybody had introduced such an incident into a novel it would have been considered wildly improbable. Now the man who says obvious things is very often quite right; his judgment is not warped by a passion for showy paradox, a desire to be thought clever, a horror of the commonplace. But I doubt if he is quite right in this case.

A similar incident has already been successfully introduced into many novels, into one in particular which has had a very wide popularity. The sensations of real life are the merest commonplaces in the world of fiction. That is one reason why the same incident will always appear more striking and effective in real life than in a novel. You may get through the whole of your real life without coming across one notable coincidence, but you cannot take an average volume from the circulating library without coming across twenty. Truth always *seems* stranger than fiction, but fiction always *is* stranger than truth. Similarly it sometimes happens that a fond mother has a child who says something more or less humorous; the humour is bright and vivid as seen against the dull background of real life, and the fond mother posts the joke off to the editor of a comic paper, and expects a cheque for five pounds by return of post. The editor reads the joke against a background of better jokes that obscure its brilliance, and drops it into the waste-paper basket. Truth is neither so amusing nor so strange as fiction—and I do not see how one could say anything more damning about fiction.

Eastbourne appears to have—or to have borrowed—ideas. In the spring it had a Battle of Flowers, and it has recently had a Rose Fête. Forty or fifty decorated vehicles competed, and a live duke with a four-in-hand tried, without success, for one of the prizes, to be distributed by a real duchess. I am not sure how far Continental ideas will bear transplanting. We have not the Continentally light heart, and we have not the Continental weather. Here we never know what the weather is going to do, but it always does it. Eastbourne, however, has made the experiment, and perhaps further advices will tell us with what success. I am always inclined to favour those who make experiments; they show a certain pluck and independence—a desire to get out of the common groove. The people I dislike are those who persistently keep on with the experiment after it has definitely and obviously failed.

At any rate, Eastbourne has offered suggestions to other seaside places. If the seaside wants to be gay, as a rule it has two bands; if it wants to be still gayer it has four bands. But there are other means of gaiety, and the particular portion of the seaside which happens

to think of them will do well for itself and for its patrons. I do not insist on the duke or the four-in-hand, but a battle of flowers seems to me a prettier and more novel attraction than a hall by the sea. We do not want to import the Metropolis into our holidays; our amusements then should be mostly out-of-door. There are some people who demand nothing more from their holiday than rest and quiet; but these shun, or should shun, the popular seaside resort. As a rule its patrons want amusements—not necessarily noisy, nor necessarily of the music-hall, but something out of doors—something after the kind of which Eastbourne seems to be the English pioneer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Two Men in a Fog.—If you two young gentlemen are on the staff of the journal whose note-paper you use, then I sympathise with the editor. You must freshen up your wits sufficiently to be able to see a very palpable joke. There is not a Scotchman living who would not have known that the paragraph was meant as a joke. It is really sad to come across young men of education so very dense.

Nemo.—The Election time is a licensed period for wild and silly statements. I quite agree with you that for a Scotchman to gravely rebuke the English nation for drinking is quaintly funny. Let Sandy enjoy his "wee drappie," and John Bull his glass of beer, and let each agree not to preach to each other.

C. B.—I thank you for your very pleasant letter. I have already noticed the case. The punishment of thirty days' imprisonment may not be quite adequate for such gross cruelty, but it is a vast improvement on the usual thirty-shilling fine.

Jack.—I am no judge of poetry; besides which, I never do judge it. One is apt to generalise on all matters, and I am inclined to think that we are more alike than we imagine. There is, of course, infinite variety in the world. No two blades of grass are exactly alike, but there seems to me a certain amount of similarity between them. With one blade of grass in my hand I might be tempted into discoursing upon grass generally.

E. H. (Strand).—Lady Henry Somerset's circular to her tenants has been commented upon pretty extensively in the papers. As we shall probably hear a good deal less of this lady in the future than we have in the past, I would suggest an amused silence.

S. F. W.—I am in agreement with you. A "penny ocean"—which, I believe, is the slang phrase—is a pleasant experience. I often go up and down the Thames on a penny steamer, and find it a most agreeable, if somewhat slow, mode of progression. The view from the river is always interesting. If we only had good boats with comfortable seats, awnings to protect one from the sun and rain, and with a refreshment contractor who would serve a nice little five o'clock tea on deck, the thing might become quite fashionable. Right away from Hammersmith to Gravesend the trip is delightful, especially in hot weather.

T. W. H.—When my teetotal friends have ceased to denounce everyone who drinks a glass of wine as a lost soul, and have finally abandoned their wicked attempt to make their silly fads the law of the land, I will cease from combating them. But they must begin.

H. D., H. L., M. B., G. C. H., and two or three others write to tell me why a dog turns round three times before lying down. It seems that the dear fellow had a shocking old ancestor who may be described as somewhat wild in his day. This reprehensible ancestor would turn round and round, so as to level the long grass of the prairie before sitting down. This seems to explain everything, except the fact that there are plenty of dogs who do not turn round three times before lying down. I have two of them myself. They come in, and they flop just where they want to, which is, generally speaking, just where they are not wanted. They never think about that ancestor. It never occurs to them that my bed has any connection with prairie grass. As Huck Finn would say, "They don't take no stock in dead ancestors."

F. A. M. tells me that on a gravestone in Hastings Cemetery there appears the following lines:—

"Here lies an only darling boy,
Who was his widowed mother's joy.
Her grief and sad affliction prove
How tenderly she did him love.
In childish play he teased a mule,
Which raged its owner's angry soul,
And thro' whose cruel blows and spleen
This child so soon a corpse was seen.
His mother now is left to mourn
The loss of her beloved son.
Though sighs and tears will prove in vain,
She hopes in heaven to meet again."

My correspondent wishes to know what was the cause of the boy's death—blows administered by the mule or by the owner of the mule? I cannot tell my correspondent; I was not there. It must have been an interesting if somewhat painful scene. From a slight personal knowledge of mules I should opine that there was no necessity whatever for the owner to interfere. Provided the mule was in good health, the whole business might have been left to him with perfect safety.

A. M. S. sends me a report of a sermon by Dr. Talmage. The good doctor explained how the reading of books and newspapers leads to hell. He also points out the sinfulness of what he calls the "dissolute dance." When you do the "dissolute dance," it seems you whirl off a precipice into a fiery future. I never was a dancing man myself, so I shall have to go by another route.

E. H. S.—You try to work against time with a German band opposite your window, and you will not remain an admirer of these sons of the Fatherland. Individually, they may be everything that is honest and worthy; but if they are such fine fellows, why do not they stop and play in their own land, where good music is much more likely to meet with success? With the exception of the bands, you have never found me casting any slur on things made in Germany. I am a great admirer of the German people. As a matter of fact, I have written a book praising the German people from the first to the last page; so, if you are feeling sore, it should not be with me.

Mrs. Greenwood calls my attention to a paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette*, which is a journal very careful of its facts: "Among 4,629 children subjected to cruel treatment during the past month no fewer than 1,237 were known to be insured. This is significant, and points once more to the necessity for sweeping reform in the laws affecting insurance."

Teufelsdrockh.—My views on this matter would be of no use to you. It is a subject each man must think out for himself, and the truth for him is the truth that he arrives at. As regards punctuation, if two or more adjectives precede a noun there is no necessity for a comma after the last one. The adjectives should merely be divided from each other by commas. The line should run: "The healthy, invigorating climate."

A. W. thanks A. M. C. and Richard Marsh for their kind answers to his question concerning Brittany as a holiday resort. Sid.—Thank you for your charming little letter, which it did me good to read. A. E. W. W.—It seems madness to me to throw away the experience and labour of five years out of a life of sixty or seventy. You would find a clerkship still more monotonous and irksome. C. C.—"Detained during Her Majesty's pleasure" is merely a form of words. Those condemned to this sentence are criminal lunatics. They would be released if they were cured, but not before. Her Majesty's death would have nothing to do with the question. C. D. T.—There was no English paper called To-Day in existence in 1884. There must be some mistake.

J. S. C., who is resident in Germany, tells me that he has to pay £20 to the German Government for taxes as a lodger, while German lodgers living in England pay nothing. England in her relationships with foreign countries always seems to go on the principle of "give and never take." We encourage foreigners over here to the damage of our own citizens. A check should certainly be put on alien immigration.

H. B. B.—I certainly think you could claim damages against a publican who refused to serve your wife with refreshment. I know there are many houses that refuse to serve women during stated hours, but I doubt very much whether this is legal, and I should like to see a public spirited man fight the question.

Board School Governess points out to me that the couplet: "How small, of all that human hearts endure, The part that laws or kings can cause or cure," is to be found in Goldsmith's "Traveller."

M. S. (Liverpool).—Drink does not lead to drunkenness. I would stamp drunkenness out by any course, however severe. I would also stamp out forgery, but I would not forbid every citizen to use pens, ink, and paper.

Krale.—The insurance would only be available when you were not travelling on the company's business. No newspaper insurance would cover a railway servant travelling with a free pass upon the business of his company.

D. W. gives me an account of his career, showing the very great meanness of the smaller banks towards their employés. He tells me he was appointed manager of a fairly important branch when he was twenty-one, and received only £80 a year. No wonder bank clerks occasionally embezzle.

W. G. B. asks if any reader of To-Day can tell him whether any easily-reached town in the north of France is habitable in October, and whether, as a summer holiday resort, it would suit an impecunious P.O. employé, who knows no colloquial French. An estimate of fares, board, etc., will be much appreciated.

H. S.—I have inquired into the matter. The Editor assures me the MS. was returned to you about July 20th.

Collier.—I cannot answer you off-hand in time for this issue, but I will get the information by next week. Romanus.—You would save a good deal by booking through Cook or Gaze. For the rest of your query see the City page.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

THE GODS AND SOME MORTALS.

Scene West End Theatre on a First Night. Pit crowded with members of Playgoers' Club. Gallery also crowded, but with more humble drama lovers. Odd stragglers in orchestral-stalls and dress-circle.

Stout Lady (*to anæmic daughter*): Its a struggle, but I'm glad we're here. Fugh! (*fans herself with tiny cambric kerchief.*) It's always so interesting seein' the well-known folks.

Daughter: Yes, it is nice to see the dresses.

Stout Lady: Oh, but it ain't the dresses, but the folks the authors, and the artists, and the actresses. Of course they all get free tickets given them. You see, all their names are put in the papers, an' it makes the play look like a big success whether it is or not.

Long Youth (*with long hair, and long tie of Liberty art shade*): It's like this. There's Bill Archer, of the *World*, who looks on Clem Scott of the *D. T.* as a very plebeian sort of critic, and Scott looks on Archer as no critic at all. You see, the way Archer writes his notices is like this—he reads the *D. T.*, and finds out what Scott thinks are the weak spots in the play, and what are its strong points. Then he thinks a lot, and writes an article to show that what Scott thinks are the strong points are the most awful blemishes, and the weak spots are charming little natural touches which save the play from failure.

Interested Companion: How funny!

Long Youth: Yes. Criticism just amounts to this. When I used to write theatrical paragraphs for the ——.

Stout Lady: Oh, my dear, give me the glasses—quick! Look at that lady in the stalls — third one from the end. No, not that one; to the left of the bald-headed gentleman.

Daughter: Which bald-headed gentleman, ma?

Stout Lady: Next the lady with the light hair. I think that's the woman who wrote—what you call it—"Barrabas." You see the little lady with fuzzy hair and those tremendous puffed sleeves. Well, it's either her or Mrs.——. Oh, and isn't that Sir Augustus Harris just come in at the door? It's a bit like him, but perhaps it isn't.

Genial Clerk (*to scratch acquaintance*): Oh, yes, I know them all, everyone of them. See the white-haired old man down there wiping his glasses—well, he's the *Times* critic. I always read the *Times*—the guv'nor's *Times* at the office—fine paper the *Times*. Sometimes I don't agree with the critic—on matters of detail that is, but in general—There's Alma Tadema!

Scratch Acquaintance: Which is Alma Tadema?

Genial Clerk: The grey-whiskered gentleman, with bare patch on head and tuft in front.

Scratch Acquaintance: How very interesting!

Long Youth (*interrupting, with slightly superior tone*): Excuse me, that's not Alma Tadema. Tadema wears glasses and parts his hair in the middle, whilst that gentleman's got no hair to ——. Oh, certainly, I'm sorry I spoke.

Daughter (*to her stout mother*): I think that's Lily Hanbury—isn't she sweet—On the left with the rainbow tinted cloak.

Stout Lady: No, my dear, it can't be. Lily Hanbury is playing in ——.

Daughter: Oh, but that's Hilda.

Stout Lady: Well, perhaps you're right. She's in black ——. I wonder what she's in black for. I suppose that's her mother. (*Subdued cheer from the pitties.*) What's that—not Royalty; at least, not so early as this. It's Marion Terry and her sister—in the centre there in fawn. They're very much alike, aren't they? I can't see Joseph Knight.

Daughter (*vaguely*): Who is Mr. ——?

Stout Lady: He's one of the critics, my dear. But he generally comes late and goes to sleep, and however, he manages to—— What *do* you think of that lady in pink, with her hair all over her ears, and a gold band round her head—isn't she—Well!

Scratch Acquaintance (*amiably*): I suppose everybody in the stalls is some big pot or other?

Genial Clerk: Oh, yes. Now, there's that man there—the man who is smiling and bowing—him with the black hair and black beard—that's Herkomer, Hubert Herkomer.

Scratch Acquaintance: You don't say——.

Genial Clerk: Yes, I do. There's a tremendous lot of paintings about with his name on them, but you see he has any number of students at Bushey—that's where he lives—and I have heard it said that they——.

Long Youth (*loudly to Interested Companion, but really to Genial Clerk*): That man with the black hair and black beard is Mr. Henschell. Some idiots think he's Hubert Herk—— (*Finds the eye of Genial Clerk upon him and hesitates.*) But they're not a bit alike.

Genial Clerk (*confidentially to his Scratch Acquaintance*). This Johnnie on my right thinks he knows a mightly deal, doesn't he? (*Scratch Acquaintance murmurs that he does.*)

Long Youth: You see the man in the box on the o.p. side—tall man with black moustache—That's the Marquis of Granby—regular first nighter.

Interested Companion: Really now! Is he the man Dickens wrote about?

Long Youth: The Marquis of Granby Dickens wrote about was a pub.

Interested Companion: Of course; how absurd of me. Do you know that red-whiskered man?

Long Youth: The one in the—the fifth row? Yes, that's Shaw—Bernard Shaw—George Bernard Shaw.

Interested Companion: Now, that's very—you mean the Hyde Park man—the Anarchist?

Long Youth: He isn't an Anarchist.

Interested Companion: But I always thought he wore a flannel shirt and a big felt hat and a red tie. Why he's in evening-dress—just like the others.

Long Youth (*loftily*): Well, a man must be in decently civilized attire when he comes to ——.

Scraggy Damsel (*the centre of six other S.Ds. who have been munching chocolate for half an hour.* There's Aubrey Beardsley!

The Other S.Ds. (*in unison*): Where?

Scraggy Damsel: In the top box on the left-hand side; with the lavender-coloured gloves, and his hair hanging over his eyes.

The Least of the S.Ds.: I was thinking that was Mr. Barrie; the "Window in Something," man. Have you read it?

The Other S.D.'s (*in unison*): Rather!

The First Scraggy Damsel: That's Mr. Barrie in the stalls—talking to the lady with the shoulders.

The Least of the S.Ds. (*excitedly*): Oh, what a lot of bald-headed men there are. Let's count. One, two, three, four (*keeps on counting*), twenty-seven, and I'm sure I've missed some who've just come in. They're crowding in now, aren't they? Whose got the choc:—you needn't keep the bag at that end all the night. (*Munching recommences*).

Stout Lady: I do wonder who that is? I'm sure I've seen him somewhere—his portrait or something. Let me have the glasses, dear.

Daughter: He doesn't look very important.

Stout Lady: Well, perhaps he isn't; perhaps he's just a friend of the manager.

Long Youth: Hello! there's Cecil Raleigh, the little fellow walking with a stoop and a stick, and——.

Interested Companion: Oh, but I saw Cecil Raleigh's portrait in an illustrated paper, and he was rather good-looking sort of a——.

Long Youth (*with raised eyebrows*): You don't say you go by pictures in illustrated papers! Well, I never! Cecil Raleigh, as I was going to say, writes "The

Rumblings of Rhadamanthus," or something like that, in the——.

Stout Lady: I'd give a penny to know who that woman is in the brown dress, with her hair parted in the middle.

Neighbour (*meekly*): That's Mrs. Humphry Ward!

Stout Lady: Oh, yes, who wrote "East Lynne." But I always thought the woman who wrote "East Lynne" was dead.

Neighbour: She is.

Stout Lady (*assuming a not-to-be-trifled-with air*): But you said that was Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Neighbour: So it is.

Stout Lady: Well!

Neighbour: Well! Mrs. Humphry Ward didn't write——.

Stout Lady: Oh, didn't she? Have you read the book?

Neighbour: No, I have not.

Stout Lady: Well, I have, two times over, and I ought to know. Why, the way I cried at——.

(Neighbour feels himself "*shut up.*")

Genial Clerk: They're coming in busy now, aren't they? That's Burne-Jones, that paints, looking all over as if he had lost some money. And there's Sullivan; it's not often he comes.

Scratch Acquaintance: What! J. L.?

Genial Clerk: No, Sir Arthur. You see him there, that thin, fair-haired man talking to his wife.

Long Youth (*unable to restrain himself*): You'll excuse me, but Sir Arthur Sullivan has neither—eh, what? Well, it is my business. It's no good telling him all wrong.

Genial Clerk: Well, who is he?

Long Youth: I don't know; but I know he isn't Sullivan.

Genial Clerk: There's Lewis—Sir George—and Mathews—Charlie. I aint wrong this time (*casts triumphant stare at neighbour on his right. Long Youth says nothing*). I don't knock about them Courts all day without knowing the lawyers at any rate. Wonderful fellow Lewis—knows all the secrets of the aristocracy in London.

Scratch Acquaintance: He ought to write a——.

Genial Clerk: Bless your soul, not he. He knows too much.

First Scraggy Damsel (*decorously excited*): Oh! there she is. I thought she'd be coming.

The Other S. Ds'. (*in unison, and with mouths full of "chocs"*): Who, dear?

Scraggy Damsel: Mrs. Bernard Beere—down there in the one, two—fifth row, with the red hair parted at the side.

Stout Lady: Dear, the glasses! You see that man standing with his back to the wall near the door? That's Clement Scott. Yes, I'm pretty sure it's Clement Scott. At least it looks to me like a man who was pointed out to me to be him. Maybe it isn't. That man's rather too tall. No, I don't think it is Clement Scott. But I would really like to know what that—— There's the band.

(*Orchestra clashes. Shouts of "Hats off!" "Sit down!" People settle down; gas does ditto, and the play proceeds.*)

John Foster Fraser.

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CLUB CHATTER.

It must frequently have struck every man that the restrictions of etiquette and the promptings of consideration are sometimes antagonistic. On this subject a correspondent writes to me as follows:—"If I am walking along the street on a wet day and overtake a lady, whom I do not know, without an umbrella, ought I to offer her mine? And if I see a woman with a heavy parcel ought I to offer to carry it? It seems to me that I ought to do something in these cases, yet where am I to draw the line?" I am afraid that I must counsel my correspondent to repress his chivalrous instincts, and let the thoughtless lady spoil her bonnet, and the penurious one tire herself. These openings are the favourite opportunities of that pertinacious class, whose greatest ambition is to force its unwelcome attentions on any nice-looking girl who happens to be out alone, and my correspondent would run the risk of having his motives misinterpreted, and receiving the humiliating snub.

Nor is this the only risk of interference. It is impossible to walk anywhere in London after midnight without seeing one or two of those domestic physical altercations which are so opportune for the hero of fiction to prove his courage, endurance, and lofty ideas about the sanctity of a woman. It must be exceedingly agreeable to follow the precedent of that gentleman. He takes off his coat, and, asking the astonished lout to see how he can tackle "a man," squares up to him, and, after a desperate encounter, finally knocks him out with some wonderful undercut that a faithful retainer of the family taught him at home twenty years before. Then he quietly puts on his coat (he does everything "quietly"), and after making his late adversary—now his sworn friend—happy by shaking hands with him, departs amid the deafening cheers of the crowd. In real life it works out differently. In the *mêlée* that follows his interference the hero may be merely robbed, or he may be robbed and half-murdered, but in any case he will have achieved his object: he will have the pleasure of seeing the man and woman go off together perfectly good friends, congratulating themselves that the old lay is not yet played out. So the prudent man reflects, and passes by on the other side.

To return to the legitimate situation. Some people have a marked objection to addressing a question to a stranger, but will meanly shift the responsibility by audibly wondering of each other whether the train stops at such-and-such a station, or whether they are in the right 'bus. The other day two ladies sat opposite me in a King's Cross train, and made me unhappy for ten minutes by addressing *at* me questions and speculations about the destination of the train which theoretically I was bound not to hear. At last I raised my hat and informed them that the train went to King's Cross terminus. They both said "Oh," and thanked me gratefully, and told each other that they wanted to go to King's Cross Metropolitan, and wondered of each other how to get there. Yet in private life I daresay they would be as tactful and graceful as they were unresourceful when travelling.

Some years ago an ingenious, but unthinking, person invented a game called "Lure," the character of which is foreshadowed by its name. It was designed to kill the monotonous hours spent in railway travelling, or on any of those occasions when two or more friends find themselves in the company of strangers. The sole object of the players was to draw from a stranger a reply to a question not actually addressed to him, and the assiduous man who got the most replies won. "Lure" was easily played, was sometimes amusing, and by its means a lot of useful information was disseminated.

But in the end it got overdone, and one or two of its most ardent, but indiscriminating, admirers were rather badly hurt, under circumstances that deprives them of public sympathy.

To sum up, I think it would be perfectly safe to make a general rule only to offer your services in cases where they will not necessitate your subsequent attendance. To vacate a seat, to hold open a door—these are the slight attentions that you feel you must do, and that can never involve you in the momentary humiliation of the undeserved haughty look. And for the rest, it is better to harden your heart and err on the safe side.

It is the custom of certain writers with a pessimistic tendency to rail against the decline of the Derby and the other classic events. These scribes would do well ere they dilate upon the next batch of weight-for-age races to study the entries during the past ten years. In 1886 the Derby entry was 199, but since 1888 it has always exceeded 200. When 285 names were sent in for next year's contest, it was thought that the high-water mark had been reached, but lo and behold 301 entries have been received for the Blue Riband of 1897. Great is the Derby, and long may it prevail.

With Goodwood a thing of the past, we shall probably have a more settled St. Leger market. At the time of writing Sir Visto and Whittier are the reigning favourites, and I see it is settled that the Derby hero shall not run again in public until he gallops over Doncaster's famous moor. It cannot be said of Lord Rosebery that he overworks his horses, and no doubt this is on the advice of Matthew Dawson. I am given to understand that Sir Visto just now looks very light, and he will benefit considerably by the long rest.

When Messrs. Verrall, Pratt, and Sotham declined to rent the Lingfield estate, and pitched upon the Gatwick enclosure, opinions were about equally divided as regards the success of the venture. After my first visit to the halfway course, I emphatically averred that I would give Gatwick the cold shoulder in future unless the railway service was improved upon. Many friends also had a good grumble, and the racecourse authorities were not slow to impress upon the London, Brighton, and South Coast people the importance of being more prompt.

Tired of staying in town, and being buttonholed by numerous political cranks, who all had their own theories concerning the Radical reverse, I set out on Wednesday for Gatwick. I was much surprised—and agreeably so—to notice the celerity with which we were trained to the racecourse station, and, providing this state of things continues, we shall hear no more about poor attendances. The Prince of Wales has scored two big victories over the course this year, and H.R.H. is sure to patronise the meeting very freely in the future.

I said just now that I hied to Gatwick to get away from all political excitement. Imagine my disgust to hear the situation freely discussed during the intervals of racing, and telegrams produced containing the news about the piling-up of the Unionist majority. There were numerous wagers—and some of them very heavy—on the result of the Newmarket election.

The Irish bull is not dead. At the post-office at Bally, a fortnight ago, I saw the following notice put up in a prominent position: "Parcels despatched by parcel-post at the same time as the mails, but not so often."

If any of my readers want to know how to spend their holidays here are the best suggestions I can make. The London and North Western Railway Company announce a special train on Saturday, leaving Willesden Junction at 2.57 p.m. for Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, Trent Valley stations, and Stafford. Special trains will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham, and on Bank Holiday there are a host of cheap excursions to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Huddersfield, Bradford, etc.

For the convenience of those visiting the Midlands and the North the Midland Railway are providing special trains at reduced fares, and opening their booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street for the sale of tickets in advance. Tickets can also be obtained at any of the Company's sub-offices. A special excursion will be run from London on Friday night, August 2nd, to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., for five or eleven days. On Saturday, August 3rd, excursions go to Leicester, Nottingham, Melton, Birmingham, and the North, returning the following Thursday; to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, and Ayr for eight days. On Monday, August 5th, a day trip will be run from London (St. Pancras) to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, etc., and a two days' excursion to Manchester. Equally efficient arrangements are made for the benefit of provincials wishing to visit London. The Company also announces daily and week-end excursions to Southend-on-Sea by their new short route.

The Great Northern Railway Company will run cheap excursions on Saturday to Huntingdon, Peterborough, Lynn, Cromer, Yarmouth, Nottingham, etc. On Sunday, at midnight, a fast excursion will be run to Manchester, this ticket being available for two days. Alexandra Park Races must not be forgotten on Monday, and the Great Northern Railway have arranged a frequent service of special trains to Wood Green Station. If anyone is thinking of going to the sea on Monday they could not do better than go by the Great Northern Railway's excursion to either Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, or Mablethorpe.

The Companies forming the East Coast route to the north—viz., the Great Northern, North Eastern, and North British—have arranged to accelerate their train service with Scotland. The 8 p.m. train from King's Cross now arrives at Edinburgh at 3.45 a.m.; Perth, 5 a.m., and Aberdeen 6.45 a.m. Improvements have also been made with the 10 p.m. from King's Cross.

The Surrey Eleven were not long in atoning for their disappointing exhibition against Derbyshire at the Oval, and they finished up a most triumphant week last Friday, having beaten both Kent and Sussex by a margin of ten wickets. The two games were fought out on pitches that afforded the bowlers considerable assistance, and Richardson had a week of brilliant success, taking ten wickets against Kent and fourteen against Sussex, or twenty-four in the two matches. This gave him the highest aggregate of wickets for any bowler up to last Saturday, and he has every prospect, at the end of the season, of excelling all his previous performances.

The Yorkshire Eleven, who, owing to their many recent successes, have been on excellent terms with themselves, had a great time of it last week before the match at York, between the Gentlemen and Players of the county, Lord Hawke, who has always made it one of his main endeavours to promote good-fellowship amongst the members of his side, entertaining the amateurs and professionals at his seat at Wighill, near Tadcaster. Such an extension of courtesy does a great deal towards making a team work happily together, and it may be safely said, that by the manner in which he has studied the interests and considered the feelings of the men working under him, Lord Hawke has made himself the most successful, as well as the most popular, Yorkshire captain of recent years.

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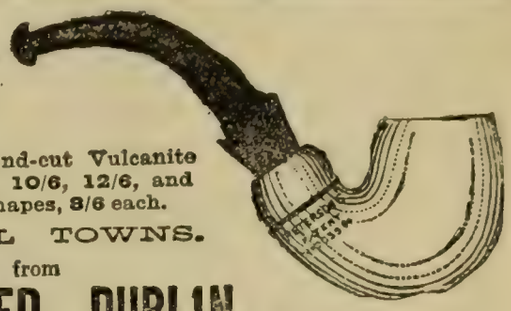

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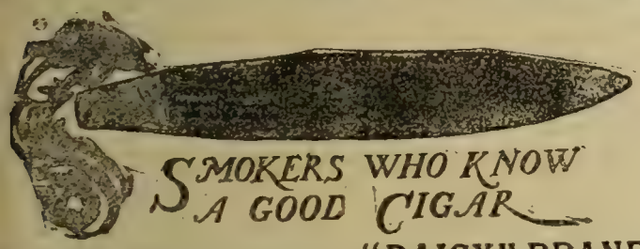

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MIDLAND RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

On MONDAY, AUGUST 5th, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2nd.—To SCOTLAND.

From St. Pancras, at 9.15 p.m. (Five or Eleven Days) to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Stonehaven, ABERDEEN, and INVERNESS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd.

To EDINBURGH and GLASGOW, (N.B.) for Eight Days, from St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m.; Kentish Town at 8.34 p.m. Also to GLASGOW (G. & S.W.) for Eight Days, leaving St. Pancras at 9.20, and Kentish Town at 9.24 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY available for return within SIXTEEN DAYS.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, SHEFFIELD, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle. Returning August 8th. See Bills for times, etc.

SATURDAYS, AUGUST 3rd and 17th.

To DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN).

From St. Pancras at 5.15 a.m., via Barrow, and 10.5 a.m., via Liverpool, returning any week-day within ten days.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th.

To MANCHESTER for Two Days, at 12.5 Sunday midnight.

To BIRMINGHAM, for One or Four Days, and KETTERING for One Day at 6.35 a.m.

To LEICESTER for One Day at 5.40 a.m.

To ST. ALBANS, (day and half-day) 8.15 and 11.0 a.m. and 1.0 p.m.

To HARPENDEN and LUTON, (for one day) at 8.15 and 11.0 a.m.

To BEDFORD (day trip) leaving St. Pancras at 8.15 a.m.

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS TO LONDON, will be run from Carlisle, BRADFORD, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, Nottingham, Leicester, etc., for the August Bank Holiday. Bills giving all particulars may be had at the Midland Stations and Agencies.

SPECIAL BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Pocket Guide to the Midland Railway. Price 3d. **Pocket Tourist Guide to the Holiday Resorts in the British Isles,** Illustrated. Price 3d. **List of Furnished Lodgings in Farmhouses and Country Districts** served by the Midland Railway System. Price 1d. These Guides as well as Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, American and Continental Folders, and other publications, may be had on application at the Midland Stations and Agencies, or to the superintendent of the Line, Derby.

Derby, July, 1895. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

Cheap Excursions will be run from London (Euston), Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, etc., as follows:—

On Friday Night, August 2nd, to Moffat, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Wigtown, Whithorn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Greenock, and Gourock for 8 days.

To Aberdeen, Stonehaven, Montrose, Brechin, Arbroath, Forfar, Kirriemuir, Blairgowrie, Coupar Angus, Dundee, Perth, Crieff, Oban, Loch Awe, Dalmally, Tyndrum, Crianlarich, Killin, Fort William, Callander, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Stirling, and Inverness for 5 and 11 days.

NOTE.—By these Trips Cheap Tickets will be issued (Third Class) at a Single Fare for the Double Journey available for return on any day within 16 days from the date of issue.

On Friday Midnight, August 2nd, to Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Southport, Wigan, Preston, Blackpool, Crewe, Nantwich, Whitchurch, Minsterley, Craven Arms, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Stafford, Newport (Salop), Wellington, Macclesfield, Stoke, Allerton, Ashton, Batley, Dewsbury, Ditton, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, **Liverpool, Manchester,** Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Buxton, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, The English Lake District, and Furness Line for 6 days.

To Abergavenny, Dowlais, Merthyr, Tredegar, Ebbw Vale, Llandovery, Builth Road, Builth Wells, Brecon, Swansea, Carmarthen, etc., for 8 days.

On Saturday, August 3rd, to Lichfield, Tamworth, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, and the North Stafford Line for 6 days.

To Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Warwick, **Birmingham,** Walsall, Dudley, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton for 3 and 6 days.

To Carlisle, Edinboro', and Glasgow for 8 days.

NOTE.—By the Trip to Scotland, Cheap Third Class Tickets will be issued at a Single Fare for the Double Journey, available for return on any day within 16 days from the date of issue.

On Saturdays, August 3rd and 17th, to Douglas, Isle of Man for 10 days.

On Sunday Midnight, August 4th, from London (Euston), to Manchester for 2 days.

On Bank Holiday Monday, August 5th, from London (Euston), Chalk Farm, and Willesden Junction to **Birmingham,** Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Warwick, Dudley, Dudley Port, Walsall, Wednesbury, and **Wolverhampton** for 1 and 4 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, July, 1895.

Great Northern Railway.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

(Woolwich (Arsenal), Woolwich (Dockyard), Victoria, Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.), &c.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2nd, for 5 or 11 days, to STIRLING, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, for 8 days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, EDINBURGH, Glasgow, and Helensburgh.

By the above Excursions, Tickets at a single fare for double journey will also be issued, available for return by one fixed ordinary train on any day within 16 days.

AND FOR SIX DAYS TO CAMBRIDGE, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Sleaford, Lincoln, Gainsboro', Melton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Scarboro', Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.; also to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, for 1, 3, or 4 days, from Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.), &c.

TO MANCHESTER, SUNDAY, AUGUST 4TH, for 2 days, from Moorgate 10.30 p.m., Aldersgate 10.32, Farringdon 10.34, King's Cross (G.N.) 12.5 (Mid.), Finsbury Park 12.10. Third Class return fare, 10s.

For further particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Stations and Town Offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, *General Manager.*

I should like publicly to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas R. Sutton, for many years editor of the *Athletic News*, Manchester, and one of the best-known sporting journalists in the North of England. For seventeen years I had the pleasure of his friendship, meeting him at cricket and football matches and various athletic meetings, as well as in social circles, and I never knew a man who was more generally popular. He was a keen judge of cricket and an admirable, as well as an unbiassed, writer on the game, there being hardly a good performance in any part of the country or at any time with which he was not familiar. He had made a good position as an athletic handicapper in the North, and he was immensely fond of coursing, a sport on which he was always a fluent and interesting writer. No man worked more conscientiously or more thoroughly enjoyed his work, and it is not in Manchester alone that he will be regretted. He fell a victim to Bright's disease, and for some months it was known that his case was hopeless.

Complaints are coming to hand from near and far concerning the manner in which the rings at certain race meetings are kept. I have already threshed out this subject, and it is high time some action was taken in the matter by the various officials. It appears that of late numerous backers, after seeing their horse win, have been defrauded of their money by the production of a fresh set of books, wherein the wager recorded was not in their favour.

Of course it is not to be expected that backers can refrain from watching the race at some important point of the contest; but when a party go down and speculate with a man whose reputation they are not familiar with, they will do well to have an eye kept on the knight of the pencil. With the very keepers in league with them, it is so easy for the bookie to deny the bet; but let one of them be caught in the act, then we are likely to hear of a little riot.

Our American friends who came to conquer have so far done but little, and now it is understood that Mr. Dwyer is beating a retreat. Campbell, the trainer, and Simms, the jockey, will also return to America. Mr. Croker, however, is not dismayed at the reverses he has met with, and knowing full well that New York can now get on without him, he has announced his intention of engaging an English trainer. We must now expect better results.

The Major.

JOAN OF ARC BEFORE THE PRIESTS.

From the first she was the guest, by invitation, of the Dame De Rabateau, wife of a councillor of the Parliament of Poitiers; and to that house the great ladies of the city came nightly to see Joan and talk with her; and not these only, but the old lawyers, councillors, and scholars of the Parliament and the University. And these grave men, accustomed to weigh every strange and questionable thing, and cautiously consider it, and turn it about this way and that and still doubt it, came night after night, and night after night, falling ever deeper and deeper under the influence of that mysterious something—that spell, that elusive and unwordable fascination, which was the supremest endowment of Joan of Arc, that winning and persuasive and convincing something—which high and low alike recognised and felt, but which neither high nor low could explain or describe; and one by one they all surrendered, saying, "This child is sent of God."

All day long Joan, in the great court and subject to its rigid rules of procedure, was at a disadvantage; her judges had things their own way. But at night she held court herself, and matters were reversed, she presiding, with her tongue free and her same judges there before her. There could be but one result—all the objections and hindrances they could build around her with their hard labours of the day she would charm away at night. In the end she carried her judges with her in a mass, and got her great verdict without a dissentient voice.

The court was a sight to see when the president of it read it from his throne, for all the great people of the town were there who could get admission and find room. First there were some solemn ceremonies, proper and usual at such times; then, when there was silence again, the reading followed, penetrating the deep hush so that every word was heard in even the remotest parts of the house:

"It is found, and is hereby declared, that Joan of Arc, called the Maid, is a good Christian and good Catholic; that there is nothing in her person or her words contrary to the faith; and that the King may and ought to accept the succour she offers; for to repel it would be to offend the Holy Spirit, and render him unworthy of the aid of God."

The court rose, and then the storm of plaudits burst forth unrebuked, dying down and bursting forth again and again, and I lost sight of Joan, for she was swallowed up in a great tide of people who rushed to congratulate her, and pour out benedictions upon her, and upon the cause of France, now solemnly and irrevocably delivered into her little hands.—*Harper's.*

ANTHONY HOPE AS A POLITICAL CANDIDATE.

In 1892 fate finally decided that Anthony Hope was to be a man who writes and not a man who talks. He made a great bid for pre-eminence as the latter. "That year was occupied by my Parliamentary candidature for the Southern Division of South Bucks, which I contested as a Liberal candidate against Viscount Curzon. I had visited the division in the autumn of 1891, preparing my candidature. The greater part of the following year was similarly taken up. I remained in London writing and working at law, and in the evenings would take a train down to Bucks, address some village meeting, and get the last train back to town. We had some very noisy meetings, but nothing striking or eventful occurred in connection with this campaign. In the intervals of briefs, which had then become rather more frequent, I wrote my stories. I had no great expectation of success in my candidature, as I had no local connections, whilst the Curzons are big people in that part of the country, and own a seat there called Penn House. My defeat was a foregone conclusion, and so I was not in the least surprised when one day at noon, at Wycombe, the poll was announced, and I learned that I had been defeated by a majority of over one thousand votes. It was an interesting experience, and gave me many good friends in that part of England."—*From "The Idler" for August.*

Hijinks: The Brooklyn police have just struck a clue to a great murder mystery.

Lovecutt: Good! I suppose they'll promptly bring the murderer to justice?

Hijinks: Hardly. He's been dead these twenty years.

Mrs. Tupenny: Did you know that the Uppertens have a family skeleton?

Mr. Tupenny: Oh, yes. She's out there on the beach now.

MAULSTICK.

Illustrated by L. Baumer.

He was once clever—perhaps more than clever—and his work had not only been hung but sold. His colour was excellent, his execution swift and sometimes subtile; there was often "quality" in his canvases that appealed even to men of a younger and more natural school; but he took to matrimony and drink.

His downward career was almost without a break. When I knew him only one decent house was open to him; for his linen was, like Kit Smart's, not over clean, and nowadays we are not of the opinion of the great

He took to matrimony and drink.

doctor, who had no passion for clean linen. Even in that house he was admitted on sufferance, and his meek little hostess, who pitied him, endured incredible torments lest he should manage to drink too much and make an obvious beast of himself.

At supper he once used a word which caused a moment's diabolic silence, and then a hurried roar of conversation. After that Mrs. Graves was not at home to him, though sometimes her husband stood him a drink in a public-house just round a quiet corner, for they had been old studio chums in days long past.

He was a little, fiery-tempered, blear-eyed man, whose pet abhorrence was William Blake. In a state of advanced inebriety he always slanged the poet-painter furiously, taking his dirty collar off and putting it in his pocket to get greater freedom. I was unfortunate enough to take his fancy, and, like Mrs. Graves, I put up with a great deal, for I knew he had been very unfortunate in his marriage.

No one knew Mrs. Wixie. No one had ever seen her, though there were vague reports as to her having once been a model. Though I knew where the painter lived—it was in a miserable slum of Camden Town—I never met his wife. Once I came very near it, and I am glad the acquaintance went no further, though the little chap assured me once, with a curious drunken leer, that she was a striking woman.

One night (this was before he "got the chuck" at Graves') I went down Haverstock Hill with him, and he was enthusiastically drunk. He insisted on going into three public-houses, and, to avoid an altercation with a man who had lost all command over himself, I drank with him. But when he came to the corner of his street he wanted me to go home with him.

"Look here, old fellow," he hiccoughed, "you're a deuced good chap; you're a devilish fine fellow, even if you do like Blake. Yes you've got brains. Ah, you may smile, but you have. Now, that's my house just across there, and I want you to come in and taste my tap."

"No, no, Wixie," I answered, "it's much too late. Besides, as the Scotchman said, 'I'm no drinking.' I've had six already.' Some other time."

Wixie shook his head, and his hat fell off. He dived for it, jammed it on his wild hair, and grabbed me with both hands.

"Oh, yes. Yes, I say," he exclaimed. "You must come and taste my tap. I tell you, you must."

"But," I urged, "what will Mrs. Wixie think of anyone coming in at this time of night? It's two o'clock."

The poor devil straightened himself up.

"Damn Mrs. Wixie," he shouted. "Ain't I master in my own house. You must come now."

And as two men, and a policeman, and a dishevelled she-bird of the night stayed to listen I gave in, as it was possibly the easiest way of escaping the sooner. Wixie chuckled oddly and led me across the road. Opening the low iron gate of his house we entered a squalid patch of front garden, and, propping himself against the side of the door, he fumbled for his latchkey.

"Now, come on," he said, as he scratched round the evasive keyhole. "You shall taste my tap."

He opened the door at last; and, taking off my hat, I was just being pushed by my host through the dark entrance, when crack came a broomstick on my head. I stumbled back, fell on my knees—for the blow was of considerable force, and looking up in utter confusion I dimly saw a long arm shoot out and catch Wixie by the collar. I heard his last words—"Come and taste my tap." And then he disappeared, the door

He opened the door at last.

was shut to, and I heard a sound within like unto the beating of heavy carpets.

To this day I do not know whether the little man meant it maliciously or not. I can't ask him now, for three years ago he died of delirium tremens in a workhouse.

LOOKING-GLASSES.

I remember reading a story when a boy (a capital story it was, too) about a young midshipman who was wrecked upon an enchanted island. Now, one of the peculiarities of this island was that every stranger who landed on it had every wish he even thought immediately gratified.

It was a moral story; so, as you will, of course, guess, the poor fellow gained nothing but trouble from the island's injudicious generosity, and ended by wishing himself well out of it. With the general catalogue of his misfortunes we have nothing to do, but one of his blunders—a curiously whimsical, and a curiously likely one—being applicable to the present subject, I will recite.

It was the second morning after he had been cast upon the island, and before he had learned its strange properties, that, feeling lonesome, and not much caring for the companionship of the inhabitants he had as yet come across, he wished that he could meet with *just such another young fellow as himself!*

Hardly had the thought passed through his brain, when who should come round a corner, and nearly run up against him, but another young wrecked and cast-ashore midshipman of much the same height and build as himself!

"Why this gentleman is uncommonly like me!" said Midshipman No. 1 to himself on first catching sight of the new comer, but on closer acquaintanceship he soon changed his mind. There was a certain superficial resemblance he was compelled to acknowledge, but there all likeness, so he considered, ended. The stranger, when you came to look into him, was positively plain, added to which he had red hair, whereas our hero's was of an auburn tint.

In manners and disposition the difference seemed to our friend even still more marked. This hobbledehoy he had met was a conceited, selfish, and in every way most objectionable young prig. He (Midshipman No. 1) would never have believed if he had not discovered it for himself that there could be in existence such a highly unpleasant young man as Midshipman No. 2. He wondered the fellow could not see it for himself; what an unlicked cub he was.

They travelled together for two days, and then the first man came to the conclusion that he was not feeling strong or well enough to go through a third day in the second man's company. Before he had met the other man he had felt lonesome and sad. *Since* he had met the other man he felt as if he had died and gone to a bad place. He feared that if there was going to be another twenty-four hours of it he should kill the fellow.

So the next morning he got up very early indeed, crept downstairs in his stockings—it was a roadside inn they had put up at—and ordered breakfast for one.

"Don't wake my friend," he said to the landlord. 'The truth is he is such a disagreeable, idiotic young ass that I simply can't stand him any longer, and I am going to slip away quietly before he's down."

"Lord love you, sir," replied the host, "he's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir, been gone a good half-hour. He said another day of you would drive him silly, and he wanted to get well off before you was up; and if you asked which way he had gone I was to tell you just the opposite. What will you have for breakfast, sir? We've got some nice ham and eggs."

An incident, bearing on the same subject, occurred to myself a few years ago at Brighton. I had run down on Saturday to visit some friends who were staying there, and the first question they put to me on my getting inside the front door, was:

"Have you only just come down, or have you been fooling about here for the last three days in a check suit and a soft felt hat, and pretending not to know us?"

I assured them that I had been in London all the week up to within about two hours ago, and they thereupon broke out into a chorus of:

"Well, then, there's your double down here. We never saw a man more like you in all our lives. It's quite wonderful."

He was so like me that my friends on first meeting him had rushed round him and greeted him effusively, and had really hardly believed the poor fellow when he pleaded "not guilty." It seemed impossible, so they said, that there could be two men so much alike.

They had met him constantly since, and each time they had been more and more struck by the extraordinary resemblance.

They said he was always on the pier in the evening, and they would take me out after dinner and show him to me, and then I should see for myself.

I was curious to inspect this lucky individual, so we hurried over the meal, and sallied forth to see him.

And we found him.

"There he is," they cried excitedly, clutching me by the arm and twirling me round. "That's *him*—there with that tall girl. Oh, isn't he like! Don't go too near or you will get mixed up, and we shan't know which is which."

I could not see him anywhere. I naturally looked for a fine figure of a man, with an open, intellectual countenance—an individual not, perhaps, strictly handsome, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, but of decidedly striking and picturesque appearance.

"Where?" I asked. "Where is he, tell me! There is nobody like myself about here."

"Nobody like you! Why look at him. He's just behind you now—in the light coat."

I turned and saw the man in the light coat. Then I clung to a lamp-post, and steadied myself.

"That!" I cried; "you took *that* for me!"

They said, "Why, he's the very image of you. Do you mean to say you can't see the likeness?"

I will not describe him. I would rather not recall painful emotions. I have merely to say that I did not admire the man. He was the sort of man that, if he had been a relation of mine, I should have given him a shilling to go and live in another country.

I suppose we none of us know ourselves very well. We stand in front of our looking-glasses, not to see our likeness, but to pick out our good points. "That's a well-cut nose of mine," we say, gazing at the reflected face before us; "and my right eyebrow is really very beautiful when you come to look into it, so arched—pity the left one isn't more like it. Rather a large mouth—I suppose I can't help that, though that's a sign of generosity and goodness."

By-the-way, have you ever noticed how the feminine mind always views things and people in this same piecemeal manner? A man judges the whole, and is oblivious to details; a woman dwells on the parts, and never grasps the entirety.

"What a pretty woman Mrs. Brown is," says your wife, referring to some unhappy, red-haired, rabbit-mouthed, gawky acquaintance who has just passed.

"Pretty!" you exclaim, "I call her hideous."

"Oh, no, dear," replies your down-trodden and misunderstanding bondswoman (I believe that is the general description under which all wives are now classed by the new philosophy). "How can you say so? I'm sure she's got a sweet chin."

On the other hand, when you admire Miss Smith, and think her a bright, handsome girl, all the ladies in the circle wonder at your taste, and think you really can't have noticed her left ear, or you would never say so.

A man will tell you whether a woman is well dressed or not; a woman will tell you what she has got on. A man likes to get a little away from an object, shut one

eye (I don't mean wink at it), and see the effect; a woman wants to get close up to a thing and walk round it, and examine it.

Men's eyes are telescopes. Men wander about the world, seeing things a long while before they come to them, and stumbling over the objects near at hand; women's eyes are microscopes, useless for viewing the landscape, but useful for analysing the mould.

Maybe these facts have been noted by other clever writers before I was born, but that, of course, is not my fault. If people will plagiarise my ideas before I am even there to protect them what am I to do?

SOLD AGAIN, SATAN!

BY

FRED WHISHAW.

Illustrated by L. Baumer.

Mr. Alf. Hawkley was a good deal more than a mere pickpocket. As a pickpocket he was indeed extremely artistic and successful, but his merits did not

A POPULAR PREACHER.

end in the successful pursuit of his calling. He was a student of men and manners, and upon these wide subjects Alf was a recognised authority at the Spotted Dog and his other clubs.

"Why, bless your 'eart," Alf would say to an admiring circle of his companions in art—though not intending by these words to invoke a benediction on the common means by which most of those present earned their living—"Bless your 'eart, it aint for the swag, nor yet for the hankerchiefs, as I mix among the crowd, though I 'as to take a little to live. Blow me tight, no! It's to study the people o' England, and listen to their remarks on things in general as I goes among them—not for the swag; s'elp me, it ain't!"

And, to do Alf justice, I believe he thought that this was even as he said. He certainly did help himself to "a little," however, when the opportunity offered, and a certain Wednesday morning during last Lent happened to provide such an opportunity as Mr. Alf Hawkley was compelled by the exigencies of his trade to be on the look out for. That philosopher was among the worshippers on this particular Wednesday morning at a fashionable church in Bayswater. A popular preacher had been announced by placard to deliver an address every Wednesday morning during Lent, and Mr. Hawkley, as a student of men and, of course, women, was well aware that the church would be crowded with well-to-do ladies, anxious to profit by the eloquence of the great orator. Hence his presence in church on a weekday. Alf was an authority on the churches of London, and knew all about the different types of congregation likely to be found at any given place of worship. He was a good judge of a sermon too, for in the course of business it had been his privilege to listen to a great many; and Alf did not neglect to pass on, from time to time, to the younger members of his own community, much of the good advice which he was thus enabled to come by in the way of business.

"I'm too much a man of the world," he would say to his youthful admirers, "to do much work myself; but I know what's what, and there ain't no call for you young 'uns to imitate me professionally; I was brought up to it, like, and a man can't always choose his own way o' livin'; but I'd rather 'a been summat solider like, myself—a magisterit or a copper, or even a pawnbroker—but it was not to be." Mr. Hawkley looked quite respectable enough to fill creditably any honourable position in society. His face was intellectual, his clothes almost fashionable, his manners very engaging. On this particular Wednesday morning Alf had been successful. He had relieved an old lady of a purse and had then, under pretence that he could not catch the preacher's remarks, moved nearer to the pulpit, and acquired further wealth. But when the sermon was over and a hymn had been given out a surprise was in store for Mr. Hawkley. There were very few gentlemen present, the service being a weekday and a morning one, and it so fell out that the churchwarden requested each one of those who were among the congregation to assist in collecting the alms. Among these was, of course, Alf, who, therefore, for the first time in his church experience was suddenly placed in a position full of possibilities which were positively dazzling to the imagination.

Mr. Hawkley took the bag and carried it round.

Now, when he first started on that round Mr. Hawkley had only felt sure of one thing, and that was that this grand opportunity should not be allowed to pass. Yet as he slowly went from pew to pew collecting the alms, the attitude of his mind gradually changed. The reader may possibly think the situation humorous. Alf did not; for the humour of it did not strike him so forcibly as did the moral gravity thereof.

HE WAS PLACED IN A POSITION FULL OF POSSIBILITIES.

After all, he thought, he had been placed in a position of responsibility—and the thing was too easy—neither

as artist nor as philosopher could he bring himself to take advantage of the situation. And then a very extraordinary thing happened.

Not only did Alf restrain from any appropriation of the funds he had collected, but as he walked through the side aisle—where such an operation could easily have been performed—he placed in the little bag he carried both of the feloniously acquired purses, as well as a contribution of twopence from his own pocket, all it contained, and which he had intended to lay out upon a glass of beer after the service.

Later in the afternoon, when one old lady had gone to Whiteley's to see whether she had left her purse there, and a second had travelled all the way back to Gorringe's for the same purpose, Alf Hawkley was discussing a pipe and glass at the Spotted Dog, surrounded by a gaping and amazed audience to whom he had just imparted the facts which I have detailed above.

"I could ha' done it," he said, "I could ha' done it as easy as skittles, but I sort o' felt all 'igh-up like, and the gentlemanly instinct in me would out."

The general consensus of opinion was, apparently, that Alf had behaved like a blanketty fool; but Alf said that though that might be, and he did not deny it, he had felt somehow at the time that he "couldn't be so blasted mean!" "I suppose a gentleman can act *like* a gentleman now and agin if he feels a call that way?" concluded Mr. Hawkley, looking defiantly round.

But as, presumably, none of his audience had experienced such a call, no one felt qualified to reply, and the problem remained unsolved.

BILL NYE ON MATRIMONY.

Yesterday a young man asked me if it would be safe for him to marry on five hundred dollars and a salary of fifty dollars per month. I told him I could tell better when I saw the girl. There are girls who have grown up in ease and who have kicked great black and blue welts in the lap of luxury, yet who are more ready and willing to accept a little rough weather than the poor girl who has stood for eighteen years looking out through the soiled window of life waiting for the rain to rinse it off and let the sunlight through that she might see her approaching lord.

It is fair to say that neither my wife nor I had as much pocket money for several years after we were married as we had before, but there was a thorough understanding between us regarding the matter, and before long people saw that scarcity of money matters did not scare us, and one day the tailor told me that I could take my time to pay for that suit I was married in. It was so with everyone who knew us. They saw that our courage was good and that the future was being gazed at with dauntless eye. Of course, we could not go through that now with such a wild hurrah and capture the enemies' colours in a few years. God does not ask young folks to make such a fight all the time, but victory is sure to follow and it is worth the fight.

I presume that there are several husbands who would prefer their wives to mine, but some unseen hand beyond the horizon of the average eye directed my wandering feet in the direction of the woman who alone could have the most and the best influence over me.

I wish right here to digress one moment to say that the funny man or the funny journal which subsists upon sarcastic and vinegary pictures or paragraphs regarding the utter selfishness and meanness of the marriage state, the perfidy of wives and the duplicity of sweethearts, ought to be, and will be finally, sat upon by all honest people. It is as feeble in the way of humour as the poor old tottering mother-in-law joke, and in as equally poor taste. It is my blessed privilege to stand up and give evidence in favour of home influence, and I can truly say that no matter how far I may have fallen short of my high ideal, the fault has been my own and not that of anyone associated with me in the capacity of parent or companion.

My wife, mother, and grandmother being alive and well at this writing I hope that I may be excused from making any comparisons which might in any way cause the slightest pain or anguish. Each has done her part since the day of my birth.

I see no reason why woman should ask for an enlargement of her rights so long as she moulds the future of men and nations. We try to joke about it, but that is only to attract attention away from the fact. She already has charge of our morals and our religion. Possibly that is enough for her to do. We make her responsible for future statesmen, and give her full charge of the family morals and religion. And is not that enough?

A SONNET FOR YOU.

I did not dream that I could miss you so;
  But when I took your hand and said good-bye,
  With smiling lips that gave my heart the lie,
Then, masking all my sorrow, turned to go;
From my poor little world the mellow glow
  Of twilight fled, and from the darkening sky,
  The stars were one by one snatched ruthlessly,
And flung into the sea of night below.
And now, my evening star's one ray of hope—
  The sweet companionship where hearts unite,
    Of these, fond memories alone remain;
While in the dark my stumbling soul must grope,
  Striving in vain to find the cheering light,
    That will not shine until we meet again.

"*Echoes*," *by L. P. Hills.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.

Many there be that complain of divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had else been a mere artificial Adam.

Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue?

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. Milton

"LALEGE POTTS OF THE U.S.A."

A CHAT WITH MISS SADIE JEROME.

Miss Sadie Jerome is not only the newest, but also the most brilliant American recruit the British stage has seen for many a long day. The dashing *brio* with which she sings the opening verse of her now famous song in *Gentleman Joe* :—

> You're fixed up right if you infer
> I'm a girl of cast-iron character ;
> When I fixes my mind on a thing to be,
> That thing's as good as done, d'yer see—
> I'm spying around for an English lord
> To marry me quick of his own accord ;
> But the first that knocks my fancy—wa'al,
> If he likes it or not, he'll wed this gal !

proves that she is in more senses than one come to stay; and I was glad to hear, writes a representative of To-Day, that "Miss Lalege Potts" fully reciprocated the kindly feelings of her London audiences.

"By birth I am a New Yorker, but a great deal of my life has been spent in Louisiana and on the Mississippi. Do I belong to a theatrical family? My goodness, no! But I have recited ever since I was a child, and I was just crazy to become an actress, so you may imagine how pleased I was when I obtained an engagement in Daly's Company. Miss Ada Rehan is just my ideal of a comedienne, and it was a great pleasure to study her at close quarters. I acted a small part in *The Last Word* and *Twelfth Night*."

"You must have found it rather a change to go from *Twelfth Night* to *Gentleman Joe*?"

"Why, yes; but I dearly love both Shakespeare and Arthur Roberts. I would give much to play Viola and Rosalind, but I delight in my part of Lalege Potts, and my happiest hours are spent on the stage representing that lively young lady."

MISS SADIE JEROME.

"Is it true that this has been your first singing part, Miss Jerome?"

"That's so," she answered triumphantly, "although, of course, I have always been very fond of music. This is how I first came to be given the part: I went down to see Mr. Loenfelt (that's our manager here, you know), and I recited something to him. At first he engaged me for just my first song; since then you know they have rather enlarged my part, but Mr. Roberts and the whole company have been just lovely to me!" continued the warm-hearted American girl enthusiastically, "and Gentleman Joe divided his song 'Gay Paree,' in order that I may have a show in it too!"

"You are evidently devoted to your profession?"

"You're right there; nothing gives me more pleasure than to go to a play. I spend all my Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in one of your theatres; I am so sorry that I have not yet had an opportunity of hearing and seeing Miss Cissie Loftus. I am told her imitation of me is simply splendid, and I am rather interested in mimicry."

"You have never yet had occasion to put your memory to the test?'

"Well, I could repeat the whole of *Twelfth Night* to you right off, and I always know the parts belonging to everybody else in whatever piece I may happen to be playing, but no member of the general public can realise what an electrical effect is produced on an actor by the playgoer. Over here you are so beautifully enthusiastic, more so than in my own county; but, of course, there I can only speak in reference to platform work. Sometimes I come down to the theatre feeling cold and tired, and then the sight of those nice kind faces before me cheers me up as nothing else can do."

"Your love of England is not shared by all your country-people, Miss Jerome?"

"Well, they often show their appreciation of Englishmen by marrying them anyhow! For some reason, which I cannot fathom, there is more general civility in the street cars in the States than there is here. Perhaps, that is because American women are more self-assertive than their British sisters. You see they are easily taught to be more independent than English girls."

"And is that always a good thing, Miss Jerome?"

"Why yes, certainly! Now, I am a very typical American girl. When I know anyone is watching or suspecting me, I would do everything to trick them and put them up" (*Anglice*, make a fool of them), "but if my behaviour was left to my own discretion, to my own nice feeling, I should probably get on all right."

"Then, do you approve of the New Woman?"

"Not as she is painted by any means. I don t care to see a girl mannish in her ways or actions. Men say of such ones, "She is no good; let her go on her own——'

"Bicycle," I suggested.

"Why, yes; I don't call bicycling a feminine form of amusement. I will tell you my idea of having a good time," cried Miss Jerome brightly, "that is, living in a houseboat. I spent last summer on the river, sculling, punting, and paddling. Oh! how I love an Indian canoe," she added.

"Then you are a very athletic young lady?"

"Well, I rowed from Richmond to Hampton Court and back in one afternoon; that's not bad, is it? Your houseboats make me think of the Mississippi steamers," she concluded. "Last summer during the Thames Ditton Regatta I nearly took part in a dongola race, but in the end it didn't come off," and she shook her pretty head disconsolately.

"And have you any plans for the future?"

"No, I hope to be 'Lalege Potts, of the U.S.A.' for many a long night to come."

(*The accompanying photograph is reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Hawes, Finchley Road, N.W.*)

PURITANS IN POWER.

A SKETCH OF A PURITAN-RIDDEN TOWN.

In the old days, sadly looked back to by many, Toronto was much like other cities, in regard to Sunday observance, at least; it had its reasonable amusements; it was possible by street car or boat to get into the country; Sunday saw the parks and squares filled with well-dressed people and children; cabs were running, and, in fact, the day was a real holiday, and was spent as such. The man who is entitled to the credit of changing all this is the late W. H. Howland. "Holy Willie," as he is still called, was in the grain trade. When he announced his intention of leading a morality crusade he speedily gathered a large following, and was elected mayor of the city. The election was curious in many respects. Howland's meetings were opened with the singing of hymns and prayer, tracts and religious leaflets were distributed in the streets, open-air religious services in Howland's support were held all over the city, and the religious and temperance bodies rallied round him. Then the era of "reform" was ushered in. A "Morality Department," the chiefs of which had carte blanche to purify the city, was first formed. The police acted with unrelenting vigour. Unfortunate women were driven out of the localities which they usually inhabited, and dispersed all over the city. A system of religious terrorism set in. Storekeepers chimed in with the popular cry for fear of losing custom. Clerks and employés generally hastened to get into one or more of the religious societies that were formed in order to keep solid with their employers. Livery stables were shut up, and several livery keepers fined heavily for renting their rigs on the Sabbath day. Street cars were stopped, the parks were deserted, and all over the city at scores of street corners could be heard street preachers day and night. The movement spread to the Public Library, which forthwith eschewed French novels, and cast Smollett's works into the furnace. After certain hours people sitting in the public parks were warned to go home, and it was last week that a couple were arrested for strolling through Queen's Park after ten o'clock in the evening. Restaurants, cigar counters, news stands, were closed; corner fruit peddlers arrested for violating the Lord's Day. It was impossible to purchase even a postage stamp, while drug stores were permitted to remain open only at certain hours. The shady places of the parks were taken possession of by itinerant preachers, who held services on Sunday afternoon and evening. When some Secularists and Freethinkers attempted to give open-air addresses in the squares they were driven away by the police, headed by the chiefs of the Morality Department, and a couple had their heads broken.

Sunday newspapers were, of course, prohibited, and a few months ago, when a morning paper here published an account of a million-dollar fire that started about one o'clock on Sunday morning, the proprietor was taken before a police magistrate and fined. One thing only the restrictionists were unable to do—to stop the Sunday boats to the Island. The Island is Toronto's principal pleasure resort in summer, and is frequented by thousands daily, while many citizens have summer residences there. The attempt to stop Sunday boats was unsuccessful, curiously enough, on the ground that the boats were a necessity to convey Island residents to the city to church.

But what was thought to be the greater victory was achieved when the restrictionists attacked the saloons. The latter were compelled to close on Saturday evenings at seven o'clock, and on all other nights at eleven o'clock. Of course, no liquor was permitted to be sold on Sunday, while hotels were allowed to serve guests only in their rooms. The effect of some of these measures was hardly what was anticipated, and some persons believe that the results were disastrous, from a moral point of view, in respect to the liquor traffic. The saloons having their hours of business materially reduced, immediately commenced a flask traffic. Special flasks of liquor to sell at twenty-five cents were made a feature in the saloons, and had an enormous sale just before the hours of closing, particularly on Saturday evenings. The upshot was more drunken men and boys in the streets than ever, while a public holiday was usually made the occasion for a general debauch. Whiskey dens were opened and conducted secretly, so that while a stranger in the city was unable to obtain refreshments, those who knew the ropes were able to laugh at the efforts of the authorities to suppress the illicit traffic. So, too, Mayor Howland was defeated in his efforts to do away with disorderly houses. While the known places were closed up, the inmates were scattered all over the city, and it is not an exaggeration to say that respectable women found it unsafe to appear on the principal streets at night without an escort. The rate of illegitimacy increased rapidly, too, till at the present time Toronto holds the record for the Dominion of Canada in this respect.

While all this was going on a handful of real estate speculators managed to obtain a majority in the City Council. The mayor and citizens were so busy reforming the morals of the city that they had no time to look after its material interests, and so long as the aldermen voted right on all the reform measures, which they took care to do, they were allowed to have their own way in other matters. Thus a real estate boom was started. The aldermen and their friends commenced to rush up the price of real estate. Farm lands all around the city were purchased by the acre and cut up into building lots, paved streets were run through them, and then the land was sold by the foot. Land doubled its value in a few months, sometimes in a few weeks. Everywhere buildings were going up, money seemed plentiful, and there was unlimited credit. Improvements were projected, sidewalks, sewers, and gas-pipes were laid down, and electric lights were strung over fields from which the farmers' crops had not yet been taken. In two years as much land was acquired and as many buildings were erected as would have accommodated a city three times the size of Toronto. Then the relapse came. The boom burst; citizens woke up to find themselves saddled with heavy taxes for local improvements, with real estate of little value, and with empty buildings. They discovered that valuable city privileges had been given away, that franchises had been corruptly sold, and that the splendid water front had actually been presented as a gift to the railroads. Miles upon miles of useless streets, houses that have never had an occupant and are rotting to pieces from neglect, an enormous city debt, excessive taxation, and business driven away by restriction — all these remind the citizens of the morality campaign inaugurated by the late Mayor Howland.

In the opinion of some, the most serious injury is that done to Toronto's commercial interests. In the most

central business portions of the city large business blocks are unlet. Everybody who knows anything of the state of affairs there gives the city a wide berth. Travellers close up their business on Saturday, and take the first train out of town. The proprietors of the hotels stand disgustedly by while their guests pack up and flee from the city as if it were stricken with a plague, going to Buffalo, Rochester, and other American cities, which are capturing the trade that Toronto is losing. No American tourist after being once caught will ever spend a second Sunday in Toronto. All over the United States this city is being advertised as a good place to stay away from, and hundreds of thousands of dollars every year are lost to Toronto in this way.—*New York Sun.*

LABOUCHERE AT CAMBRIDGE.

People who knew Mr. Labouchere during his early days in the Diplomatic Service tell me he was then considered a great greenhorn, and made the butt of every practical joker. The stories current about him at Cambridge, as an undergraduate, do not bear out this theory.

One evening he was caught by the Proctors walking about the streets with a young woman, and they at once demanded his name and college. He gave them, but protested there was nothing wrong—the lady was his sister! "Oh! come, now," said one of the Proctors, "this woman is one of the most notorious characters in Cambridge." "Well, sir," said young Labouchere, with his inimitable drawl, "do you consider it gentlemanly on your part to taunt me with that?"

The Proctors were not satisfied, and he was haled before the Vice-Chancellor, who happened to be a Scotsman. After a severe lecture had been read him (in dialect) on his outrageous conduct, Labouchere coolly looked round, and asked whether anyone would be so kind as to translate what had been said into English, as he did not understand Chinese.

Another time Labouchere was undergoing his Little-go examination, when he noticed a number of Dons prowling about, in the hopes of catching someone cheating. So he hastily scribbled a few words upon a sheet of paper, hid it away under his blotter, and ostentatiously referred to it from time to time, with a great parade of looking furtively round to see that nobody was looking. The trap was not long in taking effect. Argus thunderingly inquired what he had got there. "Oh! nothing—at least, only a piece of paper," stammered the ingenuous youth, provokingly. But the examiner was inexorable. He insisted on looking under the blotter, and was rewarded by reading, in a large round hand, the words, "You may be very clever, but you can't eat coke!"

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

II.—THE WAGER OF THE MARQUIS DE MEROSAILLES.

IN the year 1734, as spring came, there arrived at Strelsau a French nobleman of high rank and great possessions, and endowed with many accomplishments. He came to visit Prince Rudolf, whose acquaintance he had made while the Prince was at Paris in the course of his travels. King Henry received M. de Mérosailles—for such was his name—most graciously, and sent a guard of honour to conduct him to the Castle of Zenda, where the Prince was then staying in company with his sister Osra. There the Marquis, on his arrival, was greeted with much joy by Prince Rudolf, who found his sojourn in the country somewhat irksome and was glad of the society of a friend with whom he could talk, and sport, and play at cards. All these things he did with M. de Mérosailles, and a great friendship arose between the young men, so that they spoke very freely to one another at all times, and most of all when they had drunk their wine and sat together in the evening in Prince Rudolf's chamber that looked across the moat towards the gardens; for the new *château* that now stands on the site of these gardens was not then built. And one night M. de Mérosailles made bold to ask the Prince how it fell out that his sister the Princess, a lady of such great beauty, seemed sad, and showed no pleasure in the society of any gentleman, but treated all alike with coldness and disdain. Prince Rudolf, laughing, answered that girls were strange creatures, and that he had ceased to trouble his head about them (of his heart he said nothing) and he finished by exclaiming "On my honour, I doubt if she so much as knows you are here, for she has not looked at you once since your arrival!" And he smiled maliciously, for he knew that the Marquis was not accustomed to be neglected by ladies, and would take it ill that even a Princess should be unconscious of his presence. In this he calculated rightly, for M. de Mérosailles was greatly vexed, and, twisting his glass in his fingers, he said,

"If she were not a Princess, and your sister, sir, I would engage to make her look at me."

"I am not hurt by her looking at you," rejoined the Prince: for that evening he was very merry. "A look is no great thing."

And the Marquis, being also very merry, and knowing that Rudolf had less regard for his dignity than a prince should have, threw out carelessly:

"A kiss is more, sir."

"It is a great deal more," laughed the Prince, tugging his moustache.

"Are you ready for a wager, sir?" asked M. de Mérosailles, leaning across the table towards him.

"I'll lay you a thousand crowns to a hundred that you do not gain a kiss, using what means you will, save force."

"I'll take that wager, sir," cried the Marquis. "But it shall be three, not one."

"Have a care," said the Prince. "Don't go too near the flame, my lord! There are some wings in Strelsau singed at that candle."

"Indeed, the light is very bright," assented the Marquis courteously. "That risk I must run, though, if I am to win my wager. It is to be three then, and by what means I will, save force?"

"Even so," said Rudolf, and he laughed again. For he thought the wager harmless, since by no means could

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M. de Mérosailles win so much as one kiss from the Princess Osra, and the wager stood at three. But he did not think how he wronged his sister by using her name lightly, being in all such matters a man of careless mind.

But the Marquis, having made his wager, set himself steadily to win it. Therefore he brought forth the choicest clothes from his wardrobe, and ornaments, and perfumes; and he laid fine presents at the Princess's feet; and he waylaid her wherever she went, and was profuse of glances, sighs, and hints; and he wrote sonnets, as fine gentlemen used in those days, and lyrics and pastorals, wherein she figured under charming names. These he bribed the Princess's waiting-women to leave in their mistress's chamber. Moreover he looked now sorrowful, now passionate, and he ate nothing at dinner, but drank his wine in wild gulps, as though he sought to banish sadness. So that, in a word, there was no device in Cupid's armoury that the Marquis de Mérosailles did not practise in the endeavour to win a look from the Princess Osra. But no look came, and he got nothing from her but cold civility. Yet she had looked at him when he looked not—for Princesses are much like other maidens—and thought him a very pretty gentleman, and was highly amused by his extravagance. Yet she did not believe it to witness any true devotion to her, but thought it mere gallantry.

Then, one day, M. de Mérosailles, having tried all else that he could think of, took to his bed. He sent for a physician, and paid him a high fee to find the seeds of a rapid and fatal disease in him: and he made his body-servant whiten his face, and darken the room; and he groaned very pitifully, saying that he was sick, and that he was glad of it; for death would be better far than the continued disdain of the Princess Osra. And all this, being told by the Marquis's servants to the Princess's waiting-women, reached Osra's ears, and caused her much perturbation. For she now perceived that the passion of the Marquis was real and deep, and she became very sorry for him: and the longer the face of the rascally physician grew the more sad the Princess became: and she walked up and down, bewailing the terrible effects of her beauty, wishing that she was not so fair, and mourning very tenderly for the sad plight of the unhappy Marquis.

Through all Prince Rudolf looked on, but was bound by his wager not to undeceive her; moreover he found much entertainment in the matter, and swore that it was worth three times a thousand crowns.

At last the Marquis sent by the mouth of the physician a very humble and pitiful message to the Princess, in which he spoke of himself as near to death, hinted at the cruel cause of his condition, and prayed her of compassion to visit him in his chamber, and speak a word of comfort, or at least let him look on her face: for the brightness of her eyes, he said, might cure even what it had caused.

Deceived by this appeal, Princess Osra agreed to go; moved by some strange impulse, she put on her loveliest gown, dressed her hair most splendidly, and came into the chamber looking like a goddess. There lay the Marquis, white as a ghost and languid on his pillows; and they were left, as they thought, alone. Then Osra sat down and began to talk very gently and kindly to him, glancing only at the madness which brought him to his sad state, and imploring him to summon his resolution, and conquer his sickness for his friends' sake at home in France, and for the sake of her brother, who loved him.

"There is nobody who loves me," said the Marquis petulantly; and when Osra cried out at this, he went on, "For the love of those whom I do not love is nothing to me, and the only soul alive I love——" There he stopped, but his eyes, fixed on Osra's face, ended the sentence for him. And she blushed, and looked away. Then thinking the moment was come, he burst suddenly into a flood of protestations and self-reproach, cursing himself for a fool and a presumptious madman, pitifully craving her pardon, and declaring that he did not deserve her kindness, and yet that he could not live without it, and that anyhow he would be dead soon, and thus cease to trouble her. But she, being thus passionately assailed, showed such sweet tenderness and compassion and pity, that M. de Mérosailles came very near to forgetting that he was playing a comedy, and threw himself into his part with eagerness, redoubling his vehemence, and feeling now full half of what he said. For the Princess was to his eyes far more beautiful in her softer mood. Yet he remembered his wager, and, at last, when she was nearly in tears and ready, as it seemed, to do anything to give him comfort, he cried desperately,

"Ah, leave me; leave me! Leave me to die alone! Yet, for pity's sake, before you go, and before I die, give me your forgiveness, and let your lips touch my forehead in token of it. And then I shall die in peace."

At that the Princess blushed still more, and her eyes were wet, and shone, for she was deeply touched at his misery and at the sad prospect of the death of so gallant a gentleman for love. Thus she could scarcely speak for emotion; and the Marquis seeing her emotion was himself deeply affected; and she rose from her chair, and bent over him, and whispered comfort to him. Then she leant down, and very lightly touched his forehead with her lips; and he felt her eyelashes, that were wet with tears, brush the skin of his forehead; and then she sobbed and covered her face with her hands. Indeed his state seemed to her most pitiful.

Thus M. de Mérosailles had won one of his three kisses; yet, strange to tell, there was no triumph in him, but he now perceived the baseness of his device; and the sweet kindness of the Princess working together with the great beauty of her softened manner so affected him, that he thought no more of his wager and could not endure to carry on his deception; and nothing would serve his turn but to confess to the Princess what he had done, and humble himself in the dust before her, and entreat her to pardon him, and let him find forgiveness.

Therefore, impelled by these feelings, after he had lain still a few moments listening to the Princess's weeping, he leapt suddenly out of bed, showing himself fully-dressed under the bed-gown which he now eagerly tore off; and he rubbed all the white he could from his cheeks, and then he fell on his knees before the Princess, crying to her that he had played the meanest trick on her, and that he was a scoundrel, and no gentleman, and that unless she forgave him he should in very truth die. Nay, that he would not consent to live unless he could win from her pardon for his deceit. And in all this he was now absolutely in earnest, wondering

HE WOULD NOT CONSENT TO LIVE UNLESS HE COULD WIN HER PARDON.

only how he had not been as passionately enamoured of her from the first as he had feigned himself to be. For a man in love can never conceive himself out of it, nor he that is out of it in it; for if he can, he is half-way to the one or the other, however little he may know of it.

At first the Princess sat as though she were turned to stone: but when he finished his confession, and she

understood the trick that had been played on her, and how not only her kiss, but also her tears, had been won from her by fraud, and when she thought, as she did, that the Marquis was playing another trick on her, and that there was no more truth or honesty in his present protestations than in those which went before, she fell into great shame and into a great rage; and her eyes flashed like the eyes of her father himself, as she rose to her feet, and looked down on M. de Mérosailles as he knelt imploring her. Now her face turned pale from red, and she set her lips, and she drew her gown close round her, lest his touch should defile it (so the unhappy gentleman understood the gesture) and she daintily picked her steps round him, lest by chance she should happen to come in contact with so foul a thing. Thus she walked to the door, and, having reached it, she turned and said to him,

"Your death may blot out the insult—nothing less." And with her head held high, and her whole air full of scorn, she swept out of the room, leaving the Marquis on his knees. Then he started up to follow her, but dared not; and he flung himself on the bed in a paroxysm of shame and vexation, and now of love also, and he cried out loud,

"Then my death shall blot it out, since nothing else will serve!"

For he was in a desperate mood. For a long time he lay there, and, then, having risen, dressed himself in a sombre suit of black, and buckled his sword by his side, and putting on his riding boots and summoning his servant, bade him saddle his horse. "For," said he to himself, "I will ride into the forest, and there kill myself; and, perhaps, when I am dead, the Princess will forgive, and will believe in my love, and grieve a little for me."

Now, as he went from his chamber, to cross the moat by the drawbridge, he encountered Prince Rudolf returning from hawking. They met full in the centre of the bridge, and the Prince, seeing M. de Mérosailles dressed all in black from the feather in his cap to his boots, called out mockingly,

"Who is to be buried to-day, my lord, and whither do you ride to the funeral? It cannot be yourself, for I see that you are marvellously recovered of your sickness."

"But it is myself," answered the Marquis, coming near, and speaking low that the servants and the falconers might not overhear. "And I ride, sir, to my own funeral."

"The jest is still afoot, then?" asked the Prince. "Yet I do not see my sister at the window to watch you go, and I warrant you have made no way with your wager yet."

"A thousand curses on my wager!" cried the Marquis, "Yes, I have made way with the accursed thing, and that is why I now go to my death."

"What, has she kissed you?" cried the Prince, with a merry astonished laugh.

"Yes, sir, she has kissed me once, and therefore I go to die."

"I have heard of many a better reason, then," answered the Prince.

By now, the Prince had dismounted, and he stood by M. de Mérosailles in the middle of the bridge, and heard from him how the trick had prospered. At this he was much tickled, and, alas, he was even more diverted when the penitence of the Marquis was revealed to him, and was most of all moved to merriment when it appeared that the Marquis, having gone too near the candle, had been caught by its flame, and was so terribly singed and scorched that he could not bear to live. And while they talked on the bridge the Princess looked out on them from a lofty narrow window, but neither of them saw her. Now, when the Prince had done laughing, he put his arm through his friend's, and bade him not be a fool, but come in and toast the Princess's kiss in a draught of wine. "For," he said, "though you will never get the other two, yet it is a brave exploit to have got one."

But the Marquis shook his head, and his air was so resolute, and so full of sorrow, that not only was Rudolf alarmed for his reason, but Princess Osra also, at the window, wondered what ailed him, and why he wore such a long face; and she now noticed that he was dressed all in black, and that his horse waited for him across the bridge.

"Not," said she, "that I care what becomes of the impudent rogue!" Yet she did not leave the window, but watched very intently to see what M. de Mérosailles would do.

For a long while he talked with Rudolf on the bridge, Rudolf seeming more serious than he was wont to be; and at last the Marquis bent to kiss the Prince's hand, and the Prince raised him and kissed him on either cheek; and then the Marquis went and mounted his horse, and rode off, slowly and unattended, into the glades of the forest of Zenda; but the Prince, with a shrug of the shoulders and a frown on his brow, entered under the portcullis, and disappeared from his sister's view.

Upon this the Princess, assuming an air of great carelessness, walked down from the room where she was, and found her brother, sitting still in his boots and drinking wine; and she said,

"M. de Mérosailles has taken his leave then?"

"Even so, Madame," rejoined Rudolf.

Then she broke into a fierce attack on the Marquis, and on her brother also, for a man, said she, is known by his friends, and what a man Rudolf must be, to have a friend like the Marquis de Mérosailles!

"Most brothers," she said, in fiery temper, "would make him answer for what he has done with his life. But you laugh, nay, I daresay you had a hand in it."

As to this last charge, the Prince had the discretion to say nothing; he chose rather to answer the first part of what she said, and shrugging his shoulders again rejoined,

"The fool saves me the trouble, for he has gone off to kill himself."

"To kill himself?" she said, half-incredulous, but also half-believing, because of the Marquis's gloomy looks and black clothes.

"To kill himself," repeated Rudolf, "For in the first place you are angry, so he cannot live; in the second, he has behaved like a rogue, so he cannot live; and in the third place, you are so lovely, sister, that he cannot live; and in the first, second, and third places he is a fool, so he cannot live." And the Prince finished his flagon of wine with every sign of ill-humour in his manner.

"He is well dead," she cried.

"Oh, as you please," said he, "He is not the first brave man who has died on your account." And he rose and strode out of the room very surlily; for he had a

THE PRINCESS CAUGHT AT THE BOUGH OF THE TREE.

great friendship for M. de Mérosailles, and had no patience with men who let love make dead bones of them.

The Princess Osra, being left alone, sat for a little time in deep thought. There rose before her mind the picture of M. de Mérosailles riding mournfully through the gloom of the forest to his death. And although his conduct had been all and more than all that she had called it, yet it seemed hard that he should die for it. Moreover, if he now in truth felt what he had before feigned, the present truth was an atonement for the past treachery; and she said to herself that she could not sleep quietly that night if the Marquis killed himself in the forest. Presently she wandered slowly up to her chamber, and looked in the mirror, and murmured low, "Poor fellow!" and then with sudden speed she attired herself for riding, and commanded her horse to be saddled, and darted down the stairs and across the bridge, and mounted, and, forbidding anyone to accompany her, rode away into the forest, following the tracks of the hoofs of M. de Mérosailles's horse. It was then late afternoon, and the slanting rays of the sun, striking through the tree-trunks, reddened her face as she rode along, spurring her horse, and following hard on the track of the forlorn gentleman. But what she intended to do if she came up with him she did not think.

When she had ridden an hour or more, she saw his horse tethered to a trunk; and there was a ring of trees and bushes near, encircling an open grassy spot. Herself dismounting, and fastening her horse by the Marquis's horse, she stole up, and saw M. de Mérosailles sitting on the ground, his drawn sword lying beside him; and his back was towards her. She held her breath and waited a few moments. Then he took up the sword and felt the point and also the edge of it, and sighed deeply; and the Princess thought that this sorrowful mood became him better than any she had seen him in before. Then he rose to his feet, and took his sword by the blade beneath the hilt, and turned the point of it towards his heart. And Osra, fearing that the deed would be done immediately, called out eagerly, "My lord, my lord!" and M. de Mérosailles turned round with a great start. When he saw her, he stood in astonishment, his hand still holding the blade of the sword. And, standing just on the other side of the trees, she said,

"Is your offence against me to be cured by adding an offence against Heaven and the Church?"

And she looked on him with great severity, yet her cheek was flushed, and after a while she did not meet his glance.

"How came you here, Madame?" he asked in wonder.

"I heard," she said, "that you meditated this great sin, and I rode after you to forbid it."

"Can you forbid what you cause?" he asked.

"I am not the cause of it," she said, "but your own trickery."

"It is true. I am not worthy to live," cried the Marquis, smiting the hilt of his sword on the ground. "I pray you, madame, leave me alone to die. For I cannot tear myself from the world so long as I see your face." And as he spoke he knelt on one knee, as though he were doing homage to her.

The Princess caught at the bough of the tree under which she stood, and pulled the bough down, so that its leaves half hid her face, and the Marquis saw little more than her eyes from among the foliage. And, thus being better able to speak to him, she said softly:

"And dare you die, unforgiven?"

"I had prayed for forgiveness before you found me, madame," said he.

"Of Heaven, my lord?"

"Of Heaven, madame. For of Heaven I dare to ask it."

The bough swayed up and down; and now Osra's gleaming hair, and now her cheek, and always her eyes were seen through the leaves. And presently the Marquis heard a voice asking,

"Does Heaven forgive unasked?"

"Indeed, no," he said, wondering.

"And," said she, "are we poor mortals kinder than Heaven?"

The Marquis rose, and took a step or two towards where the bough swayed up and down, and then knelt again.

"A great sinner," said he, "cannot believe himself forgiven."

"Then he wrongs the power of whom he seeks forgiveness; for forgiveness is divine."

"Then I will ask it, and, if I obtain it, I shall die happy."

Again the bough swayed: and Osra said,

"Nay, if you will die, you may die unforgiven."

M. de Mérosailles hearing these words sprang to his feet, and came towards the bough, until he was so close that he touched the green leaves; and through them the eyes of Osra gleamed: and the sun's rays struck on her eyes, and they danced in the sun; and her cheeks were reddened by the same or some other cause. And the evening was very still, and there were no sounds in the forest.

"I cannot believe that you forgive. The crime is so great," said he.

"It was great: yet I forgive."

"I cannot believe it," said he again, and he looked at the point of his sword, and then he looked through the leaves at the Princess.

"I cannot do more than say that if you will live, I will forgive. And we will forget."

"By Heaven, no," he whispered. "If I must forget to be forgiven, then I will remember and be unforgiven."

The faintest laugh reached him from among the foliage.

"Then I will forget, and you shall be forgiven," said she.

The Marquis put up his hand, and held a leaf aside, and he said again,

"I cannot believe myself forgiven. Is there no token of forgiveness?"

"Pray, my lord, do not put the leaves aside."

"I still must die, unless I have sure warrant of forgiveness."

"Ah, you try to make me think that!"

"By Heaven, it is true!" and again he pointed his sword at his heart, and he swore on his honour that unless she gave him a token he would still kill himself.

"Oh," said the Princess with great petulance, "I wish I had not come!"

"Then I should have been dead by now—dead, unforgiven."

"But you will still die!"

"Yes, I must still die, unless——"

"Sheath your sword, my lord. The sun strikes it, and it dazzles my eyes."

"That cannot be: for your eyes are brighter than sun and sword together."

"Then I must shade them with the leaves."

"Yes, shade them with the leaves," he whispered. "Madame, is there no token of forgiveness?"

An absolute silence followed for a little while. Then Osra said,

"Why did you swear on your honour?"

"Because it is an oath that I cannot break."

"Indeed, I wish that I had not come," sighed Princess Osra.

Again came silence. The bough was pressed down for an instant; then it swayed swiftly up again; and its leaves brushed the cheek of M. de Mérosailles. And he laughed loudly and joyfully.

"Something touched my cheek," said he.

"It must have been a leaf," said Princess Osra.

"Ah, a leaf!"

"I think so," said Princess Osra.

"Then it was a leaf of the Tree of Life," said M. de Mérosailles.

"I wish someone would set me on my horse," said Osra.

"That you may ride back to the castle—alone?"

"Yes, unless you would relieve my brother's anxiety.'

"It would be courteous to do that much," said the Marquis.

So they mounted, and rode back through the forest

In an hour the Princess had come, and in the space of something over two hours they returned; yet during all this time they spoke hardly a word: and although the sun was now set, yet the glow remained on the face and in the eyes of Princess Osra; while M. de Mérosailles, being forgiven, rode with a smile on his lips.

But when they came to the castle, Prince Rudolf ran out to meet them, and he cried almost before he reached them,

"Hasten, hasten! There is not a moment to lose, if the Marquis values life or liberty!' And when he came to them, he told them that a waiting-woman had been false to M. de Mérosailles, and, after taking his money, had hid herself in his chamber, and seen the first kiss that the Princess gave him, and, having made some pretext to gain a holiday, had gone to the King, who was hunting near, and betrayed the whole matter to him.

"And one of my gentlemen," he continued, "has ridden here to tell me. In an hour the Guards will be here, and if the King catches you, my lord, you will hang as sure as I live."

The Princess turned very pale, but M. de Mérosailles said haughtily, "I ask your pardon, sir, but the King dares not hang me. For I am a gentleman and a subject of the King of France."

"Man, man!" cried Rudolf. "The Lion will hang you first, and think of all that afterwards! Come now, it is dusk. You shall dress yourself as my groom, and I will ride to the frontier, and you shall ride behind me, and thus you may get safe away. I cannot have you hanged over such a trifle."

"I would have given my life willingly for what you call a trifle, sir," said the Marquis, with a bow to Osra.

"Then have the trifle and life too," said Rudolf derisively. "Come in with me, and I will give you your livery!"

When the Prince and M. de Mérosailles came out again on the drawbridge the evening had fallen, and it was dark; and their horses stood at the end of the bridge, and by the horses stood the Princess.

"Quick!" said she. "For a peasant who came in, bringing a load of wood, saw a troop of men coming

over the crown of the hill, and he says they are the King's Guard."

"Mount, man," cried the Prince to M. de Mérosailles, who was now dressed as a groom. "Perhaps we can get clear, or, perhaps, they will not dare to stop me."

But the Marquis hesitated a little, for he did not like to run away; and the Princess ran a little forward and, shading her eyes with her hand, cried, "See there! I see the gleam of steel in the dark. They have reached the top of the hill, and are riding down."

Then Prince Rudolf sprang on his horse, calling again to M. de Mérosailles, "Quick, quick! Your life hangs on it!"

Then at last the Marquis, though he was most reluctant to depart, was about to spring on his horse, when the Princess turned and glided back swiftly to them. And—let it be remembered that evening had fallen thick and black—she came to her brother and put out her hand, and grasped his hand, and said,

"My lord, I forgive your wrong, and I thank you for your courtesy, and I wish you farewell."

Prince Rudolf, astonished, gazed at her without speaking. But she, moving very quickly in spite of the darkness, ran to where M. de Mérosailles was about to spring on his horse, and she flung one arm lightly about his neck, and she said,

"Farewell, dear brother, God preserve you. See that no harm comes to my good friend, M. de Mérosailles." And she kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she suddenly gave a loud cry of dismay, exclaiming, "Alas! what have I done? Ah, what have I done?" And she hid her face in her two hands.

Prince Rudolf burst into a loud short laugh, yet he said nothing to his sister, but again urged the Marquis to mount his horse. And the Marquis, who was in a sad tumult of triumph and of woe, leapt up; and they rode out, and turning their faces towards the forest, set spurs to their horses and vanished at a breakneck speed into the glades. And no sooner were they gone than the troopers of the King's Guard clattered at a canter up to the end of the bridge, where the Princess Osra stood. But when their captain saw the Princess, he drew rein.

"What is your errand, sir?" she asked most coldly and haughtily.

"Madame, we are ordered to bring the Marquis de Mérosailles alive or dead into the King's presence, and we have information that he is in the castle, unless, indeed, he were one of the horsemen who rode away just now."

"The horsemen you saw were my brother the Prince, and his groom," said Osra. "But if you think that M. de Mérosailles is in the castle, pray search the castle from keep to cellar; and if you find him, carry him to my father, according to your orders."

Then the troopers dismounted in great haste, and ransacked the castle from keep to cellar: and they found the clothes of the Marquis, and the white powder with which he had whitened his face, but the Marquis they did not find. And the captain came again to the Princess, who still stood at the end of the bridge, and said,

"Madame, he is not in the castle."

"Is he not?" said she, and she turned away, and, walking to the middle of the bridge, looked down into the water of the moat.

"Was it in truth the Prince's groom who rode with him, madame?" asked the captain, following her.

"In truth, sir, it was so dark," answered the Princess, "that I could not myself clearly distinguish the man's face."

"One was the Prince, for I saw you embrace him, madame."

"You do well to conclude that that was my brother," said Osra, smiling a little.

"And to the other, madame, you gave your hand."

"And now I give it to you," said she, with haughty insolence. "And if to my father's servant, why not to my brother's?" And she held out her hand that he might kiss it, and turned away from him, and looked down into the water again.

"But we found M. de Mérosailles's clothes in the castle!" persisted the captain.

"He may well have left something of his in the castle," said the Princess.

"I will ride after them," cried the captain.

"I doubt if you will catch them," smiled the Princess; for by now the pair had been gone half-an-hour, and the frontier was but ten miles from the castle, and they could not be overtaken. Yet the captain rode off with his men, and pursued, till he met Prince Rudolf returning alone, having seen M. de Mérosailles safe on his way. And Rudolf had paid the sum of a thousand crowns to the Marquis, so that the fugitive was well provided for his journey, and, travelling with many relays of horses, made good his escape from the clutches of King Henry.

But the Princess Osra stayed a long time looking down at the water in the moat. And sometimes she sighed, and then, again, she frowned, and, although nobody was there, and it was very dark into the bargain, more than once she blushed. And, at last, she turned to go into the castle. And, as she went, she murmured softly to herself;

"Why I kissed him for the first time I know; it was in pity. And why I kissed him the second time I know; it was in forgiveness. But why I kissed him the third time, or what that kiss meant," said Osra, "Heaven knows."

And she went in with a smile on her lips.

(The first of this Series is contained in the Summer Number of "TO-DAY." The remainder of the Series will appear, week by week, in the ordinary issues of "TO-DAY.")

SOMMEIL DE CHAT.

Quand il veut se coucher le chat est bientôt prêt;
Sans se déshabiller ni faire sa prière,
D'un bond il est juché sur le haut tabouret,
Alpha près d'oméga, le nez près du derrière.

Admirez comme il s'est promptement endormi!
Maintenant, enfoncé dans une paix profonde,
Il se repose au sein de son meilleur ami:
L'égoïste animal se suffit comme un monde.

Bavardons, s'il nous plaît, le couvert enlevé!
Lui, qu'aucun goût n'enchaîne autour des tables nettes,
Jugeant son rôle avec le repas achevé,
Ne se croit pas tenu d'écouter nos sornettes.

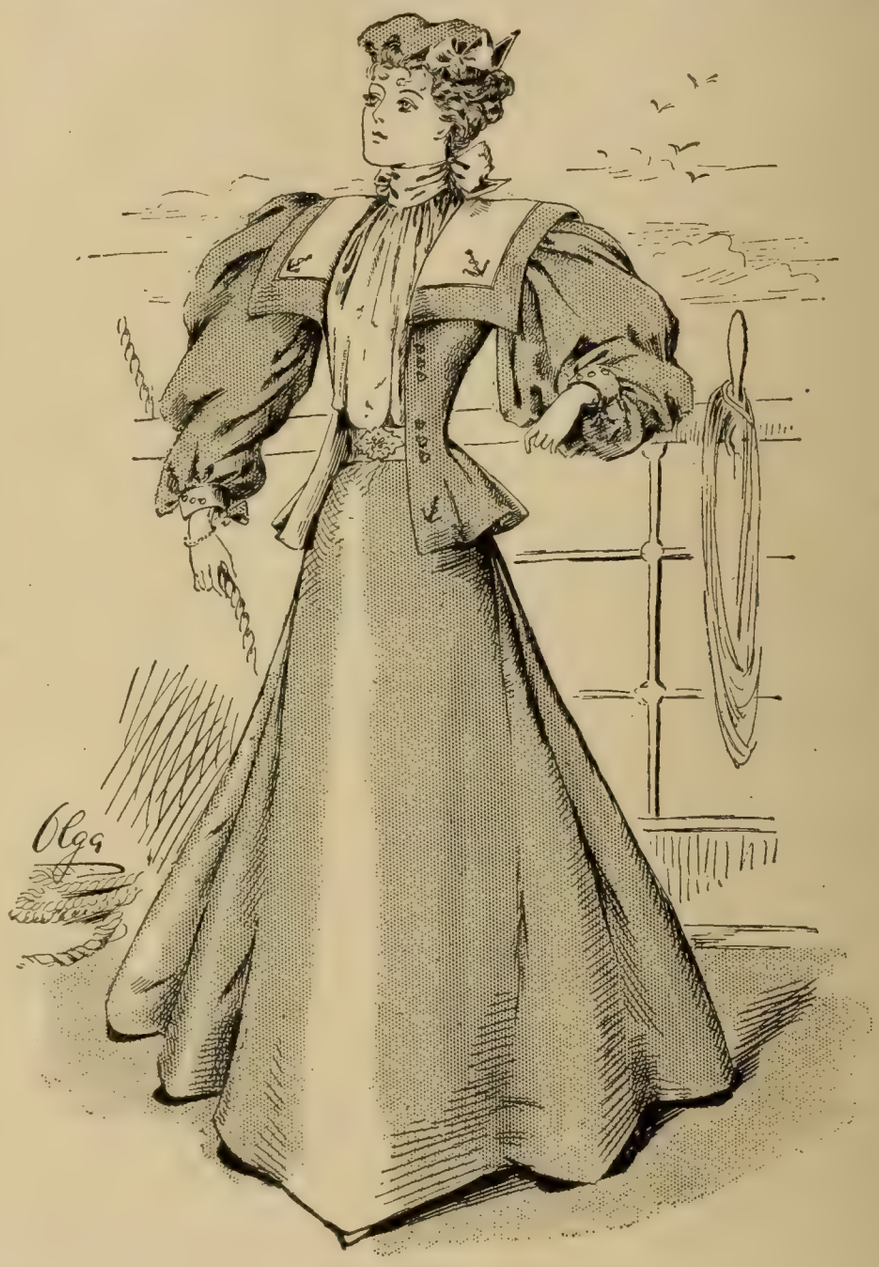
Au bruit de notre voix il sait que les souris
Ne viendront pas tenter ses ongles rétractiles,
Et, vrai sage, du temps connaissant bien le prix,
Il emploie à dormir les heures inutiles.

Alfred Ruffin.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—We are spending a fortnight in the prettiest cottage ever built, down here by the river. Sounds extravagant, does it not? But it is, on the contrary, most delightfully cheap. The Browns have taken it for the whole season, and had just got comfortably installed when the news came that Jim had engaged himself to a charming girl, whose people live in Hampshire. The Browns were naturally most anxious to make her acquaintance, and asked her on a visit; but Jim, whose regiment is at Portsmouth, naturally objected to her going away, and it was settled that the Browns should go and make the usual inspection of their son's choice at her own home. They asked us to come and stay at their riverside cottage while they are away, and keep the servants out of mischief by giving them something to do. We are enjoying ourselves thoroughly. The garden is our principal sitting-room. We often breakfast under a grand old apple-tree on the lawn, and the maids arrange a long deck-chair for mother there every day, with about a dozen cushions. And I sit and watch the boats go by, and note the pretty gowns of the girls. Do you know the Harris linens? I admired a costume of this material in a pretty shade of blue, made simply enough, with a double frill round the edge, a perfectly plain, well-fitting bodice, and a fichu of the blue linen also edged with a frill, bordered, like the flounces, with yellowish lace. The Harris cloths are pure flax, which gives them a quality of texture unattainable with anything that has cotton in it, and makes the stuff drape in lovely folds.

A dark-eyed girl down here, who has quantities of soft auburn hair—I mean the real auburn, very dark-brown with red-gold lights in it—wears a brown canvas skirt, brown stockings, and shoes to match, and a biscuit-coloured silk blouse, with satin ribbons at the neck and waist in a nasturtium shade—between orange and rich yellow. She looks a picture as she steers with yellow cushions at her back, and a big yellow sunshade spliced to the back of her seat. Her two brothers, who take it in turn to scull her about, are picturesque in the most decorative of shirts, white flannel trousers, and coloured cummerbunds, always carefully matched to the tie and hat-ribbon. Men look so nice in these fine cambric shirts, and girls look so dreadful in the stiff-fronted shirts when they wear them without a coat or jacket. Don't you think so? The pretty white linen Eton coats fetch me immensely. They are so smart and look so cool, and so perfectly suited to a boat. I saw one this morning, worn with a navy blue crêpon skirt, a frilled white cambric shirt, and a pale blue tie striped with white, like the ribbon on the sailor hat. The sleeves of the Eton coat were very large and full, and it is the absence of this feature, to which our eyes have grown so habituated, that renders the shirt a thing of nought when it is worn without a coat.



YACHTING COSTUME.

At a garden-party given next door I saw a perfectly sweet alpaca of a texture new to me, resembling rather the kind of silk known as armure. The front of the well-fitting bodice was turned back, with long and not obtrusively wide revers of white satin, covered with cream-coloured guipure; a small square collar at the back matching them. Both were edged with round white silk cord, which gave a very pretty finish. The waistcoat was a very pale brocade in tender tones of pink and blue on a pearl-grey ground — the tint known to dressmakers as "Sir Peter Lely," because the artist so often painted it in satin and brocade. The hat worn with this was all rosettes of white tulle, and delicate white wings rising from a dainty pale green straw, the brim of which was lined with rose-pink velvet.

Another dress was white satin, entirely covered with cream-coloured India muslin flounces, three of them, each bordered with a narrow binding of gold-coloured satin. The bodice was white satin, covered with gold-coloured guipure at the back. The front was very full above a wide belt of gold-and-white embroidery, which began under the arms at either side, and fastened in the centre with a very long buckle, bent inwards to the shape of the figure. The hat was a coarse white mohair straw, completely covered with lovely white ostrich feathers.

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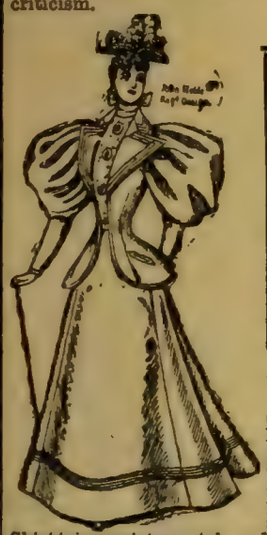

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The sleeves were quite new, being gathered down the outside of the arms, the gatherings being covered with tiny muslin frills edged with Valenciennes. From elbow to wrist they are transparent.

The yachting dress shown in the sketch is made of very pale grey cloth, with a full vest of pale blue silk. The short jacket is lined and turned back with white satin, the junction between cloth and satin being hidden by two narrow lines of gold and silver braid. The anchors are embroidered in similar braid. The small buttons are gold and silver. The bishop sleeves are made with white satin cuffs and buttons like those on the fronts. The small toque is composed of the same material as the dress, with a knot of white satin ribbon at the left side. The belt is white satin, fastened into the side seams of the coat, and closed with a handsome buckle. It was such a pretty dress.—Your affectionate

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Adeline.—Instead of having your white silk skirt dyed, cover it with grass lawn, edge it round with a couple of little frills, and wear it with any blouse and ribbons of any colour. If you get your maid to do it at once, you will find it one of the most useful skirts you ever had. For chilly evenings get a black velvet zouave to slip on over those thin blouses, or even a Cairo vest. This saves the trouble of changing, and affords the necessary extra warmth.

Our Cookery Column.

Ducklings aux Legumes.—Order a pair of little ducklings, which stuff with chicken and truffle, or chicken and mushroom forcemeat, then lay them side by side in a stewpan with salt and black pepper, grated sage, and finely chopped onion. Turn them occasionally, and give them a light dust of flour each time. In another little pan boil a pint of green peas, three carrots and three turnips, both the latter finely chopped, and a mere trifle of parsley and mint. When they are done drain them well, and put them with the ducklings, letting them all simmer together for half an hour, and just ten minutes before taking up add a tumblerful of some good white wine, which must be allowed to have a good boil.

Marmalade Pudding.—Prepare three-quarters of a pound of breadcrumbs, and mix them with one pound of Keiller's marmalade, adding a quarter pound of finely-chopped beef suet, quarter pound sugar, an egg well beaten, and a couple of dessertspoonfuls of lemon-juice. Butter a mould, and line it with either stoned raisins or blanched almonds. Pour in the pudding, tie it up in a cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and let it boil three hours. Serve it with wine sauce.

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THE ARMENIAN AT HOME.

I once had an Armenian servant who watched me dying of typhoid, as he thought, in Constantinople. My last conscious recollections of him, as I lay helpless on my bed, were not pleasant. He took down my choice carpets and arms from the walls, made them into a neat bundle, added thereto my wearing apparel and trinkets, emptied my purse, slung the whole of my personal belongings on his shoulders, and left behind him a note to the effect that, as I should probably die, he wished it to be understood, in the somewhat unlikely event of my recovery, he had annexed my belongings without any diminution of his esteem and regard for myself, but simply because directly I became unconscious someone else would probably do the same thing, and he might just as well have the first pick. He added that on his return to his native land, the articles he had taken with him would always form a pleasant souvenir of the time he had spent in my service. I never saw or heard anything more of him. Of course this must not be taken to represent the point of view of the average Armenian; it is only a personal experience which befel me. At Kharpoot, in Armenia, there is an American college devoted to the education of Armenian boys. The American missionaries put these lads through an exceedingly sensible educational course, and when it is finished the Armenian youth is shrewd enough to see that the task of enlightening his oppressed fellow-countrymen is not an unprofitable one. Directly he has finished his course he scrapes together enough money to go to America, is received there with effusion, preaches and lectures everywhere, and returns to his native land with the assumption of a slightly patronising manner towards the good missionaries who have educated him. A great many of these youths, however, remain in America, and make large fortunes, the combination of Armenian shrewdness and American activity being irresistible.

On the other hand, one must consider the daily life of the Armenian peasant and the unpleasant incidents that are likely to be crowded into it. He has been oppressed by Turk and Coord for centuries; the only weapons with which he can meet their exactions are cunning and duplicity. The recent massacres are the culminating point of what the Turks and Coords have been leading up to for many years. The Armenian peasant is burdened with tithes, poll-tax, sheep-tax, etc.; he has to struggle on from year to year mortgaging each summer's crop in advance, or paying usurious interest to Turkish money-lenders for money to buy seed grain; his cattle and children die from starvation; the honour of his women is at the mercy of the first raiding Coord or Turkish official who comes along; his only shelter a mud, vermin-infested hut. There is no cessation from drudgery. He cringes where formerly he would have scorned to stoop; is cowardly where once brave; treacherous and false in his dealings because he is the victim of oppression; and yet, in spite of his sufferings, he never for one instant forgets that he is the descendant of a great nation, and clings to his dream of Armenia for the Armenians, although outnumbered and out-generalled on every hand.

When the local Turkish tax-gatherer has finished squeezing the unfortunate Armenian peasant, the nomadic Coord flays him alive. In the vilayet of Diarbekir, for instance, the Coords are divided into two races, *i.e.*, those who are settled in villages and cultivate land, and the nomads who wander about from one part of the country to the other, ostensibly as shepherds, but who, in reality, live by plundering the unfortunate Armenians. At the approach of summer the nomad Coords go up into the mountains, remaining there until the winter, when they return to the desert. In their periodical progress to and from the mountains they sack all the Armenian villages *en route*, their usual mode of procedure being to enter a village, kill all the men who resist, violate the women, and plunder it of everything worth taking. Sometimes the headmen are carried off, in order to make them pay a heavy ransom. If it is not forthcoming the wretched victims are compelled to till the fields of their self-constituted masters. Armenians living in the vicinity of the Coords cannot marry without paying blackmail for permission to do so. Their lives, their property, the honour of their women are constantly in jeopardy. When an Armenian complains to the Turkish authorities of a Coordish raid, they either ignore his grievance, or else throw him into prison, as a hint that he had better suffer in silence, and be thankful to live. Most of the influential Coordish chiefs have friends in Constantinople, or among the governor of the province's suite, and do just as they please.

By the time the Turkish tax-gatherer has paid his morning visit, and breakfasted at the expense of the Armenian peasant, the latter is free to speculate as to whether there are any Coords in the district. On being reassured as to this, he may hope to spend a quiet day at work in the fields, unless the local Turkish zaptieh (policeman) sends word that he will look in to dinner, and that his favourite dish is rice pilaff or a boiled fowl. If the zaptieh is coming, one of the few remaining fowls, which has been too strong on the wing for the Coordish raiders, is lured into the hut with unaccustomed grain and despatched. Then fuel of dried cow-dung is heaped on the fire, the vermin shaken out of the old carpets, some tough, unleavened cakes made, and the unwonted feast is ready for the great man, the giver of it coming in for occasional fragments at the finish. After he has partaken of this enforced hospitality, I have actually seen a zaptieh lash an Armenian across the face with a heavy whip because a superior quality of tobacco was not forthcoming. When the zaptieh goes, it is too late to work. The poor host rakes together the remains of the fire, pulls his thin garments tightly around him, and wonders how many more such days it will take to consume the petty stock of provisions which he is accumulating for the winter. Then comes the winter with starvation in its train—more oppressions—more exactions from the Turkish officials. Should an Armenian, tortured to desperation, slay a Turk or Coord, then his village is burnt to the ground, and every soul—men, women and children—massacred without mercy. The wonder is how the ordinary Armenian lives to grow up and endure all this. Nobody but an Armenian could do it.

In spite of these drawbacks to existence, however, the Armenians are not a morose or unsympathetic race. They delight in music, primitive it is true, in flowers, in a witty story, in quaint dances, and the few lovely embroideries which they sometimes manage to hide from the acquisitive Turk. Their wedding festivities are so prolonged that every Coord within miles has time to come down and interrupt them unless bought off. I remember in the neighbourhood of Sivas some years ago receiving a most pressing invitation to be present at an Armenian wedding. When I refused, presents were brought to me as a further inducement. At last I yielded, returned the presents, and promised to attend the wedding. The festivities lasted some days, and terminated in my being danced down by the mother of the bride after she had successively challenged all my friends to stand up against her. Directly we prepared to return home, all signs of the wedding were hastily done away with. The reason for this was that the Coords dare not attack whilst we were there. A British subject is about the only being on the face of this earth the average Coord does fear—except perhaps an American missionary. An American missionary, the story goes, was once waylaid in the mountains by a couple of Coords, who robbed him of his money. "Stay, my friends," said the missionary. "Never mind the money; I want to convert you." He talked to them for three hours, and then the Coords returned his money and went away. The missionary joyfully hastened home to

report how the grace of God had touched the hearts of these rude barbarians, and made them restore his money. One of these Coords afterwards, on being interrogated as to why they had returned the money, said that the reason was because they dare not kill the missionary, and there was no other way of stopping his tongue; they thought it easier to sham repentance, and thus escape from him. "We might have cut off his head, Effendi," the man said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "but then his legs would have talked, too."

Whatever may be the political motives which are now actuating the Armenians, there is not the slightest doubt that they are a long-suffering race, who should be delivered from the combined yoke of the Turk and the Coord. Probably when the present agitation has died down things will go on as before—perhaps in a slightly modified form. The plan of appointing more Turkish functionaries to report to the Sultan and administer the different vilayets of Armenia is about as sensible—from the Armenian's point of view—as putting a hungry wolf in a sheep-pen and expecting it not to eat mutton. The only drawback is that, if things go on at their present rate, in a short time there will not be any more mutton left to eat. G. B. Burgin.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—It is a beautiful example of our independence in this great epoch-making journal that when I carefully instruct you as to the way to go about forming a new democratic party, our Editor, dictator and chief, calmly remarks in another column: "Democracy is an idle folly, and no one but an uneducated fool can believe in it. Ten thousand idiots cannot teach one child wisdom. A flock of sheep will never control the wolf." Our chief is a great Individualist. Whether he thinks he is a child or a wolf I do not know, but he is a mighty upholder of the one man idea. The attitude is, perhaps, natural to an editor, and there is a good deal to be said for it in every walk of life. Nothing would be more delightful than to live, unworried by elections and controversies, under the paternal sway of a benevolent despot. But the great difficulty is to find us a despot. When you try and breed him through a Royal race, the result is not always satisfactory. The king, coming from a race of kings, is, as a rule, nothing more than a monarchical mediocrity. He is rarely better than this, and he is often worse. There is only one real king going about Europe to-day—the German Emperor—and it is the opinion of nine people out of ten that, in spite of the excellence of his intentions, he will one of these days come very near to upsetting the Imperial boat. Very well, then, if you cannot breed your despot you must select him. How? Obviously, by popular vote. What is this but pure democracy? Look at the instances that occurred naturally to the mind of our chief. He says that democracies invariably end in despotisms—"Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, each sprung from the womb of a democracy." I grant that these men were good and necessary, but how did Providence set about giving them to us? Not by raising them from a race of princes, but by evolving them from a purely democratic state. Therefore, once more you will see that what we want, what we ought to get, and what we all ought to set about with our best endeavours to get, is a young, pure, democratic party. I said this some weeks ago, and I keep on saying it still, because I find myself justified on every hand by the strongest of Radical advisers. Labouchere, for example, says that "Radicals are doomed to wander, not six years, but six times six years, in the desert if they do not amend their tactics and hold firmly to their principles." The *Westminster Gazette*, drawing its moral from that government "by sections" to which I have often called your attention, says: "After this election, the sections will surely learn the wisdom of not all clamouring at once, of not fixing the order of precedence in advance, of doing one thing at a time, and of going along the line of least resistance." If the line of least resistance does not mean the line of compromise I suggested to you previously, I don't know what it does mean. The *Westminster Gazette* continues: "If they do not, then the Liberal Party as a whole must be prepared to remain in the wilderness, and the sections to see none of their demands whatever accomplished, to the end of the story." I think I am right, therefore, when I insist, and insist again, on the necessity of not worrying about the end of the story, but about the beginning of an entirely new chapter. Democracy is a thing which nearly everybody understands, and it is never understood better than by that young generation which is no respecter of persons. It is all very well for our chief to say that the science of government consists in teaching the powerful sympathy with the weak. But whatever the science may do, into whose hands are we to put its application? Who is to teach the powerful? Why should not the powerful take his instructor by the neck, and kick him downstairs, if he wanted to emphasise the lesson. When you talk of the powerful and the weak, and the necessity of the powerful governing the weak, you reduce government simply to the right of the strong. Directly you admit the right of the strong to do that which they desire, you put a premium on a combination amongst the weak, who, in virtue of their numbers, may some day—like ants, or bees, or locusts—overrun the strong man, and, devouring him completely, leave only the dry bones of a skeleton behind. Look at America. Anything approaching despotism becomes daily less and less possible; it is the combination of the many that bends the strong and the few. Even the German Emperor has to submit to the wishes of a Socialist wing. Everywhere and every year the franchise widens and deepens, as it should widen and deepen until you come down to the one bed-rock of principle, which is, the right every individual governed to a voice in the making of the system that governs him. This is another of those great principles that the young democratic party should always remember.

However, things being as they are, and the result of the General Election being what it is, there won't be much necessity to worry over home politics for a considerable time to come. In foreign affairs things are very much less comfortable. It would be quite in keeping with their ordinary luck if the Conservative party, having come in to dispense the blessings of quiet and peace, should find themselves saddled with a big foreign war. Personally, I don't see how a shindy is going to be avoided very much longer. From a variety of sources I gather that it is only with the utmost difficulty that a row with France has not broken out before. Their jealousy of our Colonial successes increases every day. While we can wipe out the Matabele or crush out Umra Khan in the course of a brief campaign, their own endeavours in Madagascar are fraught with nothing but bitterness, disappointment, vast expense, and comparative failure, in the face of a despicable and insignificant enemy. They have determined to protest shortly against our further occupation of Egypt. Out of Egypt we do not mean to go. It is known in the highest places that, despite much that has been said and written about it, the French fleet just now is really far from strong. It looks very much on paper, but it is not very much at sea. Amongst our counsellors and rulers there have not been lacking those who advise one quick, sharp blow while we are in a position to give it, rather than the pursuit of a waiting policy, which may lead to stupendous difficulties when the vessels now being built for Russia and France are complete and on the water. Lord Salisbury is a jingo Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain is all for ex-

pansion. There is not a man in the entire Cabinet who funks the sound of the big drum. The information I give you I give on authority I cannot doubt, and the fact remains that while, from a domestic point of view, there never was such a peaceful time in England, yet on the other hand our foreign relations are such that at any moment the country may be plunged into the most colossal war of the century.

Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

'ANKIN'S noo debitin' club is stawtid. It stawtid lawst Sat'dy in a back room of the 'ouse we gin'rally yooses, whort they loaned us gratis in return fur reg'lar custom. Theer was ite members, but on'y six of 'em come. We set rarnd a tible, and one on us awst in a friendly wye 'ow yer mide a beginnin'. "Ho," says says Ankin, "it's like this. Fust yer gits yer preserdunt, then yer mikes yer rooles, then, if theer's any privit business, yer gits onter that, and then yer 'as yer debite, and votes on it. Thet's all striteforrud. Nar, as ter the preserdunt, I hunderstands as its the gineral wish as I should occerpy thet post." "Do yer?" syes Ike. "Then yer hunderstands a bloomin' error." 'E were perticlar bad-tempered that night, was Ike. 'E's 'ad misforchoones, yer see, and they mikes 'im a bit shawp at times. "Hall right," says 'Ankin, "give us another nime, and I'll put 'em ter the vote." "No yar 'ont," says Ike. "Yer won't put no bloomin' nutthink ter the vote. 'Oose business is it ter put things ter the vote? It's the preserdunt's business, and yer ain't preserdunt. Nor ain't nobody else, and so your bloomin' club cawn't begin." "Stow it," says I, "yer must mike a stawt somewheer, yer mutton-'ead." And thet bein' the gin'ral opinyun o' the meetin', we mikes 'Ankin preserdunt. "Nar then," says 'Ankin," "we'll mike a foo rooles." "Wite a moment," says Ike, strikin' in agen. "I proposes as Mister honnerable lord preserdunt 'Ankin esquire stands a gallon o' four ile ter the meetin'." 'Ankin remawked as some o' the meetin' seemed ter 'ave quite as much inside 'em already as was good fur 'em. So there was more talk abart thet. We got on ter the rooles at lawst. We decided nort ter 'ave no secretary, nor no subscripshun, nor no treasurer. Meetin's was ter be hevry Sat'dy nite. Hany member swearin' was ter be fined a penny a word. And theer was a lot more as well, Ike grumblin' at most of 'em. When we'd done with the rooles it was gettin' lite, and 'Ankin perceeded to the subjic' of debite, bein' the aberlishun of the 'Ouse of Lords. "Look 'ere," says Ike, "theer's a deal too much 'Ankin abart this club. It's hall bloomin' 'Ankin from beginnin' ter end. Am I come 'ere ter listen ter 'is blessed chin moosic all night? Fust, Mister 'Ankin Esquire is ter be mid-preserdunt; then 'e mikes rooles—rotten rooles, too. Na-e's goin' ter mike a rotten speech. Whort I wornt ter know is wheer do I come in? I don't agree with 'im abart nutthink, and I don't agree with 'im abart the 'Ouse of Lords. If you awsts me whort I thinks, I thinks as any man as wants ter abolish the 'Ouse of Lords is a fool."

"Thet ain't in order," says 'Ankin.

"Yes it is. It's in order ter let yer know whort I think of yer."

"Well, then, you wite till your turn comes. You kin speak as soon as I've done."

"Oh, much obliged, I'm sure. Thank yer, I'll speak now." 'E pulls art four coppers, and slaps 'em on the tible, "Swearin's a penny a word, is it? Then I'll begin with 'aving fourpenn'orth."

So 'e did, and very good measure, too. Then 'e took 'is 'at, and walked art, off'rin' ter fight the lot with one 'and be'ind 'is back.

* * * *

Yus, I dunno as you cud sye as the fust meetin' of 'Ankin's noo debitin' club was haltergether a success. Per'aps there mye 'ave bin a shide too much 'Ankin abart it, and then, as I've said, Ike's a man as 'as 'ad 'is misforchoones, and needs keerful 'andlin'. I 'as grive darts abart thet club. I wornts ter do justice all round, and I won't sye as the 'ole thing's a bloomin' plant ter get us ter listen ter 'Ankin on pollytics more nor we otherwise would. I won't sye as it is so, but it 'as a sort of look of it, yer know. 'Arrever, we shall see. The debite is ter be resoomed next Sat'day, 'Ankin 'avin' bin cut short in 'is speech, just as 'e were a warmin' to it, throogh time bein' up. If 'Ankin weren't so long-winded, and Ike were'nt so short-tempered, and things gen'rally was all diffrunt, then I dessay as it 'ud be otherwise. But as it is, it ain't.

HOW MOLTKE HEADED THE COLUMN AT GRAVELOTTE.

THE Second Army Corps after a long forced march had approached Gravelotte. Moltke, followed by his staff, rode to its head, and hurried it forward to retrieve the situation. In the lurid glare of a blazing village the German king stood by the wayside, stimulating the ardour of his stalwart Pomeranians. High over the roll of the drums, the blare of the bugles, and the crash of the cannon, rose the eager bursts of cheering as the soldiers answered their sovereign's greeting. Moltke, Steinmetz, and Franseky the corps commander, riding abreast, led the corps down into the ravine and up its farther slope to the edge of the plateau. In the words of the "Official History:" "Under the eyes of those officers of high rank, the battalions hurried forward, drums beating and bugles sounding, eager to throw themselves into the struggle amid the encouraging cheers of the chiefs." As the Pomeranians deployed on the plateau, the French fire struck them fair in the face, and they were struck, too, by a broad stream of fugitives from the front; but they stoutly battled their way forward through the growing darkness, Moltke and Steinmetz cheering them on.

Meanwhile the king had gone back to Rezonville, where he sat in the village street on a plank, one end of which rested on a broken gun-carriage, the other on a dead horse. The roar of the close battle swelled and deepened till the very ground trembled. The night fell like a pall, but the blaze of the adjacent conflagration lit up the anxious group by the churchyard wall. From out the medley of broken troop's in front came suddenly a great shout that grew in volume as it rolled nearer. The hoofs of a galloping horse rattled on the causeway. A moment later Moltke, his face for once quivering with excitement, sprang from his saddle, and, running towards the king, cried out: "It is good for us; the position has been retrieved, and the victory is with your majesty!" The king, baring his head, sprang to his feet with a fervent, "God be thanked!" and a simultaneous hurrah welcomed the glad tidings.

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IN THE CITY.

THE LONDONDERRY YARN.

In our issue of July 27th we said there was a "curious story going round about the way in which the original vendors of the Londonderry property persuaded Colonel North and his friends of the enormous richness of the claims." Since then we have seen the man who is responsible for the story, and he has given it to us in detail. He is an Australian prospector who has been in Australia for nearly forty years, who says he has been associated with the discoverers of the Londonderry in a good many ventures, and who comes to this country upon business of his own connected with the Hampton Lands.

Put in a sentence the charge is that the vendors knew that the reef had petred out. A charge of that sort is very easy to make, and very difficult to prove. We know that gold of great value was discovered upon the Londonderry property; we know that the Londonderry vendors led the public to believe that much gold remained in the mine; we know that, pending flotation, nobody was allowed to go down the mine and judge for himself; we know that when the mine was opened, after the British public had given £650,000 for it, there was no gold. All these things we know, as everybody knows who gives any attention to mining matters. But then all these things may have happened without fraud upon the part of the vendors, original or otherwise.

The man's statement is uncorroborated. It rests upon his authority alone. The persons to whom he refers are in Australia, and, anyway, corroboration could not be expected from them. But in his narrative the prospector mentions Lord Fingall, and gives particulars of certain alleged actions of his. Now it would be very desirable, if it were possible, to get to the bottom of this business, and as Lord Fingall returned to London last Tuesday, we asked him to say if that part of the prospector's story which relates to himself is true: if he could corroborate it. His reply was that it was not true. Thus the only witness immediately available for corroboration or repudiation of the story will in no way confirm it.

Again, the Londonderry Company retains—or retained up to three or four days ago—a portion of the purchase-money, some £30,000 in cash, and £116,000 in shares. The vendors are pressing for payment, and it is reasonable to assume that if the directors could get any evidence of fraud they would be eager to do so. Well, the story to which we allude has been before them, they have questioned the author of it, and they have come to the conclusion that it would not be of assistance to them in refusing payment.

Under these circumstances, our prospecting friend must not be surprised if his allegations are disbelieved. There is nothing to support them but his mere statement, and he seems to have nothing better to go upon than the gossip of diggers.

MR. A. J. WILSON.

Mr. A. J. Wilson is the City editor of the *Standard*, and gentleman who has long since brought himself to believe, if we may judge him by his writings, that everything is for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds. Of course, if one predicts disaster long enough it will be possible to say some day or other, "I told you so." And so it has come about that to our tearful contemporary the *Daily Chronicle*, and a few others of lachrymose tendencies, Mr. A. J. Wilson is the greatest of living authorities upon the financial situation. It is an estimate from which Mr. Wilson himself would be slow to dissent, but the pretension is a little ludicrous to those who have followed Mr. Wilson in his financial prophecies.

In the current number of his magazine, *The Investor's Review*, Mr. Wilson favours us with an article upon the directorships held by members of the present Government. Mr. Wilson is much troubled by the fact that many ministers remain directors of joint-stock companies. He is indeed good enough to say that "the new regiment of office-holders mustered under Lord Salisbury" is "slightly cleaner in the matter of company-dabbling than his last was." Many of the directorships are "unexceptionable," but in Mr. Wilson's opinion, "they should not be held during the presence of these men in the Ministry—not even the purely honorary ones, like Lord Balfour's on the National Bank of Scotland?" Now, Lord Balfour of Burleigh is Deputy Governor of the Bank of Scotland. Why should it be wrong for him, whilst he remains a member of the Ministry, to retain this honourable post, which, on Mr. Wilson's own showing, is little more than honorary? "Because," says Mr. Wilson, "the example set by high-minded men in retaining good and numerous directorships is too often held to justify smaller, needier, and less scrupulous persons in holding bad ones." Surely there is halting logic here. Lord Balfour is a director of a national institution, therefore he must resign lest some other member of the Ministry be encouraged to remain upon the board of a company unworthy of the public confidence!

If Mr. Wilson is deficient in logic he makes up for it in insolence. Here is his description of the present Government:—

> This truculent Ministry of Lord Salisbury's, with its curious mixture of aristocratic bagmen, beer-brewing, pawnbroking, company-promoting, guinea-pigging, and stock-jobbing elements.

Nor is the ignorance of this writer less conspicuous than his faulty logic, or his impertinent references to Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. Mr. Wilson leads off with a list of the members of the Government who hold no directorship in public companies, and the first on his list is ticketed as below:—

> Sir Henry James (Lord Aylestone of Hereford).

We knew Sir Henry James, we know Lord James, but who is Lord Aylestone, of Hereford? We have some recollection of seeing a paragraph which was sent round some weeks ago by a news agency, in which it was stated that the Chancellor of the Duchy had become Lord Aylestone. But really so omniscient a person as Mr. Wilson should not content himself with such a modest source of information.

Mr. Wilson gives the names of the companies with which each minister is connected as director, and we were a little curious to see what he would say about Mr. Gerald Balfour's connection with the London and Northern Assets Corporation, and the London and Northern Debenture Corporation. There is much in the record of these companies with which a sensitive director would shrink from associating himself. We say, without fear of contradiction from any well-informed person, that no Minister of the Crown ought to be responsible for their direction. But our Censor does "not object much" to these companies which reminds us of the saying about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

There is a good deal of cant indulged in respecting ministers and directorships. It is very desirable that members of the Government should not be concerned in the management of mining and other speculative companies, but there can be no possible objection to ministers remaining upon the board of companies, similar, say, to the Universal Life Assurance Society, of which Lord Salisbury is director, or most of the other companies scheduled by Mr. Wilson. That gentleman apparently is of the opinion that most of the members of the Ministry are financially on about the same level as the persons to be seen in the drinking-shops of the City. "They know not," it seems, "how to live out of Office, because they never had any fortune except their wits, or because rents are so low as to leave younger sons resourceless—the demands of a luxurious age so insatiable too, making life hard, indeed, for men without means of support, visible or invisible!" Was there ever greater rubbish? There is not a man in Mr. Wilson's list who has not considerable means of his own, and some of them are among the richest men in the country.

The prophet of the rueful countenance is useful in his place, but one gets tired of his ceaseless moaning. Our Ministries leave a good deal to be desired in one way and another, but take them all in all they do not unworthily represent the nation. They are not the geniuses their sycophants would make them out to be, but most of them are worthy English gentlemen, quite incapable of the corrupt practices with which Mr. Wilson is so ready to charge them.

THE TRAMWAYS AND THE COUNCIL.

The London Street Tramways Company is having its revenge. Unable to prevent the County Council from purchasing the por-

tion of their line the lease of which has expired, the Company has made it look ridiculous. Last week we mentioned that the Council had invited the Company to negotiate "for any fair readjustment of the rent to secure the intended reduction of hours without reducing the wages.' The Company was nothing loth. The rent to be paid by the Company to the Council was £5,729 a year. The cost to the Company of carrying out the requirements of the Council as to working less hours would be £10,000 a year. If, then, the Council would agree to waive all rent and pay the Company £4,271 per annum, the wages of the men would remain unaltered, provided the Council could satisfy the Company that it had the power to apply the ratepayers' money to any such purpose.

Could anything be more delicious? Of course the Council did not accept this polite suggestion, and the end of it is that the Council will expunge the clause providing for shorter hours, and the Company will promise not to do what they never had any intention of doing—namely, increase hours, or decrease wages.

It is to be hoped that the Progressives of the Council will learn wisdom from this ridiculous collapse. If it serves to make them think before they act London will be the gainer. They have no monopoly, though they seem to think they have, of good feeling for the workman. Others are quite as anxious as they can be to treat him fairly. But others know what they seem not to understand, that if the "claim of the higher life," and the rest of it, is to be admitted, somebody must pay the piper. Who is to pay it? Well, the Progressives will have to pay their share, and it is pretty difficult to find one of that kidney whose love for his fellow man will bear the strain of a levy upon his own purse.

COMPANY LAW REFORM.

The committee appointed some mon ths ago to consider this question have at last reported, and some of their recommendations are very drastic. We have receiv ed the report too late—owing to the holidays this issue goes to press much earlier than usual—to make any detailed commen ts upon it, but we shall refer to it at length next week.

Meantime we may note that the committee propose the registration of debentures; they would do away with the waiver clause; they recommend that a minimum subscription of capital be prescribed, without which directors are not to go to allotment, and they have made sundry recommendati ons for getting at the real vendors, ascertaining the actual price paid for the property the company is to take over, and other matters.

Altogether, and at a first glance, the recommendations of the committee seem to meet a good many of the weak points of the existing law. The committee say there is no minority report, but Mr. Justice Vaugham Williams contributes a critical addendum which is practically one, and deserves very careful study.

COLONEL NORTH AND LEEDS.

Colonel North has been telling our lively contemporary, *Sketch*, that the Prince of Wales is responsible for his defeat in West Leeds. "The only thing that annoyed them down there was that I had to go away for two days of my campaign. I had an invite from the Prince of Wales to go to Sandringham. So, of course, I couldn't help myself."

The Colonel is mistaken. The Prince of Wales had nothing to do with his defeat. Colonel North would have ousted Mr. Herbert Gladstone if he had left his prize-fighters in London, avoided the torpedo controversy, and kept clear of Mr. Samson Fox. The presence of the prize-fighters angered many of the Colonel's supporters; in his controversy with Mr. Gladstone he was hopelessly worsted; and Mr. Samson Fox's open support injured him. These were mistakes which so shrewd a man should have avoided. They cost the Colonel the seat.

Speaking of Mr. Samson Fox, we understand that preparations are being pushed on for the issue of the company that is to work his new gas patent. We shall await its appearance with interest.

BARNATO'S CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED.

We take the following from a financial paper:—

> There has been introduced this week a company bearing this title with a capital of £1,250,000, of which £1,000,000 is consideration money for 1,500 to 1,700 various mining propositions controlled or owned by Messrs. Barnato. The working capital will be £625,000, derived from the 250,000 £1 shares remaining, being sold for the benefit of the company at £2 10s. each.

In view of the complimentary things that are being said about this issue, it may be as well to remember that in the Barnato Exploration Syndicate the shareholders subscribed all the required capital blindly, and that they never got a cent of it returned. The company had no assets, and, indeed, it is still "hung up" in the law courts of South Africa.

GERALD RADCLIFFE.

With reference to our comments upon the action of this man in relation to a lady, a well-informed correspondent, dating from the Sessions House, Newington, writes:—

> I have read your remarks anent Mr. Gerald Radcliffe's scheme of investment, and beg to say, quoting some of your own words, "that the law is *absolutely* powerless to protect the public against rogues like Radcliffe."
>
> If the lady you mention in your issue of the 3rd August *believed*, which no doubt she did, when she parted with her £10 that she was going to get something from Radcliffe in return, there is no case against him. On the other hand, if the lady can prove that Radcliffe *did not invest* her £10 (and this is the whole point, and a most difficult one to prove, because Radcliffe could easily "invest" the £10 by simply handing it to one of his friends), then, by Statute 24 and 25 Victoria, Cap. 96, Sec. 88, this constitutes a false pretence, and Radcliffe would be liable to penal servitude for three years, or imprisonment not exceeding two years.

Would such a lax interpretation of "investment" be accepted by the Courts? We doubt it.

THE LANGLAAGTE ROYAL.

In view of what To-Day said about this mine on November 3rd, 1894, the following letter from the *Johannesburg Standard*, of July 6th, will be read with interest:—

> The danger of prophesying before you know is well illustrated by the present predicament of the Langlaagte Royal mine. The following notice has been posted on the gates of the company's mine office:—
>
> "To develop the mine preparatory to starting the 140 stamps, it is considered advisable to suspend most surface works for the time being. This is to give notice, therefore, that the services of all contractors and surface-employés will be dispensed with, unless otherwise advised, on and after the 31st July, 1895."
>
> (Signed) Matthew Rogers, Acting Manager.
>
> This announcement will not come as any surprise after the feebly apologetic information which has recently been issued respecting the condition of the mine. It is, however, unfortunate that it should come at the present juncture, especially after the brilliant predictions which have all along been made respecting the future of this mine by the management. Nobody denies the statement that great difficulty in development has had to be contended with owing to the broken character of the country, but surely those in charge of the mine should have satisfied themselves that sufficient ground was opened up or available before indulging in the pleasure of prophesying colossal schemes of gigantic reduction-plants in the near future, as the people connected with the company have done. The Stroyans evidently knew what they were about when they sold that big block of shares. We should like to modestly ask what the debt of the company amounts to? To-day there should be 140 stamps running on ore giving 7 dwts. over the plates, with a further 160 heads in course of erection, to be added at various intervals. What is the actual position?

THE BLACK FLAG.

Early next week (we are writing on August 2nd) a company with the above name will be issued, that will be unique among West Australian companies. With a capital of £600,000, all the shares have been privately subscribed for. The reefs belonging to the company have been proved, and are said to be of great richness. The working capital will be £75,000.

NEW ISSUES.

Moss Litter, and Peat Industries, Limited. Capital £225,000.—If this company can do half it claims to do, and do it at the profit its directors say they can make in doing it, the patents it is to acquire and work are well worth the money that is to be paid for them. Whether the expectations to which we refer can be realised we do not know, but we are bound to say that all tne inquiries we put to the vendors, when looking over their remarkable exhibition of goods, at 32, Queen Victoria Street, were fully and frankly answered. We shall watch the career of the company with great interest.

Rhodesia Gold Reefs (Purdon's), Limited. Capital £75,000.—Formed to acquire 220 gold claims in Matabeleland. The vendor, Mr. Purdon, "a gentleman," according to the prospectus, "holding a high position in Buluwayo," says these claims are of great value. But he is willing to sell them for £40,000.

The Burbank's Birthday Gift Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £150,000.—Formed to acquire and work the well-known mine of the same name. The reports speak highly of the value of the property, and, we think, these shares a fair speculative investment.

The Bathanga Gold Fields, Limited. Capital, £300,000.—The company is to take over various mining leases at Beechworth, Victoria, for which the vendor wants just a quarter of a million, £50,000 being in cash. We do not advise our readers to subscribe any of it.

The United Gold Reefs, Limited. Capital, £65,000.—Formed to acquire and work three gold-mining properties in the Coolgardie district, one of them being the Ritantita, which is a valuable property. The board is a good one, and we are disposed to think well of the venture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia. W. G. Dundee.—Yes, they are good to buy. We expect to see them at 2 before the end of the month. **Hampton Lands.** A. C. (Bristol).—Yes, certainly, but don't forget the rise.—W. J. W. Gainsboro'.—We know nothing about the firm you refer to. **Robinson's Randfontine.** T. H. T. (Birmingham).—Hold for a time, but watch them. **Western Australian Gold Fields.** Shareholder (Brighton).—You should have bought again when we advised you. We remain of the opinion that they will be at 10 by the date named. **Ottoman Bonds.** A. Y. (Norwich).—Messrs. Gerald Quin, Cope and Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. **The Co-operative Bureau.** J. C., Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Have nothing to do with it.

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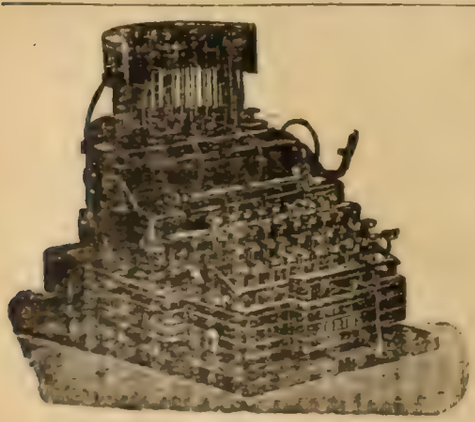

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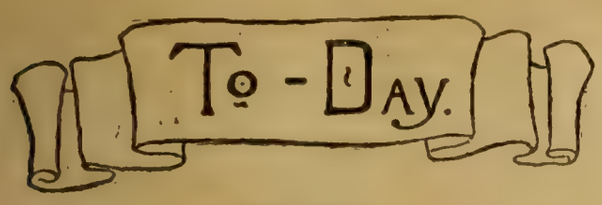

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
The Heart of Princess Osra. II. The Wager of the Marquis de Merosailles. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson 1
Feminine Affairs 8
The Armenian at Home 11
The Ruminations of Randolph 12
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 13
How Moltke Headed the Column at Gravelotte 13
In the City 14
To-Day. By J. K. J. 17
A Strange Assembly 21
Club Chatter 21
The Diary of a Bookseller 25
"A Song to Thee." Words by Frank L. Stanton, Music by David Mackenzie 26
A Few Telegrams. By A. N. Stainer 28
The Patti of Opera Bouffe. A Chat with Miss Florence St. John 31

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

We are apt, sitting over here in England, to regard the stories of Armenian atrocities as wild exaggerations put about for political purposes. That there is exaggeration I have very little doubt; I never knew a subject discussed yet free from exaggeration; but, allowing for a very large percentage of colouring, there still remains enough horror in Armenia to justify something very much stronger than a polite expostulation from the European Powers. But we should make up our minds what we are going to do, and do it, or else keep quiet. At present England is in the position of the well-meaning gentleman who cries "Shame" when he sees a ruffian knocking a woman about in the streets, and then runs away, leaving the unfortunate victim to receive an additional dose of punishment as a relief to her lord and master's feelings for being interfered with. Leave Turkey alone to govern her conquered provinces as she likes, or turn her out of Europe "bag and baggage," and take all power away from her. She has proved it up to the hilt that she is utterly incapable of civilised existence as a nation. If it is necessary for England's purposes that she should be allowed to continue to sit at Constantinople, then her power should be so contracted and controlled as to render her utterly harmless.

What a Cromwell would have done would have been to seize Constantinople and the immediately surrounding provinces, establish the English power firmly in Egypt, and then leave Russia to take her pick of what was left of Turkey. Constantinople was always regarded by Napoleon, who was a judge in these matters, as one of the chief keys of Europe. Occupied by a weak Turkish government, supported and controlled by England, our road to India would be safe enough. Somebody has got to take Turkey in hand and be responsible for her. If England does not do it, Russia will. That such a rotting remnant of ancient barbarity should be much longer allowed to curse the world is impossible. Turkey is utterly incapable of reform. For the last hundred years her rule has been a disgrace to Europe; she is as out of place in the civilised world as a woad-stained Briton would be in Piccadilly. She has got to disappear; it is simply a question of who takes her place.

Meanwhile, an agitation in England to sympathise with the Armenians in their sufferings would only do still further harm to that wretched people, unless it is promptly followed by stern and unmistakable action. A gentle remonstrance backed by a dozen English ironclads and the mobilisation of a Russian army on the Balkans would work well in the cause of humanity Indignant protests alone will merely lead to a fresh outburst of brutality, and will inflict additional cruelty upon the Armenians. What their daily life is and has ever been under Turkish rule may be gathered from the account I publish on another page, written by an Englishman who has travelled through the country. It must not be forgotten that the Turk is a savage pure and simple; you can teach him only with the whip. You must be prepared to use the whip, or you must leave him alone.

One thing the Conservative Government will have to do that will go against the grain of some of their supporters is to punish the water companies. The public expect this to be done, and there will be trouble if it is left undone. The British ratepayer is a long-suffering animal, mild enough in all conscience; but when you push him beyond a certain point he gets angry and revengeful. The water companies, controlled by their boards of lords and capitalists, and represented by impertinent jacks-in-office, have bullied him, insulted him, robbed, cheated, and tricked him, and laughed at him for a good many years. He has made up his slow mind that he is tired of it. The next County Council election will turn upon this question entirely; and, if it is not settled before, the next Parliamentary election will turn upon it also, so far as London is concerned.

The Conservatives must not think that they have been put into Office to bolster up rotten corporations, and to assist privileged monopolies to cheat the public, or they will find that a good many thousand electors who have just voted for them will be quite prepared to vote against them on the very next occasion. The water question is one that touches a man in his daily life. Whether we have water in the house or not is a good deal more important than Home Rule, or Disestablishment, or Parish Councils. If "The Old Gentleman" himself came along to-morrow and promised me to teach the water companies decent behaviour and his Conservative opponent defended them, I should vote for the gentleman with the tail without a moment's hesitation. Other political questions could be settled afterwards. If the Radicals want a cry for London, they will not do better than to take this up. It would turn the elections in a dozen seats.

A correspondent calls my attention to the following circular, issued by Messrs. Jolly and Son, drapers, of Bath:—"Among the applications received by us for a vacancy that occurred here the other day six out of fourteen proved to be from assistants who had not given notice, and as this is only one example of what is constantly happening, it seemed to us that it might be

desirable to tighten up the present unwritten law with regard to the entertaining of applications from assistants who are not under notice. Our suggestion is the formation of an association among first-class drapers all over England, mutually binding ourselves in honour (*a*) not to entertain any application from anyone who to our knowledge is not under notice, and (*b*) to notify at once to the employer when any of his assistants so applies. Apart from any higher object, we think that such an association would tend to keep down excessive salaries, as it would practically oblige an assistant to throw up his or her present position before trying for another. We have had some little preliminary correspondence with friends in the trade, and as a result we are addressing this circular letter to all the chief drapers, and we shall be glad to hear if you approve of the idea, and have any suggestion to make."

I want to know if Messrs. Jolly and Son—whose name in connection with the affair rings quaintly—intend to go on with this precious suggestion of theirs. The life of a shop-assistant is not a bed of roses as matters now stand. Such a combination among employers would be equivalent to a reintroduction of slavery. I should like to know what the "higher object" is that Messrs. Jolly and Son have in view, and I should also like to know what are the "excessive salaries" that it would be advisable to keep down. I should also like to know who are the other "chief drapers" who have joined with Messrs. Jolly and Son in this artful scheme to grind down a worthy, useful, and numerous class of their fellow-citizens. One wonders sometimes how it is that big drapery establishments are invariably so profitable. If they are conducted upon Messrs. Jolly and Son's principle the explanation is forthcoming.

Various correspondents send me particulars of a gross case of cruelty to a pony by a drunken blackguard named Frederick O. Goldsmith, of Marston Street, Oxford. The case was heard before the Mayor of Abingdon (E. J. Harris, Esq.) and Captain W. R. Clutterbuck, R.N. Goldsmith, roaring drunk, seems to have driven the pony at the top of its speed from Oxford to Abingdon and back, flogging it all the way. It was covered with weals, had a wound on the neck, and was greatly distressed. The Mayor of Abingdon and Captain Clutterbuck apparently sympathise with men of the Goldsmith class. They fined him twenty shillings, with twenty-nine shillings costs. Of course the fine was paid with a laugh.

How do magistrates imagine that they are going to put down cruelty by ridiculous fines of this sort? And what right have they to encourage drunkenness by making it an excuse for villainy? At present it seems as if a man could break the law whenever he liked if he only takes care to make himself drunk first of all. If every time a man pleaded drunkenness as an excuse for lawlessness he was punished first for his crime, and then for the drunkenness, we should hear very seldom of this excuse. But fines in such cases are no deterrent whatever. To a man of the stamp of Frederick O. Goldsmith the fun of torturing a pony is well worth a couple of pounds fine. He gets the pleasure of indulging his fiendish passions at a very small cost, and, no doubt, considers that, on the whole, he has had a cheap day. There is certainly a strong argument for the sweeping away of the Great Unpaid when they behave in so fatuous and criminal a manner as to punish a man with a paltry fine for cruelty of this character.

By mid-day on August the 12th Piccadilly will be a desert, the Strand will be empty, and even the Mile End Road will be depleted. From two to three million people will have left London for the moors, and a similar proportion of the population will have left all the provincial towns for the same grouse-haunted spot. That, at least, is what I am asked to believe. It is not put to me in just those words, but that is about what it comes to. The men to whom one speaks encourage the idea. The newspapers seem to be certain about it. The society paragraphists especially are loud in their cry "Everybody is going grouse-shooting!" If it is so, it is for many reasons a pity. There is a certain amount of business which is essential to the comfort and welfare of society, even on the 12th of August, and how is it to be done if everybody is shooting grouse? Besides, the grouse districts will be inconveniently crowded, and there will not be one bird a-piece. At least one million from the London contingent might wait a little. There will also be partridges and pheasants, and they can take their turn then.

Yes, if it is so, it is a pity. But I do not think that it is so. I do not, for instance, think that the hack society journalist is going to shoot grouse. I think he is going back to his Bloomsbury boarding-house (unless the boarding-house definitely refuses to take him in until he has paid for the last six weeks), and when he gets there, he will give himself up to the composition of a story about life in a great English country-house. He has never been in one, and (his character being too bad for him to get a valet's place), he probably never will be in one. The story will commence:—"My old pal, Lord Allanwater—he had been with me as a boy at Eton and after at Trinity—had asked me down to Longmere for a few days with the grouse. It was the glorious Twelfth, and the crack of the rifle," etc., etc. I could go on with the story, but it would make me ill, and, besides, it is unnecessary, for just about this time of the year you are certain to find that story, or something very like it, in the type of paper that employs that type of man. He is not going grouse-shooting, but he is one of the staunchest supporters of the great grouse-shooting tradition.

He is only one of many. The ordinary young man who is not a sportsman, knows he is not a sportsman, and knows you know he is not a sportsman, will at this time of the year seriously start a discussion on the relative merits of two different kinds of powder just as if the question was of some importance to him, or he will ask you what the probabilities of sport are this year. I do not think that he means to deceive you. If you asked him point blank if he was going to get any shooting this August, he would probably say that he was not, though he would think it necessary to make some excuse for such an extraordinary omission on his part. It is merely that he is permeated with the grouse tradition. Newspapers have dinned it into him, other men have dinned it into him, until he has come to the

belief that not to be shooting grouse on the Twelfth is criminal, foolish, and a social disgrace.

Mr. Zangwill had something to say on this subject once in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but it is not often that one meets with any protest against the current fiction on the subject. It goes on in the very face of facts. Grouse-shooting is for those of the wealthy class and their friends that happen to be fond of the sport, and their total number is such a small and inconsiderable fraction of the general public that one is almost at a loss to understand how the tradition has grown up. I do not, of course, deny the merits of the sport. I do not enter into that question at all. But I do say that the prominence which it has attained is largely due to the ingrained snobbishness and pretentiousness of hack writers, who have never shot grouse, never will shoot grouse, and if they ever miss a London sparrow with a five-shilling air-gun will have reached the utmost limit of their actual sporting experience.

I say frankly that I hate this pretentiousness. It is not only the 12th of August that brings it out. There are many other instances of it. One of them is the first-class carriage. If we may trust the average magazine illustration, no train ever runs that is not exclusively composed of first-class carriages, with the beautiful words "First-class" in enormous letters on the outside of each. You may bankrupt the hero of your story, and pack him off by rail to the nearest almshouse, but unless you keep a very close eye on that illustration you will find your hero depicted in a first-class carriage, with two guards and a stationmaster on the platform in front touching their caps to him. Of course, when the hack society journalist is off on that visit to a scion of the peerage, he describes himself as travelling in a first-class carriage. He really does travel first-class, too, occasionally. True, the magistrate's comments on the fact subsequently are severe, and there is the fine to pay.

Fashion is largely responsible for this kind of thing. If conscience really does make cowards of us all, it performs a great deal of very needless work, for fashion makes quite sufficient cowards without assistance. It starts with people of wealth and leisure; those who have little of either feel bound to follow, and are afraid to do anything else. If they were accused of pretending to be richer than they are they would repudiate the charge with horror. But they would be still more horrified if they were charged with being unfashionable. Some of them are led into ruinous extravagance—more are led into the most silly and unconvincing lies. But, in spite of fashion, I venture to predict that many people—quite nice people—will not shoot grouse on the Twelfth, and even in September London will not be entirely depopulated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

S. P. (Hanley).—I am forwarding your most interesting letter on to Randolph. W. M. G.—I am directing the correspondence to be returned to you. These matters cannot be bustled through in the manner you suggest. You ask us to expose and attack what you suggest is a fraud. Our only course is to make most careful inquiry into the matter, and this sort of thing takes time. C. P. writes telling me of his trouble caused by street music. I can heartily sympathise with him. P. S. P.—I read your amusing account with much interest. If I can find a spare corner later on I will give my readers the benefit of your experience. H. F. S.—I thank you for drawing my attention to the matter. I have dealt with it in Editorial Notes. Lois.—Maximus would simply mean "the greatest." Webster's Dictionary gives the meanings of some Christian names, as also does Saxon's "Pocket Cyclopædia."

F. E., who resides near the Marylebone Road, wishes to know of an institute for young men where he could spend his Sunday afternoons. Can some correspondent in the neighbourhood give any information?

J. L.—You and your lady relative appear to have come upon To-Day for the first time last week. I have been abusing teetotallers and cursing the Local Veto Bill for the last eighteen months, and I have been replying for a like period to charming and pathetic little remonstrances such as yours. I know all the arguments in favour of Local Veto. The good, simple workingman is shocked at the idea of a glass of beer. The wicked brewer and publican take him by the throat, pinch open his mouth, and pour the stuff down. It is a monstrous shame. The Local Veto Bill would have saved him from this tyranny, and the workingman was so stupid that he could not see the matter in this light. I am afraid I am just as stupid as the working-man voter. It is no good trying to teach me wisdom on the subject; many have endeavoured, and all have failed. I am quite a hopeless case. This reply also answers J. B. and others.

A. F., as a parson, objects to a recent paragraph, in which I lumped together Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Lady Henry Somerset, and parsons. I can quite understand his indignation. For the thousands of hard-working, unselfish parsons who go about their work unostentatiously throughout the land I have the greatest respect. But of late years a noisy minority of clericals have degraded their religion by climbing down from their pulpits to mingle with the mob of self-seeking faddists who have made English life hideous. Therefore it is that the word parson has come to signify an interfering, bullying person, whose chief object in life is to bear false witness against his neighbour and to do harm to his brother. I trust that in the future we shall hear less and less of the would-be domineering priest, and that the figure of the kindly old vicar may rise again to win our love.

W. T. and Others draw my attention to a case of gross cruelty to a dog, heard before the Liverpool County Magistrates. The bench decided that the case was proved, but said that they were disposed to make an allowance on account of the defendant having been in drink. He was fined twenty shillings and costs. Now, this absurd acceptance of the excuse of drunkenness by magistrates is the foundation of teetotallers' statistics. Why should a blackguard be let off because he was drunk? I would have sent him to prison for six months for the cruelty, and another month extra for being drunk. If magistrates adopted this plan we should hear less of this perpetual excuse of drunkenness. The fact is, perfectly sober criminals always say they were drunk, knowing they will get off with a lighter sentence thereby. Half the people who go to prison, alleging they were drunk when they committed the crime, were perfectly sober all the time.

H. P. E.—I thank you for your letter. The case of Lord Woodhouse was *sub judice*, so comment would have been out of place. E. G.—Election time is a licensed period for silly speeches. Such matters are best passed over in silence.

J. M. tells me that I have been misinformed as to the exclusion of To-Day and *The Nineteenth Century* from the Bath Church Institute. My correspondent has written to the Secretary of the Institute on the subject, who replies that To-Day has never been one of the papers supplied to the reading-room, but that a subscriber, who is also a member of the Institute, has placed his copy on the table each week, and it has been greatly appreciated—so much so, that in all probability it will be taken regularly in the future. This shows the Bath Church Institute in a very different light.

C.C.C.—I cannot believe that the Americans of Chicago would submit themselves to such a silly law. The idea of men being forbidden to ride bicycles in knickerbockers savours of Gilbertian opera. We get some very curious news cabled to us from America, and I like to wait a while before commenting.

J. C. D.—If you send the book back and repudiate the order given by your wife I should say they will hardly think it worth while to proceed further. I am returning the letter under cover.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

The Editor will be glad to consider original stories of not more than three thousand words length, and original articles of not more than two thousand words. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Manuscripts not in conformity with these conditions will neither be read nor returned. Every endeavour will be made to return unsuitable manuscripts, but the Editor will not be responsible for loss arising from any cause whatever.

An important industry for the further utilisation of peat. The peat bogs of England, Ireland, and Scotland are estimated at 6,000,000 acres.

The products manufactured under this Company's patents have obtained 16 Gold and Silver Medals and other awards.

MOSS LITTER & PEAT INDUSTRIES, Ld.

(MOSS LITTER, PEAT WOOL, AND OTHER PRODUCTS).

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

Capital ... ... £225,000, in 225,000 Shares of **£1** each.

The Vendors stipulate that at least 75,000 Fully-paid Shares shall be allotted to them in part payment of the purchase consideration, this being the largest amount they are allowed to take under the Rules of the Stock Exchange. The balance, 150,000 shares, are now offered for Subscription, payable—2s. 6d. per share on application, 7s. 6d. per share on allotment, 5s. one month after allotment, 5s. two months after allotment.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Viscount PARKER, 22, Down-street, Piccadilly, London, W.
JOHN H. WATERS, M.D., 101, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.
Major-General ROBERT COLE (late Mysore Commission, India), The Gables, Banstead, Surrey.
ALFRED W. JACKSON, J.P. (formerly of the firm of John Frazer and Co., Sydney, N.S.W., 5, Fairholme-road, Kensington, W.
*JOHN BURKE (Director of the Peat Industries Syndicate, Limited), Mayfield, Sussex.

* Being interested as a vendor, will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

BROWN, JANSON, AND CO., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

H. FRISBY AND CO., 17, Tokenhouse-yard, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

HENRY F. KITE, 11, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

SAFFERY, SON, AND CO., 14, Old Jewry-chambers, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) and OFFICES.

AUGUSTUS TURNER, M.A., 32, QUEEN VICTORIA-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, working, or otherwise dealing with the peat deposits, works, machinery and plant, and depots, with the stock of raw and manufactured goods, also the valuable patents and patent rights (with all future improvements) for the treatment of peat and peat fibre, which are now the property of the Peat Industries Syndicate and of W. Laing Malcolmson, and for the purpose of establishing and developing these industries in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Forty-three patents have already been granted for the following countries:—Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Austro-Hungary, Russia, Spain, Italy, the United States of America, and Canada.

The peat moors, 1,757 acres in extent, with the fully-equipped freehold moss litter factory, are situate at Schoeningsdorf, near Meppen, Hanover, and the two fully equipped factories for the treatment of fibre and agglomerated materials (the principal of which is freehold) at Maastricht, Holland, and the depôts at Lingen, Dedemswaart, and Paris.

The Company further acquires:

The fully-paid shares in La Société la Béraudine, established in France, now the property of the Peat Industries Syndicate (Limited).

A provisional contract for the sale of the American and Canadian patents, which, in the event of the option therein contained being exercised, will realise to this company £50,000, payable half in cash and half in fully-paid shares (in a company to be formed), less £1,000 the deposit which has already been paid thereon.

An optional contract relating to the manufacture in France of certain dress materials and hygienic flannels, &c., made from this Company's peat wool, under which the eminent firm of Messrs. Brion et Paté give this Company the benefit of all spinning and weaving machinery and skilled labour under their control, and they guarantee to deliver the goods so manufactured by them to this Company at actual cost. Mr. Paté will undertake the management of this Company's business in France for two years at a moderate percentage of the net profits made by this Company in France.

The Registered Trade Marks. Under these marks 12,000 kilos. of this Company's surgical dressing have been lately supplied to the military department of the French Government for use in the hospitals and for the Madagascar Expedition.

Large sums of money have been expended upon the acquisition of the peat deposits and the erection and equipment of factories, together with plant and machinery for manufacturing the products hereafter mentioned upon a commercial basis. Increased capital is now required for Briquette machinery and the extension of the business.

THE UTILISATION OF PEAT.

Up to within a very limited period the black peat only was used locally for fuel, and the grey or red peat was entirely neglected.

The red peat, known as moss litter, has since become the popular bedding for horses amongst the large owners on account of its sanitary qualities; a grave objection, however, to its use was the fibre which it contained, therefore this Company extracts the fibre, which enhances the value of its moss litter. The fibre extracted is used under this Company's patents for textile and other purposes.

Moss Litter.—The value of moss litter for stable purposes has long been established. The profitable nature of the business is shown by the high dividends paid by moss litter companies.

The demand for moss litter is steadily increasing, as shown by the following table of yearly importations, which has been compiled from the Board of Trade returns, and relates to the trade in England alone.

1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
[illegible] ...	62,893	93,436	108,171

The peat moors at Schoeningsdorf are 1,757 acres in extent, and the works there are equal to an output of about 15,000 tons of moss litter per annum, besides of peat fibre and peat powder. This output, however, can be doubled by a moderate outlay in increased machinery.

The directors propose to enter into immediate negotiations for acquiring suitable peat lands in Ireland and Scotland.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives the area of the peat bogs of Great Britain and Ireland at 6,000,000 acres, having an average depth of 12 ft.

Peat Fibre—This bye-product obtained by the Company's system of improving moss litter is, from its natural qualities, highly antiseptic and hygienic. It is used for making peat wool, stuffing furniture, sanitary mattresses, and various other purposes. Moths and insects will not live in peat.

The Maastricht factory is capable of working eight tons of fibre a day.

PEAT WOOL.

[Manufactured under this Company's Patents.]

This Company owns the patents for the manufacture of peat wool from the peat fibre.

A judgment has recently been obtained in France giving damages and restraining the infringement of the Company's patents.

This wool is used for the following purposes amongst others:

Hygienic Clothing Materials and Fabrics.—For this purpose the peat wool, either pure or mixed with other textiles, is spun into fine yarns for making cloth, ladies' dress stuffs, flannels, rugs, carpets, &c. Peat wool is cheaper than shoddy, and the fabrics produced, being antiseptic and hygienic, are saleable at prices comparing advantageously with the best all-wool materials, although the cost of production is considerably less.

Messrs. Pullar report that peat fabrics can be dyed by the usual processes of dyeing mixed wool and cotton goods.

Surgical Dressing.—Perhaps the most important of the numerous uses for peat wool is surgical dressing. This peat dressing has been adopted in French, Belgian, and German hospitals, and the French military hospitals, whilst trial orders have also been given by the British Admiralty for Plymouth and Haslar Hospitals. Ample testimony is borne to the superior efficiency of this dressing by English, French, and German medical authorities.

Veterinary Dressing.—The coarse wool forms an excellent veterinary dressing, which supersedes tow. This dressing has come largely into use in France, being employed, amongst others, by the Veterinary School at Alfort, and by omnibus, tramway, and cab companies.

Rugs made from this peat wool are invaluable to owners of horses, as horses can be clothed while hot, and, owing to the great absorbing properties of peat wool, the danger of chills is reduced to a minimum.

There is practically no waste of material attending the manufacture of any articles under the Company's patents, as every atom of peat and peat fibre is utilised in one way or another, viz.:

Sanitary Powder.—The dust produced in the manufacture of the moss litter and wool is a thorough deodoriser and disinfectant. The coarser kind finds a ready sale for town sanitation.

Food Preservative.—The peat powder is also advantageously used, on account of its preserving qualities, for packing fruit, meat, and fish for transport.

Disinfectant.—The finest peat powder is an excellent disinfectant, and has been used in Italy for purifying the silkworm breeding establishments. It has also been chemically treated and used for destroying the phylloxera in vines, and as a disinfectant for abattoirs.

Insulating Material.—The long waste peat fibre is used for insulating electrical conductors. The short waste fibre is used for engine packing and for packing merchandise. It is also made into sanitary socks for boots, and coverings for deodorising objectionable matter in the sick room.

Agglomerates. — By mixing the waste peat powder with certain materials, and submitting it to heat and high pressure, a material similar to ebony or other coloured woods is produced, which can be moulded into any required form, such as plain and sculptured panels, pistol and other handles, pulleys, bearings, electrical insulators, &c.

Another kind of compression produces an imitation of cork, for coverings of steam pipes and boilers, and for ice safes, waterproof and fireproof building bricks.

Fuel.—Black peat, treated by the Company's patented process and compressed by their patented press, can be made into briquettes. It also furnishes carbon for metallurgic and other purposes. The tar produced by this process can be made use of for the same bye-products as coal tar.

Paper Pulp.—By the Company's patented treatment the difficulties of bleaching peat fibre have been successfully overcome, and the resulting pulp is suitable for making white paper.

It will thus be seen that these inventions cover a very wide area of practical usefulness. Samples of the various products can be seen at the Company's offices, all of which have been produced at the works and factories of the Company.

The high character of the goods is evidenced by the fact that they have been awarded no fewer than sixteen gold and silver medals at various Continental exhibitions.

The specifications of the various letters patents have been submitted to Messrs. Edwards and Co., of Chancery-lane, Chartered Patent Agents, to report thereon. Messrs. Edwards, in their report, state:—

"These patents are all in force and valid, and we are of opinion that the specifications are clearly and properly drawn, and that together they disclose a novel system for the treatment and utilisation of peat, of great value and importance, and embracing an almost infinite variety of applications."

The following is a copy of the certificate of Messrs. Glover and Harrison, who have surveyed and valued the property for the directors:—

"15, Walbrook. Cannon-street, London. E.C.,
21st June, 1895.

"To the Directors of the Peat Industries (Limited), 32, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

"Gentlemen,—We hereby certify that we have valued your peat moors and factory at Meppen, and your factories at Maastricht, together with the

machinery and stock more fully enumerated in our report dated the 14th instant, at the sum of ninety-two thousand six hundred pounds (£92,600). This amount does not include the goodwill or the patents.—Yours faithfully, "(Signed) "Glover and Harrison."

H.M. Consul at Rotterdam, Mr. Henry Turing, in his official published report, dated 22nd of October, 1892, to the Foreign Office, said as follows:

". . . We think that through this industry the grey turf moors have a great future before them.

"In 1889 the value of one hectare (fully two acres) of this kind of moor was £100, whilst only ten years previously the grey turf, being considered valueless, was ruthlessly cut up and thrown away, the only object being to get at the substrata of black turf."

Professor Fleischer, of Bremen, the well-known authority on peat, and President of the Government Bureau for the Development of Peat Moors, gives in his pamphlet a section of the Company's moor as respresenting the best type of grey peat formation suitable for production of moss litter.

The cost of manufacturing the various goods of this Company, for which there is an increased demand, is, for trade reasons, not published. The following is an estimate of the annual profits anticipated from the leading products only:

By sale of 45,000 tons of moss litter at only 5s. per ton net profit ...	£11,250
" " 30,000 tons of peat briquettes at only 6s. per ton net profit	9,000
" " Peat wool for yarns, surgical and veterinary dressing, &c.	10,000
" " Peat powder and waste	4,500
Estimated annual net profit	£34,750

To pay 10 per cent. on 225,000 shares would require £22,500, leaving a surplus of £12,250 for additional dividends and reserve fund.

In addition to the above profits there are those to be derived from the other branches of the manufacture as well as from the sale of the American and Continental patents and the granting of licences, which profits the directors anticipate will be very considerable.

£40,000 of the Company's share capital is reserved for working capital, which the directors consider ample for all purposes.

The sum to be paid to the vendors for the whole of the moors, lands, factories and works, depots, machinery, plant, stock-in-trade, and effects, is £92,600, the sum specified in the valuers' report, and the price for the patent rights, trade-marks, contracts, &c., has been fixed by the vendors at £92,400, making the total purchase consideration £185,000, payable as to £60,000 in cash, £75,000 in fully-paid shares, and the balance, £50,000, in cash or fully-paid shares, at the option of the directors.

Contracts for the sale of the various properties to the Company, dated the 29th day of July, 1895, have been entered into between the Peat Industries Syndicate (Limited) and others, and Henry Lamb as trustees for the Company; and between Mr. W. Laing Malcolmson and Henry Lamb as trustee for the Company.

There are also various contracts entered into by the vendors in connection with the formation of the Company, to none of which this Company is a party. Applicants for shares must be deemed, as regards all such contracts, to have waived further compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

All expenses of the formation of the Company up to allotment, including advertisements, printing, &c., will be paid by the vendors.

The inventor and the present managers of the works have offered to continue their services to this Company.

Applications for shares must be made upon the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's bankers, together with a remittance of 2s. 6d. per share.

In cases where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus amount paid on deposit on such shares will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Application will be made in due course for a settlement and quotation for the shares upon the London Stock Exchange.

The contracts for sale, the memorandum and articles of association, the valuation of Messrs. Glover and Harrison, and the report of Messrs. Edwards and Co. on the patents, and all other documents mentioned herein, can be inspected at the office of the solicitor to the Company.

Prospectuses and forms of application for shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company, and from the bankers, brokers, and solicitor.

30th July, 1895.

A STRANGE ASSEMBLY.

By F. Frankfort Moore.

The new House of Commons contains such elements as may reasonably be expected to please all classes of the electorate. Its topography is as varied as its mensuration is paradoxical; for though it contains a Mount and three Hills, there is only one Gully, though there are two Beaches, and a Lough, a Heath, Parkes, and a Bigwood; yet it can only boast of two Fields. Their Akers must be broad, for we find a Dyke, a Hall with an Arch, and a desirable Tennant, a Woodhouse, with Barnes and live-Stock in the form of a Fox, a Hare, a Martin, and a Wolff. Under these circumstances it is only to be expected that there should be a Hunt, in which all Fellowes are supposed to join. But this is not the only form of sport which is promised. In addition to an able Hunter, there is also a Fisher. He, no doubt, expects much from the Lough; and a Brigg—with a Cox to steer—will be found at hand, in which he may lure some small Fry, such as the Roche and Tritton. Bass may also be found. There is, however, only one Seale, and this may be spared, as also may the solitary Schwann and the Gull. Should supplies run short, Burns may be found in the neighbourhood, with a Weir. Two Fowlers should certainly be able to give a good account of the one Finch, and why they should require a Loder is difficult to understand. The trees are not numerous, one Hazell and a Maple alone flourish; but there is a Flower, and four Pease every day of the session. A Parliamentary cricket team is promised. Already we find one Bowles and one Fielden, and at least two Knox may be expected, though good Manners will assuredly be forthcoming, and among all the members there is only one who is Rasch. At the same time there is only one who is Wylie. If there is one who is a perfect Darling, there is only one who is actually Doughty. One member is Round, another is said to be Sharpe, one is Long, and another is Longer. There is no one who is Little, though one who is only a Cubitt has been returned. There is only one who is Brown, though another is Dunn. One is Green (N.B., he has not yet been seen in the House of Commons), another has grown Grey in the service of his country, and another is White. The new House will certainly have its Price, and Gold will be forthcoming should the transaction be carried out. The terrace is likely to be popular during the next Sessions, for a Moon can always be guaranteed. There will be a Bill upon one of the Benches, as well as on the Table; but, considering that there are two Clarks, one J. Penn seems rather a limited supply of this article. It is also somewhat curious to find a King with Power in the House, and yet with only one Cook. A Currie and a Savory will be always on the Parliamentary *menu*. For the preparation of these, a Butcher, a Baker and a Spicer will be at hand, and the dinner will be partaken of to the music of Hayden, or, for those who are less classical, Strauss. Two Stewarts and two Chamberlains will see that everything is done in the best style, so that there will be no necessity for the interposition of any member who is Cross to Curzon. The patriarchal element is well represented. With a Goschen and a Jordan, one naturally looks for an Abraham—here one finds two; also two Samuels, and a Davitt. Isaacson is followed appropriately by Jacoby, and the venerable Simeon may sing his *nunc dimitis* about midnight. The Taylor will, doubtless, see to the clothing of the House, and should any member be *in extremis*, the Chaplin's services may be requisitioned, or, failing the Chaplin, there will be a Monk, two Palmers, and one who, if not exactly a priest, is very Priestly, to take his place. (There is also another member who is always ready to perform a Gorstly office). Members will have their Wills handy, and should the worst come to the worst, the Sexton may be depended on, and then—Worms.

CLUB CHATTER.

Last week the British Medical Association was holding its exhibition at King's College in the Strand and on the Embankment. Personally, my knowledge of the functions and organisation both of the learned Association and of the College, whose guest it was, is of the slightest, nor is my interest in medicine and surgery any more than the natural interest of the layman; but it was impossible to pass through the rooms at King's College without being struck with admiration for the fertility of human invention and impressed with the completeness and exactitude of the preparations for combating disease and for remedying accident.

What chance has disease, I asked myself, as I looked round, against all this array of modern science? In a very short time there will surely be nothing but old age to fear. How can casual and accidental sickness stand for a moment in the face of all the preventive and curative measures that I see all round me? Here everything is reduced to method and certainty; everything is considered, and nothing overlooked. The details of food, clothing, air, sanitation, and all the branches of hygiene have received the attention of the cleverest thinkers and experimenters in all their departments, until it would seem that there is little more to learn.

The instruments are as delicate and as serviceable as human ingenuity and time and trouble can make them. When the resources of science did not extend beyond concoctions of hemlock and frog's toes and such like there was an opening for disease, but now—and I was going away satisfied.

But it so happened that in walking along the corridors I turned into the College museum. I have no previous experience of such places; I suppose they are all more or less alike, but this was the first one I had seen. At one time and another I have had horrible nightmares; as a child I have had my imagination worked up by a gruesome-minded nurse, and I have witnessed some scenes of mere blood and butchery. But never could I have associated the human body with such hideous deformities and diseases as here met my eyes at every turn. The human mind could not formulate the details of loathsomeness to which the human flesh could explore. Modelled in plaster, moulded in wax—ghastly in their crude realism of colour and accessories—preserved in jars of spirits, were the products of present-day diseases that grow and thrive in spite of science and all the accumulated knowledge since the days of Chiron. It was beyond expression, and the ever-recurring thought was one of wonder that the sufferers should have allowed themselves to exist while there was a drop of poison or a yard of rope in the world. There are states of mind and of body just beyond human endurance, when ordinary conventionalities and responsibilities cease to bind, and the individual is called upon to exercise the highest prerogative. With the semblance of humanity gone, surely its obligations go too.

Not the least curious feature of this museum is the utter lack of horror or repugnance that its horrible and repugnant contents exercise. A physiological lecture unnerves me, and, years ago, an ordinary picture of Bruce cleaving the skull of de Bohun haunted me for months. But in the presence of this actuality, the superfluity of poison becomes its own antidote, and the vividness of detail becomes lost in the overwhelming fascination of the whole.

It is a moot point whether Goodwood was entitled to its adjective "Glorious." The sad bereavement which had robbed the house of Richmond of one of its fairest flowers cast a gloom over the entire neighbourhood, and although many let their political engagements go by the board, others, such as the Duke of Devonshire and Sir H. James, could not be present on every day. The Prince has always betrayed a partiality for the meeting in the ducal park, and his anxiety to see his colours in the van has led up to a small sensation.

At the last Newmarket meeting a rumour was current to the effect that the Prince of Wales, in discussing Goodwood, had expressed an ardent desire to win the Cup with Florizel II., and had requested Captain Machell to keep Ravensbury. This rumour soon found its way into print, and I saw it first in the *Standard*. To say that it caused surprise is only putting it lightly, and the incident was seized upon by certain Radical journals to attack the Prince for his racing proclivities, as well as his unsportsmanlike behaviour.

Now, if there is one thing H.R.H. prides himself upon it is his reputation as a sportsman. He has never exhibited the slightest hesitation in racing his horses—providing they are well— against equine champions, and has always accepted his reverses with a calm and philosophic spirit, which makes him the envy of many a richer owner. Many, in a fit of pique, would at such a charge have dispersed their stud, but H.R.H. has the interest of the Turf at heart, and the cheers which greeted his colt's victory must have convinced him that he had the sympathy of all true sportsmen.

I understand that, when at the Newmarket meeting, the Prince was asked what policy was to be pursued with regard to his horses. Florizel II., he was informed, was not doing strong work, and the Prince, on hearing this, inquired whether Ravensbury would run. The answer was immediately given, and being in the negative, this induced H.R.H. to order Marsh to give the Son of St. Simon a Cup preparation. Had Ravensbury steered clear of illness he would, of course, have beaten Florizel II., for the last-named was not originally intended to run in the race.

I can well remember the time when it was considered little short of an outrage against society to appear at Goodwood without being arrayed in frock-coat and top hat. But a change—and a welcome one too—has come over the scene. Even the Prince of Wales discarded the garden-party dress, and his grey bowler was a model of neatness. In the Royal Stand, too, there were several persons of high rank who preferred to discard the topper for a straw hat. H.R.H. appeared in brown shoes.

The young fellows in charge of the crude board at the end of the lawn have to use their glasses to discover which horses are going, and they have no means wherewith to indicate the riders. This drawback was seriously discussed, and Colonel North expressed himself as being ready to have a brand new number board erected at his own expense. This may induce the stewards to remedy the evil.

The one complaint I have to make in connection with the Goodwood course is the paucity of number-boards. For those in Tattersall's it is an easy thing to get the runners and jockeys, but visitors on the lawn and in the remaining enclosures have to go to an immense amount of trouble if they wish to obtain the starters and their riders.

Among the many incidents in this remarkable cricket season, few have been more welcome than the reappearance in first-class matches of Mr. E. H. Buckland, who some years back gained prominence at Marlborough and Oxford, and afterwards proved himself a most valuable member of the Middlesex eleven. For about six seasons he quite dropped out of important matches, his duties as a master at Winchester having taken up nearly all his time, but now he has been induced to play for Hampshire, the county for which he has become qualified by residence.

Though his name is probably unfamiliar to many followers of the game at the present time, he is still quite a young man, having been born on June 20, 1864, and is therefore only just over thirty-one. While at Winchester he has been actively engaged in coaching the shoolboys, and he was much in evidence in the recent game against Eton on the playing-fields at Eton. I understand, too, that young Mr. J. R. Mason, now a prominent member of the Kent eleven, owes something to his advice and teaching. One would have thought that he might have lost his old ability during his long term of absence from the game, but his first appearance for Hampshire, which was against Yorkshire at Sheffield, proved a great success, as he shared the bowling honours with Baldwin, taking five wickets for 30 runs.

He comes from a real cricketing family, and few, who were fortunate enough to be present will readily forget the wonderful innings of 117 not out played in the University match of 1877 by his elder brother, Mr. F. M. Buckland, which helped to gain a brilliant and altogether unexpected victory for Oxford by ten wickets

Mr. C. C. Pilkington has, like Mr. C. T. Studd, Mr. J. R. Mason, and Mr. A. C. MacLaren before him, been given a trial in a county eleven while still a schoolboy, and, judging by what he did last week for Lancashire against Derbyshire at Manchester, it would seem that the estimate of his abilities has not been exaggerated. At Eton, both this season and last, he has been regarded as the best all-round cricketer that has been there since C. T. Studd. In the great schools' match last month he proved a disappointment as a batsman, but towards the finish he quite rose to the occasion as a bowler, and only just failed to snatch a brilliant victory for Eton. I have no doubt that the Lancashire Committee will give him a good trial in the remaining engagements of the county.

The youth of the future is to be spared an unnecessary period of discomfort. I allude to that critical moment in his life when he smokes his first pipe. An enterprising tobacconist, a Mr. J. P. Burns, of Glasgow, has manufactured a special anti-nicotine tobacco, which he calls "Tinico Flake." This tobacco is exceptionally mild, and yet it smokes cool. One thing I am certain of, and that is, if the youth of the future—or the man of the present, for the matter of that—does smoke a pipe of "Tinico Flake," it will be the first of a long series.

George Lohmann has reappeared for the Surrey team, and so far he has proved quite equal to the exertion attendant upon long three-day matches. There can be no doubt that his presence has lent increased confidence to the other members of the team, and though I would not for one moment suggest that his form is as good as before his unfortunate illness, he is still a cricketer of exceptional merit. His bowling at Catford Bridge was highly successful, as he fairly shared the honours with Richardson, and against Sussex he bowled better than his figures would indicate. Fielding in his old place at extra slip, he shows much of the dash and certainty that helped to make his name famous. Lohmann, who has always spoken most generously of any good thing accomplished against his own side, was loud in his praises of the performance of Alec Hearne and young Mr. J. R. Mason. The two men scored over a hundred during their partnership for the first wicket in the second innings of Kent, and this while the ground was terribly difficult, and Richardson and Lohmann were making the ball turn several inches.

The right thing seldom happens at the right moment. Some couple of months or so ago a correspondent asked me whether I could put him up to the most improved method of locating leaks in drains. At that time I knew of nothing better than the old plan of pouring in a preparation of peppermint, or the still more primitive

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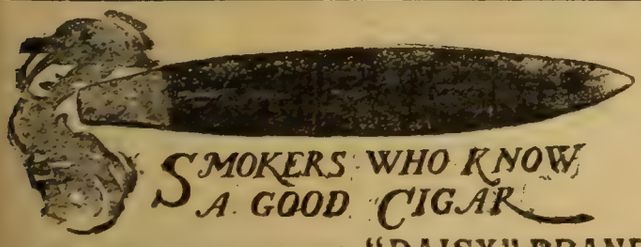

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This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

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CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

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one of digging about till you found it. But the other day, having occasion to consult a sanitary expert, I was shown a new arrangement, by which smoke was used as the detective. It seemed efficacious and had simplicity,

> "Which I knew was very clever,
> Though I didn't understand it,"

as one of the "Bab Ballad" men says. It is used by the War Department and other important people, and if my Wiltshire correspondent is not yet satisfied, he might write to Mr. Jones, the manufacturer, for particulars. His address is 40, Sydney Street, Chelsea.

A week or two ago I asked in these columns why commercial-travellers should be practically disfranchised on account of their business compelling them to be absent from home. I have received a number of letters on the subject, and one correspondent who signs himself "B.," has been good enough to send me a copy of a Bill "to enable officers and seamen of the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine to record their votes when, by reason of their calling, they will be at sea on the day of the Poll." This Bill was introduced during the last session by Mr. Elliott Lees, and its advantages could easily be secured for actors, commercial-travellers, and all who are obliged to be away from home. The main idea of the Bill is that the returning-officer shall be empowered to receive votes immediately after the writ has been issued for the election, and shall continue to do so up to and including the day preceding the day of the poll. According to the provisions of this Bill it would be necessary for the voter to go to the returning-officer; but I see no reason why this difficulty should not be overcome by posting the votes, as was suggested in these columns the other week.

A correspondent has asked me for advice respecting his moustache, which, he says, is of a decidedly "weeping-willow" pattern. He wants to make it thick and fierce-looking, something after the style of moustache worn by the German Emperor. This is a grave matter. The cultivation of a good moustache is like the training of a well-bred dog. Much may be done by kindness, but when this plan does not succeed more drastic measures must be employed. If he has not already done so, I should recommend my correspondent to shave his upper lip for a fortnight, and then wait three weeks for the result. If he objects to losing his moustache for that period, his only plan is to use one of the many fluids sold for stiffening the moustache. But I know of no application that will increase the growth, and many of those sold for the purpose are apt to dye the skin.

The fashion in smoking appliances seems to be tending towards making the cigarette the mere adjunct, and the holder and case the *raisons d'être*. Amber is very generally used for holders, cases and match-boxes. The holders are made of the most perfect specimens of clouded amber, with a thin gold band at the cigarette end. As this alone would be comparatively inexpensive, each holder is adorned with a jewelled device in the shape of a diamond-and-gold fly, an emerald snake, or something equally pretty and superfluous. The case for this sort of holder is generally of solid gold, and is also jewelled round the clasp. The amber cigarette-cases and match-boxes have the owner's initials in gold and gems in one corner, and the stud of the clasp is generally a stone.

While I was examining the Lingam idol at the India Exhibition the other day I was fortunate enough to be introduced to Mr. Luff, the owner of this interesting curio. To quote the guarded language of the catalogue, this idol represents the deity "to whom the Hindoo ladies pay devotion, with the object of obtaining lineal descent." On account of its great value (it contains a unique chrysoberyl cat's-eye, and the gold base is studded with gems), and, perhaps, not unprejudiced by "The Moonstone," Mr. Luff finds the idol something of a white elephant. Some time ago, the Nizam of Hyderabad took a fancy to it, and agreed to purchase it for half a lakh of rupees, but when negotiations were all but complete, the Nizam, who up to that time had merely regarded it as a good investment in jewels, learned its sacred character, and hastily repudiated the bargain.

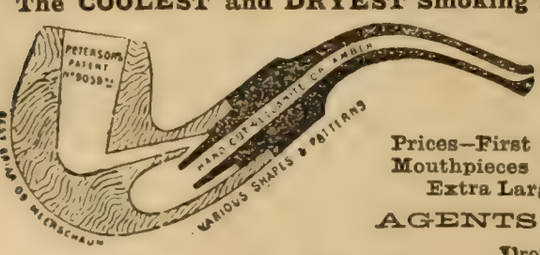
The most fashionable attire for boating just now seems to be a grey flannel suit, either in a striped or plain material. The coat is made double-breasted, and the club colours are worn as a tie. Talking of boating reminds me there was quite a sensational bidding the other day for a piece of land near the river at Bray. It was slightly over an acre in extent, and fetched the respectable figure of £3,000 an acre.

The following conversation was overheard at the Palace the other evening while Miss Cissie Loftus was giving her imitation of Yvette Guilbert:—

She (softly): Who's that she's doing?
He (loudly): Don't you know?
She: No, who is it?
He: *You* know.
She: I don't know. You might tell me.
He: Well, I thought everybody knew that. That's supposed to be Sarah Bernhardt!

The Major.

The COOLEST and DRYEST Smoking Pipes in the World.



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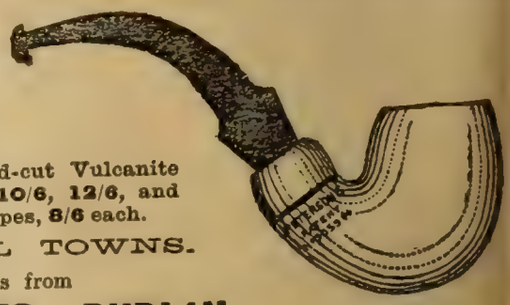

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HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or delapidated.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Now that my eldest son does a good deal of work in the shop, I have a little leisure in which to go about and see the busy world—particularly the literary world—for my customers of many years standing are kind enough to look upon me as an old friend, and insist upon my taking things a little more easily. A few days ago Mr. Zangwill came in and informed me that he had been called as a witness in a compensation for disturbance case, where a railway company had turned a well-known author out of his house. "Come along with me," he added, "and have a look at the literary witnesses who are being called to prove that quiet is essential for the production of literary work.

* * * *

We went along to a dirty little court in Red Lion Square, which had the appearance of having been abandoned as a police-court on account of its smallness. It was dimly lit from the roof, with the customary raised seat for the sheriff at one end, jury-box to the left of him, and benches for counsel to the right. Three rows of hard forms near the door represented the accommodation provided for the general public.

* * * *

"It only wants a dock to be complete," said one gentleman looking round. "D'you remember now, that story of the Irish jury who were called to try the question of damages in a compensation case? They were rather a tough-looking lot. The judge regarded them for a moment as they stood bewilderedly by the jury-box. 'Gentlemen, please to take your accustomed places,' he said to them, *and they all filed straight into the dock!*"

* * * *

The first literary witness called was Mr. W. S. Gilbert—a tall, well-preserved man of about sixty, with grey hair parted on one side, a healthy colour on his cheeks, blue eyes, nose rather thick at the base, greyish moustache, turn-down collar, green tie looped together in a gold ring, three-button black coat, a watch chain with hanging gold coin, light trousers and gloves, and a white hat. He looked far more like a retired Army officer than an author.

* * * *

Next came Mr. Hall Caine, with flowing dark brown hair, large soft brown eyes, pointed reddish beard, turn-down collar, and white tie, black frock-coat, and peculiarly tall, black, silk hat, strongly resembling Sir Henry Irving's characteristic headgear.

* * * *

Mr. Sidney Grundy looked too large for the witness-box. He is a tall, heavily built man of middle-age, with massive features and impressive manner. He found quiet absolutely essential for the production of imaginative work.

* * * *

"Jo" Hatton, the well-known journalist and author, was also called. He is small and slight, with shrewd kindly face, and walks as if suffering from the effects of ill-health. His brown beaver hat contrasts oddly with his flowing frock-coat, and gives him a somewhat Quakerly air. Mr. Frankfort Moore, another witness, is short, rather inclined to be stout, and has a handsome, merry face, brimming over with good humour. Mr. Zangwill had burnt yellow in the country and had his hair cut. Counsel for the railway company was casting about for a definition of journalism in a pompous, Buzfuzzian kind of way. "Like advocacy, an inferior class of fiction," prompted Mr. Z. in an audible whisper. The oratorical style of the counsel for the railway company was not remarkable either for finish or construction. "This house is said to be occupied for the production of the literary productions which Mr. Blank produces" being one gem.

* * * *

One point which struck me in the evidence of the literary witnesses was the stress which they all laid upon the absolute necessity for quiet when doing imaginative work. Another was the increasing difficulty of getting a house with grounds at a reasonable rent within two or three miles of Charing Cross. Every author will have to be a millionaire if he wishes to live within touch of Town and its literary centres.

* * * *

Mr. Hall Caine was good enough to ask me to a little lunch he gave last week at the National Club, Whitehall Gardens. I noticed among the guests present Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Ford, the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Ralph Cain, and the proprietor of *Munsey's Magazine*, a quiet, dreamy-looking gentleman of about thirty-five, with reddish hair and mild blue eyes, who has made *Munsey's Magazine* the pioneer of cheap periodical literature in America. Mr. Munsey told me that the wily advertiser in America has almost entirely deserted the weekly newspaper for the monthly magazine.

* * * *

A well-known literary man came into the shop to buy a dictionary the other day, and reluctantly deposited the price for it on the counter. "I don't know why I buy it," he said; "but the old one is worn out, and it seems to be the correct thing to have a dictionary. I don't suppose I open a dictionary once in a year. The children generally use it to make the piano stool higher, and it gets worn out that way. Some people of course can't write without the moral support of a dictionary. Now, J. M. Barrie, for instance, writes at an old-fashioned desk. You know the kind of thing which shuts up, and opens with a slope. He always writes with a dictionary at his elbow. 'I never look at it,' he told me; 'but it gives me confidence to know that it is there.' Kipling, on the other hand, once told me that he 'dredged the dictionary for adjectives.' I expect that if Barrie couldn't find his dictionary when he wanted to write, he would be like the boy who was unable to answer questions when a rival cut off the coat button with which he was accustomed to play."

* * * *

We are all creatures of habit. There was a man once accustomed to sleep with his hand on his wife's head. When she died, he found it impossible to sleep until he put a hair brush—bristly side up—in the customary place. It would be interesting to know whether any of the men and women now writing have fads as to the conditions under which they live and do their work. I should also like to know how noise affects the nerves of people who are doing imaginative writing. It seems to drive most authors frantic, although the celebrated Dr. Livingston trained himself to write his journal with tom-toms going close to his ears.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. C. M.—Write to Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Charing Cross Road, for their catalogue (including their Oriental series), wherein are contained the best Buddhist works in English.

W. C.—There is nothing curious or rare in such a collection. In fact they are very common, as might be inferred from the number (as per list quoted) supplied by this one collector alone.

Keighleyite.—"The Narrative of the Hon. John Byron, etc.," is worth £1; your other book, 5s.

J. P. (Dublin).—Your three volumes of the second edition of "Dr. Syntax" would fetch about £9, if perfectly clean and sound.

Headmaster and J. V.—The publisher has retired, and I do not know what he has done with the book. It may often be picked up at second-hand booksellers.

R. J. McC.—Daniel Defoe was the author of "The Plague of London;" any second-hand bookseller would supply you with a copy. H. M. C.—The market was flooded with the first edition, and booksellers are only asking about ten shillings for a copy. Nondum.—About five shillings. C. S.—It is of no commercial value. Z. Y. X.—Your only plan would be to advertise for them.

W. G. C.—You have not read your To-Day very well. "That Telephone" appeared in No. 7. Correspondents cannot be answered through the post.

A SONG TO THEE.

All rights reserved.—By special arrangement with the Composer.

FRANK L. STANTON. DAVID MACKENZ

Voice.

Moderato.

Piano.

mp

mp

1. The Springtime hath its winds that kiss The ros-es, white and red,

p *rit. e dim.* *pp*

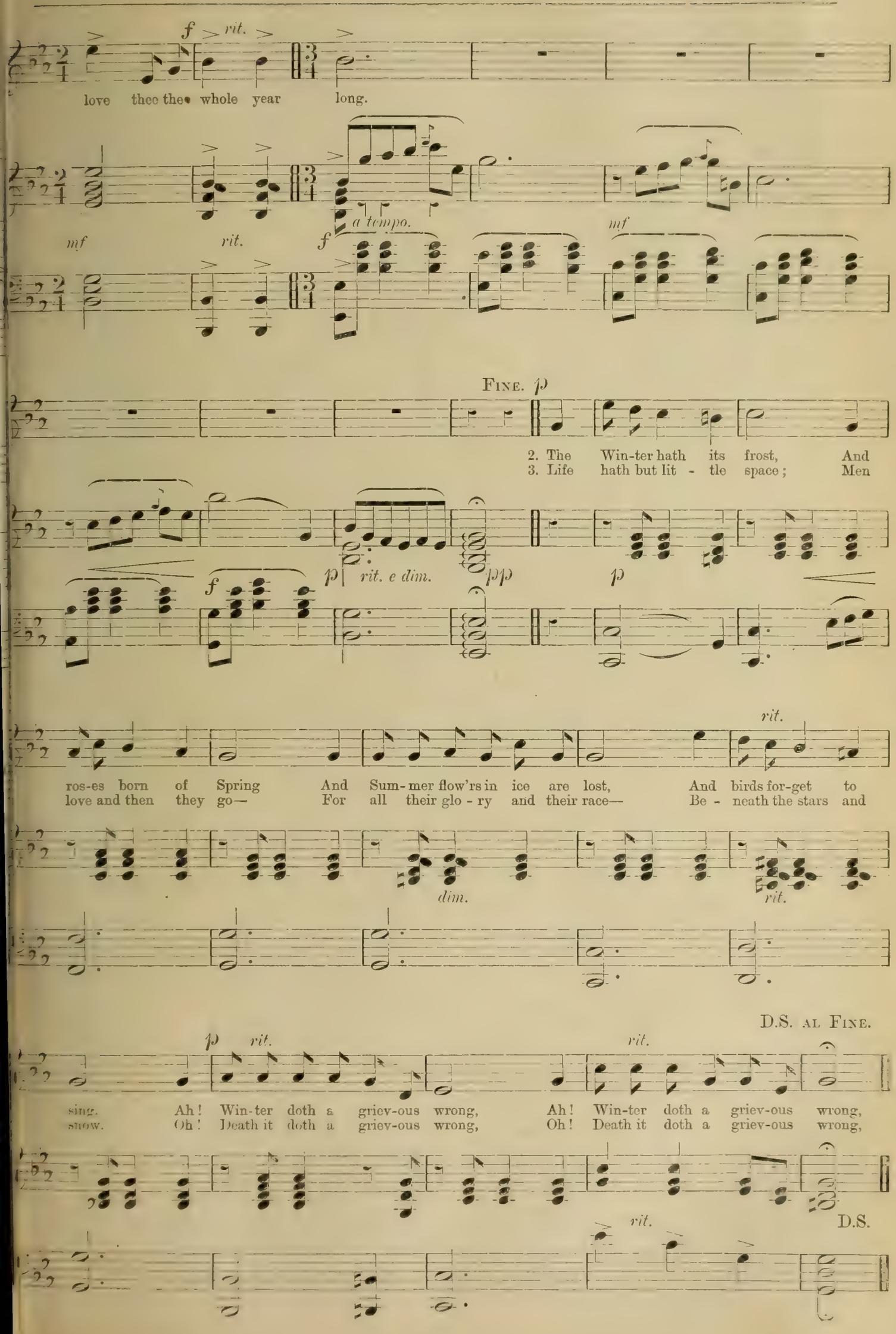
shall one sweet wind go a - miss Where an- y rose is shed. And Sum-mer hath her sigh

rit. *rit.*

song. And Sum-mer hath her sigh and song, But I love thee, I love thee, I

rit. *rit.* *p rit.* *cres.*

Colla voce. *p* *cres.*


f rit.
love thee the whole year long.
mf rit. f a tempo. mf
Fine. p
2. The Win-ter hath its frost, And
3. Life hath but lit - tle space; Men
p rit. e dim. pp p
f
ros-es born of Spring And Sum-mer flow'rs in ice are lost, And birds for-get to
love and then they go— For all their glo - ry and their race— Be - neath the stars and
rit.
dim. rit.
D.S. al Fine.
p rit. rit.
sing. Ah! Win-ter doth a griev-ous wrong, Ah! Win-ter doth a griev-ous wrong,
snow. Oh! Death it doth a griev-ous wrong, Oh! Death it doth a griev-ous wrong,
rit. D.S.

A FEW TELEGRAMS.

BY

A. N. STAINER.

SELDON, author of "The Real Reason," etc., etc., was sitting in his den writing. Mrs. Seldon did not, as a rule, disturb him at his work. He was surprised, therefore, when she burst the door open, sat down stormily, and said:

"Dan, I could cry!"

There was an open telegram in her hand. She threw it on to his writing-table. He read:

"In town for one day coming to lunch with you Jack Garrick Club."

"And that *awful* man coming," said Mrs. Seldon; "we *can't* have him and Jack together. Jack would never forgive us."

"You must wire Jack not to come, that's all. It's damnable, but it can't be helped."

"Dan—when he's only here for one single day—and we haven't seen him for a year!"

"Well, you can't put Travers off at the eleventh hour without any sort of reason."

"I'll invent one."

"Don't do anything desperate or dangerous; I don't want to offend Travers just now."

Travers was a publisher with enthusiasms.

"Can't I ask him to come to-morrow instead of to-day?"

"Not without some reason."

"I might be dying for aught he knows."

"Only you aren't, and he might discover it."

"I might say I was ill, and he couldn't find me out. I needn't leave the house for a day or two—and he doesn't know Jack—happy Jack!"

"He will know Jack at two o'clock to-day, if I mistake not."

"Oh, Dan, do think of something clever. Couldn't I wire? Wait, I'll write a wire, and show it you."

Mrs. Seldon sat down with a frown of intense concentration.

"I shan't save coppers over this," she said, and wrote:—

"Alas! cruelly disappointed. Must postpone the pleasure of seeing you. Prostrate with violent cold. Will write."

She read it out.

"Now, what could offend him in that? Doesn't it sound as true as true?"

"I am not very fond of avoidable lying, you know," said Dan, gently earnest; "but do as you like."

He was a peculiarly truthful man. He took up his pen rather wearily, as he added:—

"You must wire Jack it's all right, then."

"Must I?"

"It would be more hearty."

"Very well. I'll be ever so quick, and then leave my poor boy in peace again."

Having scribbled and sent off the two wires in breathless haste (for it was then twelve o'clock, and lunch was at two) Mrs. Seldon ordered an extra dish for Jack's critical palate, and went up to dress exquisitely fo Jack's critical eye. What fun they would have! They always had some glorious laughs on the rare and joyful occasions when they could get Jack—king of buffoons, and most delightful of men. She rang and gave the order that she would be at home to no one that afternoon. One cannot risk having one's superlative hours spoilt by Browns, Joneses and Robinsons from round the corner. And to-morrow she would write a perfectly charming note to the unspeakable Travers, and ask him to dinner with somebody titled. That would delight his vulgar soul, and avert all possibility of offence.

At a quarter to two Mrs. Seldon was in the drawing-room with a book, and everything was ready for a delectable luncheon.

At ten minutes to two Seldon came down, rubbing his soap-fragrant hands, and smiling anticipatingly.

At five minutes to two the front door bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Travers!

Mrs. Seldon turned a light lemon colour, and shot one fateful glance at her husband. Seldon shrugged his shoulders in answer to his wife's appeal, and sank into a deathly calm. Travers was hearty, happy, and intolerable, as usual. He had come straight from Paddington, had been stopping at Sir Percy's place—jolly time. Everything all round Travers was in a perpetual state of jollity.

Mrs. Seldon, having grasped her husband's condition, became hysterically talkative and rather familiar. Seldon could not look Travers in the eye, but asked him hoarsely if he would like some hot water. Whilst Travers was washing his hands—which always required washing and never seemed any the better for it—Seldon had time to whisper to his wife:

"This is delightful! See what you've done?"

"He'll find my wire when he gets home," she said, with a stony face. "That's all, and I'm done for with Travers—utterly."

"Shall I say I got suddenly better—a wonderfnl doctor——?"

"Bosh, impossible. He's more than three years old."

"Then I must get that wire out of his house before he leaves this. You must go in a cab and——"

Jack was announced.

Travers had not yet reappeared. In a few hurried sentences Mrs. Seldon apologised for Travers and explained the situation. She had the mixed joy of seeing Jack appreciate it to the dregs.

"I shall see you through some nice lies to-day, and—Jove, how I shall revel in them!" he said.

The extra place at table had been laid in a moment. The introduction was accomplished, and they all went into lunch, two of the party with light hearts and good appetites, the other two stricken.

The lunch was not a success. Mrs. Seldon got the blood to her head, continued to talk far too much, and even used some of her husband's old slang. He, on his part, was entirely absorbed in trying to find a way out of this quicksand, and failing. It really required an hour's careful thinking, and it couldn't have it. He drank several glasses of wine, and ate scarcely anything; the lobster mayonnaise, the cutlets, the coffee cream, everything seemed to pass before him as in a pantomime or a dream. He felt that only lies could extricate him, and lies were painfully difficult to him. At the cheese he brightened up by a fraction. It had come to him that his only course was to take a cab immediately after lunch, drive to Travers' house, which was luckily not too far, and get hold of that wire by any means which should suggest themselves to his imagination.

Having arrived at this conclusion, every moment of delay added two degrees to his temperature. If, by some evil chance, Travers should have to leave early he was lost. But in this fate was kind. At the end of the lunch Travers embarked on a long story which everyone knew, and sipped his coffee with expansive enjoyment. Seldon produced his best cigars, said something

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about a new liqueur which he was anxious to have tried, kicked Mrs. Seldon lightly under the table, and then told his lie like a man and a gentleman. He had received a very important wire in the morning, he said, and was obliged to rush out. He hoped to be back long before either of them dreamt of leaving. Jack's eyes glittered with amusement. Travers took it down, all unconscious. Seldon walked slowly to the door, even paused to throw back a little joke, and as soon as the door was closed behind him, rushed wildly into the hall, grasped his hat, and tore out like a madman.

On the doorstep he narrowly escaped felling Travers' man, who had arrived at that moment with a telegram in his hand.

"That for Mr. Travers?" asked Seldon, with enforced calm.

"Yes, sir. I should have brought it before, only——"

"All right, Baker." (A sudden inspiration shone in Seldon's face) "I'm afraid you have had your trouble for nothing. This wire was a little joke of mine which has failed, as it happens. I wanted your master to get it before he left for my house. Of course you won't say anything about it, see?" He slipped two half-crowns into the man's palm. "Good morning, Baker."

Seldon let himself into the hall again, noiselessly. There was a fine fire burning in the hall grate. He crumpled the telegram savagely in his hand and threw it into a cave of red-hot coal.

"Damn the thing! Spoilt a good lunch for me, and nearly cost me my publisher."

"SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?"

Then he slipped upstairs. He would have to allow sufficient time to elapse before his reappearance in the dining-room. He had said that he would not be long. Half an hour would do; but he must put his wife out of her misery at once. He wrote a note in an altered handwriting, rang the bell, and told the servant to take it to Mrs. Seldon without saying who it was from. "Merely say, 'No answer' if asked." The note ran:

"Thank God it's over. Met Travers' man bringing the cursed wire here. Have burnt it and squared things with the man. Shall come down in half an hour. D."

He could breathe again.

When he got downstairs he found the men still in the dining-room, smoking and talking. Mrs. Seldon had gone to the drawing-room. He joined them and tried to make up by ample conversation for his previous abstraction. He was succeeding, too, in the lightness of his heart, when Travers suddenly drew out his immense gold watch, and remarked: "Very odd thing," and finding that he had occasioned a pause, added: "My man ought to have been round here with a wire that I have been expecting since eleven this morning—an important wire—very odd."

Seldon saw some millions of beautiful stars. What had he done? But no. That other wire could not have been sent, since his wife's wire must have been delivered long ago. It was all right. His system recovered quickly from the shock, and he was himself again with the help of a little Chartreuse. He was glad that his wife had been spared that extra agony, and that—what was that?

Something was being handed to him on a silver salver. It was marked "On Her Majesty's Service."

"Go on," he said lightly to Jack (who was in the middle of a nigger story), and then tore the envelope with cold fingers. An intimation from the Post Office to say that the name of Travers was not known at the Garrick Club, and that the telegram had not been delivered.

In her haste Mrs. Seldon had put Jack's name on the telegram intended for Travers, and, probably, *vice versa*.

Jack had finished with his nigger story, and a pause was happening.

"Bad news, I'm afraid," said one of the men—he never knew which. But he made a supreme effort to say:

"Oh, nothing very bad, thanks. I—er—I must see to it. Go on with—er—everything. I'll be back in a moment—must send an answer, you know," and left the room.

"Oh, no answer after all," he said outside the room to the waiting servant, and when she was gone he thrust the paper into his pocket like a criminal, sank on to a hall chair, and held his head in both hands.

"Where the devil am I in all this mess? Where have I got to?" he kept asking himself, but his mind was dead beat. He got up and went into the drawing-room on tip-toe, like a criminal again. He felt steeped in crime.

"Madge," he said to his wife, "I give this thing up—right up, do you understand? I've done my best."

"But you said it was all right. Oh, Dan, how ill you look! There is nothing new, is there?"

He gave a devilish laugh—bitter, satirical.

"Oh, no, nothing new," he said mockingly, "only that this has just come," pulling the crumpled paper from his pocket, "and that I've burnt somebody else's telegram to Travers, and he says he's expecting a particularly important one—Oh, my Heaven."

Mrs. Seldon gave one scream into her pocket handkerchief, and came to the brink of her first hysterics. She sobbed with laughter. Seldon's set face brought her to.

"Dan, if you don't have a good idea within the next few minutes we're *lost*."

"Don't," he moaned.

"Say nothing about this other telegram."

"Don't, it'll all come out. There will be inquiries."

"Oh, Dan! Will it mean prison and things? Give me time and I'll get another lie ready."

"Time! You haven't any, and how many more lies in the name of goodness are we to tell to-day?"

"Oh, my darling, only one more. Wait! wait!"

She paced the room twice, thrice, and four times. The servant came in with a card bearing the name of Mr. Munro Kirk.

"A gentleman," said the girl, "who wished particular to see Mr. Travers." She had left him in the 'all, not knowing——

"Take the card and the message to Mr. Travers at once," said Mrs. Seldon with decision, and as soon as they were alone again:

"Dan, this will give us time. Let Travers see his man in the library. You go and bring Jack in here. He may help me to an idea. Come back with him for pity's sake, and suggest things. Oh, what a hideous day!"

Seldon did as he was told, having, indeed, no strength left for independent action. The name of Mr. Munro Kirk was familiar to him, but his brain was too confused to place it. When he returned with Jack he sat staring into the fire, only half hearing the wild suggestions of his wife, and the heartless amusement of his friend.

Then Travers came in with his usual radiance. The chap from whom he had been expecting the wire had traced him here on receiving no reply to his telegram. (Mr. and Mrs. Seldon exchanged looks of mute agony.) The interview was on important literary business—American rights. It was ended now; everything was satisfactory. Might he have the pleasure of introducing his friend, Mr. Munro Kirk? They knew his "Frozen Shoots," of course, and the other delightful little American things?

"Pleasure, of course." It was Mrs. Seldon who spoke, amiably, collectedly, with that loyalty to appearances which clings to woman throughout her tragedies.

Mr. Kirk wore an air of engaging frankness, and a strange ulster.

"You must forgive my tracking down your guest, Mr. Seldon," he said at once, and with a full twang, "but the fact is I'm not really to blame." (Mr. and Mrs. Seldon blanched). "I wrote a cable asking him to see me at his own house, in proper style, you understand, but I'm afraid it was never sent, as Mr. Travers tells me he left orders about it with his man. I was just going there, when I met Lowndes who told me Mr. Travers was here, so I took the liberty of coming straight on, time being uncommonly short."

"Ah, then Mr. Travers will find that wire awaiting him on his return," said Jack, with a Mephistophelean smile at Mrs. Seldon, who lost her head and began muttering. "One can't tell—sometimes——"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Kirk. "If it had come there, it would have been brought on here, you see."

Just then he was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with another missive "On Her Majesty's Service." She handed it to Seldon.

"For Mrs. Seldon," he said feebly.

Mrs. Seldon walked gracefully to the window with a "May I?", and read it with her back turned to the others. Of course it was from the neighbouring post-office again, and regarded her second misdirected telegram. "The last of them I trust and pray," she said to herself, and out loud:

"My dressmaker. Don't let it interrupt you, Mr. Kirk; you were saying?"

"You were saying that your wire could not have been sent," prompted Jack. "Have you found the explanation?"

Mr. and Mrs. Seldon breathed heavily. There was a moment's pause, which lasted, for them, precisely one hour.

Then Mr. Kirk went on:

"Well—I fancy the explanation is of the simplest domestic order. It seems there was a serious—er—say unpleasantness between my landlady and the young person who was supposed to wait on me, and who left this morning in high dudgeon, evidently allowing my poor cable to go to Jericho in the 'fraycas.' That's the only possible explanation. However, as this little confusion has procured me the pleasure ——"

"Will somebody open the window?" said Mrs. Seldon, very gently. A great joy, like a great blow, is a physical shock, and she was not robust.

* * * *

Seldon has developed a feverish friendship for Mr. Munro Kirk. Also a ridiculous fad about wires. His wife has to open any that come, and he never sends one if he can help it. He keeps a boy to take messages.

THE PATTI OF OPERA BOUFFE.

A CHAT WITH MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Miss St. John's cosy boudoir sitting-room, with windows overlooking one of the busiest corners of Oxford Street, is full of unconscious indications of its owner's sunny and warm-hearted disposition. Photographs of near and distant friends and comrades form not the least interesting of the decoration of the pretty room, and testify to the affection in which the Patti of Opera Bouffe is held far and wide, as also to her long and close connection with the musical stage.

"Sure, it's an accident the darlint wasn't born an Irishwoman," an enthusiastic Dublin pittite was once heard loudly to observe, after having witnessed with intense satisfaction some of "Madame Favart's" pretty little ways; and those who are received by the charming songstress in her own home can understand the expression of this regret, for both in look and manner Miss St. John strongly recalls the country which gave the stage at two different periods of the world's history Nell Gwynn and Miss Ada Rehan.

"Yes, I am always delighted to be in London," she replied, in answer to a question, "I am one of those who are never happy unless their name is in the bill, and yet I have never had an uncongenial part, and I would rather sing anything than nothing!"

MISS ST. JOHN IN "IN TOWN."

"Then you cannot plead guilty to any favourite *rôle*?"

"Oh yes, I can. I shall always love *Madame Favart*, for it was in that opera I first found my way to the heart of the British public more years ago than I care to remember," she added with a sigh and smile. "It was in the old Strand Theatre, in the palmy days of comic opera; the opera ran three years, and netted over £32,000!"

"If it is not an indiscreet question, what do you think of those variety shows which, though they can neither be styled simple burlesques or comic operas, apparently combine the attraction and popularity of both?"

"They have had, are having, and will have their day," answered Miss St. John decidedly. "Of late years comic operas have had such dreadful books. Good music with a dull and silly libretto will never find favour in the eyes of the public, and it is time that composers admitted this fact to themselves. The public know what they like, and respond generously to every intelligent effort made for their amusement — witness the success of the Gaiety burlesques. I was five years with Mr. George Edwardes, by-the-bye, one of the happiest engagements I have ever had, making my *début* as Margaret in *Faust Up-to-Date*, and everywhere, both in America and the provinces, I found that Gaiety pieces were thoroughly appreciated."

"And what part do you yourself prefer?"

"Something which appeals to the sympathy of the audience. I consider the words of a song all-important; for instance, I have always been very successful when singing 'Teddy O'Neill,' a simple ballad, which runs:—

'I dreamt last night, an' bad luck to my dreaming—
I'd die if I thought it would ere come to pass—
I dreamt as the tears down my pale cheeks were streaming,
That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
I awoke with a sob, with a weeping and wailing,
The thought of the dream was too sad to conceal,
My mother cried "Kathleen, faith, what is it ails ye?"
And all I could answer was 'Teddy O'Neill.'

"You see, 'A touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and I confess I am always pleased when I make people cry by my singing."

"And, from a popular point of view, which has been the most successful of your songs?"

"Well, the lyric which realised the most money in royalties was that called "For You." But in those cases it is only easy to prophesy after the event, for it is exceedingly difficult to say when a song or where a performer will make a hit."

"And are you one of those who consider the profession overcrowded?"

"Yes and no. I myself had a hard struggle, and remember the days when I was glad to get a salary of 12s. a week. But I am one of those who believe in the ultimate recognition of talent, and my advice to those who find the way long and weary is, 'keep up a brave heart, and never despair.' My life has been as the April days, sunshine and rain, tears and happiness."

MISS ST. JOHN AS "LA MASCOTTE."

And then the charming actress proceeded to show me some of her many treasures, including an exquisite drawing of herself, done many years ago by poor Frank Miles, who declared he had never had a sitter more difficult to draw, for Miss St. John, like most gifted comediennes, has a mobile and ever-changing face. Among the souvenirs of my hostess's many triumphs was a tiny portion of the lovely gown worn by her in her first appearance as Madame Favart; and counterfeit presentments of those who have won fame in her own branch of "the profession," would show truly "how these singers love one another." Madame Patti, gracious as usual, beams from a brocaded frame to Fred Leslie, so long a true comrade and friend to Miss St. John, who counts among her pleasantest recollections, her sojourn at the Gaiety Theatre. Nowhere has the famous songstress been more appreciated than in the land of the Stars and Stripes, and there still hover about the ceiling of her London sitting-room the two beautiful doves which hung over the floral tribute presented to her by the two composers of *The Lady of the Locket*, after her first appearance as Francesca in the San Francisco Company.

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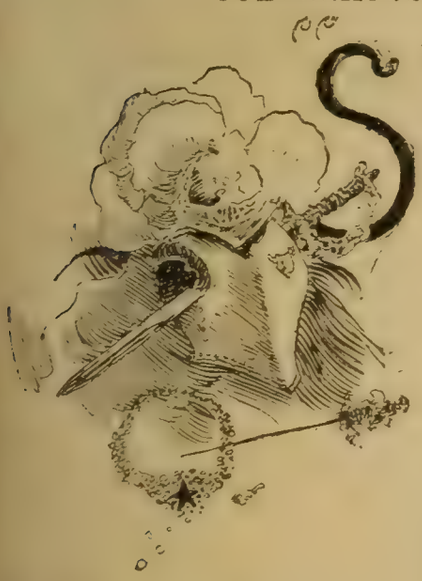
THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

III.—THE MADNESS OF LORD HARRY CULVERHOUSE.



SEEING that my father Henry is dead, and that I am king; seeing also that I am no longer a bachelor, but a married man (and here he bowed to Margaret of Tuscany, his newly-wedded wife); and seeing that Osra's turned twenty years of age—why, we are all to be sober folk at Strelsau from this day forward, and we are to play no more pranks. Here's a pledge to it!

And having said this, King Rudolf III. took a deep draught of wine.

At this moment the ushers announced that the Lord Harry Culverhouse had come to take his leave of their Majesties and of the Princess. This gentleman had accompanied the Embassy that came from England to congratulate the King on his marriage, and he had stayed some months in Strelsau, very eagerly acceding to the King's invitation to prolong his visit. For such were his folly and headstrong passion, that he had fallen most desperately in love with the fair face of Princess Osra and could not endure to live out of her presence. Yet now he came to bid farewell, and when he was ushered in, Rudolf received him with much graciousness, and made him a present of his own miniature set in diamonds, while the Queen gave him her miniature set in the lid of a golden casket. In return, Lord Harry prayed the King to accept a richly-mounted sword, and the Queen an ivory fan, painted by the greatest artist of France and bearing her cipher in jewels. Then he came to Princess Osra, and she, having bidden him farewell, said,

"I am a poor maid, my lord, and I can give no great gift; but take this pin from my hair and keep it for my sake."

And she drew out a golden pin from her hair, a long and sharp pin, bearing for its head her cipher in brilliants, and she gave it to him, smiling.

But he, bowing low and then falling on his knee, offered her a box of red morocco leather, and when she opened it she saw a necklace of rubies of great splendour. The Princess flushed red, seeing that the gift was most costly. And she would fain have refused it, and held it out again to Lord Harry. But he turned swiftly away, and, bowing once more, withdrew. Then the Princess said to her brother "It is too costly."

The King, seeing how splendid the gift was, frowned a little, but then said,

"He must be a man of very great wealth. They are rich in England. I am sorry the gift is so great, but we cannot refuse it, without wounding his honour."

So the Princess set the ruby necklace with her other jewels, and thought for a day or two that Lord Harry was no wiser than other men, and then forgot him.

Now Lord Harry Culverhouse, on leaving the King's presence, had mounted his horse, which was a fine charger and splendidly equipped, and ridden alone out of Strelsau; for he had dismissed all his servants and despatched them with suitable gratuities to their own country. He rode through the afternoon, and in the evening he reached a village fifteen miles away; here he stopped at a cottage, and an old man came out and escorted him in. A bundle lay on the table in the little parlour of the cottage.

"Here are the clothes, my lord," said the old man, laying his hand on the bundle.

"And here are mine," answered Lord Harry. "And the horse stands ready for you." With this he began to

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pull off the fine clothes in which he had had audience of the King, and he opened the bundle and put on the old and plain suit which it contained. Then he held out his hand to the old man saying, "Give me the five crowns, Solomon, and our bargain is complete."

Then Solomon the Jew gave him five crowns and bade him farewell, and he placed the crowns in his purse and walked out of the cottage, possessing nothing in the world saving his old clothes, five crowns, and the golden pin that had fastened the ruddy hair of Princess Osra. For everything else that he had possessed, his lands and houses in England, his horses and carriages, his money, his clothes, and all that was his, he had bartered with Solomon the Jew, in order that he might buy the ruby necklace which he had given to Princess Osra. Such was the strange madness wrought in him by her face.

It was now late evening, and he walked to and fro all night. In the morning he went to the shop of a barber and, in return for one of his crowns, the barber cropped his long curls short and shaved off his moustaches, and gave him a dye with which he stained his complexion to a darker tint; and he made his face dirty, and soiled his hands and roughened the skin of them by chafing them on some flints which lay by the roadside. Then, changing a second crown, he bought a loaf of bread, and set off to trudge to Strelsau, for in Strelsau was Osra, and he would not be anywhere else in the world. And when he had arrived there, he went to a sergeant of the King's Guard, and prevailed on him, by a present of three crowns, to enlist him as a trooper, and this the sergeant, having found that Lord Harry could ride and knew how to use his sword, agreed to do. Thus Lord Harry became a trooper in the guard of King Rudolf, having for all his possessions, save what the King's stores afforded him, a few pence and the golden pin that had fastened the hair of Princess Osra. And nobody knew him, except Solomon the Jew, and he, having made a good profit, held his peace, both then and afterwards.

Many a day Lord Harry mounted guard at the Palace, and often he saw the King, with the Queen, ride out and back; but they did not notice the face of the trooper. And sometimes he saw the Princess also, but she did not look at him, although he could not restrain himself from looking at her; but since every man looked at her, she had grown accustomed to being gazed at and took no heed of it. But once she wore the ruby necklace, and the breath of the trooper went quick and eager when he saw it on her neck; and a sudden flush of colour spread over all his face, so that the Princess, chancing to glance at him in passing, and seeing the colour beneath and through the dye that stained him, was greatly astonished, and she reined in her horse for an instant and looked very intently at him; yet she rode on again in silence.

That evening there came to the quarters of the King's Guard a waiting-woman, who asked to see the trooper that had mounted guard at the west gate of the Palace that day; and when he came the woman held out to him a box of red morocco leather, saying, "It is for you."

But he answered, "It is not for me," and, turning away, left her. And this happened on three evenings. Then, on the fourth day, it was again his turn to mount guard at the Palace; and when he had sat there on his horse for an hour, the Princess Osra rode out from under the portico; she rode alone, and the ruby necklace was on her neck; and she said,

"I am going to ride outside the city by the river bank. Let a trooper follow me some way behind." And she signed with her hand to Lord Harry, and he rode after her through the streets, and out of the Western Gate; and they turned along the bank of the river. When they had gone three or four miles from the city, Osra halted, and beckoned to Lord Harry to approach her; and he came. But when she was about to speak to him and tell him that she knew him, a sudden and new madness came on him, and he seized her bridle, and dug his spurs deep into his horse's flanks, and bounded forward at a gallop. In alarm the Princess cried out, but he did not heed her. Along the bank they galloped: and when they met anyone, which happened seldom (for the place was remote, and it was now evening), he bade her cover her face, and she obeyed, twisting her lace handkerchief over her face. Thus they rode till they came at nightfall to a bluff of rock high above the stream. Here Lord Harry suddenly checked the horses, flung himself from his saddle, and bade the Princess dismount. And she obeyed, and stood facing him, pale with fear and apprehension, but wearing a proud and scornful air. And he cried,

"Is it not well you should die? For you live but to madden men, and drive them to sin and folly."

"Nay," said she, "to men of good heart, beauty leads to goodness. From yourself come the sin and the folly, my lord;" and she laid hold of the ruby necklace and broke the clasp of it, and flung it on the ground before him. But he took no heed of it, but seized her hand, and drew her to the edge of the bluff, saying,

"The world will be safer if I fling you down."

Then she looked in his face, and a sudden pity entered her heart, and she said very gently,

"Sit down, my lord, and let me put my hands on your brow, for I think you are in a fever."

And he sat down, all trembling and shaking, like a man with ague, and she stripped off her gauntlets, and took his forehead between her hands; and he lay there quiet with his head between her hands. And presently his eyes closed, and he slept. But Osra did not know what to do, for darkness had fallen, and she dared not leave him alone there by the river. Therefore she sat where she was, and in an hour, the night being fine and not cold, she grew weary, and her hands fell away from his brow, and she sank back on the green turf, pillowing her head on a curved arm, and there she slept with the mad lord by her, and the ruby necklace lying near them.

At midnight Lord Harry Culverhouse awoke, and saw Princess Osra sleeping peacefully with a smile on her lips, such as decks a child's in sleep. He rose and stood up on his feet, looking at her: and he heard nothing but the sound of the horses cropping the grass a little way off. Then he drew near her and gazed long on her face: and she opened her eyes and saw him; she smiled at him, and she said,

"Even here I am guarded by one of the gentlemen who guard me in the Palace." And she closed her eyes again and turned to sleep.

Then a shiver run through him. He dug his nails into the palms of his hands, and, turning, walked swiftly up and down on the bluff by the side of the river, while Osra slept.

And presently he fell on his knees beside her, and began to murmur in a rapid rush of words: but he did

SOLOMON THE JEW GAVE HIM FIVE CROWNS.

not now curse her beauty, but blessed God for it, and blessed Him also for the preservation of his own honour. Thus he spent the night till day was near; and then he bent over Osra, and looked once more on her: and he took up the ruby necklace and laid it lightly about her neck. And, feeling the touch of it, cool and wet from the dew, she again opened her eyes, and, putting her knuckles in them, she rubbed gently,

and she gasped a little yawn, saying, "Heigho, I am sleepy!" and sat up. And she said,

"Are you not sleepy, my lord?"

"I am on watch, madam," said Lord Harry Culverhouse.

As the Princess sat up, the ruby necklace fell from her neck into her lap. Seeing it, she held it up to him, saying,

"Take it again, and go to your own home. I am sure you gave too great a price for it."

He smiled, for she did not know how great the price was, and he asked,

"And must I, in my turn, give back the pin that fastened your hair?"

"No, keep the pin—it is worth nothing," she smiled. "Is it safe for me to go to sleep for a little longer?"

"Who would harm you, madame? Even I have not harmed you."

"You!" said she, with a little laugh. "You would not harm me."

And she lay down again and closed her eyes.

Then Lord Henry Culverhouse sat down on the ground and rested his chin on his knees, and clasped his hands about his shins, and he cursed himself bitterly not now because he meditated any harm to her—for his mad fury was past, and he would have died before a hair of her head should be hurt—but because of the evil that his wild and reckless madness had brought upon her. For he knew that soon there would be a pursuit, and that, if she and he were found there, it would become known who he was, and her fame would suffer injurious rumours by reason of what he had done. Therefore he made up his mind what he must next do, and he abandoned all the dreams that had led him into the foolish adventure on which he had embarked, and put from him the wickedness that had filled his heart when first he carried her to the bluff over the river. And he rose on to his knees, and prayed that if his deed were a sin—for it seemed to him rather a necessary thing—then that it might be forgiven, but that, in any case, no hurt or harm should befall the Princess Osra by reason of anything that he had done. Finally he commended his soul to God. And then he took the ruby necklace in his hand and holding it, walked to the edge of the bluff.

But at this instant the sound of the hoofs of a horse struck on his ear, and the sound was loud and close, and he had no more time than to turn round before a horse was reined in suddenly by him, and a man leapt from it and ran at him and grappled with him. And Lord Harry perceived that the man was the King. For when Osra did not return, search parties had been sent out, and the King himself headed one, and, having the best horse, and being urged on by love and fear for his sister, he had outridden all the rest and had chanced to come alone where Osra and Lord Harry were; and he gripped Lord Harry furiously, cursing him for a scoundrel and demanding what he had done to the Princess. Then Lord Harry said,

"Do you not know me, sire? I am Lord Harry Culverhouse!"

Greatly astonished, the King loosed his hold and fell back apace, for he could not understand what he heard, but yet knew the voice of his friend. Then, looking down, he beheld Osra sleeping peacefully as a child on the ground, with her cloak spread under her, that she might take no harm from the damp. And Lord Harry caught him by the arm, crying,

"Are the others coming after you?"

"Aye," said the King, "many others. The whole of the Guard are roused, and seek her high and low in the city and outside. But how came you here, man?"

Then Lord Harry told the King what he had done, speaking very briefly and hastily, but yet sparing nothing; and when he told him how he had carried off the Princess, the King's hand flew to the hilt of his sword. But Lord Harry said "Not yet," and continued to tell the King how Osra had pitied him, and how he had watched by her, and how she had slept again, bidding him keep the pin. Then glancing at Osra, he lowered his voice and spoke very quick and urgently, and the King held out his hand and shook Lord Harry's hand, asking "Is there no other way?" But Lord Harry shook his head; then he kissed the King's hand; and next he went and kissed Osra's hand very softly, and looked for the last time on her face, and he drew the golden pin from his purse and he put it gently and deftly among her hair. And he took the ruby necklace in his own hand and clenched it tight, and he said to King Rudolf,

"Sire, there are some in the city that knew me before, but have not known me since I have been in your Guard, because I have altered my face. Take care that you so alter it that they do not know me again."

Then the King's breath caught in his throat, for he had loved Lord Harry Culverhouse, and he asked again,

"Is there no other way?"

"Hark!" said the other, "I hear the horses of your Guard drawing near; I hear them to east and west and north; and do you not see shapes riding there to the south, across the river? If I ride from here alive, I shall be taken, and the truth must be known. For my sake and hers, strike, sire."

Then the King took Lord Harry Culverhouse by the arm and drew him to him, saying,

"Must it be so, Harry? And we have lived as friends together!"

"The sound of the hoofs is very near, sire."

The King drew himself up to his height, and he raised his hat from his head, and bowed low to Lord Harry Culverhouse, and he said,

"Now praise be to God for the restoration of this gentleman to a sound mind, and may Christ grant him mercy for the sake of his honourable death!"

And he drew his sword from its sheath, and came up to Lord Harry Culverhouse, who stood on the edge of the bluff. The King raised his sword and struck with all his strength, and the head split under the blow, and Lord Harry Culverhouse fell dead from the bluff into the river, holding the ruby necklace in his clenched hand. And the King shivered, and a short sob burst from him.

On this instant arose an eager glad cry, and twenty of the Guard rushed forward, greeting the King and rejoiced to see the Princess. And she, roused by the noise of their coming, sat up again, rubbing her eyes, and she cried,

"Where is he? Where is Lord Harry?"

And she looked round on the troopers, and they gazed on her, much astonished at hearing what she said. But Rudolf came to her and took her hand, saying,

"Why, Osra, you have been dreaming! There is no Lord Harry here. Lord Harry Culverhouse is far off in

HIS MAD FURY WAS PAST.

his own country. Did this rascal of a trooper frighten you?"

Her eyes grew wide in wonder; but before she could speak, he turned to the Guard, saying,

"By Heaven's pleasure I came in time to prevent any harm, except the loss of a necklace my sister wore. For as I rode up, I saw a fellow stooping down by her and fumbling with the clasp of her necklace. He was one of your troop, and had rode out behind her, and he must have carried her off by force: and now he was endeavouring to rob her, and as I rode up to him he sprang away from her, holding her necklace in his hand: and I leapt down from my horse and ran at him, and he retreated in fear. Then I drew my sword, and drove him back to the edge of the bluff: and then I split his skull, and he fell into the river, still holding the necklace. But, thanks to God, the Princess is not hurt. Let search be made for the fellow's body, for, perhaps, the necklace will be still in his hand."

But one cried, "How came they here?"

"Ah, sister," said the King, fixing his eyes on Osra, "how came you here?"

And she, reading in the King's eyes the answer that he would have, said,

"The trooper compelled me to come hither with him, and he threatened to kill me if I would not give him my necklace. But I refused: and then he drew a knife and menaced me with it, and I fell into a swoon, and knew no more until I awoke and found you here; and now I see that my necklace is gone."

"Bring her horse," the King commanded, "and ride in front and behind. We will return to the city at the best speed we may."

Then he mounted the Princess on her horse, and rode by her side, supporting her with his arm; and the troopers were some way off in front and behind. And the Princess felt the pin again in her hair, and, putting up her hand, she pulled it out, and she said,

"He has given me back my pin."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked the King.

"Of Lord Harry Culverhouse. Is he indeed dead, Rudolf?"

"Are you indeed still dreaming?" answered the King with a laugh. "What had that fellow to do with Harry Culverhouse?"

"But the pin?" she cried.

"My wife set it in your hair, before you started, for she wished to replace the one you gave to Lord Harry."

"She did not touch my hair to-day!" cried the Princess.

"Aye, but she did," said he.

The Princess suddenly fell to sobbing: and she said,

"Tell me the truth, tell me the truth. Surely it was in truth Lord Harry Culverhouse?"

Then Rudolf drew very close to her, and he said softly,

"Sweet sister, the noble gentleman whom we knew, he whom I loved, and who loved you in chivalrous deference, went from us two months ago. Be not troubled about him, for now all is well with him. But there was an unhappy man with you, who was not our Harry Culverhouse, and who had murderous and mad thoughts

in his heart. Yet, at the end, he also died as readily and as nobly as our dear friend himself would have died for your sake. I pray you ask no more of him, but be contented to know that though he died by the sword, yet he died in peace and willingly. But of our dear friend, as we knew him, think as much as you will, for the love of an honest gentleman is a good thing to think of."

The Princess Osra, hearing this, laid her hand in her brother's hand, and for a long while she did not speak. Then she said,

"But our friend will not come again, Rudolf?"

"No, you will never see our friend again," answered the King.

"Then when you see him—for I think you will see him once again—lay this pin in his hand, and bid him take and keep it for the sake of the love I bear him: perhaps he will hear you."

"It may be, I cannot tell," said the King.

"And if he has the necklace," said she, "pray him to give that to you, and sell it, Rudolf, and give the value of it in gifts to the poor. Yes, to all that are unhappy and afflicted, even as the poor man who was with me to-night."

"So be it, Osra," said the King, and he kissed her. But she burst again suddenly into passionate weeping, calling God to witness that her face was a curse to her and a curse to her friends, and praying the King to suffer her to take the veil in a convent, that she might trouble honest men no more. And thus he brought her in a sad plight to the Palace, and gave her into the arms of his wife, still sobbing bitterly. And he himself took the pin, and when the body of the mad trooper was found, with his own hand he covered the face, and put the pin in the hand from which he took the ruby necklace: and he sold the necklace, and used the proceeds of it as his sister had desired.

Thus the madness of Lord Harry Culverhouse, which was bred in him by the beauty of the Princess Osra, worked its way with him, and brought him first into peril of great villainy, and at last to death. And his name passed no more on the lips of any in Strelsau, nor between King Rudolf and his sister, while the story that the King had told to the troopers was believed by all, and none save the King knew what Lord Harry Culverhouse had done in his madness. But Osra mourned for him, and for a long while she would not go abroad, nor receive any of the princes or nobles who came to the Court, but lay still sick and full of grief, bewailing the harm that she had wrought. Yet, as time passed, she grew again happy, for she was young, and the world was sweet to her: and then, as King Rudolf had bidden her, she remembered Lord Harry Culverhouse as he had been before his madness came upon him. Yet still more did she remember how, even in his madness, he had done her no harm, but had watched beside her through the night, and had, as morning dawned, entreated death at the hands of the King, preferring to die rather than that the talk of a single idle tongue should fall foully upon her name. Therefore she mourned for him with secret tears.

But he, although no monument marked his grave, and although men spoke of him only as the mad trooper who had robbed the Princess, yet slept soundly and at peace: and his right hand lay clenched upon his heart, and in it the golden pin that had fastened the ruddy hair of Princess Osra.

YVETTE GUILBERT IN PARIS.

It was voted a terrible scandal when one lady-hostess, more adventurous than her sisters, engaged Yvette to sing at a *soirée*, and you remember what was said when the Minister of Fine Arts invited her to take her part in the programme drawn up for the amusement of his official guests, and how Coquelin—considering that the dramatic art was dishonoured by the proceedings—refused to act his little part in it. But all this is an old story now. Ladies have long since ceased to conceal their faces behind their fans when *décadent* ballads are trolled forth, and if prudish mammas beckon their daughters out of the drawing-room and send them to sip ices and sirops while Yvette is singing, they place themselves so as to be well within hearing.

Some romantic stories were circulated at first about Yvette Guilbert. It was said that she was engaged to a young fellow, and that her rapidly increasing fortune would serve to set them up as a humdrum married couple. From the first she exhibited a business-like capacity in the direction of her affairs. This, however, was no new thing. Bohemia now has a running account at its bankers, scents good investments, and does not throw money out of the window as it used to do. The fact was the young man from the country was a myth, or, if he ever existed, he has nothing in common nowadays with Yvette. No *petite bourgeoise* apparently lives a more quiet life than the star of Eldorado and the Ambassadeurs. She has built for herself a beautiful house in the suburbs, where there are not only parterres and pleasant grounds, but a big kitchen-garden and orchard, where she grows her own fruit and vegetables. There she resides in summer, when not touring in the provinces or elsewhere, driving to the *café chantant* every evening and back when her task is over—six songs, for which she is paid twenty dollars each. Yvette Guilbert makes about sixty thousand dollars a year in Paris alone, for during the season she will often sing at two or three places.

As I said, she does not court attention nor—in her private capacity—notoriety. When she appears in public, her demeanour is quiet and unobtrusive, and she never seems to mix in the gay circles of fast society. She has no female cronies. A few friends of her own will now and again be entertained at her country-house or in the elegant flat she occupies in the Avenue de Villiers; but you never read of brilliant entertainments being given there. The mansion in the avenue is one of the newest erections of that far-famed thoroughfare. It is a handsome building, with a broad *porte-cochère* and a court-yard beyond, decorated with trellis-work and ivy. You reach Mdlle. Guilbert's rooms by a gorgeous staircase painted white and ornamented in the Louis Quinze style. The carpet on the stairs is *en suite*, with its deep, rose-coloured ground and floral pattern. In the flat itself, everything is in excellent taste: the vestibule, out of which all the doors open—doors glazed with small panes, behind which are hung pale-green silk curtains—the drawing-room with its salmon-tinted furniture, the music-room where Yvette practises daily, and the rest. You might imagine yourself in a corner of the palace of Versailles, were it not for the carpet—the latest achievement of *décadent* art, which has huge yellow flowers on pale-green stalks, with big green leaves woven on a deep blue ground.

Yvette at home, slim, cool, gowned in "himmelbleu," her golden hair wound about a small head, well set on a slender throat, makes a pretty picture, I assure you. Yvette on the stage chanting ribald verse is quite another being, and, like her carpet, the latest achievement of *décadent* art.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I was sitting alone in the shop the other afternoon when in came a Turk from Constantinople, to present a letter of introduction from a native friend. He proved to be a bookseller who was making a brief trip over here, not to contrast our respective methods of doing business but simply because a recent earthquake had destroyed his shop in the Bazaar, and he was waiting until it pleased Fate to build him a fresh one. By the aid of his interpreter we got on fluently. He was a tall, well formed man, with handsome features, flowing grey beard, and a dignity of manner which contrasted very favourably with our English fidgetiness. We had some black coffee from the nearest "Mecca" (he seemed surprised—after he had tasted it—when I explained where it had come from) and a long chat about business in general.

* * * *

It appeared that my Turkish friend's day's work usually began about nine. Attended by his servant he went down to the Bazaar, and made that worthy bring out the stock in trade and display it to advantage. His principal books were alphabets; they cost about a shilling each, and were gorgeously illuminated with letters of scarlet and gold. Next to the alphabets his great standard work was the "Book of Jokes of Nasred-Din," of whom I had never even heard. He informed me that this popular Turkish author was a hodga (schoolmaster) of Koniah, whose reputation for fine old crusted jokes may be judged from the following sample: One night Nasred-Din was trying to draw a bucket of water from the well, but failed to do so. Looking up in despair, he saw the moon above him. Glancing down into the well, he saw the moon in his bucket. "Thanks be to Allah! he has put the moon in my bucket," he exclaimed, and tried to draw it up. I gather that this was a fair specimen of Turkish "New Humour."

* * * *

After superintending the exhausting work of arranging his stock, my friend Abdullah would take a cup of black coffee and a smoke—a narghileh or tchibouk. As a devout Mussulman, Abdullah, of course, repeated his Namaz (prayer) five times a day, and the customers had to wait until his devotions were finished. This they did as a matter of course. Imagine my customers wanting to catch a train and calling for me whilst I tranquilly performed my devotions in the back parlour behind the shop! Dinner was brought to him in the middle of the day, the finishing dish always consisting of pilaff, made of rice stewed in water with butter. Then came more black coffee, another tchibouk, and a nap. He would probably sell about a dozen books a day. If an Unbeliever wanted a religious book, Abdullah declined to sell it to him. All his books began where ours usually end, and the way to read them was from right to left and downwards from the top of the page, the book ending on page one of an English work. His hour for closing the shop was always eleven o'clock (Turkish) which is an hour before sunset.

* * * *

I gathered from Abdullah's explanations that he never did anything in a hurry. He said that he found the Fast of Ramazan rather interfered with business when there was anything like a rush for alphabets. This fast was a movable one, and sometimes took place in summer, sometimes in winter. It continued for a month. The last meal was always eaten an hour before sunrise. It was forbidden to eat when the eye could distinguish the difference between a black and a white thread. He said that he found this fast rather trying, as nothing passed his lips after sunrise until the sunset guns were fired from all the batteries. Folk could then fall to with a clear conscience, and eat and drink as much as they liked. He also admitted that people sometimes went so far as to sit round their little Turkish tables with their spoons in their hands, waiting for the guns to sound. Abdullah went away, vowing that I got through more business in a couple of hours than he did in a year, and seemed to consider it rather niggardly that I didn't give each customer a cup of coffee before he left the shop. When I want a holiday I shall go and help Abdullah keep shop. It will be a complete rest; but I shall not go during Ramazan.

* * * *

I am informed that the monthly issue of the "Scott Library" will be resumed by Messrs. Walter Scott, Limited, on the 5th August, with a selection of "Vasari's Lives," edited by Mr. Havelock Ellis. This will be followed by a volume representative of Lessing's prose (a new translation by Mr. W. B. Rönnfeldt), containing, besides the Laocoon essay, those portions of the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" of most contemporary interest, and the "Education of the Human Race." A translation will follow by Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema of Maeterlinck's two plays, *Pelleas and Melisanda* and *The Sightless.* At the request of M. Maeterlinck a new song has been substituted in Act III. of *Pelleas* for the song which appeared in the original play.

* * * *

I am a constant reader of the "Occ. Poets," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, although at times I find their amorous gyrations a little confusing in the serene atmosphere of the shop; but I must confess that the following lines, in the issue of the 30th July, rather puzzle me. Can anyone tell me what they mean, or whether they are even grammatical?

> "Oh, in April what unrest
> Stirs the swallow's sea-borne breast
> For some love of old and golden,
> Where pale orchards bloom unfolden!"

I think I could do almost as well myself:—

> Oh, in August, let me stop—
> August fifth—away from shop;
> Now that I am getting olden,
> By the waves my *Times* unfolden,
> Till the merry Margate train
> Bears me back to Town again.

* * * *

I hear that Mr. Joseph Hocking's new novel, "All Men are Liars," which has been running through the *New Age*, will be published in book form by Messrs. Ward Lock in September. Mr. Hocking is now busily engaged on his new serial for the *Christian World*, "The Man with the Muck Rake." The title has a Bunyany ring about it.

* * * *

A customer has brought me back "Poems of Paganism," and wants to know whether the gentleman was bald, and if the bride wore canvas for a wedding-dress. This is the stanza to which he refers:

> We part in passion still unsatisfied,
> Leaving the sunlit shores of hope behind:
> You with the snow-white canvas of a bride,
> And I with bare pole bending to the wind.

I really don't know anything about poetry. It would appear to be a case for the prompt intervention of hair restorer and a decent costumier. There's another little book I'm also selling ("Spretæ Carmina Musæ") which seems to sing along very sweetly. Here's one short poem to "Madonna Mia":—

> Dearest, your life is set so far above,
> All help of mine, or any need of me,
> Being so good and sweet, and could not be
> More noble or more happy for my love.
>
> That though I have no hope to keep me true,
> My life is changed not, nor unfaithful grown—
> Sweet, I could only win you for my own,
> Did you more need me, or I less need you.

A very proper frame of mind for a young man to be in! I hope he'll remember it when they're happily married.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I have just been amusing myself by reading some of the correspondence in the ladies' papers. Some of the love affairs seem involved enough to furnish matter for a three-volume novel. But can you imagine the heroine of a love story writing to the editor of a newspaper to help her to decide how to act, which of two lovers to accept, or whether to dismiss an uncomfortable, jealous, bad-tempered aspirant or keep him on. It is the same with other topics on which they ask advice.

They would appear to have no mind of their own on the matters that most nearly concern them. They write most affectionately to a perfect stranger, and beg of her to decide for them what autumn frocks and coats they shall buy, how they shall furnish their drawing-rooms, what bills of fare they shall arrange for next week's dinners, and what they shall give their husbands for breakfast.

Some of them want to know how they ought to spend their incomes; what proportion of it to give for rent, how many servants they should keep, what their children's schooling shall cost, what their housekeeping bills should amount to every week, and how much they ought to expend upon dress. "Can I afford a carriage?" asks one of these limp and invertebrate beings, to whom the possession of an income of some few hundreds would appear to be too heavy a responsibility to bear all alone. I think, if I had one, that I should know what to do with it. I only wish I had the chance to try.

I read in a fashion article the following: "May I ask ladies and gentlemen who dye their hair to leave off doing so at least one month before going to the sea? Sea air shows up the dye most alarmingly, and though shot materials are all the fashion, shot hair can hardly be said to be pretty." Is not that nice? What a lovely idea it would be to have shot hair to match our shot silk gowns? It might be developed into something very charming. As it is, I know some very pretty hair that is shot silver and gold.

Silk stockings are cheap! Good news for those who find this luxury almost indispensable, yet have not over-crowded purses. I bought some capital ones at 4s. 6d. the other morning. Black hose are still more fashionable than those of any other sort, and I hope it may long be so; they are so very becoming to the feet.

The blouse bodice gives a deceptive air of looseness to some figures. A lady was observed to drop her sunshade in Piccadilly the other morning, and to make sundry sidelong efforts to stoop and pick it up. She could not manage it, though she turned a lively purple in the effort. A young man picked it up and handed it to her, with a significant glance at her waist. But it was all looseness and accordeon-pleats. Why suffer the pain of tight corsets without the reward of what a certain novelist entitles a "jimp" waist?

In an omnibus the other day an elderly woman sitting opposite me let fall a coin, and, stooping after it, she suddenly groaned and pitched forward on the opposite seat. We raised her up, and she soon got all right again, and after a while confidentially informed me that her dress was rather tight. I should think it was. She very narrowly escaped having a fit, and very likely, after all, the difference in the circumference of her waist amounted to no more than half an inch. Was it worth while?

That is what I always think about tight shoes. Is there anything more painful, except perhaps toothache? And yet the difference in the apparent size of the feet cannot amount to much. Then why pinch the poor things up, ruin all grace of gait and store up capital for Nemesis to pay out dividends on some day?

I saw a sweet young man limping along Piccadilly so prettily one very hot morning this season. "Tight boots," I decided mentally, and felt sure I was right when he stopped to knock the back of the heel of the foot on the ground. That was with the idea of pushing the boot forward, and thus giving the cramped toes more room. His limp was very beautiful, with such a lovely drawl in it; but the expression of his face might have matched that of the historic North-country attorney, who "stood in t' middle of t' road and swoor at lairge."

PARIS TEAGOWN.

The pretty little teagown from which the sketch is taken was seen at the Ladies' Dress Association, New Bond Street. The material is mignonette-green crêpon, relieved in front with accordeon-kilted cream-coloured surah. The sleeves are also in the surah. A very handsome cream-and-gold passementarie borders the deep collar and revers, as well as the falling sleeves, and also forms the pointed belt.

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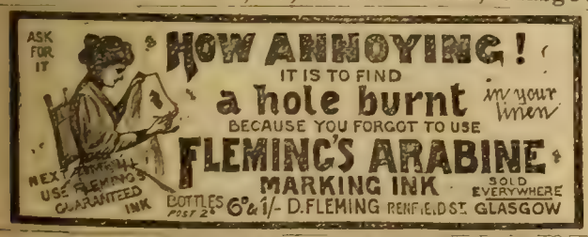

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SUMMER NUMBER OF "TO-DAY,"

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(SEE ADVERTISEMENT PAGE 44.)

Please notice what a pretty coiffure this is, the three rolls of hair and the knot at the back being quite Greek in character.

Your affectionate

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Beginner.—It will do quite nicely. Let the skirt be as long as possible.

Novice.—It is a garnish for made dishes. Rather expensive, you know! Costs half a crown a bottle, which contains half a pint, or so. At a friend's house the other day I tasted it made into a lovely sauce. She had had some left over from an entrée, and had it cooked in brown gravy, and served hot with beefsteak.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Now that strawberries are over, it is well to know of a substitute. "Wyvern" says that strawberry jam works well with bananas, and that if a spoonful of cream be added a "delicious first cousin of strawberries and cream" is produced, though the colour—a dullish blend of red and buff—may at first excite prejudice. In order to completely ripen the bananas it is a good plan to hang them in the warm air of the kitchen for a time. When quite ripe each banana parts easily from the thick stem to which it is attached.

French Rolls.—Dry as thoroughly as possible one pound of the very finest flour, into which put a saltspoonful of moist sugar, one of finely powdered saffron, and a teaspoonful of salt. Rub into it four ounces of butter. Boil one pint of milk, and, when it has a little cooled, stir into it a lump of yeast (half an ounce), and the yolks of two eggs. Add it gently to the flour at first, but, when all is united in one bowl, knead it well for twenty minutes, after which put it near the fire to rise, and leave it for about one hour. Knead it a little more before forming it into narrow three-inch rolls. Bake them in tins in a brisk oven until they are nicely crisped and a good colour; three quarters of an hour should be ample. Split them while hot, and butter them.

Marinaded Mackerel.—Choose three medium-sized fish, and, after well washing them, lay them whole in a deep dish, adding one breakfastcupful of vinegar, half as much water, a little salt, pepper (whole) both black and red, a few mustard seeds and cloves, three bay leaves, three shalots, three lumps of sugar, one ounce of butter, one lemon sliced (peel to be kept on), one tablespoonful of grated parsley, one of chopped celery, two red capsicums (crushed and peeled), one tablespoonful of fennel and seakale mixed. Cover the fish very closely, and bake them in a moderate oven for one hour; then sprinkle a few baker's raspings over them, and, on the top of all, put the choicest little leaves of a lettuce. Re-cover the dish, and when the latter are nicely done through it is ready to serve. If not to be used till cold, the marinade should be put away without removing the lid.

Rabbit Pie. — Choose the plumpest and most youthful animal possible, and do all that is necessary in the way of cleaning, etc. Then chop it into convenient pieces, but do not use any of its internal arrangements. Put the pieces into a deep dish, seasoned with salt and a dessertspoonful of mixed spice, three carrots, three shalots, three spring onions, three turnips, the root of a celery, some parsley, and one or two truffles, according to size, all finely chopped or sliced. To make the gravy, pour in one teacupful of boiling water, one tumbler of Madeira, or claret, if fancied, then all round on the top of everything put tiny forcemeat balls. Cover the dish with a good rich light crust, and bake the pie until cooked through. Serve with it red currant jelly sauce, or the jelly itself, *au naturel*, in little rough lumps, and put on slices of lemon.

Roast Lobster.—Put rather a large lobster on to boil, but before it is quite done through take it up, and remove the shell, without, if possible, disfiguring the fish. Dredge it all over with ground mace and cayenne. Place it on a deep dish before a clear fire, and baste it the whole time it is cooking with melted butter. When it is sufficiently—that is very delicately browned—remove it into the dish proper, and throw into the one it has been roasted in one wineglass of claret and one of good rich meat gravy. Let it boil up well, stirring the whole tin Pour it over the fish, and serve directly. Garnish with ti lettuce leaves.

Squab Pie.—Peel and cut into thickish slices sufficient app to cover the bottom of a large deep dish, sprinkle them wi a little ground cinnamon, cloves, lemon-peel, and sugar; th put a layer of any sort of raw meat you like, or differe sorts, if preferred, cut into three inch squares, and dust well with salt, pepper, grated parsley, and onions. The ne layer must be composed of potatoes slit in halves, also dredg with salt and pepper. Now make the gravy by well whis ing together half a pint of boiling milk with half the quanti of any red wine that may be at hand. Pour it in, and cov all with a rich short crust, an inch thick, and bake it for tw hours and a half.

Among other things that "Trilby" has made fashionable America is the dish of bouillabaisse of which the Laird was wo to sing. A Transatlantic cook has adapted the rather impossib original dish to the tastes of his countrymen, and adopts t following recipe:—Purchase head and shoulders of nice cod; bon Cut into thin slices one large or two small onions and one gre hot pepper. Put four teaspoonfuls of olive oil in a soup kettl fry until a good light brown; then add one and a one-half quar of stock, made same as in chowder, from bones taken from co Cut into quarters three nice potatoes, put them in the soup wi one cup of tomato. Take the most solid portion from the car add one bay leaf, stalk of celery cut into pieces, a tablespoonf of salt and a dash of pepper. Cover and simmer for one hou Add codfish, cut into pieces one inch square. Cook ten minut longer, serve in tureens with pieces of toasted bread.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—When the war horse of Scripture eard afar off the noise of the battle, the thunder of the aptains, and the shouting he somewhat derisively and nconsequently remarked, "Ha, ha!" But then he asn't a taxpayer. You are. So am I. And when nere is blood in the air, I don't feel inclined to be inny.

In that extremely moderate, staid, and highly respectble organ, the *Observer*, of Sunday last, I read that the time has come for a clearing up of the principal utstanding difficulties between England and France."

This is solemn and ominous language. For the "diffiulties" alluded to grow and multiply day by day. At his moment an English fleet has gone to "demonstrate" f the coast of Morocco, a principality on which the rench have always had an eye. They want to increase heir North African Empire, and add Morocco to lgiers. They have said so openly. If our "demonration" develops into anything so serious as a landing force and a temporary occupation, a very grave difficulty" will arise.

Without going into obscure questions regarding the terior of Africa, another difficulty faces us in Egypt. Ve invited the French to go there with us. They fused; we went alone; and they, like super-honourable iots, permitted a modified control of the country. rench jealousy wont permit them to act on the square. ur rule has been a blessing and a boon. The country solvent. Its debt is gradually being wiped out. here is a big surplus from taxation. But we cannot duce the taxes because the French won't consent. oner or later the surplus will become unmanageable, nd will force us, in the interest of the taxed, to insist the French being sensible. Here is another very rious difficulty indeed.

In Siam the French are neglecting their Treaty obliations. They knew what they could do with a man ke Lord Rosebery, and they did it. But Siam very close to India, in the neighbourhood of hich we have never brooked a rival. Sooner or later, ey will have to be told that in Asiatic affairs England the predominant partner.

Finally, in China our interests abruptly conflict. The assacre of missionaries has brought things to a head, nd to-day in every European chancellerie there is nxiety and apprehension.

Taking the missionary question quite apart from her considerations, my views are particularly clear. he habits, manners, and morals of the Chinese are lthy, depraved, and disgusting. It is almost an abuse terms to say that they have any "religion" at all. bsolute fatalism tempered by demoralised idolatry is ot a faith. It is an enervating futility. Considering e number of centuries during which the Chinese have njoyed a measure of civilisation they are more nphatically heathens than the worst and wildest vages. And is it not to the heathens that the ospel bids us preach? I have no patience with those ho say that our missionaries have no business in heir midst. The little moralist, like the Little Englander, ould prefer to sit at home till everybody drank nothing ut a little water from the parish pump. Empires and eligions are not made like this. It is something to die r your flag; but it is better still to die for your God. Rule Britannia" is a great song, but "Thy will be one!" is a greater.

When our missionaries go out to the remote places f the earth and teach to the most degraded peoples the blime truths of Christianity, in the name of our God nd in the name of our Queen their lives must be held cred. There are no two ways about it. We don't ant an indemnity, a fine in money, a trial, and the execution of one or two miserable offenders. We want, and must have from the Chinese, an absolute guarantee and security for the safety of our people.

And there is only one way in which we can get it.

China is habitually spoken of as a nation, but, as a fact, it is not. Its huge population is vastly diversified and loosely held together. The Chinese of the South, the Centre, and the North speak different languages. They can't understand one another, and for trade purposes converse in that weird, wild, and wonderful dialect "Pigeon-English." Their government is practically tribal. The mandarins of each particular district are nominally responsible to Pekin, but, as we have recently seen in the case of Li-Hung-Chang during the Japanese war, Pekin has no power whatever to impose its authority on the local chiefs. When a local manderin incites or permits a massacre we apply to Pekin for redress. Pekin is profuse in apologies, and, rather than risk a war, pays a fine. Meantime, things go on as before, and no good is done. We revolve in a vicious circle of irresponsibility. The difficulty will become more acute now that the Chinese have been compelled by the Japanese to throw open a certain portion of the Empire to international trade. Pekin grants the right. But Pekin can't enforce it. The local mandarin will cheerfully murder the enterprising trader, and Pekin will be called on more frequently to pay. This is all. This condition of things cannot continue. And, singularly enough, neither can an internal reform be permitted. The inertia of China has hitherto been her safeguard. She lay and festered and rotted, and nobody was much the worse. But if, stimulated by fear, a really energetic Emperor, a superior to Li-Hung-Chang, arose, what would be the result? Numbers of Cosmopolitan military adventurers would be imported, vast hordes of fighting tribes would be disciplined and armed with magazine rifles, Maxim guns would be imported by thousands, a really warlike spirit might be kindled, and, just as the swarms of Zingis Khan and Attila overran Europe ages ago, so again might an ambitious Mongol Emperor send three or four million first-class highly organised troops to the conquest of India, Persia, and Russia. Numbers remember are nothing to China. When once the idea of organisation took root it is impossible to say what might not happen.

Very well, then. Directly the dread of any such thing spread to Europe the white races would have to prepare to defend themselves against the yellow. And the quickest way would be to hit the yellow man hard before he was ready for the blow. In plain English, the nations most concerned, ourselves, the Russians, and the French would have to cut up China amongst us. This sounds a large order. But it is inevitable, and is nearer than you suppose. The Japanese have proved how readily it can be done. We cannot let such an energetic people as the Japs organise China as a menace to Europe. We cannot let the present reign of turmoil, anarchy, and massacre continue. There is nothing before us, therefore, but an appeal to arms. We could very easily settle the question with our army from India, but directly we started on the job, what would be said by Russia and France. This is the gravest of all the "difficulties."

That the Japanese, or the Chinese themselves, will force our hand in the far East is certain. If we join hands with the Russians and the French in the Orient we cannot refuse our friendship at home. If we are allied to them at home we are opposed to the Triple Alliance, which is the only guarantee against an overwhelming European war. If in the interest of European peace we join the Triple Alliance we tie our hands in China, where neither Germany, Austria, nor Italy have any material interest, and where they naturally would not care to spend blood and treasure for our benefit. Equally, in making terms with us, the French in the interests of national vanity, would very probably say,

we will go with you into China, if you will come out of Egypt. And this we could not do.

The Americans have already dispatched a naval force capable of landing a thousand men to the Yellow River, and we can't be behind-hand. The news of fresh outrages comes from China every day. At any moment we may have to take action without waiting for treaties. Meanwhile in both Armenia and Bulgaria smouldering fires are alight. The Czar, sick of his own Beaurocracy, has gone into retirement, the hopes of reform and freedom in Russia are dead, the governing class is in the ascendant, and, as you know, it has invariably pursued the policy of embarking on a foreign war whenever it wanted to divert the thoughts of its people from revolution. Mr. Gladstone has come out on the warpath in the interests of Oriental Christians. Prince Ferdinand is afraid to go home; there is a general seething and simmering in the pan; and it will be very remarkable indeed if somehow the fat does not get into the fire.

I have entered into all this at some length, because I want the Party on which my hopes for the future are fixed, the young Democratic Party, to look a little outside the area of the parish for its political information. The disestablishment of the Church in Wales and the draining of the Ballyscorthy Bog are beautiful things in themselves, but they do not make for Empire, for the bigness and largeness of view that has made England great.

We have had enough of one man one drink, and shorter hours for lady barbers; we have got to think, as Englishmen, of the glorious imperial inheritance which is ours to hold and keep,

Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

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"TO-DAY"

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

'Ankin's noo debitin' club as bin give up. It ain't a goin' on. It bust lawst Sat'dy. I wornt ackshally at the meetin' myself, through nort thinkin' of it good enough, but all the rest on 'em was theer. It were a pity that Ike 'ad bin fined the dye afore for wanton driving, when 'is 'bus were standin' still hall the time, and the copper were drunk, and 'e'd gort witnesses to prove it. It were a pity, pawtly because it were a injustice, and pawtly because it drove Ike ter drinkin' of old rum that free and promisc'us as were barnd ter do 'awm. In course it ain't easy ter mike a speech aginst the 'Ouse of Lords when ole Ike is standin' on the tible a singin' as 'ow 'is golden 'air is 'anging darn 'is beck, or words ter that effeck. It were disturbin', yer see. I don't sye as 'Ankin weren't right ter call 'im ter order. Jekson, whort's a strong Tory and no pertic'lar friend ter 'Ankin, says as 'Ankin was right in doin' of it, on'y 'e said it naustier nor 'e need 'ave said it. Any 'ow some on 'em took one voo and some on 'em took another. Arter that, theer was a bit of a general barney. They was all of 'em chucked art, and they sye as they won't loan thet room ter no more debitin' clubs. As I've said ter 'Ankin, thet debitin club were stawtid wrong. I'm one as berlieves in takin' things easy myself. You cawn't staut a debitin' club and put Ike inter it, and then tike things easy. Ike ain't a man as 'ull let yer. And when I says that, I ain't altergether a condemnin' of Ike. 'E's a man whart 'as 'is dyes. On the dyes when 'e's all right, Ike's as right as any man; but on the dyes when 'e ain't there's nobody as ain't it more. Still, tikin' it byg and lawge, I wouldn't start no debitin' club at all. Give me one threepennorth and quietness, and I'm 'appy. Argyin' on'y leads ter diff'runces, and it ain't joodishus ter go encouragin' of it. Theer's 'Ankin nar, wearin' of a shide over 'is left peeper, and 'is ole missus ain't pleased, and when she ain't pleased you can tike my wud fur it as she lets 'Ankin know it. And 'is club is bust, and 'e ain't none the better fur it. Well, theer's some as 'ont learn, and yer cawn't teach 'em, and 'Ankin's one of 'em. When 'e's on 'is feet gassin' abart the prolyteryit and the darn-trodden wukkin' man, and hall the rest of it, 'Ankin's satersfied. Ho, its 'is talinks, yer know. 'E's gort talinks, and yer cawn't deny it. It's jest as if they 'ad ter come art, sime as the measles. 'E's got ter mike speeches somewheer, or else 'e cawn't live. That's whort led 'im inter this 'ere debitin' club, and it 'ull lead 'im inter wus trouble afore 'e's done.

* * * *

The twelfth o' Horgist is come and gone, but if yur shud see it annarnced in the fashernable pipers as I'm a shootin' grarse on Lord Thingamy's moors in the North o' Hingland, yer can tike it from me as it's a herror. Me and missus is detined in tarn, unavoidable, throo Lunnon being empty, and us not wishin' as the Shawzawder shud feel 'isself tew solit'ry. Halso, in spite of the 'ole plice bein' a 'owling wildernes my 'bus is runnin' as yoshal jest fur the look o' the thing, and I cawn't bring myself ter leave it. Hif the fashernable pipers wants the strite tip as ter whort I'm going ter do, I means ter try fer a foo dyes at Mawgit next week. I dunno whort the grarse prospec's is in thet distric', nor I don't keer, but I berlieve as the shootin'-gelleries is still hopun and patterinized by a lawge and 'ighly fashernable hassembly. I'm likewise given to hunderstand as the sea is still theer—bein', like myself, unible ter git awye fur the grarse shootin'.

:OW RACE HORSES ARE TRAINED.

Of the thousands of persons who attend any of our eat racecourses on any of the days when a great ake is down for decision, there are few who know nything of the worry and labour, the great amount of rill and patience, it requires to bring the candidates or such an event to the post in perfect condition. The verage spectator sees nothing but the shining coat of he horse, the gay jackets of silk or satin which adorn he jockey, and the thousands of pleasure seekers who, ke himself, take an outing on such occasions. It is nly the trained eye of the horseman, backed by years of xperience, which ripen the judgment and make it sound, hat absorbs at a glance all the work that represents nonths of careful preparation on the part of the rainer.

It is in some quarters held that anybody can train ace horses, but this idea is most fallacious, and those who advance it have nothing more sound on which to ase their claims than the fact that one or two phenomenal horses made reputations for men who had in their employ helpers who afterward came to the front and made reputations for themselves as horsemen. It stands to reason that to become a trainer of the highest rank requires no uncommon amount of skill, a thorough knowledge of horses as individuals, and the ability to discriminate. What would be sufficient work for one horse would kill another, and it is this ability to make fine distinctions that has been characteristic of most, if not indeed of all, the men who have taken foremost rank as trainers of thoroughbreds in this country and abroad. Some horses require twice as much work as others, and they will not show in their best form unless they get it. A horse that is capable of eating with a relish fourteen quarts of oats each day will stand, and even demand, twice as much drilling as a poor feeder whose daily ration is only eight quarts. The gross, vigorous stallions and colts and the weak, weedy mares and fillies are treated alike by some men, but a trainer that prepares all of his horses by the same formula wins few races, and there are none of this stamp to be found at the top of the ladder in their profession.

It is with many doubts and misgivings that a man takes a dozen or fifteen horses in the fall to winter them and to prepare them for the campaign of the following year. The labours during the winter are comparatively light, but there is always something to do, something calling for the exercise of care and judgment. A colt may have a bunch on one of his ankles, or there may be a suspicion of a splint or a ringbone that will demand attention, or one of the older division may have an ailing tendon or a diseased foot. The necessity for blistering or firing may arise, and the best thing under the circumstances must be done, as delays may only aggravate the trouble and render it incurable.

Again, his charges may be put away for the night as sound and well as at any time since he took them under his care, and in the morning one of the best of the youngsters may be lame in the shoulder or in the stifle. He may have wrenched himself while at play, or, perhaps, as is often the case when stalls are not properly made, he may have become "cast" in rolling, and in striving to get out of the trouble strained one of the muscles of shoulder or quarter. This all means labour and the closest study on the part of the trainer. There is always the regular amount of work under cover of the sheds, on the tan or straw ride, to be done in order that the flesh accumulated during the winter months may be hard and compact, for when the real work outside on the track comes the flesh must not melt away like snow before a July sun.

It is when the actual work of preparing to get the money begins that the trainer is face to face with doubt and anxiety every day. The work at first upon the track must necessarily be slow, as nobody but a poor sportsman would dream of asking his horses for anything approaching best speed until the muscles and the lungs have been prepared to withstand the strain upon them. Slow work at the trot and canter is then the watchword for the first two or three weeks, and even a month.

Out of bed at three or four o'clock, if the mornings are not too cold for his horses—the trainer must not consider himself or his comforts, for it is a life of sacrifice—the first string is trotting and cantering shortly after the break of day. This is especially true of some trainers in the summer time, as the one endeavour then is to escape the glare and heat of the sun, which is so wasting to thoroughbreds. The two-year-olds are marshalled in line, and trotted and cantered before being prepared for the faster work in pairs. The exercising lads receive their instructions, and, watch in hand, the trainer stands to take their time when they break away from a point designated. If the pace is too fast he must caution them by holding up his hat or his hand; if too slow, a wave of the hand sends the two-year-olds bounding more swiftly than before over the soft, loose surface, and when the trial is over the helpers must receive their instructions as to bandaging, cooling out, and the half-dozen other mysteries of the art. Perhaps one of the youngsters pulls up lame, and in nine cases out of ten it will surely be the best one in the string. The seat of the trouble must be located, and it is not unlikely a small stone, picked up at flying speed, and pressed into the tender portion of the frog, is responsible for the soreness. The feet are carefully washed out, and the crevices of the frog cleaned. It may be something more serious, however; a stone may have been trodden upon in that fast gallop, and the ankle may have been wrenched. The owner of that colt may have had aspirations of winning some great prize with him, and the trainer, having the interests of his employer at heart, was undoubtedly bending every energy to get the two-year-old in the best possible condition for his engagements, taking care to have him right, but not overdone, trained to the hour without a chance of staleness.

Now come days or weeks, and perhaps months, of the nursing wherein skill is demonstrated and when the fallacy of anybody being able to train race horses is unmistakable. The sceptic may say: "Why not call in a vet. and hold him responsible for the future condition of the horse?" Any veterinary surgeon who knows his business will tell you that more than half the success of any treatment is in the application and care of the patient and the injured parts. It may happen that half-a-dozen of the horses in the same string are ailing or lame. Some were on the point of breaking down the previous autumn, but they hobbled into winter quarters, and the trainer is expected to get them ready for a race in the spring. Perhaps the horse may be pointed for one especial event where the value of the stakes would repay a thousandfold for the care and expense of preparation, or perhaps the returns from an expected raid on the betting ring, in case of success, would be far more than enough to reimburse owner and trainer for anything they might do to get the horse to the post. There are instances on record where horses spent the greater portion of their time for weeks before a race in the soaking tub, the sore tendons being laved with warm water to keep down inflammation or treated to a douche of cold water to tighten the ligaments that had been injured and gave the poor brute such torture when they were strained by racing at speed. Horses have had their tendons and ankles frozen by applications of ice piled round about their legs as they stood in the tubs. Salt water is a famous cure for the gouty and ailing legs of thoroughbreds. Thousands of horses have been brought to the post by this and the other means at the command of men of intelligence. The use of cocaine, ether, and other drugs to deaden pain is not so general now as it was in former years, and it is rarely seen in the stable of a master of the art.

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At a time when Consols give but little over 2 per cent., when Corporation Stocks are not more than ½ per cent. better, when it is difficult to get a sound Railway Debenture that yields higher interest, and some of the best of the Industrial Shares are at prices which return only a trifle over 4 per cent, a share that carries 5 per cent. in a very sound concern may be recommended. We have such an investment in the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of R. and J. Pullman, Limited, a company brought out last week to acquire as a going concern the business of Messrs. R. and J. Pullman, leather-dressers, etc.

The firm in question was founded nearly 150 years ago, has traded under its present title since 1841, has never left the family of the founders, and has always been prosperous. Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols and Company give a certificate which shows that the present position of the business is highly satisfactory, and that upon the basis of last year's profit the net income covers the amount required for the preference shares more than six times over. As it is not intended to create any debenture issue, and the business will remain under the managing supervision of the Messrs. Pullman, we think we are warranted in saying that the preference shares of R. and J. Pullman are a desirable investment for those of our many readers who, with only comparatively a small surplus to play with, wish to know of investments that give them something like fair interest for their money, with security that should satisfy the most timorous.

R. and J. Pullman, Limited, is brought out by Mr. W. Mendel, of the firm of Messrs. Andre Mendel and Co., a gentleman who, during the past two years, has brought out a number of industrial companies of the best class. As letters we are constantly receiving satisfy us that many of our readers are interested in one or other of these companies, and they complain that they cannot find the shares of most of them quoted, they may thank us for giving the current quotations.

Name of Company.	Ord.	Pref.
Harrod's Stores	$3\frac{11}{16}$, $\frac{13}{16}$ ex div.	
D. H. Evans and Co.	$2\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{5}{16}$.	$1\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{5}{16}$.
J. R. Roberts and Co.	$1\frac{3}{8}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$.	1, $1\frac{1}{16}$.
Crisp and Co.	$1\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$.	1, $1\frac{1}{16}$.
Louise and Co.	$1\frac{1}{32}$, $\frac{3}{32}$.	$\frac{7}{8}$, 1.
Ben Evans and Co.	$1\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{3}{16}$.	
R. and J. Pullman	$1\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$.	$1\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{3}{16}$.

It will be seen that all these shares are at a premium, and if we take the par value of the whole of them, and the present market value, we shall find that whilst the par value amounts to £1,120,000, the present market value, giving round figures, is no less than £1,512,000, or an increase of £392,000. And it must be remembered that this is a genuine improvement upon merits. It is easy enough in these days to run up a mining share—if the company happens to belong to a certain section of the mining market—to almost any premium, pretty well irrespective of intrinsic value. But there are none of these market manipulations with industrial shares such as those with which we are dealing here. They move slowly but steadily upwards upon investment demand, and upon worth.

Mr. Mendel may well be proud of his connection with these companies.

ROOKS AND PIGEONS.

A correspondent who writes from Mexborough, Yorkshire, sends us an advertisement cutting which covers a quarter of the page of the newspaper in which it appears, and is inserted, apparently, by the "Surefoot" Society, of 173, Strand, W.C. The "Surefoot" Society runs what it calls "Surefoot's Safe System of Turf Investment," and our correspondent wants to know if he should join it. He writes :—

> I never bet, and know nothing of horse-racing, but times are bad, and I should be pleased to avail myself of a means of increasing my somewhat slender income.

It would seem that our correspondent is a small tradesman, or something of the kind. "Times are bad," and they are to be mended, as he is inclined to think, by taking advantage of the Surefoot Safe System of Turf Investment!

What then is this system that is to help the impecunious to comparative competence? It is, to quote the advertisement—

> A system of speculation upon the Turf, which has been discovered by myself, and successfully worked during the years 1894-95, by independent investigators, with favourable results from one end of the season to the other.

Does it not occur to our correspondent, and to others like him, that if this man had discovered a system by which money can be made upon the turf "from one end of the season to the other" that he would be content to work it on his own behalf? Does our correspondent think that men who insert advertisements of the kind he sends us in newspapers are philanthropists bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, moved by the one desire to help their less fortunate follow-creatures? He may take it from us that if times are bad he will not mend them by sending money to "Surefoot," and others of his class.

Another correspondent, who signs himself "Canny Newcassel," and hails from Newcastle-on-Tyne, sends us the following amusing effusion :—

> I am rather hard up just at present, and want to make money. What do you think of the enclosed? I see the unallotted balance is only £1,250. If you will kindly lend me that amount, and the scheme turns out all right, I will gladly pay you interest at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum.

The "enclosed" is a printed communication from the Co-operative Bureau of St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, headed "Special and Important." It is a cunning bait for fools. We take the liberty of making some extracts. The circular begins :—

> In order to avail ourselves to the utmost of an unprecedented opportunity that offers itself to establish closer business relations with our clients and correspondents, and to secure a greater popularity for our system among the investing public, we have this day entered into an arrangement with the London Stock and Share Association, whereby each and every depositor will receive from the Association an official guarantee, bearing a Government stamp, covering and doubly protecting each deposit both as to principal and interest.

"Doubly protecting" gets pretty near the height of impudence. But this double protection is not sufficient for the conscientious and generous persons who run the Co-operative Bureau. The "operation" they "have in view" requires "a total amount of £2,000," and they "can now accept subscriptions for the unallotted balance of £1,250." The "special feature" of the operation is that "We—that is, the Co-operative Bureau—bind ourselves to bring this operation to an issue in forty days," but—

> Unlike the competitors in this class of business, we recognise the unfairness of expecting subscribers to wait an indefinite period for any return on their investments, and have therefore undertaken, in conjunction with the London Stock and Share Association, to pay our subscribers interest weekly during the run of these operations at the following rates :—

Amount deposited.	Weekly guaranteed interest.
£5	£0 5 0
10	0 10 0
25	1 5 0
50	2 10 0
100	5 0 0
250	12 10 0

This by way of "interim dividends." These terms are not quite as good as those offered by that rogue Gerald Radclyffe, but they will serve. Interest at the rate of 250 per cent. per annum, just by way of interim dividends should be good enough for most folk. It is all very impudent and very cunning. Our Newcastle friend will agree with us that such preposterous trash ought not to deceive any person who has not qualified for a Lunatic Asylum, yet when ladies scrape together the last few shillings they can command in order to send a £10 note to an utter stranger, on his promise of a weekly income of 25s., and the return of the capital when asked for, who can plumb the depth of human cupidity?

WEINER'S LIMITED.

We have received a communication from Mr. Finden Brown, of 60, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., to which we direct the attention of the directors of this Company. These gentleman ask the public to pay £58,000 for the business of J. Weiner, Limited, Artistic Lithographers, Pictorial Placard Printers, Show Card Manufacturers, etc., carried on at Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., and at 9, Rue Bergère, Paris, and also the similar business of Mr. Jacob Weiner's, of Vienna." The vendors leave it to be inferred that these are very prosperous businesses. Now Mr. Finden Brown tells us that so far as the English business is concerned it is of very questionable value. He says :—

> 1. That the business of Weiner and Company of Acton Street was originally Montague Chatterton's, who sold it to the Nassau Steam Press, Limited.
> 2. That in their report for 1892 the Nassau Steam Press Company attributed the unsatisfactory result of the year's working to "the loss on the business of Montague Chatterton and Company, Limited, carried on in Acton Street.
> 3. That in the following year the Nassau Press Company induced the vendors of Montague Chatterton's to cancel the sale and return 300 fully paid shares paid for the business.

4. That in 1893 Mr. Weiner came to London and took up Montague Chatterton's old business, which was at the time comparatively worthless, and might have been had for a mere trifle.
5. That the business carried on at Acton Street is simply lithographic; or at most with insufficient appliances for executing general letterpress work, such as would be ordinarily conveyed by the terms of the prospectus.
6. That most of the work undertaken by Weiner and Co., of Acton Street, has "been induced mostly on non-remunerative rates."

We will not at present go into other matters that bear upon the flotation of this company. We content ourselves with saying that Mr. Brown's allegations require the very early attention of the directors, and that if they are well founded the directors will accept a heavy responsibility if they use the money subscribed by the public on the strength of statements that cannot be substantiated.

THE BLACK FLAG.

Last week we made brief reference to this company. Its shares are already at a premium of ¾. With a capital approaching that of the Londonderry, it comes before the public under pleasantly different circumstances. It has no "golden hole" to be kept from the vulgar gaze until a company has been floated. Trial workings have been made upon the variou leases with highly satisfactory results. In the official memorandum a full and fair description of the workings has been given. The two discovered reefs are said to be among the largest and best defined in the Coolgardie district, and though sample crushings must always be viewed with suspicion, it remains the fact that 130 ounces of gold per ton have been got, and this from an area of about twenty-four square feet. Further, the Company has an abundant water supply, sufficient to ensure the treatment of ores of lower grade under exceptionally favourable circumstances. A 50-head stamp will be at work with the beginning of the year, and an output of nearly 3,000 tons of ore per month, and at a cost much lower than the Coolgardie average, is expected. The working capital is adequate.

LORD FINGALL'S REPORT.

The directors of the Londonderry are calling the shareholders together to consider whether they shall fight the vendors on the plea of fraud, or hand over the balance of the purchase-money. Also whether the £30,000 in hand shall be spent in working the claims, or the company be wound up. Meantime the Board publish a Report from Lord Fingall, who says that, so far as he can see and hear, the property is not worth working. Anyway, it cannot be made a dividend-paying concern upon a capital of £700,000, though a moderately capitalised company could work the claims profitably. Suppose, then, Colonel North, Lord Fingall, and Mr. Myring return shareholders the money they made out of the sale to the company in coin of the realm, and then come forward with a proposal to reconstruct on the basis of a capital suitable to the modest value of the property. Some such scheme should be pressed upon the Colonel.

A PARIS DEAL.

We understand that representatives of an English syndicate are in Paris, negotiating the purchase of the Folies Bergères, the Alcazar d'Eté, and the Scala. Of these places of amusement the Folies Bergères is well-known in England, for few Englishmen leave Paris without having passed an evening at this music-hall. The Alcazar d'Eté is a *café chantant*, conducted beneath the leafy Champs Elysées during the warm summer nights, and is virtually the same entertainment as that which can be enjoyed at the Scala during the winter months. Should the negotiations which are now in progress be brought to a favourable issue, the London public will be invited to take up the capital necessary for the ultimate purchase and running of these shows. Speculators will have to examine with care the arrangements made for the management of these entertainments, and should profit by the lesson of the sale of the *Chat Noir*. M. Rodulphe Salis sold his famous cabaret for 300,000 francs, retired to the country, and watched its decline under the new management, and then bought the whole thing back for 30,000 francs.

STOCK-BROKERS AND THE BOURSE.

French capital is so often appealed for to support British and Colonial enterprises that it is as well that English stock-brokers should know how they stand in relation to their Continental clients. Some unfortunate French speculators have just contested their liabilities on the ground that Article 76 of the French Code de Commerce only recognises exchange dealings made through the intermediary of a registered agent-de-change. Members of the Stock Exchange will learn with satisfaction that the French Courts have accorded them a *locus standi* equal to that of their French colleagues of the Bourse, and have declared that the engagements contracted with them by French speculators are quite as binding in law as if made with an agent-de-change.

THE MARSH AND STORER PATENT.

With reference to this patent for the treatment of sulphide ores, and for which, and another, the Smelting Company of Australia, Limited, asked such a large price, we are informed, on excellent authority, that it is a New South Wales patent, and that the invention is not covered for this country. The patent is nearly four years old, and it is strange that if it is really workable it has not been tried till now.

NEW ISSUES.

Harrod's Stores, Limited. Capital, £281,000.—Issue of 28,000 Cumulative Five Per Cent. Preference Shares of £5 each. Harrod's Stores are becoming a household word. The nett profits, which in 1890 were £13,519, rose last year to £37,404, and the growth has been continuous. Since the establishment of the company £140,000 has been spent in the acquisition of additional premises, and improvements in plant, etc. But even this immense outlay has not kept pace with the growth of the business, and the present issue is made with the object of erecting new and extensive buildings on a well planned freehold site. The £5 shares now offered are issued at a premium of 12s. 6d., and we think they are worth it.

The Smelting Company of Australia, Limited. Capital £500,000. The better treatment of sulphite ores is a matter of supreme importance to mining companies like the Broken Hill, and if this company, or any other, has a process that will meet the want, its future is assured. But is there any ground for saying that the Smelting Company of Australia has such a process? We should want better proofs than are to be found in the prospectus before we answered that question in the affirmative. The company is to have "the sole license to use in the Ilawarra district the Marsh and Storer patent," and a one-half interest in it, and the sole license to use in the Colony of New South Wales the electrolytic process of Messrs. Siemens Brothers and Co. What are these rights worth?

We are assured by experts that there is nothing in the electrolytic process, that it is old and expensive. What the Marsh and Storer process may be we do not know. But even if it is a valuable process there is not a single figure to show of what commercial value it has been in the past. How are we to explain this absence of figures? Of the £500,000 the public is asked to find the vendors want £300,000, and all they offer in return, besides the licenses above-named, are two silver mines, about which we are not given a scrap of information, and five "other properties," in respect of which mining leases have been applied for by the vendors. "Applied for," mark you, not even got. The investor who subscribes upon these terms must be a man of faith—of much faith.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Three Mining Shares. Cymo (Halifax).—They are all very speculative, and second rate. **McCulloch, Coolgardie.** W. A. (Perth).—You could not ge very far wrong in doing so. **Mysore Gold.** Mysore (Glasgow).—It is a toss up, but we are inclined to advise you to hold. We think the cyanide experiment should work in the direction indicated. **Chartereds.** F. D. S. (Oxford).—It is not unusual for Mr. Wilson's alarmist articles to be followed by a sharp rise in the shares criticised. Chartereds have had a very sharp rise since you wrote to us, and if you do not want the money we advise you to hold. You must expect to see changes in the quotation that are not always upwards, but there can be little doubt that these shares will see a much higher figure than any they have yet touched, and that before very long. **Sundry Mining Shares.** Engineer (Fife).—No. 2 are worth buying, and so are the others at their present price. **Captain Hulman.** T. N. L. (Cambuslang).—We do not know "if there is such a person as Captain Hulman," and therefore we cannot tell you if he "possesses some mines in New Mexico," or give you his address, or report to you "what kind of circumstances he is in," and if we knew we should not tell you. To-Day does not run a detective agency, or a private inquiry office. **The Star Paper Mills.** E. S. C. F. (Ripley).—The dividend has been going down, and we think an early rise in the price of the shares unlikely. "**Straight**" **or** "**A Swindle.**" Q. H. B. (Rathorghan).—Safer to treat it as a swindle. **Boudard-Peveril Gear Company.** L. M. N. (Dublin).—What are the particulars you want? We will do our best to give them if you will let us know.

INSURANCE.

L. A. C.—We believe the company in question would not accept you on any terms. The addition is not too much under ordinary circumstances. Generally speaking, such cases are not considered safe until forty years of age has been passed. Both your offices are good ones, and you would make a mistake by dropping your policies. J. H. (Lancaster).—The manager is said to own all the shares. None of the so-called directors are shareholders. A few figures are circulated by the gentleman owning the concern, but we place no reliance upon them. Your friend had better cease his connection with it. Stamp.—No. 1 and No 4. will serve you best. J. L. (Dublin).—We don't answer questions about answers. The expenses of the company you mention are somewhat high, but it is in our opinion quite sound, and you may depend upon it that the offices will be continued. There is no reason why they should be closed, and there is no rumour, so far as we know, that they will be. Patience.—Expenses rather high. System of insurance has occasioned considerable disappointment to some persons, the bonuses having fallen much below the amounts estimated. Still the office is outwardly sound. R. S. T.—A very safe office, but does not yield the highest results attainable. A. J. B.—(1) You need be under no uneasiness as to the office you are insured in. Pay the premium when it becomes due. (2) You will find the information you want on page 399 of To-Day, of August 3rd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

African Appointment. Book-keeper (Glasgow).—We believe the company to be respectable, but we strongly advise you to make further inquiries before accepting the appointment. The salary, for such a country, seems small, but if you are young, and healthy, and steady, the experience may be useful to you. **Marston's Remedy Company.** D. B. (Edinburgh). — We know nothing of the company, or its remedies. **Outside Brokers.** Edina (Edinburgh). — Yes, they are respectable. **Marcus Ward and Co., Limited.** Hibernia (Dublin). — No; sell. **Interest on Deposits.** Alan (Melton Mowbray). It has been paid hitherto, and we have no grounds for saying that it will not continue to be paid. But we do not recommend these so-called banks for deposits. "**Our Own Investment System.**" Expectant (Sheffield).—Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams say they have "never made a loss under 'Our Own Investment System,'" upon which we can only say that we have no belief in these infallible systems for making money. Mr. S. (Blackburn).—See previous answer.

TERRY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Mr. Edward Terry. Every Evening at 8.30.
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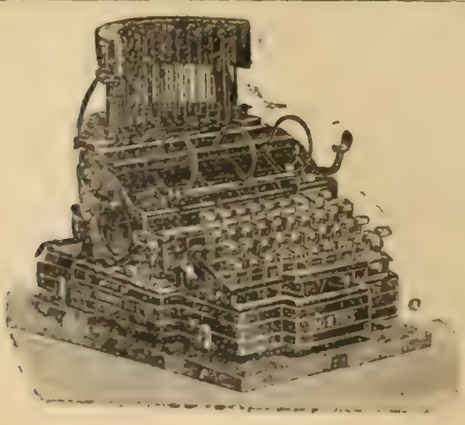

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.
The Heart of Princess Osra. III. The Madness of Lord Harry Culverhouse. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson 33
Yvette Guilbert in Paris 38
The Diary of a Bookseller 39
Feminine Affairs 40
The Ruminations of Randolph 43
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 44
How Race Horses are Trained 45
In the City 46
To-Day. By J. K. J. 49
Teaching the Blind to Write 52
Fashions in Perfumes 53
Club Chatter 53
Silly Billy 57
Some Foreign Music Halls 59
A Chat with Miss Granville 61
Some Famous Duels 62
Character Indicated by the Hair 63

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

My contention that the age of party government is past has received somewhat striking proof in the Conservative majority of a hundred and fifty-two. There are no two parties in the country now. There is a strong, overwhelming central national party surrounded by groups. There are 411 Unionists, some 70 anti-Parnellites, sub-divided into Dillonites, O'Brienites, Tim Healyites, and McCarthyites, and 12 Parnellites (each section busy fighting the other four), some 30 Welsh members chiefly concerned with the local affairs of their own Principality, a few representatives of the Scotch crofters, half-a-dozen Socialists, a little body of Trades Unionist members, one or two Teetotal advocates, and about a hundred wealthy country-gentlemen calling themselves Radicals, but being, for all practical purposes, as Conservative at heart as any of Lord Salisbury's recognised followers. Every advantage has counterbalancing drawbacks, and this apparently happy state of affairs is not without its dangers. If, on the one hand, we have rid ourselves for a good many years to come of the faddists and cranks, of the theorists and the experimenters, there is, on the other hand a disagreeable possibility of our sinking down into an inert apathy, and of allowing the national air to become unwholesome for want of a few healthy breezes.

There is danger that the more selfish among the classes, foreseeing before them a long period of security and freedom from attack, may begin to fancy that the days have returned when the people can be exploited for the benefit of an aristocracy or plutocracy. It must be made plain to them that the Nation has given its vote for sobriety in legislation and common-sense in administration, and not that it has any intention of moving one step backward upon the high-road of rational progress and individual freedom. I do not believe that wisdom and unselfishness is to be found in any body of men, whether drawn from classes or masses, whether called Conservatives or Radicals, and I cannot shut my eyes to the fear that a Cabinet, saturated with the inborn instincts of wealth and privilege, finding itself the possessor of unlimited power for a period of seven years, opposed by nothing more powerful than a half-dozen scattered bands of discredited nonenities, uncriticised by a single strong voice, unchecked by anybody entitled to speak in the name of any important section of the country, may be tempted to pretend to itself that it has received a mandate for the imperceptible re-erection of obsolete privileges, and for the gradual reassertion of the old evil policy of the benefit of the few at the expense of the many.

To check any possible drifting in this direction, I should be glad to see a new party arise possessed of some real power, guided by sense, and driven by talent—that should exist not to pull down but to build up; a party that should aim not at representing a majority or minority of heads, but that, irrespective of name, should voice the new ideals, the wider hopes, the stronger thought of the whole nation. For such a party I agree with my friend Randolph that we must look to the young men—to those in whose hands the future lies. The old Liberal party is dead. It had outlived its youth and its manhood. It had become an old man's (one is almost tempted to say an old woman's) party. It was representative of all that is effeminate, of all that is petty and spiteful and hectoring. It was to erect for us a tyranny; it was to tell us what to eat, what to drink, and what to wear; when to kiss and where to make love; it held up its hands with horror at all that was joyous. It deified hypocrisy and cant, it had grown to hate everything that was young and strong. It would have turned our young men into prigs and our young women into prudes.

We have had enough of old parties and old clap traps, and old worn-out truths that are no longer true. We want a Young England party. The greybeards have wagged at us until we are weary of their talk. They have proved that their experience was learnt in blindness and their wisdom mere fly-blown folly. It is time for the young men and the young woman to say what is to be the future of this country. I would trust their larger eyes, their stouter hearts far readier than I would the narrow sourness of the old. The men who are to-day playing in the cricket-field, boating on the river, making love and reading books are the men who are going to control the next election, the election after that, and the election after that. They have listened long enough; I would set them thinking for themselves. A nation has always climbed to power upon the shoulders of its young men; it can only maintain its power by the help of their hands. Prudence and experience are good things in their way, but of late we have been having just a little too much of them. The youth is the life-blood of a people, and the head is apt to grow heavy and dull when the blood does not flow with vigour. England has for long been in the hands of her old men; let us see what the young men can do for her. Let there be no silly setting of class against class; let it be young manhood against second childhood. We want young lords, young shopmen, young clerks, young labourers, young students, young writers, working and thinking side by side to show that we are still young—still young in hope, still young in sympathy with one another, still young in the determination to be a great people.

I am glad to see that *Cycling* has entered a word of protest against the twenty-four hours' bicycle race. We all admire pluck and endurance, and we know that these qualities are only to be acquired and stimulated by stern effort; but, as my friend *Cycling* points out, the absurd restrictions under which the N.C.U. places its amateurs preclude the possibility of racing men in England attaining to any degree of physical fitness. In France these exhibitions are given by men who devote their whole lives to the work. They come on to the tracks as physically fit as a three-year-old steps out of the paddock at Epsom. To such men twenty-four hours' desperate racing is a terrible, and even a dangerous, strain; but think what it must be to the clerk or the shop-assistant, living a laborious and not too healthy life, untrained and unrested. His practice has been obtained by hard riding, after long hours of office work. He has not been able to afford the feeding and doctoring required. Before the body is subjected to such an ordeal it should have been developed to its highest possible pitch of perfection. The long-distance English racer mounts his bicycle with practically no preparation whatever. For a man to overstrain and injure himself is not sport. It becomes not an exhibition of strength, but an exhibition of agony. Half a dozen specially trained bicyclists might occasionally show the public what can be done in twenty-four hours, but of late we have only been shown how much a determined young fellow can suffer.

Sir Walter Besant, writing in the *Author*, and referring to my case against the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Company, congratulates authorship on having established before a British jury the recognition of literature as a serious profession. I am sorry to disappoint Sir Walter, but this is exactly what the British jury refuses to recognise. They pooh-poohed my contention that a quiet house was necessary to a literary man, and they dismissed all my arguments as to my house being a workshop. The compensation they did award me was in respect to the value of my house as a letting property in the market, and nothing more. They would have given me just the same compensation had I been a retired hairdresser. I am inclined to think that in such a case they would have given me much more, but that is a mere matter of opinion. The average Britisher will never regard literature as serious work. The class from which juries are drawn regards an author as a man who sits down on his seat all day and wastes his time with a pen. If you promote a shady company, or cheat your neighbour over a counter, you will be regarded as a useful citizen, and gain the sympathy of your contemporaries. But the man who writes books, composes music, or paints pictures is regarded as a useless encumbrance to the country. Literature in the person of Sir Walter Besant has at last gained a tardy recognition from an English Prime Minister, but it will be many a long year before the old prejudice against art dies out of our middle-classes.

The more Society comes into the law-courts the less one thinks of Society. Anything more silly, more sordid, and more vulgar than the case which wasted the time of a jury at the end of last week can hardly be imagined. It was a case in which some anonymous letters, apparently of a filthy description, had been circulated. A lady of position complained that a lady of position and title had accused her of writing them, and said that in consequence she had suffered in a loss of social position and in health. It was impossible for anyone to feel much sympathy for either side. That these ladies should find it necessary to come into court to disclaim the authorship of letters of this character is in itself a sufficient criticism on the society in which they live, and I do not propose to add to it. But I should like to add a word on the subject of anonymous letters.

The writer of anonymous letters is in most cases, though not in all, a coward and a cad. As a rule he is only anonymous because he shirks the responsibility for his own malicious lies and is as eager to save his own skin as he is to injure the happiness of his private enemy—or friend. He is universally despised. But there are some—not all—writers of anonymous literary criticism. I do not propose to go into the vexed question of anonymity in journalism. It has its advantages and its disadvantages. But anonymity may be used fairly or unfairly, and by some of these literary critics it is being used now with systematic unfairness. It is used unfairly when one critic writes a dozen reviews in a dozen different papers to boom a book which has been written by a relation or friend. It is used still more unfairly when a critic, to satisfy his personal malice, pushes misrepresentation as near to lies as he dare go, insinuates what he dare not say, and makes anonymity his protection. Anonymity is very well in the hands of an honest man, but honest men are less common than one could wish.

A writer in the *Daily Graphic* is distressed about the condition of those seaside towns where we take our holidays. "Visitors to our maritime retreats," he remarks—and "maritime retreats" is a pretty thing in synonyms—"will be struck at the want of architectural beauty and the absence of picturesque arrangement of most of the towns of modern erection." I grant the absence of architectural beauty and the absence of picturesque arrangement. I have been there, and I grant it all. It is quite true, as he says, that rows of houses are erected in which every house resembles every other house, and that trees and shrubs seem to be banished from the place. But I think he is sanguine—almost foolishly sanguine—in saying that visitors will be struck by it. They will not be struck by it, they will not object to it. The builder is a business-man, and he does not wantonly put up houses at the seaside, or elsewhere, which cannot possibly pay him. If he builds his houses all of one pattern and cuts down the trees, it is because long experience has taught him that this is a cheap method and the visitor, so far from being "struck," does not care.

After all, why should he? These popular seaside places are practically only inhabited for rather less than one quarter of the year. The visitors demand that their rooms shall be clean, the cooking fair, the attendance not absolutely impossible. But as they are only going to be in the town for a few weeks their demands stop

here. They do not insist that the houses shall be arious, detached, soul-satisfying, red-bricked, electric-elled examples of Queen Anne. They put up with he shabby and ugly exterior of their lodgings ust as they put up with the German print of "David laying before Saul," and the framed memorial card to he landlady's aunt in the interior of the rooms. He ay not like these things, he may even hate them, but s his stay is so brief he does not think it worth while to ake a fuss. If anyone is to blame for the state of our easide towns it is not the builder but the visitor. And s the visitor's preference for cheap rooms rather han dear is due to his circumstances more than his atural tastes, I am very much afraid that these "mari-ime retreats" are likely to remain ugly.

I SEE that in Sligo the other day two missioners started treet-preaching. A disturbance ensued, and the two nissioners are said to have been conducted to their odgings by a force of 200 police. I have no evidence hat the missioners intentionally offended the crowd, or hat their action was not inspired solely and wholly by he dictation of their conscience and their wish to do ood. But I confess that I have as a rule very ittle sympathy with self-made martyrs. Even in Sligo it is improbable that a row which equires 200 police to cope with it can spring up in a noment. Long before it reached this stage I cannot help hinking that the missioners would have shown more liscretion and more regard for the public good if they had climbed down, yielded to public opinion, and gone home. Nor do I suppose that their cause has benefited n the slightest degree by their self-imposed martyrdom.

I WAS once told a story of an eminent ecclesiastic who got into argument with an irregular and peri-patetic evangelist. It was the habit of this evangelist to go up to strangers in the street and ask them about their souls. He defended his prac-tice. "I have the Divine command," he said, "to 'be instant in season and out of season.'" "Then," re-marked the ecclesiastic, "why do you confine yourself solely to being instant out of season?" It was a good answer, and one which the missioners of Sligo and elsewhere would do well to remember. Such men, before they call themselves martyrs, should remember that they do not really—as they suppose—submit to the consequences of those actions which they think that their conscience imposes upon them. What they really do is to cause a disturbance and then save themselves from the consequences of their act by the protection of the police. As a rule it is the police who chiefly suffer, and vicarious martyrdom should, I think, be held less honourable than the other kind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

"IDLER" READERS.—I have to thank a very large number of correspondents for kindly congratulatory letters on the new issue of the IDLER. The great majority seem heartily pleased with the changes made. One or two regret the disappearance of the old familiar cover. When we have lived long with anything we like change is always a little wrench, but I trust to make these correspondents as fond of the new IDLER as they were of the old. Most of my correspondents seem to welcome the appear-ance of Mr. Nisbet's articles. I hope to make these a feature of the magazine.

DEMOCRAT.—Randolph and myself are quite in agreement on all essentials. When I spoke of democracy, I assumed democracy to mean government by the people. When my friend Randolph spoke of democracy, he assumed it to mean—as you will see from his letter in last week's issue—the right of the people to select their own rulers. Born rulers are found in every class, and so long as the strong man rules, I care not how he chooses to get himself "selected."

C. W.—I thank you for your kind letter. Your hack political journalist is always under the impression that a man who can make a joke can never be serious. I suppose he argues this from the fact that he knows he himself can never make a joke.

A. D.—(Edinburgh) is surprised at the existence in this country of a man who holds the debased and debasing opinions I express. He would not have believed it if anybody had told him so. He writes me five foolscap pages with the hope of im-proving me, and one of these days I am going to read them and see if I cannot grow wiser and better.

W. M. (Horley).—The matter is so simple that there is not a medical student in his first year who could not tell you all that it is necessary to know about it. No medical man whom I have ever known had the slightest objection to imparting the in-formation. Do not go to quacks; your own family doctor will tell you in a moment. I cannot answer letters through the post.

C. H. O.—See reply to W. M. I should like, in confidence, the name of the medical man who refused the information. It is a piece of absurdity I can hardly credit a member of the medical profession with.

A. G. C.—I thank you for your enclosures. The acting manager of the "Don Juan" company seems to be an excep-tionally smart man.

T. H. tells me, with reference to Mr. Seddon's trotting mare, about which I commented the other week, that the horse had been tried previously over varying distances, and T. H. thinks that the information given me by my Macclesfield correspondent was grossly exaggerated. That is not the case, for T. H's own letter bears out every particular. T. H. thinks that no cruelty was inflicted because the horse was not flogged to make it finish the distance, but one can be cruel to a big-hearted horse without one touch of the whip. I remember a lady bringing a magnificent animal back to the stable in a nearly dying condition after an afternoon's drive. On being remonstrated with by the coachman she indignantly replied, "Why, I have never taken the whip out of the socket." A gallant horse will do what he is asked till he drops, but in such cases the man behind must be either a fool or a brute. At the end of fifteen miles it must have been plain to the jockey and the spectators that Lady Combermere was done, and to let it finish the distance was therefore cruel. I have no wish to make more out of a case than need be, and I am told that Mr. Seddon is one of the last men to sanction cruelty to horses. In the present case a grave mistake was made, to say the least of it, and perhaps the least said about it the better.

J. J. asks me to call further attention to the case of Police-constable Kemp. Kemp was a superintendent in the Worces-tershire constabulary, and was an exceptionally useful, able, and trustworthy officer. In October 1892 allegations of immorality were brought against Kemp by one of those evil, crawling creatures whose chief aim in life seems to be to bring false witness against their neighbours—a man named Goodwin. In consequence of these allegations Kemp was dismissed the force, but brought an action against his slanderers and obtained a verdict which completely cleared his character. Notwithstand-ing this, his pig-headed chief in the Worcestershire Constabulary refused to sanction his reinstatement, and made himself active in depriving poor Kemp of his pension. The man has now died of a broken heart. The story is a sad one, and I would suggest it being brought to the notice of the Home Secretary.

J. P.—I have many personal friends who have seen Spanish bull fights, and when they tell me about them I confess my blood boils with indignation against the Spaniards. I confess, also, to losing my temper when I read the history of the Spanish Inquisition and of Alva's rule in Holland. There can be no doubt that the Spaniards are cursed with the devil of cruelty to a greater extent than most other Euro-pean nations, and the sad part is that they cannot see this, and therefore there seems no hope for any national reform. Most of them simply grow angry when accused of cruelty. Where cruelty is concerned I frankly admit that my nature renders it impossible for me to discuss the matter in a spirit of calm impartiality. My first impulse would be to kill the man, and then to consider over his corpse what could be said for him in mitigation. Possibly I might come to the conclusion that he was not quite so bad as to deserve all that I had done to him. This does not show a proper or Christian spirit, likely enough; but, judging you from your own letter, you ought to be able to understand something about anger.

H. D. (GODERSBERG).—Am glad you are going to read Emerson; you will find much pleasure and profit therefrom. I remember reading Milton right through when a very young man, but I confess to finding him somewhat heavy in my older and more frivolous age. The profession of letters is, as you say, a hard one, but not harder, I dare say, than any other. The great thing in choosing a career is to follow the voice of nature. I thank you for sending the extracts, some of which I shall use in TO-DAY.

Erin (Sydney).—Thanks for your kind letter and enclosure. I am glad to hear To-Day is so liked in your part of the world. J. H. E. D.—Everybody gets excited at election time, and talks more than they can prove. I should let the quarrel die out if I were you. H. H. B.—I thank you very much for sending me the cutting, which I am making use of.

F. C. S. draws to my attention an interesting newspaper correspondence that has lately appeared in the *Cheshire Observer*. A temperance lecturer, by name Travis, accused two policemen of drinking while on duty. The statement has been proved to be an utter lie from beginning to end, and Travis apologises. A good many more lies could be proved against such men if their statements were followed up. Their whole arguments are invariably based on false statements, but we shall probably hear less of them in the future than we have in the past.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

The Editor will be glad to consider original stories of not more than three thousand words length, and original articles of not more than two thousand words. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Manuscripts not in conformity with these conditions will neither be read nor returned. Every endeavour will be made to return unsuitable manuscripts, but the Editor will not be responsible for loss arising from any cause whatever.

TEACHING THE BLIND TO WRITE.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, in a recent number of the *Catholic World*, gives an account of a woman's invention which vividly concerns a great number of afflicted people all over the world—an invention which allows blind pupils to be educated alongside their seeing brothers and sisters, and that allows blind people to communicate with persons who have no acquaintance with any alphabet, or system of writing devised especially for the use of the blind. He begins by brief reference to tentative efforts for the instruction of the blind made by Padre Lana Terzi, an Italian Jesuit, in 1670, and by the Abbé Deschamps nearly a century later. There came in 1786—the invention of M. Valentin Hauy—raised letters, so that the blind might be taught to read by the fingers. The first practical successful method by which the blind might be taught to write was that devised in 1834 by a blind pupil of the Institut des Jeunes Aveugles in Paris—M. Louis Braille. Other systems, both for printing and writing, soon followed—notably those of the Abbé Carton, Fry, Moon, Alston and Howe. Braille's system is in general use in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland, and for writing, in nearly all Europe. All the characters in Braille's system are made up of varying combinations of six dots. In others stenographic characters are employed, a phonetic alphabet, or modifications of Roman letters; but none of them availed the blind when they wished to communicate with those acquainted only with the Roman alphabet.

The step forward—the enabling the blind to communicate readily with those not blind, and not trained to comprehend any system devised especially for their stricken brothers and sisters, has been taken by a woman, Mlle. Mulot, who has a school for the blind at Angers, France. Discarding all the arbitrary signs and symbols which had been hitherto employed, Mlle. Mulot makes use of the ordinary Roman letters, and at once cuts the Gordian knot which had so long puzzled some of the keenest minds of the educational world. By means of a simple frame, contrived for the purpose, and a blunt style, she has made it possible for the blind to correspond not only with the blind, but also with the seeing, with equal readiness and satisfaction. The most astonishing thing about the invention is its simplicity.

The frame, or stylographic guide, employed is essentially nothing more than a metal plate—ordinary, there are two of them, hinged together for the sake of convenience—in which there is a number of square perforations arranged in parallel lines. At each corner of these perforations there are small indentations which enable the writer not only to move his style in and around the aperture, but also permit him to move it up and down, thus forming vertical lines at the right and left of the little squares. By moving the styles from one angle to the other of the perforation, or from little notches cut on the four sides of the square, it is possible to write with the greatest ease and exactness the ordinary letters, large and small, of the Roman alphabet. Thus, the letter u is composed of one horizontal and two vertical lines, the letter x of two diagonals, while the letter o is made up of two horizontal and two vertical lines, all slightly curved. For letters b, d, p, q the writer is obliged to move his style into the proper indentation at one of the corners of the square. Thus d would be made like the letter o with a prolongation upwards of the vertical line at the right.

When it is desired to use the instrument in writing to the blind, a sheet of letter-paper is placed under it, and above a sheet of blotting-paper, which serves as a cushion. The blind person writes from right to left of the sheet of the sheet, while the style, by reason of the blotting-paper underneath, brings out the letters in relief on the side opposite that on which they are written. On looking at the reverse side of a written page the letters are seen in their natural position, and are read, as in ordinary writing, from left to right. The letters, it is true, are not much raised, but the relief is quite sufficient to enable the delicate, well-trained fingers of the blind to distinguish them with the greatest ease and rapidity. When the matter written is intended for those whose vision has not been lost, a sheet of carbon paper is placed between the cushion, or blotting-paper, and the paper on which the characters are written. The letters are then not only brought out in relief, but are likewise coloured.

So simple and so accurate is the method that even little children are by its means enabled to become expert writers in a comparatively short time. When ordinary care is taken the letters made are of unvarying uniformity, and may even be of mechanical exactness. All the lines of the written page must be parallel, because the perforations in the frame are parallel; and the letters must be uniform, because all the little squares in the plate are of the same unvarying size. For this reason a page written with the aid of Mlle. Mulot's device is not only perfectly legible to anyone capable of reading ordinary writing, but it also exhibits far more regularity than is possible when the style or pen is held in the unguided hand. But remarkable as is the facility with which the blind can write with this machine, the rapidity with which they can form letters is even more astonishing. It has been proved that blind pupils may take dictation as rapidly as their seeing comrades.

The signal success of one of Mlle. Mulot's pupils, M. Vento, a young man blind from birth, demonstrates clearly the merits of the new system. M. Vento was capable and studious, but not exceptionally talented. After he had pursued his studies in Mlle. Mulot's school, so far as she could take him, a clergyman of Paris, by means of the same method of communication, took the young blind man through a full classical course, preparing him to pass an examination and take his baccalaureate in the Sorbonne. The examiners of the Sorbonne were astonished beyond measure to see a blind man before them an applicant for a degree, but they could not discriminate against him on account of his misfortune; neither could they show him any special favour. This last M. Vento neither expected nor desired. The same questions, accordingly, were given to him as were put to other candidates for a similar degree. The learned professors were amazed at the readiness and accuracy of the blind man's answers, and the facility and exactness with which he wrote his versions from Latin and Greek, and the coveted degree was accorded without difficulty.

FASHIONS IN PERFUMES.

Most persons are ardent perfume lovers, but there are ew who recognise the importance that odours have layed in history, and the real significance they have ad in the annals of European Courts. The fashions hange, but from the first moment that the world merged from the dark Middle Ages it has always been he mode to go scented. Each year makes a new scent opular, but when the season is over its vogue dies out nd only the old favourite scents remain. Back in the ays when little more than barbarians filled the palaces f the cities of Europe, the perfumes used were in the orm of unguents and oils. The fatty compound in hich they came had little of convenience to recomend it, but scents were then an exceeding luxury. ome curious instances taken from the records of those ays will illustrate this. In the inventory of the Duc e Normandie is to be found a note regarding "two ittle casks of crystal in which to put balm." In the nventory of the Dukes of Burgundy there is mentioned a bottle of gold for the reception of civet," a perfume hat was then all the rage.

So far back as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries he fad of the hour was the "Birds of Cyprus." They ere aromatic herbs ground and moulded into the form f birds, and they were burned at banquets. No decription of their composition has come down through he ages, but the supposition is to-day that they were ery much the same as the "seraglio pastiles," which treet vendors, disguised as Turks, sell on the highways f the Continental capitals. Charles V., of France, had mong his most treasured possessions, it is well known, hollow, golden, pomegranate to hold his perfumes. ouis XVI., of France, was given by the Queen of icily a rosary of musk. Odorous chaplets were quite he fashion in those days, and they exist even now in ome parts of Spain and in some quarters of the Orient.

In 1520, or thereabouts, the age of powder and cosmetics began, and the use of perfumes became widely pread, every courtier of every kingdom having his pet cent. It was Catherine de Médicis, "the bourgeois Florentine," as she was known at that day, who brought erfumes to their greatest popularity and their highest rt. To accomplish this she imported from Italy the hief scent-maker of the world, Rene le Florentine, set im up in a shop at the Pont au Change and constituted erself his patron, making him the perfumer of the Court. Rene was chiefly celebrated for his perfumed loves, and there is a strange romance hanging over his nemory which tells that, in addition to the science of dours, he had the art of poisoning at the ends of his killed fingers, and was finally accused of having compassed the death of the mother of Henry IV.

The art that Catherine de Médicis had placed upon ts feet grew and expanded until, during the reign of Louis XV., Versailles was known through the world as "The Perfumed Court." A century and a half before hat powdered heads had come in, and this custom became so universal that the costume of the deepest mourning and the greatest mark of sorrow was to go unpowdered. The powder used was made of starch, and it seldom happened that it was left unperfumed. So great, during its popularity, was the amount of labour required to construct a woman's coiffure that the maids and matrons of the Court were accustomed upon retiring for the night to tie up carefully their heads in great strips of white cloth, in order that they might not have to undergo the task of hairdressing each day. Perfumed snuff was habitually used by Prince de Condé, and it was in this nobleman's presence that the Maréchale d'Aumont composed the celebrated powder which made her famous, and is still known under the name, "poudre à la Maréchale."

CLUB CHATTER.

In order to reach the Tartar you have only, proverbially, to scratch the Russian, but the veneer of civilisation covering the animal in the Englishman is even thinner than that. Given a wet day, an omnibus and a crowd of twice as many men, women, and children as it will hold, and the observing stranger will have every reason to admit that the age of chivalry is indeed dead. At the railway station, where the 'buses start, there are continually scenes that would disgrace a Mile End Road mob. In the wild rush for seats women are flung aside and children knocked down, while men literally claw at one another like dogs round a feed. It is no exaggeration to say that often every man who obtains a seat has laid himself open to a charge for assault before he reaches it; men who under most circumstances would instantly apologise if they so much as brushed your coat in passing.

The railway and omnibus companies are partly to blame. They know, the railways especially, that people are obliged to travel by them, and consequently they do not think it worth their while to put on sufficient accommodation so long as the passengers are content to travel anyhow, merely inconvenienoing themselves. If you complain you are told that if more trains were put on they would be useless for the greater part of the day. Any other trader making such a confession of incapacity to deal with his patrons at their own convenience might just as well put up his shutters at once. At one of the principal termini there are people standing in every carriage that leaves the suburban platforms between five and seven in the evening, and it is no unusual thing for fifteen to be in a compartment, in all the classes. If a 'bus conductor overcrowds he can be summoned for cruelty to the horses, at all events, but a railway guard can make an entire trainful of people miserable, and no one has any remedy.

The only advantage that a first-class carriage has over a third is the amount of space that you are theoretically allotted. Formerly each side of a first was divided so that it would seat three people. Then it struck the companies that by putting only one arm-rest, in the centre, they could be made to seat four a side. By a still more brilliant inspiration, the arm-rest was put on a hinge so that it could be lifted up, and the seating capacity, and comfort, thereby made equal to a third. But there was still rather more knee-room in the firsts, so the companies decided to run only so many trains a day as would necessitate a line of unhappy travellers standing up. At this period the directors are astonished beyond measure to find that the number of people travelling first and second had decreased rapidly.

In a moment of curiosity I once asked a railway official to confide to me what was the real superiority of an overcrowded first over the other classes. "Well," he said, with an air of generosity, after a moment's thought, "in the first smokings we gives you a metal thing to strike matches on, and it isn't in the others."

For the benefit of my provincial readers I would draw attention to the fact that Moore and Burgess have now commenced their autumn season. I don't know why in the world Londoners should not be equally interested, but one always associates St. James' Hall with the country cousin, and, after seeing the show, I congratulate him. It was good from beginning to end, and the audience was enjoying itself so evidently that it was worth while going to see them and hear them laugh. An extravaganza called "The Baby Elephant" is one of the funniest things I have seen for a long time, and the second edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" tableaux vivants, by G. R. Sims and Ivan Caryll is going strong. The Hall has

been redecorated, and the seats are so comfortable that I wanted to buy one for my own.

In one of the latest stories Guy de Maupassant wrote before his mind broke down he pictured Paris as dead—the streets were silent, the clocks were stopped, and the Seine had ceased to move. When I arrived in Paris the other night the surroundings forced the phantasy upon me in a strange manner. It was only eight o'clock, but the streets were in semi-darkness, and pedestrians in many of the principal thoroughfares could have been counted on the fingers. It was terribly gloomy, and in the Rue de la Paix it reached its climax. I asked the cabman for some explanation. He burst out laughing. "This is the Government," he said. "They have decided that no lamps shall be lit before nine o'clock, no matter how dark it may be."

Altogether it was a gloomy introduction to a city that boasts of its light; but even worse was in store. At the hour of the night when in the old days the boulevards were thronged with life and gaiety, and the cafés echoed with music and laughter, a pervading air of gloom now reigned. Everyone seemed bored—even the newsboys, who simply whispered the names of their papers, and seemed relieved when nobody gave them the trouble to pull one out of their bundle.

It is fortunate for Paris, very fortunate, that it has the name of being the City of Pleasure. If to-day it had to contest the title with London, Brussels, Berlin, or any of the great capitals, it would come in with the crowd. The possible reason is that it has almost ceased to attempt to lead, and is content to imitate. Thus it is that everything you get reminds you of something you have seen at home. We supply them with *tableaux vivants*, knockabout artists and acrobats, fill two of their theatres with *Charley's Aunt* and the *Fatal Card*, and allow them to imitate, mutilate and disguise our national dishes, and conceal their identity in clothes they assure you are "English last fashion." The very last, I should think.

Meanwhile they repay us for our assistance in these directions by hating us more cordially than ever. It is no longer the German they curse, it is the Englishman. Any man can safely make a bet to-day, that, if he walks up to a stranger promiscuously, and asks him whom he hates *most* in the world, he will tell you with a smile that it is the "Britisher." The better class journals suspect us, the lower class curse and ridicule,—even the respectable *Daily Chronicle* was described the other day as the organ of the English pickpockets. Oh, Nonconformist conscience!

It was while speculating on the general sadness of things in Paris the other night that I met my friend, M. Rolle, of the *Eclair*, who undertook to put brighter thoughts into my mind. I will admit that he succeeded partially. He might have succeeded entirely had he not induced me to go down to his office. But that office froze me. In England the journalist likes somewhat pleasant surroundings—a print of a jockey and a burlesque actress on the walls, and a three-legged chair to provide mechanical fun at the expense of visitors. M. Rolle's office was different. The principal ornament was a torn window blind. "That," he said, gleefully, "was destroyed by the Anarchist bomb in the Rue des Bonnes Enfants. Here are photographs of the mangled limbs and bodies; here is the dagger——" Then I left, more convinced that I had been at any time during my stay that Paris was really the City of Pleasure.

A visit to Brighton Races disclosed the fact that the Meeting at London-by-the-Sea is as flourishing as ever. Racegoers make light of the nasty journey up the hill, and appear to be quite indifferent to the lack of comfort. The Meeting is practically managed by Mr. H. M. Dorling, who holds the reins at Epsom. For the regular racegoer, Epsom and Brighton are the most inconvenient fixtures in the country, and Mr. Dorling does not seem to care a jot. He runs the meetings for all they are worth, and even journalists of repute are refused the usual Press pass. Needless to add, Mr. H. M. D. is not popular either with the masses or the classes.

The enjoyment of the Meeting was marred by the sad accident to young George Brown. At the inquest it was stated that Woodhouse stumbled, but did not fall, but others, however, declare the horse did come down. Certainly, it does seem strange for such a clever young horseman to get dislodged through a slight stumble. Woodhouse was badly knocked about, and this makes one believe that she fell. Brown's fate was hopeless from the first, and the one redeeming feature is the knowledge that he died in peace—being unconscious to the end.

Now, I note that the jury in giving the verdict of accidental death, expressed their sympathy with Brown's parents. They might have also given utterance to the opinion that the course should be reconstructed. Brighton is one of the most dangerous tracks in the whole country. Time after time has attention been directed to the downhill turn, and old horsemen have shaken their heads and anticipated serious mishaps when the horses came scrimmaging round the bend. At last the expected has happened, and the life of a young fellow, whose future seemed so bright, has been sacrificed, and the jury have let the opportunity of making a public statement regarding a dangerous race track pass by.

But I trust the matter will not be ignored altogether. The riders should petition the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and if the powers that be care to stand at the fatal bend they will quickly realise the fact that something should be done. It looks a death-trap, and the outcry raised should convince Lords Rendlesham, Downe, and Ellesmere that the sooner an alteration is effected the better. When we compare the fine courses at Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, and other places with the one at Brighton, it is hard to believe that the Jockey Club grants the necessary permit.

Some years ago, just when he was in the zenith of his fame, James Woodburn had a very bad fall at Brighton. It was really astounding how he escaped with his life. The fall, however, did him no good, and now Woodburn very wisely seldom rides in public. Last winter Sensier, the steeplechase jockey, was killed at Plumpton; but one has to go back to 1881 to recall a fatal accident on the flat. In that year Macdonald, the rider of Buchanan, in the Liverpool Cup, was killed through the falling of his mount.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire indicate the beginning of the end. It is pleasing to see how staunchly owners have supported the two big autumn handicaps, and no one will envy Major Egerton his task. The Major, however, revels in such work as this. He can now be seen at most of the meetings note-taking. A more keen observer it would be difficult to name, and by the aid of that famous eyeglass of his he has spotted many a little trick, and has thereby frustrated well-planned coups innumerable.

The Sussex Eleven have done a thing recently to which probably there is no parallel in first-class cricket, having, in two matches, compelled a side to go into the field in the last innings to make a single run. This they did against Surrey at the Oval and against Gloucestershire at Bristol. There can be very few instances

in important cricket of a team having to go out to make only one run to win, and it is a distinct coincidence that such an occurrence should have taken place twice within a few weeks, and that on each occasion Sussex should have been on the losing side. In connection with the game at the Oval, the finish was not without its humorous side. It is well known that the man who gets the ball at the conclusion of a big game takes it into his possession, and apparently Brann and Murdoch entered into a deep-laid plan so that the Sussex captain should have the ball. Brann bowled an outrageous wide, which went straight to Murdoch at short slip, and the latter, who seemed delighted at the success of his scheme, pocketed the ball, and the match was over.

Kent have great hopes that their new bowler, Mr. W. M. Bradley, will turn out an extremely useful man for the county. Up to a few weeks ago, he had only taken part in matches of quite minor importance, and he first came under the notice of the committee when playing for Mote Park against the Marylebone Club at Maidstone. Then he met with such success that he was at once invited to play in the county Eleven. Against Somerset at Blackheath, he did very little; but he was

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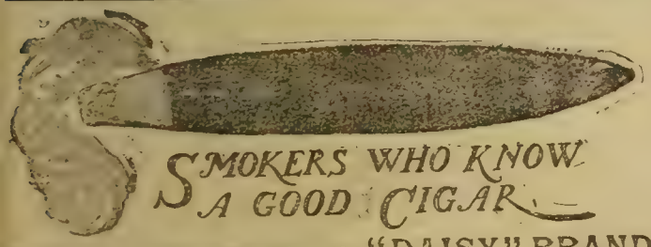

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greatly successful in both matches at Canterbury, helping largely to gain the single innings' victory over Warwickshire, and doing extremely well in the first innings against Yorkshire. Of course, he has a lot to learn, but he has youth on his side, being not yet twenty-one, and he is possessed of a beautifully easy and natural action. Resembling in style Mr. Stanley Christopherson—who some years back did great things for Kent—and George Lohmann, he bowls very straight, and apparently has the power to make the ball kick a good deal on a wicket affected by rain. Few young players have so soon made a mark in first-class cricket, and his career will be watched with considerable interest. He was born in Sydenham, and learned most of his cricket with the Lloyds' Register club.

Warwickshire seem to have found a very useful cricketer in the Rev. E. Pereira, who appeared against Kent and Hampshire. He had had scarcely any experience in good matches, not having been tried for Warwickshire since 1886, and his appearance was, of course, experimental. He played, I understand, on the recommendation of Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, one of the soundest judges of cricket in the county, and certainly justified his selection. In addition to being a good fearless hitter, he is a capital field, and, when he has become accustomed to the strange surroundings, will probably prove a valuable addition to the ranks of Warwickshire. He is, I believe, a master at the Oratory school at Birmingham, and claims the distinction of being the only Roman Catholic priest who has ever appeared for a first-class county at cricket.

There are many men who try to circumvent fate by always carrying an umbrella. They know then that it won't rain. On the few occasions when they forget the umbrella it always does rain. Acting on this principle, I have lately taken steps to ward off an attack of influenza. I felt the thing coming on while waiting at a draughty railway station, and as soon as I got home I dosed myself plentifully with Conyngham's (Dublin) Coca wine. It is certainly an excellent pick-me-up.

It is a little difficult to make any change in the colourings of tweed shooting and tourists' suits; they always seem very much alike when viewed a few yards away. This year there is a tendency to get as much green as possible into the cloths, and the stockings are made to harmonise with the suit.

The very latest thing in night-shirts for men is a beautifully embroidered robe. It is made much longer than the old-fashioned garment, and boasts of at least one pocket. The embroidering is all done by hand, and is fastened on the neck, front, and cuffs of the garment. I am afraid they won't be very popular, in England at any rate. Their appearance suggests effeminacy; and besides, a night-shirt is not nearly so comfortable as pyjamas.

The Major.

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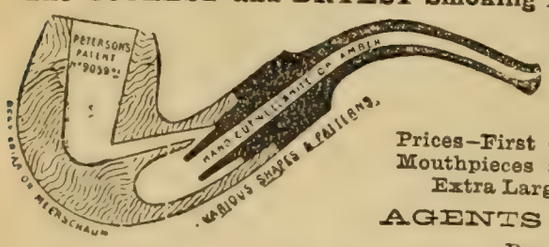

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SILLY BILLY.

DON'T know what his real name was—nobody knew. Not even when he came to be buried could it be discovered, and they put no name at all upon the coffin. He had been "Silly Billy" for twenty years to our stage-manager's recollection, and, if he had ever had any other name, none of us had ever heard it, and he himself had forgotten it. That there had been a time when he had had a place among mankind, and that he had not always been the crazy, jeered-at drudge that we now knew was evident enough, for "gentleman" was stamped plainly upon the thin, white face, and even in his ravings he showed thought and education. He was a useful member of the company in spite of his madness. A gentle, patient creature, at everybody's beck and call, he did the work of two or three for his uncertain fifteen shillings a week. He was bill-sticker, scene-shifter, check-taker, porter, messenger, and call-boy; and sometimes, when the cast was a long one, he was entrusted with a speaking part. His delight on these occasions was unbounded. The poor fellow was under the firm impression that he was a great actor, and any chance—no matter how small—to display his fancied powers, was seized upon by him with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. It was nothing but lack of opportunity that, in Billy's opinion, prevented him from becoming the leading actor of the day; and his being kept in the background he attributed to professional jealousy. It was the only point on which he seemed capable of bitterness. He took his hard work, his bullyings, and his scanty wages without murmur; the one thing in which he felt himself aggrieved was not being allowed to play the leading *rôles*. But his day would come, so he would often whisper to me in confidence, and then he would show them all what acting really meant. I always tried to prevent his thoughts running on this tack though, for he would get so terribly excited if he dwelt upon the subject. At ordinary times one could hardly realise that he was anything but a little foolish; but once rouse him on the theme of his acting, and you would see the gleam of real madness lurking in the vacant eyes. "Fools! dolts! idiots!" he cried out once, flinging his lank arms above his head, and spitting out his words in a suppressed shriek, "they think I can't act, and they call me mad. The fools! it's *they* who are mad—it's *they* who are mad. They are fools, I tell you, fools. They can't distinguish madness from genius. But I'll show them. They shall bow down and worship me, and beg me on their knees to act. They shall grovel in the dust before me, and I will spurn them. They keep me down because they fear me. The pigmies, they know that I am a giant, and they dare not let me act. But I *will* act—I *will* act, fiends and devils shall not stay me. I will show the whole world—my name shall ring from one end of the world to the other. Kings and princes shall crowd to see me. The theatre will be a surging sea of living faces, and they shall shout and wave their welcome at me. They shall laugh, and weep, and shudder, when I play before them. They shall sit spell-bound hanging on my words. I will hold them in the hollow of my hand. I will sway them as the moon sways the ocean. I will drag them up to Heaven and down to Hell. They shall love me, fear me, hate me. I will rend their hearts and draw their very souls to me. Their faces are bloodless—they hold their breath with terror—the curtain falls—they leap to their feet with a mighty roar—they—— Bah! these idiots do not know what acting is! But I'll show them, my boy, some day—some day."

Poor Billy! He was the butt of the whole company, and his half-timid, half-pompous airs, afforded us a good deal of merriment. They used to try to "draw him out" sometimes about his acting, but he could rarely be got to talk, except to a very few. When not doing any particular work he would stand apart, muttering to himself, and seeming to see something a long way off. He had large, round eyes, like a child's, and at times they looked so sad and wistful that it made one's heart ache to watch them. But there came a moment when I saw them flashing with pride and joy. We had given our last performance at a small town in the eastern counties, and were to start by the first train the next morning for Grimsby, which was the next place on our list. I got back to my lodgings about eleven o'clock, and, having had supper, I went upstairs to pack, so as to be all ready for the morrow. On entering my room however, I suddenly recollected that I had forgotten to bring my things home. What was I to do? Our train left at a few minutes past six, and I should have no time to get them in the morning. The only course was for me to go back to the theatre then, and see if I could by any means get in. It was not a very hopeful chance, but I had no other, so taking my cap, and turning my coat collar up about my neck, I went softly out of the house, and turned my steps towards "the plain," as they called the dreary piece of waste land on which the theatre was built. I looked anxiously about as I walked, in the hopes of seeing a human being. Everybody knows everybody else's business in the country, and perhaps I might meet with someone who could tell me where the woman lived who kept the keys. But I reached the theatre without seeing a soul—indeed, at that hour, a little after midnight, it was hardly likely there would be anyone about in a provincial town, and when I looked at the dingy, prison-like block, with its doors fastened and its gate padlocked, I could not help thinking that it was a foolish thing to have come at all. The place appeared strangely gloomy and forbidding in the white moonlight. A solitary lamp flickered dimly at one corner, and that was the only sign of life about, for the few houses near loomed so blank and lifeless that they might have belonged to a city of the dead. An unaccountable feeling of dread—for I am not a nervous man—began to creep over me as I stood gazing at the ghostly scene, and I had a childish inclination to turn and run away. It seemed foolish, however, to go back without at least doing more than gaping at the walls, and accordingly, without any very definite idea, I strolled round to the stage door and tried the latch. I did so in the aimless, mechanical way that men do try doors they feel sure are fastened, or search for things in places where they know they cannot be. The very last thing I expected was to find it yield to my touch, and that it did so startled me. I wished it had not. I would rather have found it impossible to get in and have gone away empty-handed—odd and inconsistent, but so it was. There was no excuse that I could make to myself now for returning without accomplishing the object with which I had come and I pushed open the door to enter. Even on the threshold I hesitated, but I had conquered what I thought then was meaningless fancy, and went right in, closing the door behind me. The dressing-rooms were upstairs, on a level with the circle, or "boxes," as they were called. I knew my way to them well, and gained the one I wanted without much trouble. I got my things together by the help of a few matches, and then, with my bundle under my arm, I turned to go again. The passage outside was pitch dark, and I had to grope my way with my hands. At the end I turned by mistake to the left instead of the right, and found myself in the boxes. The silent house yawning before me seemed to resemble a huge vault rather than a theatre. The dingy drapery shrouding the tawdry paint, gave it a mysterious death-like air; while the moon-

light, streaming through some windows at the back, and falling in a broad beam across the centre of the stage, made the shadows deeper still. I paused there for a while, looking round, and was just on the point of turning away, when a figure, creeping across the stage, passed through the moonlight, and vanished into the darkness on the other side. It was not fear, but a vague awe, that came over me; my bundle dropped from my hand, and I leant forward breathlessly, watching for the figure to reappear. It did so almost immediately, and this time remained standing in the light in a crouching attitude as if listening. It was a weird, fantastic object. A long scarlet cloak covered the whole of its body, and on its head it wore what looked like a white turban. Suddenly it tunnelled, and then I saw that the hands and face were black. Was I dreaming? It all seemed more like some nightmare than any possible reality. I shook myself, felt my eyes, pulled out my watch, and counted its tick. Yes, I was awake, there could be no doubt of that. The figure on the stage raised itself to its full height, and stretched out its arm in a theatrical manner. I saw that it was about to speak, and listened intently. The words came in a loud deep whisper. They were the well-known ones that open the last scene in *Othello*:—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul——"

I understood it then. It was poor, demented Billy, enacting the part of Othello. It was his duty to close the place after everyone else had gone, but to-night before doing so he had evidently determined to have a full-dress rehearsal of his favourite character all to himself. It was his "great part"—Othello—to use his own words, the part in which he was going to electrify the world when his opportunity came. I had often promised to go and see him rehearse it, and now, by mere coincidence, I was present. I made my way quietly to the front of the boxes and sat down. I have witnessed a good many representations of *Othello*, some good, some bad, some great, but never one that fascinated me as this one did. It was a wild, frenzied performance, such as only a maniac could have given. With the theatre full of life and light it would have excited ridicule and laughter, but now, in the darkness and the silence, with no other audience than the shadows and myself, it was tragic in its very grotesqueness. He leapt about the stage, and shrieked and roared, and hissed till he seemed rather some freakish devil than a human thing; and yet there were moments when he was really grand. The "Aye," with which Othello answers Desdemona's "How unlawfully?" broke from him like the cry of a wounded tiger; later on, when he threw himself across the dead body, it was the wail of a strong heart breaking that rang through the echoing house. Again, too, when he sprang upon Iago, I could hardly bring myself to believe that the fierce fingers clutched only an imaginary throat. But, indeed, he was throughout so terribly in earnest that I felt it could be no mere rehearsal at which I was so strangely assisting, and a glimmer of what I too soon knew to be the truth began to dawn upon me. To Billy's clouded brain this was no idle frolic, but a magnificent reality. For him the vacant house was thronged with awed, excited faces. For him the unlit footlights flared, and the gloomy stage was bright with the gay mantles of Venetian officers and nobles, and Cassio and Montano, with Brabantio's kinsmen, stood with him on the empty boards. He saw them, heard them, spoke to them. He struggled with them for his sword, and it seemed, as I watched, that hands, invisible to me, wrested it roughly from him. I waited with strained eagerness now for the end. It soon came. He listened to the tale of Iago's villainy in quivering despair, and shrieking "Fool! fool! fool!" sank grovelling to the ground. He lay there motionless, while Cassio and Lodovico might have spoken, and

IT WAS A WEIRD, FANTASTIC OBJECT.

then he raised himself and stood erect in the centre of the stage. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget that tall, gaunt figure, with the quiet moonlight pouring down upon it. There was no madness in his acting now. The apish gestures and grimaces had fallen from him, and a calm dignity had clothed him in their stead. The voice, no longer shrilly and ranting, but now deep and full, rolled like an organ-peal across the silence. There was no tremor, no sadness in its tones, but the noble speech beginning, "Soft you; a word or two," was heavy with the stern pathos of resolve, and solemn as the farewell words of one who has, in spirit, crossed the little grave, and speaks from the hidden land beyond. He paused at "Set you down this," and his hand passed stealthily beneath his ample sash. When he spoke again it was very low, but grew louder and louder as he went on, till the words "And smote him," burst like the final thunderclap after the gathering roar; and, then, throwing back his cloak, his right hand darted up. There was a steely glitter in the moonlight, and uttering a firm, sad "Thus," he stretched out wide his arms, tottered, and came reeling down with a crash upon the stage. I sprang to my feet wild with excitement. My lips parted to shout "Bravo!" but only a cry of horror came from them. From under the folds of the scarlet robe there crept a broad dark line. It crawled from board to board like a loathsome serpent, and I knew that it was blood. In an instant I had scrambled down upon the stage and was kneeling by his side, trying to stay the ebbing life. He glanced up carelessly at me, and did not seem to know what he had done. He lay very still for a little while, and then a great joy came into his face. "Hark," he cried, "they are calling for me, do you hear? Yes, yes, back with it—they are calling me, they are calling me." He started up, flinging me aside as if I had been a child. He clasped his hands and laughed, and went dancing down to the chill, black footlights. But the call that he had heard summoned him further yet, and the next moment he fell back—dead.

SOME FOREIGN MUSIC HALLS.

Eve walked lazily down the Garden of Eden, with the serpent coiled round her throat like a boa.

In those days Adam had eaten nothing but wholesome prunes and innocent bananas, and Eve's young soul, empty and at peace, shone sleepily out of her quiet eyes.

With a face like that, cool as a closed flower, and dressed as Eve was, in nothing but her fair hair and a boa, with the trifling addition of pink silk tights, I saw Mademoiselle Chou-chou, *chanteuse excentrique internationale*, make her début on the stage of Marseilles' big music hall "Le Palais de Crystal." She was a great success, because of the innocence of her face and the impudence of her costume, and her mother, who had been very anxious about her, was justly proud and elated.

"*Cré nom d' un tambour-major!*" said the old *Chanteuse Gommeuse*, when I complimented her on her daughter's angelic appearance. "*Ca m'en a pas mal coûté de la garder comme ça; mais aussi maintenant, ça va me rapporter!*"

The mother had for fifteen years been singing "*Le Pompier*" and "*die Liebe ist eine Himmelsmacht;*" and she knew her public well.

I went round to the front to hear Mlle. Chou-chou sing. She was still waiting for the applause to subside, standing straight and white, with the huge black feather boa wound round her body, with unsmiling lips and calm eyebrows cast over her eyes like quiet wings.

When she sang it was with a wretched little tired childish voice, and her songs were certainly of her mother's choosing. One of them began:

Citine est née à Grenelle,
Tant mieux pour elle!
Et Gugusse nez aplati,
Tant pis pour lui!
Citine porte d'la flanelle,
Tant mieux pour elle!
Et Gugusse Porte-Saint-Dénis,
Tant pis pour lui!

Her song, her toilette, and her age were admirably suited to the taste of a South-of-France audience, for they are perverted, tired and vicious people in the loud-talking Midi. I remember in Béziers, a little out-of-the-way town, in which it would be hard to find an honest man, a pure woman, or an innocent child, a chanteuse of the Alcazar said to me one evening, as she was painting blue circles under her eyes: "Hélas! our complexions are bad and our morals are dreadful! Have not you in America some new cosmetic for our worn faces and some new vice for our weary souls?"

She, poor thing, had a good voice, and was getting 300 francs. (60 dollars) a month from the proprietors of the café. Out of this he kept 100 francs for allowing her the (obligatory) privilege of boarding in the house; 25 francs he paid his waiter "*pour le service de Madame;*" 75 francs he paid to himself for her room, which was also in the house. Her journey from Marseilles had cost 35 francs, and her journey back would cost the same. "At the end of the month I shall receive 30 francs (6 dollars)," she said, putting an angry little dab of carmine into each nostril, "unless I am fined more than that amount meanwhile. Ah! it is a cunning system that binds us body and soul to our own degradation! Here we are, at the mercy of the *patron*, of his friends, his clients, and his waiters! We are required to be in the café from mid-day until two in the morning in order to 'further the interests of the *établissement!*' A *petit-verre*, you say? Why, thank you, certainly. I should be fined five francs if I were to refuse anything you offered! I am glad you like my voice; I will sing a Romance of Gounod's to-night and you'll see what happens."

Empty wine bottles and syphons of seltzer water were thrown at her from the audience; so she sang "*J'avais mon pompon*" to pacify them.

When I told her about the plump and comfortable American ballad singers, the jolly, well-fed male impersonators, the frisky and frolicsome skirt dancers that kick at everything out here and get everything they kick for, her eager, thin French face grew hard and envious; but when I described the public American music halls, a well-behaved, well-disposed public that never throws bottles at the artists on even worse provocation than a song of Gounod's, when I told her of a place where little boys dressed like Turks present the audience with printed requests "not to applaud with anything but their hands," she burst into a wild, incredulous fit of laughter, and cried: "*Farceur, va!* Who do you think will swallow that?" Yet the *café-chantants* flourish abroad, even if the artists do not. In a town like that quaint old seaport, Cette, you come across two or three *café-chantants*, all run on similar plans. One of them, the Café des Marins, does not pay its singers at all. They are expected to go round the tables with their *coquille* and collect money from the men in the audience. These are mostly sailors, a rough but kindly crowd, who love a good song better than a *grivoiserie*.

It is when English-speaking traders put into port there that the *artistes* put on an extra dash of colour by the light of their heightened hopes. For them silver coins take the place of *gros sous* in the tendered shell, and well-meant compliments, in home-made French, sound sweet to the women's rouged ears.

I remember a little English girl (she was in the song and dance line), who had drifted into the café at Cette by that combination of curious chances which rules the

lives of these warbling wanderers. She had been amusing her French hearers every night by her dreadful pronunciation and evident misinterpretation of their lowest songs and coarsest jokes. That one particular evening she had begun as usual in her boldest voice:

N'm chatouillez pas——

when her eyes caught the well-known blue of the British uniform and the friendly gleam of the bronzed upturned faces.

She stopped, blushing furiously, and called out to the pianist: "*Taisez! je chanter seule!*" And when the music stopped she began bravely all alone, but with quite a pale face:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam . . .

How they all jumped up and waved their caps and joined in the chorus and rubbed their light-blue English eyes! And how the little English girl in the song and dance line stood on the platform sobbing, and had to be taken into the dressing-room by the lady contortionist.

"*Qu' est ce que c'est donc,*" exclaimed the indignant Frenchmen, "*que ce 'home sweet home?'*" That is what a Frenchman will never understand.

These bronzed sailor faces are often seen, looking wholesome and good-tempered amid a sallow-visaged audience in the cafés of Spain. In Barcelona, for instance, at the Alcazar Español in Calle de la Union! Down that queer old street soft-eyed Spanish girls, with their dark hair bound in the black lace handkerchief, turn from the broad palm-bordered Rambla and hurry along, their high heels knocking on the pavement, their full skirts brushing past the ugly walls and blackened doors of the houses. The *caballero* who has noticed the quick manœuvre of glance and smile, follows leisurely, throwing his red-lined cloak around his chin and twirling insolent moustaches with his heavily-ringed fingers.

Calle de la Union! A good place for a quick, hard fight, with a Catalan hatred in your heart and a Catalan blade to your knife. And the *Alcazar, al No.* 10, is a good place to turn into if the *guardias* are coming. It is as if you were expected there. Everybody is expected there, from the taciturn Italian anarchist to the placid and benignant German Consul, from the brawling Spanish soldier to the stony British tourist, from the voluble French *commis* to the cool-headed American millionaire—everybody goes in and pays two cents for his place.

There is always something amusing or soul-harrowing going on inside—a dance, a farce, a tragedy, or an opera. Marvellous acting, too, is to be seen on that wretched little stage—performances of "Othello" that would make old Salvini flush with anger and admiration. A fierce young, jealous *catalano* of twenty plays the *Moor* to an *Iago* from Madrid and an Andalusian *Desdemona.* When the men fight they work themselves up to such a heat of passion that I have seen their hands and faces covered with blood. One night, after we had watched *Othello* drag his *Desdemona* across the stage by her own long curling hair, and wind it round and round her neck with clenched teeth and thundering voice, we invited him up to our box to praise and compliment him. He came, in his turban and burnt cork, and sat, trembling and fierce, without a word to say. "Where is *Desdemona?*" somebody asked. We were not surprised at the answer. "She has fainted," he said.

Cleaner, prettier, and better are the Italian *caffé concerti*, where you are almost sure to hear good music and sweet voices of Italian singers between the appearance of one majestic *Wienerin* aud another. These fine, fat *Wienerinnen* are a great feature of Italian music-halls; their songs are chiefly about "*wahre treue Liebe*" and "*das Militär;*" their clothes begin low down and end high up; they are large, pink, and wholesome to look at, and the thin, swarthy Italian lolls back in his chair eating *gelati* and saying contentedly: "*Ecco un bel pezzo di donna!*" (That's a fine piece of woman!)

But the plump and placid beauty from Vienna must step into the background if the American *vaudevilliste,* with her American *diablerie,* cares to swirl her long skirts and her light, loose hair in front of an Italian audience. Her charming impudence, her cool self-assertion and her brisk, jerky language all unite to fascinate and astonish the indolent Southerner, whose own women are lazy, passionate, and sad. These American luxuries, however, cost dear, and so the *habitués* of the *concerti* put up with "*flotte Mädel*" from Germany and second-rate "*divettes*" from France, well pleased, after all, to then rest their ears by listening to their own Italian songs sung by their own clear Italian voices.

Here is a reminiscence of Montecatini, the pretty watering-place near Florence. All the bilious and overworked people in Italy (they are not many) go and drink of its waters and perspire in its grottos.

Giuseppe Verdi, the old maestro, never misses a season. The great man is of a surly and taciturn disposition, and, following his express desire, he is left quite to himself to come and go through the halls of the Stabilimento, a gaunt, gray figure, unnoticed and unsaluted even by the few he calls his friends.

Outside, at the farthest end of the garden, stands the stage of the Caffé Nuovo, where the artists perform to those less bilious of the patients who are willing to listen to them.

Nidia Romani, an *excentrique,* who had been consumptive a year, was singing out her last bit of lung to this apathetic audience and kicking poorly padded legs about in a shaky attempt to provoke hilarity or approval, when down the well-lit avenue leading to the theatre Verdi, great and solemn, appeared. He was leaning on the arm of Boito, his librettist and the composer of "Mefistofele."

Poor husky Nidia stopped singing. Then she suddenly bent down and spoke hurriedly to the *chef d'orchestre.* He, at first, seemed to make some protest or opposition, but finally he gave the word to his musicians and they struck a full chord of A minor. Then softly, very softly, they played the accompaniment to Verdi's *aria* from "Traviata."

Addio, del passato. . . .

And Nidia sang.

In her pink silk tights, with her short gauze skirts all ruffled up behind her, she stood there, a grotesque and pathetic figure, singing the saddest aria that has ever been written, that *addio* of the dying courtesan, before singing which Patti still makes the sign of the cross!

Stock still in the middle of the path stood the old composer, looking at her, grim and stern.

There was no applause when she ended. But Verdi went forward slowly, right up to the stage, stretched out his hand to her, and said, "*Grazie.*"

THE PRINCE AND THE PROMOTER.

Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the Empress of Austria, was once travelling in the same carriage with a company promoter, who told him that his daughter was a leader of society in Vienna. "If you like," he said, condescendingly, "I will give you a line to her, and you will meet all the best people in Vienna at her house." "Thank you," the Prince replied, modestly, "but I am going to stay with a married daughter, and am not likely to be seeing many people beyond just her intimate friends." "Perhaps I know your daughter?" said the man, interrogatively. "Perhaps," replied the Prince. "Well, what is the name of her husband?" pursued the other, unabashed; "I suppose he has a name?" "Yes, his name is the Emperor Francis Joseph." The financial gentleman had no more to say.

A CHAT WITH MISS GRANVILLE.

"How did you like playing Paula?" I asked.

"I simply loved it. When I was understudying the part for Mrs. Patrick Campbell I attended every rehearsal, and so had the full benefit of Mr. Pinero's assistance. He's a perfect marvel in the art of stage managing. He writes in the minutest stage directions before his play is rehearsed at all, and though alterations are sometimes suggested, it is found that Mr. Pinero's first ideas are always the most practicable."

"You couldn't have been sorry when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was indisposed, and gave you your chance?"

"Well, the first time it occurred I had no time for any feelings upon the subject at all. I only had ten minutes' notice before I played Paula the first time, and the late Mr. Edmund Yates, who happened to be in the theatre, was one of the first to come round and—er—and say nice things, you know."

"But didn't you find that playing Paula interfered with the playing afterwards of your own part—Mrs. Cortelyon?"

"No, I don't think so. It was such splendid practice, you see. I have frequently played Paula and 'the Cortelyon woman' on alternate nights."

"And never mixed up the two?"

"I confess to doing so—once. It was in the provinces. I was playing Mrs. Cortelyon to Miss Millard's Paula, and in the second act I began one of Paula's lines. Miss Millard looked aghast, and well she might, for I was simply taking the words out of her mouth. I had to work round to my right lines. Luckily it wasn't noticed in front, although there was at least one man in the audience who knew the play well, almost by heart. Audiences always seem slow in seeing a mistake which is too painfully obvious to those on the stage."

"Do you remember many laughable mistakes?" I asked.

"No," replied Miss Granville, with a smile, "you see they aren't permitted at St. James's."

"You started your professional career with Mr. Alexander's company, didn't you?"

"Yes. He engaged me about four years ago. My first performance was to come on in a society crowd. Even that is invaluable experience to a novice. Then came several understudies, and occasionally a small part. I stayed with Mr. Alexander till he released me to play at the Court."

"Then you don't believe in the system of knocking about the country in provincial companies to gain experience?"

"No, I don't. Unless the company is very first-rate you get into slipshod ways. You can do pretty well what you like, you know, in the country. I think a London engagement is a much better school. Of course, you have to be content with very small beginnings. But then look what opportunities you have of studying the best people! I believe that the finest teaching for a would-be actress or actor is to go round and see all the tip-top people. Study their methods, see how they get their effects—sometimes they want a lot of seeing—and then, go home and try them. By this I don't mean mere copying. When I was understudying I always tried to forget the performance of the principal."

MISS GRANVILLE.

"Do you suffer from stage fright at all?"

"No, but I am painfully nervous on first nights. I never experienced this feeling when I was a beginner. I would go down to the theatre and find everybody in an awful state of suppressed nervousness—something quite terrible to see. I couldn't understand it at all, and I told Mr. Alexander so several times. 'Wait till you have been at it a little time,' was his invariable reply, and his words have come true. In playing a new piece I am never comfortable until I'm on the stage—things seem all right then."

"You've had plenty of variety in your parts at St. James's?"

"Yes, and the other day I had the offer of another big change, but my arrangements are more or less settled. Then I had another offer to go to America, but——. You mustn't tell them that though."

I promised I wouldn't.

"I would die for you, dearest," said Mr. Huggins in a passionate declaration of love.

"Then give up tobacco," replied Miss Gaskett.

"Oh, but that would kill me!"

SOME FAMOUS DUELS.

One of the strangest duels of which a record has been preserved is that fought between Charles I.'s Court dwarf Jeffrey Hudson and a Mr. Crofts. This little man, at one time attached to the suite of the Duke of Buckingham, was made the hero (?) of a poetic description of an imaginary fight between himself and a turkey-cock, in which he only saved himself by flight. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Hudson was appointed to the command of a troop of horse, and it was then that a reference to the fight with the turkey made by a young officer (Mr. Crofts) resulted in the duel. Crofts was challenged in due course by Hudson, and a meeting was duly arranged. On his arrival upon the ground, the dwarf was enraged to discover that his opponent had armed himself with a squirt. A duel on horseback was at once engaged in, and the unfortunate joker was shot through the heart by his pigmy adversary's first fire. Of course, the advantage was with the smaller man, who presented far less "surface" to fire at than his opponent. It is recorded that Lord Erskine on one occasion challenged a very tall and big man, who took exception to his lordship's small stature and size, urging that he would be "more difficult to hit than I should." Lord Erskine, determined to fight, then suggested that his stature, etc., should be marked out in chalk on his gigantic antagonist's body to make matters more equal. However, the officer was not to be cajoled in this way, and the meeting fell through.

Another famous encounter (of far later date) was not unconnected with the notorious Captain Boycott, in Ireland. The duel, which took place in June, 1807, was fought between Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, and arose through a dispute concerning a matter of military command, although bad blood had existed between the two officers for some time previously. After the mess dinner the two officers adjourned to the mess-waiter's room. Some half an hour later one of the servants was alarmed by hearing two shots proceed from a small chamber near the mess-room. Upon entering Captain Boyd was discovered fatally wounded in the stomach, Major Campbell being still present in the room, which was about fourteen feet across. After some difficulty a statement was extracted from the dying man that everything had been "fair," but Campbell thought it necessary to go into hiding, at least for a time, which he did, escaping to Chelsea, where he lived under an assumed name till he eventually gave himself up for trial. Taken to Ireland he was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Great efforts were made to secure a pardon, and Mrs. Campbell entreated King George II. to interfere but he was obdurate. The poor, distracted wife, finding her tears of no avail, hurried to Port Patrick to be with her husband at the last. But Mrs. Campbell only arrived in time to meet her husband's corpse on its way to Ayrshire for interment.

A very determined duel was that fought in 1759 by Colonel Barrington on horseback. Both he and his opponent were well supplied with ammunition, and advancing towards each other at a gallop they fired off their pistols—loaded to the muzzle with swan shot and bullets—and receiving no damage therefrom they both set-to with their swords, and hacked away at each other till both were severely wounded, when the duel ceased.

A meeting which at the time created a good deal of excitement was that of Sir George Ramsay and a certain Captain Macrae (a well-known leader of Edinburgh fashion) in the middle of April, 1790. The encounter took place at Ward's Inn, a then lonely spot on the borders of Musselburgh links. The quarrel was a very frivolous one, and arose from Sir George's refusal to dismiss one of his wife's servants at Captain Macrae's behest. Captain Macrae had chastised the servant for incivility, and was served by Sir George with a summons for assault. The principals, we are told, and the others walked to the beach, and the former having taken up their positions at about fourteen paces distant from one another, the signal to fire was given. Sir George Ramsay took deliberate aim, and his bullet grazed the neck of his adversary's coat collar. Captain Macrae, after all was over, asserted that he had intended firing in the air, but seeing his opponent deliberately aim at him, he did likewise, and shot him through the body, of which wound he died. The murderer fled to France with his second, and upon failing to appear for trial a sentence of outlawry was passed upon him. He remained abroad until his death thirty years later, having taken the precaution before sentence was passed upon him of conveying his estate to trustees.

Ten years previously a Parliamentary duel of some importance took place in no less a place than Hyde Park, on the morning of March 22nd, 1780. The principals were Lord Shelburne (the alleged aggressor) and Colonel Fullarton, M.P. for Plympton, and the cause of meeting was a speech made by the former, reflecting upon the gallant Colonel's loyalty. The two seconds were Lord F. Cavendish and Lord Balcarres. Shots were exchanged at twelve paces without ill-effect, when upon firing his second pistol, Colonel Fullarton hit his opponent in the groin. The seconds interfered, his lordship's offering to take his place; but this the wounded man would not hear of. Upon Colonel Fullarton taking up his position again, which he had left to attend the wounded man, the latter, instead of firing at his opponent as desired to do, discharged his pistol in the air.

Only a month or two later a Mr. Donovan was tried for having killed a Captain Hanson in a duel. The evidence having proved that Mr. Donovan was the aggrieved party, and from the first an unwilling principal in the affair, he was acquitted of the charge of murder; but, being found guilty of manslaughter, was fined £10 to the King.

A very sanguinary duel took place on April 21st, 1783, between two officers of the army—Mr. Cunningham, of the Scots Greys, and Mr. Riddell, of the Grenadiers. The original dispute was about some gambling transaction. Mr. Riddell had then challenged Mr. Cunningham, which challenge was refused. Afterwards Mr. Cunningham's brother officers were always twitting him with cowardice, and he challenged Mr. Riddell; who, in turn, refused. Mr. Cunningham met Mr. Riddell by chance at a war agent's office, and spat in that gentleman's face. A meeting was fixed for the same day. Attended by their seconds the two men arrived on the field punctually, and took up their positions at eight paces distance. Having tossed for first fire Mr. Riddell won, and promptly shot his opponent through the right breast. Mr. Cunningham reeled, but still remained on his feet, and declared he would not be taken off the field till he had shot at his enemy. Taking a steady aim, he fired at Mr. Riddell, and wounded him so severely that in less than twenty-four hours he was dead. A verdict of manslaughter was brought in by the jury, after four hours' deliberation, against the survivor, whose wound did not after all prove a mortal one, as was at first feared.

One of the most extraordinary duels ever fought—and one which till quite recent years, was shrouded in mystery—was that between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox on the 26th of May, 1789. The meeting, which was brought about by a very insignificant cause, took place on Wimbledon Common. The seconds were Lord Rawdon and the Earl of Winchelsea. No doubt with a view to the Duke of York running as little risk as possible under the circumstances, the two combatants were not placed too near one another. When the word "fire" was given only the Colonel's pistol went off, and tradition states the bullet carried away a lock of the Duke's hair. It is, however, probable (in the light of recently published memoirs) that there was no bullet in

either of the pistols. His Royal Highness refusing to return the Colonel's fire the affair terminated, no doubt to the satisfaction of the seconds, who had probably arranged matters between themselves. If any wound had been inflicted upon the Royal Duke all would have been proceeded against for high treason without a doubt.

One of the most famous clerical duels is undoubtedly that fought between the Rev. Mr. Bate (then editor and proprietor of the *Morning Post*) and Captain Stoney. It arose through the publication, during the early part of the year 1777, of certain letters in the paper reflecting upon the character of a lady in whom the Captain was "interested." The meeting took place in a room, the door of which was locked against intrusion. The two antagonists, having fired off their pistols without any result, set to with their swords. After a few determined passes both were wounded—Captain Stoney in the breast and arm, and his opponent in the thigh. The noise the combatants made drew people to the door of the room, on which they battered unavailingly for admission, the duellists being far too occupied with their encounter to hear, or at least to heed them. The duel would have ended fatally to one or other in all probability, had not an accident happened to Mr. Bate's sword, which bent when it met the Captain's breast bone. Whilst endeavours were being used to straighten it to allow of the duel proceeding the door was forced open, and the antagonists separated. A few days later the gallant Captain led the lady whose name he had so stoutly upheld, to the altar.

The papers of the times when duelling was in fashion furnish many other instances, but in the present article one more must suffice. In the years 1815-1820, Chalk Farm was a favourite spot for the settlement of these affairs of honour, and it was in a field not far from the Load of Hay public-house that a fatal encounter took place on the morning of the 12th of January, 1818. The two principals were Lieutenant Bayley and a Mr. T. O'Callaghan, the quarrel arising out of a misunderstanding between them whilst acting as seconds to two friends. It appears that Mr. O'Callaghan was slightly wounded in the leg by the first shot fired by his opponent, his own shot being ineffectual. The second fire resulted in the Lieutenant being mortally wounded, the bullet having passed almost through his body, carrying with it a piece of his garments. A gentleman (whose house overlooked the spot chosen) arrived too late to prevent the combat, reaching the field only in time to hear the report of the pistols, and see the wounded man fall. The Lieutenant exonerated his adversary of all blame or malice. Upon being tried for murder Mr. O'Callaghan, who was terribly grieved at the fatal occurrence, was acquitted of the capital offence, and merely sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

CHARACTER INDICATED BY THE HAIR.

The fanciful physiognomist claims to read from the hair—its colour, quantity, and quality, its general appearance and arrangement—the conditions and mental characteristics, as well as the mental life and character of its owner. The hair, in its tint, texture, and softness, assuredly does indicate strength, weakness, energy, and we all know that the style of cutting and wearing it affords a somewhat reliable insight into the mental life and character of its owner. Rough, uncared for, untidy hair certainly does not indicate neatness, order, precision, accuracy; and hair arranged with extreme elaboration does suggest all these things, to which may be added punctiliousness and undue attention to trifles. The man who is most careful that the smallest lock shall lie exactly in its place surely indicates in character exactness, extreme formality, and we may also add that it may be the sign of considerable folly, inasmuch as he devotes so much time and thought upon himself. We cannot expect such a one to be occupied to any great extent with matters of larger importance to others.

I venture to give a few rules for the study of the hair, culled from the elaborate observations of various able scholars in physiognomy. Coarse, dark brown, uneven hair, straight, or in crisp, small curls, means innate vulgarity. Straight black hair, growing close and thick and rather coarse, indicates more order and industry than mental power. Glossy black hair, inclined to wave or curl, means keen perceptions and usually a cautious and secretive nature. Black hair in general shows stolidity, a wiry constitution; and curly, coarse black hair denotes much irritability and some stupidity. If, however, curly black hair accompanies blue eyes and fair skin, one may be assured of an excellent mind and good moral tendencies.

It is affirmed that straight hair indicates more power to govern than curly hair; indeed, one writer says: "Straight-haired men have ruled the world. It may also be added that at least in some instances these men in turn have been ruled by curly-haired women;" and here may be given the general rule that straight hair accompanies persons who are straight, erect in walking; whose bodies exhibit straight lines and angles rather than curves, and who possess a mental character to correspond. Curly-haired people are more sinuous. A good forehead and partly bald head, with very thin, black hair, may mark the possession of judgment, though lacking ready wit and invention. Straight, fair hair indicates a generally amiable disposition or a dull, phlegmatic temperament, according to the shape of the head. Hair and eyebrows differing in colour are said to mean untrustworthiness. They indicate race mixture, and bespeak an unsteady, wavering nature, as the inherited propensities of one race or the other predominate. Red hair means entirety in characteristics—no half-way business here. The owner will be very kind or very cruel, very true or very false. One writer says that not infrequently red hair indicates a need of watchfulness towards its owner, and suggests the fox! It usually indicates a quick temper, although there are many exceptions. It certainly means activity, and, if curly, shows an intense organisation. Very coarse red hair testifies to animal propensities. Auburn hair means a kindly, sympathetic nature. Fine brown hair only accompanies excellent minds, and generally the owner has intellectual tendencies. Beautiful golden hair is rarely seen on persons of a gross, sensual nature. Its owner loves fine arts, and usually possesses exquisite sensibilities. There is never occasion to fear a person with pleasant auburn or golden locks that are regularly disposed. They mean a high grade of intelligence and kindness.

As a rule, smooth, fine, softly waving hair betokens gentleness, amiability, quietness, neatness. Unduly sleek, straight hair gives warning of slyness, subtlety, hypocrisy. Curls denote a feeble sense of right and wrong, gaiety, vivacity, self-confidence, vanity, quick perception, quick temper. Fine, scanty hair means weak development, bad health, melancholy or childishness. Strong, crisp hair signifies business ability, vigour, and, if black or brown it also means warmth and passion. If light it shows moderation and self-control. In general, coarse hair indicates stupidity, animality, a strong constitution, and courageous temper; while fine hair bespeaks a weak body, sympathetic susceptibility, timidity, vivacity.

Hair growing low on the forehead shows a good constitution, long-lived ancestry; a peak coming down on the forehead indicates excellent powers of observation, honest purposes, and, we are obliged to add, a fractious temper. Lavater attributes great importance to the eyebrows, saying that often in themselves they express the individual's character. Eyebrows gently arched "mean the modesty and simplicity of a young maiden." Placed

horizontally and in a straight line, they indicate a vigorous character.

When horizontal for a part of their length and short, strength of mind is united with frankness and goodness. Lavater says: "I have never seen a profound thinker, or a firm and judicious man with thin eyebrows and set very high, which divide the forehead into equal parts." Thin eyebrows are an infallible sign of apathy and flabbiness. The nearer they are to the eyes the more serious, profound, and social the character; and there is a loss of strength, firmness, and boldness in proportion to their height. Paolo Mantegazza, who does not believe in observations based on anatomy, expresses profound respect for Lavater's guesses (as he terms them) concerning the eyebrows, and says, "they are so mobile and so intimately bound to the eyes and intelligence that probably a careful study of them might supply a good diagnosis of the physiognomy."

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

IV.—THE COURTESY OF CHRISTIAN THE HIGHWAYMAN.

"I AM tired of men," cried Princess Osra, "and of suitors, and of princes. I will go to Zenda and ride in the forest all alone."

"You will meet men even there," said the King.

"How do you know that, sire?" she asked with a smile.

"At least I have found it impossible to avoid meeting women anywhere."

"I do not think it is the same thing," observed Osra, smiling again.

The King said no more, but let her go her own way; and to Zenda she went, and rode in the forest all alone, meeting for many days no man at all, though, perhaps, she thought a little of those whom she had met, and (who can tell?) now and then of one whom she should some day meet. For the mind loves to entertain itself with such idle musings, and they are hardly conscious till a sudden smile or a beat of the heart betrays them to the abashed thinker. Just in this manner a flush had chanced to rise to Osra's cheek one day as she rode in a reverie, being above ten miles from the Castle and on the very edge of the kingdom's frontier, which skirts the extremity of the forest on the east. And breaking off her thoughts, half ashamed of them, she looked up and saw a very fine and powerful horse tethered to a tree a few yards away, saddled and bridled. Then she said to herself with a sigh, "Alas, here is a man, as my brother said!" And she shook her head very sorrowfully.

The next instant she saw, as she had foreboded, a man approaching her; and the matter was as bad as could be, for he was young and handsome, finely dressed, carrying a good sword by his side and a brace of pistols mounted in silver in his belt. And he held a feathered hat in his hand, and, advancing with a deep bow, knelt on one knee by the Princess's horse, saying, "Madame, if you will, you can do me a great service."

"If it be in my power, sir," she answered—for since fate compelled her to meet a man, she would not show him rudeness—"I am at your service."

"You see my horse there, madame? He is as dear as my life to me; and I fear I shall lose him, unless I have your aid," and he rose and stood looking at the Princess.

"Why, what threatens him?" she asked.

"I will tell you, madame. I come from across the frontier, from a secluded village nearly ten miles from here. There I live with my mother, whom I support. There is a rich fellow there, a farmer, Otho by name, who is, saving your presence, a plaguey boastful fellow. And he is to-day to be betrothed."

"And do you also love the lady, sir?" asked Osra, thinking she had come at the cause of his trouble.

"Not I, madame. But this Otho boasted and vaunted so intolerably of her beauty, and of his own prowess and attraction, that last night I, led away by emulation (nay, I am ashamed to say that I had also drunk a flask of wine) wagered with him my horse against a thousand crowns—though the horse is worth two thousand—that I would bring with me to the feast a girl handsomer than his Lotta. And now it is ten o'clock, and the feast is at one o'clock, and I have no girl to show, ugly or handsome. And if I lose my horse, I must hang myself, for I cannot live without him."

"You cannot live without your horse?" she asked in surprise.

"At least, madame," he answered in some confusion, "his loss would go near to breaking my heart."

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"But is this Lotta so handsome that you can find none to surpass her?"

"She is indeed wonderfully handsome. They call her in the village the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Then, sir, it seems to me that your wager was most improvident and rash. For you are certain to lose it."

"Alas, yes!" he answered in great distress. "I am certain to lose; for there are I think only two ladies in the world who could save me, and one would not."

"Two ladies? Who are they?"

"Madame," said he, "before you came in sight, I sat desolate and despairing on the ground, and what I said to myself was, 'If what men say is true, there is only one lady who could save me. But how shall I, poor Christian Hantz, come at the Princess Osra? And would she put on a country girl's dress and go to the feast with me? Alas, it is impossible! And there is no other lady in the world beautiful enough,—But then——"

"Well, sir, what then?" asked Osra, playing with her whip and smothering a smile.

"Then, madame," said Christian, "I looked up and I saw you, and I cried, 'A fig for the Princess Osra! For here is a lady more beautiful than all they tell of Princess Osra; I will throw myself at her feet and pray her in pity to help me.'"

Still Osra hid her smile, and so busy was she with this task that she did not perceive that Christian also hid a smile; but she thought that he did not know her, whereas he had seen her several times, and had this day tracked her in the forest, knowing that she was accustomed to ride there.

"But where," she asked, "would the lady who went with you get the dress you speak of?"

"At my mother's cottage, madame, where my mother would wait on her."

"And when could she be back at this spot?"

"By five in the afternoon, madame. I would myself escort her."

"And why, sir, should she rescue you from the straits to which your folly has led you?"

"Alas, madame, for no reason, unless, by a divine miracle, she should prove as kind as she is beautiful."

"You have a rash tongue sir, in other matters than the making of wagers." And she looked at him. For she was very sorely tempted to do what he prayed of her, and she said,

"Has the Princess Osra ever ridden through your village?"

"Never, madame."

"But someone there may know her face, and then they will think nothing of mine."

"It is unlikely that anyone there should have seen even a picture of her, for they are quiet folk and do not go abroad."

"Besides, in a peasant's dress—" began Osra, meditatively. But she stopped, blushing and laughing. And Christian caught her hand and kissed it, crying,

"For heaven's sake, come, madame!"

And he was so earnest, and his earnestness so became his bronzed face and bright eyes, that Osra could not deny him, but she swore him to secrecy, and agreed to ride with him, blaming herself all the while very greatly, and blaming yet more that Fate which would not allow her to be quit of the troublesome race of men even in the recesses of the forest of Zenda.

Turning their horses, therefore, towards the frontier, they set them at a smart canter, for there was little time to lose if they were to come to the feast by one o'clock, and shortly before noon, having struck a bye-path through the trees, they came on a small cottage that stood apart and by itself, and a hill rose from it.

"On the other side of the hill lies the village, madame," said Christian, jumping from his horse. "And this is my cottage. Hallo, there, mother!"

An old woman came out, neatly and cleanly clad. Christian ran up to her, spoke to her briefly, and brought her to Osra. The worthy dame, bewildered by the appearance and stately air of the Princess, did nothing but curtesy and murmur incoherent thanks, but Osra, now caught by the excitement of the enterprise, clapped her hands, crying,

"Quick, quick, or we shall be too late!"

So Christian lifted her down and led away the horses to a shed behind the cottage. But the old woman led Osra in, and took her to the bedroom, where lay a dress such as the peasant-girls wore. Osra took up the skirt, and looked at it curiously.

"Must I indeed wear this?' she asked. "And I am somewhat tall, mother!"

The old woman said that nothing would serve save the dress, and Osra sighed. Yet as there was no help for it, she suffered the old woman to help her in getting it on.

So the door was shut, and Christian sat smiling in the sun outside, well pleased at the success of his audacious scheme, and feeling Otho's crowns already in his pocket.

Still less did he doubt of this most desirable result when the door of the cottage again opened and Osra came out, blushing, and yet biting her lips to keep back her laughter. Her hair was plaited in two long plaits; she wore a white bodice, and over it a jacket of black velvet, and a red skirt hung full from her waist to but a very little below her knee; then came hose of red also—for it was a holiday, and the best of all were worn—and stout square-toed shoes. And Osra, in her heart, loved all except the shoes, yet she declared that she loathed all except the shoes. And Christian, with eyes cast most demurely on the ground, prayed her to forgive the sad necessity, yet assured her that Lotta would die of envy that very day.

"Let us go then," said Osra. "For the sooner we go, the sooner will it be done, and I can get rid of these ridiculous clothes. Heaven have mercy on me and grant that I may meet none who know me."

They were mounting the hill now, the old woman standing at the cottage door and watching. When they reached the top Osra saw a small village nestling in the valley below, and the sound of music caught her ear. At this a sudden fear seized her, and putting out her hand she caught Christian by the sleeve, saying,

"Will they know me?"

"Not they, madame," said he. But as he spoke his eyes fell on a ring that the Princess wore, a gem engraved with the Royal Arms. "Not they," said he, "if you conceal that ring," and for a moment he looked in her face, and he smiled.

Osra gave a little cry, as she hastily plucked the ring from her finger, and gave it to him, saying,

"Keep it safe, and do not forget to give it me again."

But she would not meet his glance, for she began from now to suspect that he knew who she was.

THEY TURNED THEIR HORSES TOWARDS THE FRONTIER.

The sound of music came from a solid square-built house that stood on the outskirts of the village, and coming nearer they saw a long table spread in the shade near the house, and a company of men and women seated at it. The Princess was somewhat comforted to find that the girls' dresses were in all respects like her own, though her's seemed newer and more handsome; therefore she took courage, and put her arm inside Christian's arm, saying,

"Since I have accepted the part, I will play it. Come, sir, let us go and challenge Lotta. Your horse is at stake!

"He is in no danger," said Christian, "and I am worth a thousand crowns." And his eyes most plainly added the reason which led him to these comfortable conclusions.

Now at this moment Otho, having toasted the company and accepted their good wishes, was standing up before them all, Lotta standing by him,

her hand in his; and he vowed (as was but right) all manner of love and devotion to her, and declared that she was the prettiest girl in the world; and in truth she was very pretty, being, although low of stature, most admirably formed, having golden hair, the pinkest of cheeks and large blue eyes that followed a man about in a most appealing and distracting manner. So that Otho had good reason to be content, and would have come to no harm, had it not been for that old extravagance of lovers which will not allow this world to hold more than one pretty girl—the truth being, of course, quite otherwise. But, led on by this infatuation, Otho cried,

"I dare any man to find so pretty a girl! As for Master Christian whose wager you heard—why, this evening his fine horse shall feed in my stable!"

"Softly, friend Otho, softly," came to the ears of the feasters from behind the trees. "Mistress Lotta is very pretty, but I have here a girl whom some think handsome. Well, this worthy company shall judge." And Christian came from the shelter of the trees leading Osra by the hand, and he set her opposite to Lotta, where all could see her. And all looked and beheld her with amazement. But none spoke. So they rested for a long while, Christian smiling and Osra's eyes being set on Lotta, while Otho did nothing but gaze at Osra.

Presently a low murmur began to run along the table. "Who is she?" asked someone, but none could answer. "Who is she?" called an old man to Christian, but he answered, "What's that to you? Is she not fairer?" And when the others asked whence she came, he made the same answer. But one young fellow leant from his place and plucked Christian's sleeve, saying, "Is she promised to you?" and at this Christian frowned, answering, "At least she is not for you," while Osra, overhearing, blushed mightily. Then Otho, still saying nothing, suddenly lugged out a great purse of money, and flung it violently into the middle of the table with a curse, and Christian, with a mocking lift of his hat, came forward, and, taking it, tossed it up and down in his hand, crying, "Is it fair weight, neighbour Otho?" But Otho did not heed him, but turned suddenly to Lotta and put his arm round her waist, saying,

"Aye, it is true. The devil must have sent her, but it is true. Yet you are pretty too, my lass." For Lotta, after looking at all the company and at Osra, had been so sorely wounded in her pride and robbed of her triumph, that, poor child, she had begun to weep, hiding her face in her hands, and Otho was trying to comfort her, though, lover as he was, he could not for the life of him declare that she was more beautiful than the girl whom Christian had brought. And they all moved from their places and came to stand round Osra. But she, after a moment, caught from Christian the bag that he tossed so exultantly, crying to him,

"I will be your debtor for it," and bursting through the ring, she ran round the table and came to Lotta, and, pulling the girl's hands down from her face, she thrust the bag into her hands, and began to talk to her, whispering low, and looking into her frightened eyes with shining eyes.

"Ah, my dear," said Osra, "see, he still loves you, dear. Ah, why did I come? And I am going away, yes, now, and I shall never come here again. I do harm wherever I go! Yes, but you'll be the prettiest girl in the village always! Otho. Otho, kiss her, Otho! tell her that you love her, Otho. Don't stand there dumb. Oh, how stupid men are! Don't you see what she wants? Yes, do it again. I never saw anybody so pretty, Otho. Yes, yes, dear, keep the bag. It's from me; you must keep it, and buy pretty clothes and be prettier than ever, for Otho's sake, because he loves you."

And by the time the Princess Osra had ended her consolations, behold she was very nearly crying herself! But Lotta put her arms round the Princess's neck and kissed her, because she said that Otho still loved her; and in her gratitude for this, she forgot thanks for the bag of crowns, or even to wonder who this girl was that could give away a thousand crowns. But in this the rest of the company were not like her, and an eager murmuring marked the excitement with which they watched the scene; and they cried to Christian,

"Look after your crowns;" and thought him mad when he shook his head jauntily, answering,

"Let Otho do what he will with them."

And their interest growing more and more intense, they crowded round the Princess, scanning her very closely; and she was in great fear that she would be known, and also in some embarrassment from the ardent glances and free comments of the simple countrymen, who were accustomed to say what they thought with more plainness than were the gentlemen of the Court. So that at length, fairly alarmed, she gave Lotta a last hasty kiss, and made her way to Christian, crying, "Take me away."

"Aye, madame," said he, and he put her arm in his, and turned away. But all the company followed him, staring and gossiping and crowding, so that Lotta and Otho were left alone at the feast which Otho had provided, with nothing to console them but one another's love and the happily recovered thousand crowns. And the crowd pressed hard on Osra and Christian, being full of eagerness to see where the girl went and what became of her. Thus they reached the top of the hill and came in sight of Christian's cottage. But now Christian suddenly loosened Osra's arm and, turning round, faced the throng of inquisitive folk, and with either hand he drew a pair of silver-mounted pistols from his belt; and when he had cocked them, he pointed them at his friends and neighbours, saying in a quiet and pleasant voice, "I shall count to twenty. Anyone who means to be within range when I come to twenty, had best now order his coffin."

At this a great grumbling arose among them; for they knew Christian, and did not wait till he had counted, but one and all turned tail and ran down the hill much quicker than they had come up. But one of two fellows, resentful and malicious because of their disappointment, as soon as they found themselves out of range, turned round and shouted,

"Aye, he is ready with his pistol, is Christian. We know him. Highwayman! When did you last rob?" And Christian went red as the frock that Osra wore. But she turned questioning eyes on him.

"Yes," said he sullenly. "They say highwayman—it is true. I am a robber. That is why I said, madame, that I could not live without my horse."

"Come," said Osra, "let us go to the cottage."

So they returned together to the cottage, saying nothing. And there Osra put on her own clothes again and bade farewell to the old woman, who asked a

questions of her, and mounted her horse. Then Christian said,

"Shall I ride with you, madame?"

And she bowed her head in assent.

Till they entered the forest the Princess did not speak. But then she sighed, saying,

"I am sorry that I went with you. For if you had lost your horse maybe you would have ceased from your way of life. It is better to lose a horse than to be hanged."

"Madame," said he, "you speak prudently. Yet I had rather be hanged than lose him."

"I am in your debt a thousand crowns," said she, and stopping her horse, she wrote for him an order for a thousand crowns, and she signed it with her own name, Osra, and gave it to him. And he received it bowing very low.

"You knew me all the time?" she asked.

"Yes, madame," said he. And they had now come to where he had first met her.

"Why do you live by robbery?" she asked.

"For the love of the same thing that made you come with me to-day, madame."

"But could you not find what you love in the King's service?"

"I do not like service, madame," said Christian. "I love to be free."

HE LOOKED AT THEM.

She paused for a moment, and then said in a lower tone,

"Could you not endure my service, sir?"

"In that I shall now live and die, madame," said he, and she felt his eyes upon her.

Again in silence they rode on; it was evening now, and had grown dark, and presently the lantern in the tower of the keep of Zenda became visible. Then Osra drew rein.

"For my sake," said she, "rob no more."

"What you command, madame, is my law. And here is your ring."

"Keep the ring," she said. "But when I can serve you, you shall send it back to me, and ask what you will in return for it."

"There is nothing," said he, very low, and looking away from her, "that I would take in exchange for it."

"A foolish man or only a foolish speech?" she asked as lightly as she could, with one fleeting glance at his face.

"A foolish man, madame, it may be, but a true speech," and he bent bareheaded in his saddle and raised her hand to his lips. And, still bareheaded, he turned away and rode back at a canter into the forest. But the Princess Osra rode on to the Castle, wondering greatly at what she had done that day.

Yet she could not be very sorry that she had saved his horse for him, and she trusted that Otho and Lotta would be happy, and she thought that one man was, after all, as good flesh and blood as another, and then that she was a Princess and he a robber, and that his eyes had been overbold. Yet there was deference in them also.

"It is a great pity that he should be a robber," sighed the Princess, as she reached the Castle.

* * *

The Princess Osra's carriage was within two miles of Strelsau when she put her head out of the window and asked the officer who rode by the wheel why such a throng of people hastened to the city.

"It is nothing, madame," answered he, saluting. "It is only that two rogues are to be hanged to-day."

"What pleasure is there in seeing men hanged?" asked Osra, scornfully. "I wish I had not come to-day." And she drew her head back in disgust. And she called, "Go slowly, and let me not get into the middle of the wild beasts who go to gloat over men being hanged."

So the horses were checked to a walk, and thus the carriage proceeded slowly towards Strelsau. But pre-

sently the Princess put her head out of the window again and asked,

"Who are to be hanged to-day, sir?"

"The noted highwayman, Sigismund Kohl, madame," said he. "He robbed the Archbishop's coach in the forest of Zenda; but they pursued him over the frontier and tracked him to the cottage of the other rogue, who had a part in many previous robberies, though not in this. And the second fellow hid Kohl, and tried to put off the officers, but they caught them both, and both are to be hanged."

"It seems hard," says Osra, "to hang the one who only sheltered his friend. He could do no less."

"Nay, madame, he richly deserves it. Besides his previous robberies he is gravely suspected of a most foul murder. For, a few weeks ago, he was in company with a girl, and she seemed to have money and to spare, and was mighty pretty too, they say. And now he can give no account of what has become of her; but they have found all the clothes which she wore hidden away in his house, and he says his mother bought the clothes. But they are a girl's clothes, not an old woman's. It looks black; but luckily the other matter is enough to hang him on. His mother's clothes, in truth! Would an old woman, who died three weeks ago have bought a new red frock and smart red stockings for herself?"

"A red frock? Red stockings? And the mother is dead? Dead of what?"

"Of a chill, madame, such as carries old people off suddenly. Yes, it looks black, and so the people think, for when they were brought into the city, though the rascals cheered Kohl, who had only robbed the Archbishop, they pelted and came near to killing Christian Hantz."

The Pincess's face went pale, and she sank back, murmuring "Christian Hantz!" But in another moment she cried,

"At what hour is the hanging?"

"At noon, madame; that is, half an hour from now."

Then the Princess cried in a loud urgent tone,

"Faster, faster! Drive at top speed!" And the officers looked at her in wonder; but she cried, "A hundred crowns to the coachman if he brings me to the place before noon! Quick, quick!" For she was all on fire at the thought that Christian Hantz was to be hanged, not for any new robbery but because he had sheltered his friend. And she knew how the red skirt and the red stockings came in his house; and her breath caught in her throat, and she thought how he had suffered stoning and execration rather than betray her secret. And she cried out to herself as she was carried along, "But the ring! Why did he not send the ring?"

By now they were at the gates of the city, and now within them. The officer and the two men who were with him rode forward to clear the way for the Princess. And thus they made their way on, until they came to the street which leads from the West gate to the Cathedral, and could see the gibbet that had been raised before the prison, between the Cathedral and the Palace. But here the whole street was blocked with people, and the officer could not get the carriage through, for the people were thick as swarming bees all across the roadway, and even if they would have moved, they could not, and the carriage came to a dead stand, while the officer said to Princess Osra,

"Madame, it is useless, we cannot get through them." Osra sprang from the carriage, and she said,

"You have brought two men with you. For God's sake, gentlemen, bring me through to the foot of the gibbet. I care not if it costs me my life."

"Nor we, madame, though it cost us ours, since it is your pleasure," they said, as every man in the city would have said for the Princess Osra. And the two men went ahead, and Osra followed with the officer; and pushing and striving, and dodging in and out, aye, and when need was, hitting, and buffeting, and kicking, the three took her through into the square of the Cathedral. And the clock in the great tower struck noon.

As the bell boomed a cry went up from the thronged square; and the body of a man shot from the scaffold to the top of the gibbet and hung there. And the people cried, some cheering, some also groaning and weeping.

"Who is it, who is it?" cried the Princess.

"It is Sigismund Kohl, madame," said the officer.

"Then on, on, on!" she cried, and again they struggled forward. But now a louder and fiercer cry rang out as a man was brought forward on the scaffold, in his shirt and breeches. A priest was with him, hold a crucifix before his eyes. King Rudolf, who sat at a window of his palace, asked why they delayed to string the rascal up; and one of his gentlemen answered,

"Sire, the priest begged a few minutes delay. For the obstinate rogue will not confess to the murder of the girl, and therefore cannot receive absolution, and the priest is loth to have him hanged without it."

"He shall be hanged without it, unless his conscience act quickly," said the King. But a moment later, he asked,

"What is the tumult in the corner of the square? There is a fight there. Let it be seen to."

And, indeed, there was a fight; for the three with Osra were bent on getting through, and the crowd would not let them through; and they struck at the crowd, and the crowd at them. But suddenly someone, peering past the Guards, exclaimed, "The Princess Osra, the Princess!" And then the blows ceased, and the crowd began slowly to give back, making way for Osra. And she walked between walls of people, yet did not seem to see or to take heed of any of them, but her eyes were glued to the man on the scaffold. For even now the priest, who had held the crucifix, turned sorrowfully away, and signed with his hand to the hangman.

Again the people shouted fiercely for Christian's death; and he, stepping forward, gave himself into the executioner's hands. Those who were near him saw that there was a smile on his lips, and, as the hangman took hold of him, he kissed a little packet which he held in his right hand. But the people shrieked loudly, "Murderer, murderer! Where is the girl?" At this, stung beyond endurance, Christian cried, so loudly that his voice rose above the clamour,

"I am no murderer, I did not touch a hair of her head."

"Then where is she, where is she?" they shouted.

"I do not know," said he; and he added in a low tone, kissing his little packet again, "Wherever she is, God in His graciousness send her joy." And he turned to the executioner, saying, "Get on, man." But then he looked as it were for the last time on the living sea of faces round him, and suddenly, out of all of them, he saw one.

What Christian saw the King saw also, and he rose from his chair with an oath and a laugh.

"This sister of mine is a wonderful wench," said he. "Come, let us see why she will not have this rascal hanged. Run, someone, and tell them not to string him up till I give the word."

And the King walked out of the Palace and came into the square, the Guard parting the people before him; and Osra, seeing him coming, stood now quite still, blushing and smiling, although she was very ashamed and panted sorely.

Then the King came and faced her, saying nothing, but lifting his eyebrows and smiling whimsically; but at last he whispered,

"What! was there a man in the forest, Osra?"

And she answered. "Do not ask me that, sire, but ask Christian Hantz what is in the packet that he kissed as the hangman took hold of him."

"He is not only a robber, but a murderer also, though he will not own to it."

"No, he is no murderer," said she. "Look in the packet."

"Then come and look with me," said the King, and taking her hand, he led her up on to the scaffold in the sight of all the people, who wondered and laughed; for they always laughed at the ways of the Princess Osra. But she flew straight across to Christian, who fell on one knee with the rope round his neck.

"Give me the packet," she cried, and she tore it open. And in it she found her order for a thousand crowns and the gem engraved with the Royal Arms. For an instant she looked at Christian, and then she said,

"You have not got money for the order? Yet my name is good for a thousand crowns."

"To me, madame, it was better than fifty thousand."

"But," she broke out eagerly; "you should have sent the ring. I could have saved you."

"But you would have kept it in return for the service, madame."

"Aye, sir, that was the bargain," said Osra, with a little low laugh.

"I knew it. And I preferred to die with it rather than live without it."

"Another foolish speech!"

"Yes, for the man is foolish, madame."

"And they cry to you, 'Where is the girl?' And you do not answer, but die under a foul charge!"

To this Christian Hantz made no answer at all, unless it were one to murmur mournfully,

"And, madame, they have taken from me the red skirt and——"

The Princess Osra suddenly turned from him, and went to the King, who had stood regarding her; and she knelt down before him, saying

"Sire and dear brother, pardon this man. He did but shelter his friend, and he will rob no more."

"I might forgive him his robberies, if he would take service in my army."

"Yes, in my regiment of Guards!" she cried.

"But how shall I forgive that foul murder, of which he is certainly guilty? For where, sister, is the pretty girl, of whom no traces can be found saving her dress, her red skirt, and——?"

"Sire, these things——I pray you, sire, let your gentlemen stand a little back."

"Stand back, then, gentlemen," said the King.

"These things, sire, were, by a strange chance, in the little parcel that the poor man kissed. Though why he kissed it, I do not know."

The King took Osra's order for a thousand crowns, and also the gem engraved with the Royal Arms; and he looked at them and at his sister.

"Therefore, sire," said she. "I ask pardon and life for the most courteous gentleman in your dominions. For he prized my ring above his life and my secret above his honour. Sire, such men should live, and not die."

The King turned to his officers, and said,

"Gentlemen, the Princess knows that the girl is alive and well and has no complaint against this man. For he might not in honour tell who or where she was. And, for the rest, he did but shelter his friend, and my sister is surety that he will rob no more. May he live?"

And when they heard this, they all declared that Christian should live, and they went into the crowd and told the people that the girl was found. And then the people suddenly veered round and began to cheer Christian, and some cried, "Who is the girl?" and laughed merrily, conceiving that it was a love affair in which Christian had been engaged; and because he preferred to die under an imputation of murder rather than endanger his love's reputation, he became a hero with them; and when they heard he was not to die, they dispersed in the utmost good temper, cheering him and the King, and above all the Princess Osra, whom they loved.

But she went again to Christian, and bade the hangman take the rope off his neck.

"Will you serve in my regiment of Guards, sir?" she asked. "Or is service still irksome to you?"

"I will serve you, madame," said Christian.

"And since you will need equipment, get money for this order," and she gave him again the order.

"I must needs obey you, madame, though reluctantly."

"It is well, sir. I trust you will serve me faithfully. I bid you farewell, sir," and she bowed slightly, and turned as if to leave him. And he said nothing, but stood looking at her, so that presently she blushed, and said,

"They will let you have those things now, sir."

And Christian bowed very low, and, raising himself again, still looked at her ring.

"Nay, I cannot do that," said Princess Osra. "But you will see it now and then, and, now and then, maybe, you can touch it." And she put the ring on her finger and held out her hand to him. And he knelt and kissed the ring and then her hand; but he looked very glum. And the Princess laughed openly at him, her eyes dancing in delight and amusement. But he still looked more as though he were going to be hanged than he had any time before in the day. So that the King, pointing at him, said to Osra,

"An ungrateful dog! Upon my soul he looks as though he were sorry not to be hanged! Do you call that courtesy?"

But the Princess laughed softly and rubbed the ring on her finger, as she answered,

"Aye, sire, I call that the best of courtesy."

PUBLIC OPINION.

The assertion that public opinion is sovereign mistress of the world has been too often repeated. It is the only sovereign that must be dethroned, or else all the others will be.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Only a month ago I was wishing we could live in a tree, so hot was the weather and so unvarying the brightness of blue sky by day and night. Houses seemed too stifling for stopping in, and an umbrageous *al fresco* arrangement was one's ideal. But it would not answer at all at present. "The rain it raineth every day." In fact, it plumpeth every day, and when the plump is over a fine determined drizzle begins, soft but persistent. Life in a tree or under it would mean rheumatism for the rest of one's existence. Waterproofs are a necessity. Open-worked stockings have to be laid away (after a studiously careful darning?) and *décolleté* shoes are given up in favour of boots, or at least of shoes high enough to protect the instep. That is how August is treating us. We are not at all sorry to be back in Town again. The incessant weeping of the trees and bushes in the country was a depressing circumstance. It is not as if they could dry their leaves as we do our eyes, but there they were damp and doleful for hours after each fresh instalment of rain.

I saw a sweetly pretty pair of shoes in a shop window in Regent Street this morning. They were black glacé kid, with scarlet projecting soles and scarlet silk ribbons instead of laces. How sweet they would be with a black gown and hat, with scarlet poppies in the latter, and ribbons to match round the neck. Another pretty pair of shoes were white canvas with navy blue ribbons laced in and out of the eyelet holes.

Canvas seems to be carrying all before it as a dress material. It is particularly well suited to the present season, but for my part I cling to serge. There is nothing like it, and more particularly the wide-ribbed diagonal serge. It wears out three gowns of any other material. And what a comfort it is to have a dress that does not begin to go off just as one gets accustomed to it, and just as it has become thoroughly accommodated to the form of the being who inhabits it. To say nothing of the lack of economy, it is pleasant to have a gown that continues to be available for two years or more, as a good serge does. If the bodice is well cut and skilfully fitted, it becomes dearer to one as time goes on. How aggravating it is when, owing to faults of structure or a lack of constitution in the fabric, a pretty and becoming gown deserts its post just as it is getting well-known and liked! Therefore I abide by serge, and am ready to swear by it if ever called upon to make an affidavit.

I send you an illustration of a country-house costume of shot grey and pink alpaca over grey silk. The bodice is gathered into cream lace, and bands of the lace cross the puffs of the sleeves. Pink sash and neck ribbon; grey straw hat with pink flowers.

COUNTRY-HOUSE COSTUME.

I see that a book has been published giving the opinions of various ladies about the Ideal Husband. The ladies are all married, and have consequently equipped themselves for giving an opinion on the subject by having enjoyed opportunities of comparing the ideal with the real. Every girl who ever reaches the age of seventeen has some kind of floating, nebulous, vague ideal of her future partner. How can married women remember what this wonderful being was like? He is lost, merged in the substantial existent husband. Lady Jeune's sketch of the ideal one is amusingly prosaic, if such a thing can be. Any girl set down to such a commonplace matrimonial dish as this would probably decline to forsake her single blessedness. Mrs. Lynn-Linton is even worse. She thinks a man "supplies his wife with an unerring rule of right." That is ideal indeed. But is there any chance of its ever being real? What I think about it is, that the more a girl idealises the man she is to marry, the higher she will probably go, not only towards "loving the highest when she sees it," but in bringing out in the man of her choice all the best possibilities that are latent within him. A good fellow—and there are plenty of the sort—when he sees himself reflected in the eyes of the girl he loves as a true, earnest man, with a high standard, and a spirit of integrity, will unconsciously incline upwards towards the realisation of her ideal.

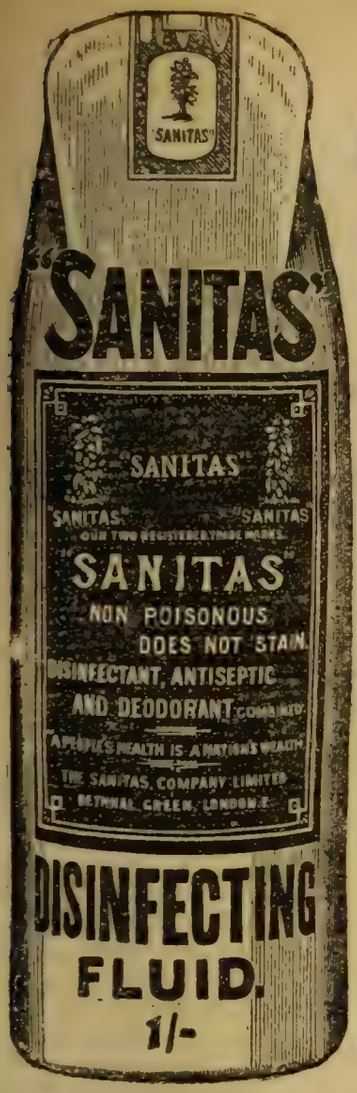
It will be a bad day for humanity when women give up idealising men, and men see only the real in women. Don't you think so? It is by reaching up to each other's altitudes that we help each other to rise.

And, after all, a women who marries a man without idealising him marries him without loving him, and degrades herself. And how girls' ideals differ! Some think that good looks, plenty of money and social position are all-important. Others let these fly up high in the scale when weighed against a pleasant disposition, and that lovableness of character that goes so far to sweeten companionship. A few look beyond all these superficialities, but they are in the minority, I fancy.

Let me know what you think when you write. But there are certain obstacles to getting the exact truth from a married woman on such a subject, are there not?

Yours affectionately,

Susie.



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Our Cookery Column.

Tomatoes are now very cheap and abundant. Here are a few recipes slightly different from those to be found in cookery books.

Tomato and Milk Soup.—Ingredients required: A quart of milk, a pint of water, a large tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of soda, salt and white pepper to taste. Boil two pounds of tomatoes in the water for about twenty minutes, press them through a sieve, return them to the saucepan, and as soon as it is hot through again drop in the baking soda. After it settles a little, pour in the milk, and when it is near the boiling point add the flour and the butter, which have previously been mixed with cold milk or water. Stir gently until it boils up once or twice, and then remove it from the fire to prevent it from curdling. Seasoning can then be added, and it should be served with a few croutons in each bowl.

Tomato soup with stock is delicious. Ingredients: Two pounds of tomatoes, a quart of beef stock, one onion, flour, and a little cayenne pepper and salt. The tomatoes with the onion chopped fine, salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of lard or butter, should be boiled down well for at least half an hour, then pressed through a sieve and added to the stock, which has previously been strained. Shake in a little cayenne pepper, add a tablespoonful of flour mixed with water, boil it for two or three minutes, and serve it with croutons.

Stuffed Cabbage.—Boil a good cabbage until the leaves will bend steadily without splitting. Meanwhile chop or mince any cold meat, fowl, or game you may have at hand. Add a few bread crumbs and bind all together with an egg, not forgetting the necessary salt and pepper. Take out the cabbage, break off some of the largest leaves, drain them and gently dry them with a soft white cloth. Roll up some of the chopped meat in the form of a kromesky and place it inside one of the leaves, folding it over so as entirely to enclose the meat. Carefully wrap three more leaves round it, and tie it up with white tape. Proceed in this way until all the meat is used up. Put on some clear stock in another saucepan and lay in the little rolls. Allow them to cook slowly until the cabbage leaves are quite soft. Have ready a little gravy thickening, composed of a dessertspoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of butter, mixed in a little stock. Take out the rolls, take away the tapes, arrange the former neatly on entrée dish, stir the thickening into the gravy left in the saucepan, let it boil up, and then pour it over the stuffed cabbage leaves.

Here is a recipe for tomato chutney. Remove the skin, (by dipping the tomatoes in boiling water for a moment), and watery juice from two or three ripe tomatoes, chop them up with a sixth of their bulk of minced chives or green stem of onion, and season the mince with a little salt; add a pinch of sugar, the skin of two green chillies chopped small, and a little bit of celery, also chopped; give the whole a dust of black pepper, and moisten it with a teaspoonful of vinegar—anchovy vinegar for choice.

I had never heard of vinegar cake until Zëe wrote asking for a recipe for it. It is a Jewish cake, and is made as follows: Materials: Half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of currants, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one gill of milk, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix the flour and butter together, then add the sugar, currants (washed and dried), cinnamon and baking-powder. Mix together smoothly in a basin the carbonate of soda and the milk, then add the vinegar, and while it is effervescing mix it quickly with the dry ingredients. Turn all into a greased cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven about one and a half hours.

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BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Well, I've 'ad my 'ollerdy—short and sweet like a donkey's gallop—and nar I'm beck at wuk agen. I don't find no chynge in the plice, nor no chynge in the wuk. It's wunnerful the wye things stops the sime. Blimey, if folks don't even kip on *syin'* the sime things! A nuss-mide and a kid o' six gits into the 'bus. "Theer yar awe, Awthur," says she ter the kid; "nar nobody kin sye as you 'aven't ridden in a kerridge-an'-peer." Then she sniggers, an' looks at me as much as ter sye, "If thet don't mike yer lawf, nutthink will!" Sometimes I can 'awdly kip my marth shut. Whort I wornts ter sye ter 'er is, "You pore silly femile! If you'd 'eard that theer rotten remawk, sime as I 'ave, mide on a hav'ridge once hev'ry dye fur the lawst ten years, you'd 'ite it just abart as much as I do." Ev'ry nar and then I'll 'ave one of them young fooles on the top 'o the 'bus as thinks 'e's goin' ter be funny. Reg'lar mide up 'is mind ter it, 'e 'as! an' in course I'm put on ter the 'bus fur 'im to plye 'is joke on. Ho, yus, that's whart the comp'ny pyes me fur! no dart. Well, that kind o' foole's gort jest two jokes and no more. 'E goes on with 'em year in and year out, and 'e alwise sims ter think as they're a novelty. One of 'is jokes is, when I gives 'im 'is ticket, to sye that 'e must get chynge fur a 'ipe'ny. It darnt sim a screamin', 'owlin', fust-claws monniment of a joke, do it naw? But 'e's wonnerful parshul to it. I'm so yoosed to it that I kips two fawthin's on me a puppus. When 'e awsks me fur chynge for a 'ipe'ny, I gives 'm it. That nart bein' whart 'e egspecks 'e mostly don't know whart ter sye next, and looks a bigger Juggins nor 'e did afore. 'Is other joke is to awsk if 'e's right fur some plice where 'e knows the 'bus aint goin'—sye, fur instance, 'Ammersmith. Then, if I says "No," 'e awnsers, "Oh, I'm gled o' thet, becos I don't worn't ter go theer," and looks rarnd ter see 'oo's goin' ter lawf. In course, I never does sye "No," and so 'e don't git 'is chawnce. If I on'y *thinks* 'e's tryin' ter 'ave me on, I awsts 'im if 'e wornts ter go theer, and spiles 'is gime thet wye. If I'm jolly suttun 'e's 'avin' 'is yooshal joke, as a roole I don't awnser 'im at all, and tikes no more notice of 'im nor whort 'e were dead. Once or twice, when my temper's bin a bit orf, I've let 'em 'ave it strite. Theer was one young man the other dye. E'd just mide the 'ipe'ny joke, and gort thet spiled. And then 'e tried ter 'ave me by awskin' if 'e were right fur Pawk Line. "Whort? You?" say I. "If you'd on'y wash yer fice, they might let yer inter the ragged schule and learn yer ter read. Then you'd see whort were writ up on the 'buses any time you'd sneaked a copper ter give yerself a ride." Yus, 'e were feelin' a deal less like a comic piper when 'e gort off my 'bus nor 'e did when 'e gort on it.

* * * *

No, I ain't natshrally a oncivil man. I treats people as they treats me—civilerty fur civilerty, and halso corntrairiwise, and that sims ter me a feer and joodishus prinserple. I don't mind hownin' though as 'bus work is occishanally a bit tryin' ter the temper, espeshly when yer awe just beck from freedom an' the seaside. It's a 'awd questshun ter settle joodishus. Lun'nun is a very narse plice, but it don't do all the year rarnd and ev'ry year.

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THE COMING THEATRICAL SEASON.

Enthusiatic Jack. Let's see, how does the old glee go? "Arouse ye, then, my merry, merry men, it is our opening day," with the two little words, "It is! it is! it is!" repeated in the famous catch, carol, and madrigal fashion, until they make the nerves ache. I am off to the good old pit!

Truthful Tom. The opening day of what, you old fool? Why, you are so ruddy and sunburned that the ozone seems to be oozing out of the very pores of your bronzed skin.

E. J. The opening day of the new theatrical season, you obstinate duffer. In all your experience have you ever known such a rush to the front by the managers of London. The Charge of the Light Brigade could have been nothing to this sudden onrush for notoriety and fame!

T. T. Yes! There seems to be a bit of a stir. The Adelphi with a French play; Arthur Bourchier's new little Royalty with a big Parisian success; Olga Nethersole in *Camille* up at Islington, and with *Denise* promised for Birmingham, which boasts one of the best of critics and experienced playgoers in Mr. Edgar Pemberton; Willard in an American play at the Garrick, and Forbes Robertson in Sir Henry's dressing-gown and slippers meditating a dose of François Coppée when he has done with the Bard.

E. J. Rather rough on the English dramatists all this, eh? Ought not some of them to have a look in? By the way, your foreign list is not quite complete. The thoroughly English, and semi-Dickens Carton is translating *L'Ami des Femmes*, by Dumas for the ever versatile Wyndham. We shall have Pinero, and Henry Arthur Jones coquetting with La Belle France next.

T. T. And why not? If France, whose authors have produced nothing worth taking for the last few years, suddenly comes to the front with valuable goods to sell, are managers to shut their eyes, and button up their pockets?

E. J. No; but is it not something of a heresy to see a play not strictly speaking English manufacture, at the good old conservative Adelphi?

T. T. No more of a heresy than to see two very enterprising and able gentlemen of Swiss-Italian origin, but naturalised Englishmen for all that, managing one of the most popular theatres in London in their own fashion and according to their own matured judgment.

E. J. But when has anything but an English play ever been produced at the Adelphi I should like to know?

T. T. My dear boy, you are enthusiastic, but young. Do you think that old Buckstone and Boucicault were what are called original dramatists? Where did *The Flowers of the Forest* and *Green Bushes* come from? Do you think that *Janet Pride's* dress has no French foundation? Where did Charles Dickens and Charles Fechter find the material for *No Thoroughfare?* Was *Dead Heart* the creation of the brain of Watts Phillips?

E. J. Oh, but I am not going back to the Adelphi before the Flood. I am talking of the modern Adelphi melodrama!

T. T. Well, I dare say you are old enough to remember *Proof* at the Adelphi, a most successful play. What was it but a literal and not over-good translation of *Le Cause Célèbre*, and most certainly you were recently red-hot about *The Girl I Left Behind Me!*

E. J. Well, why not? What of that?

T. T. An American play with it's best scenes and situations borrowed from Dion Boucicault, who took them years ago from the French!

E. J. But if you were a manager of an English theatre would you not encourage native dramatists!

T. T. I should simply take the best play I could find in the market at the moment, and should not care whether it came from Paris or Berlin, England or America. And I certainly should not be such a fool as to order a play from any dramatist in the world, were he even a Sardou or a Pinero. That's what I call buying a pig in a poke, and the silly system has ruined more than one manager.

E. J. But, honestly, don't you think that the status of our stage has distinctly improved since we cast it adrift from the French life-buoy, and set sail back across the Channel to dear old England once more?

T. T. My dear fellow, I don't believe the public cares a hang where the play comes from as long as it is interesting and amusing. In nine cases out of ten, they don't even know the name of the author which is appended to the play they are discussing. But carry out your theory to the bitter end, and look the matter straight in the face. Would you have deprived the playgoing public of *The Ticket of Leave Man*, by Tom Taylor, taken from the *Leonard* of Brisbarre, and of the *Two Orphans*, translated by John Oxenford from *Les Deux Orphelines* by D'Ennery, one of the finest dramas of the century? Of *Diplomacy*, which has made and delighted so many thousands, but after all is only an altered version of the *Dora* of Sardou? Of the charming simplicity of the *Pair of Spectacles*, which is not so very far distant from *Les Petits Oiseaux* of Labiche. Why on earth should Scribe be bottled up when we have a Sydney Grundy to unearth him? Besides I call the cry of originality a mere "cuckoo cry." I have never met an original dramatist from the days of Shakespeare downwards.

E. J. Was not Robertson original?

T. T. His earliest plays were deliberate translations from the French. In fact he was employed by old Lacy, the predecessor of Samuel French, as a hack translator of the minor melodramatic theatres

E. J. But the Bancroft series of plays are charades?

T. T. One of the best, called *School*, was taken from the *Aschenbrodel* (Cinderella) of Benedix, and his greatest failure was at the St. James' when a version of *Le Dégèl*, called *A Rapid Thaw*, was played, which proved a thorough "hard frost."

E. J. How about Henry Arthur Jones?

T. T. He was the very first to give us *The Doll's House* of Ibsen with the aid of Henry Hermann, a fact very often forgotten.

E. J. Well, Pinero? Ah! I have you there.

T. T. He has a marvellous memory, a rare gift of imitating style! I say no more! But I daresay many novelists and dramatists of the century would agree with me!

E. J. Sir Henry Irving is loyal, at any rate to the English drama!

T. T. Indeed is he? Then where do you think the *Lyons Mail*, *Louis XI.*, *The Dead Heart*, and the *Corsican Brothers* came from? Out of the heads of Dion Boucicault, Charles Reade, Watts Phillips and Co., or out of French play-books; and, by the way, you have failed to appreciate the fact that in his very last speech on the Lyceum stage Sir Henry announced that Sardou was busily engaged in patching up Madame Sans Gène for the Lyceum market. Don't you think, my dear friend, that Ellen Terry would be very foolish to take Nance Oldfield out of her *répertoire?*

E. J. Decidedly I do! It is one of the most charming bits of true comedy that I have ever seen; so good, indeed, that I anticipate very much more from her Madame Sans Gène than many do, simply and solely from this very performance of Nance Oldfield!

T. T. Would you be surprised to hear that this same Nance Oldfield is no more original than Robertson's David Garrick of which it is an inversion. The very first time I ever saw Mrs. Stirling, now Lady Gregory, was at the Lyceum, in the days of Vestris. It was in this very self-same Nance Oldfield, or rather in another translation of the French original, called *The Tragedy Queen*. Mrs. Stirling played Anne Brace-

girdle, Frank Matthews was the old father, a Quaker, and Parselle, once a great favourite at the Strand, but who died in America, was the stage-struck son, and Polly Marshall the soubrette, and servant to the celebrated actress.

E. J. Then you don't think the stage suffers from these foreign raids?

T. T. If I thought so, I should fling away my Shakespeare!

E. J. What do you mean?

T. T. I simply mean that the Bard was the greatest cribber of plots in the whole history of the stage.

E. J. Of course he annexed a plot whenever he could find a good one, but only think how gorgeously he dressed it up and adorned it with his magic skill?

T. T. That is exactly it! I don't care a straw where the joint comes from, Southdown, Exmoor, or Pré Salé, but I am monstrous particular about the cooking and dishing up!

E. J. Then what is the common factor in all plays!

T. T. You know as well as I do: Human nature. They say this new Adelphi play is laid on the seashore at Dieppe. Well, I don't suppose the average human nature in sailors, pilots, their wives, and their sweethearts is very much different at Dieppe to what it is at Newhaven!

E. J. Right you are! Well, I hope we shall have an exciting and interesting season between this and Christmas. And may the best man win!

T. T. The best plays are sure to succeed, that's all I know about the matter, and I would stake my life on it.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE

BANNER GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

Capital.—The capital of the Company is £150,000 in 150,000 shares of £1 each, fully paid.

Situation of Property.—The property is situated in one of the richest mining sections of California. It lies on the south-east side of Table Mountain, only four miles from the terminus of the California Northern Railroad, five hours' journey from San Francisco.

Property Owned by the Company.—The Company owns two mines, viz., the Banner and the Amosky, which adjoin each other, comprising an area of 102·92 acres.

Reports and Standing of Experts.—The Banner mine has been examined and reported upon, 3rd July, 1895, by one of the most eminent experts in California, Mr. J. B. Low, M.E., of San Francisco.

The directors of the Nevada Bank, San Francisco, in reply to an inquiry as to the reliability and standing of Mr. J. B. Low as a mining expert, have cabled as follows:—

'25th July, 1895.

"Low highly recommended regarding reliability and standing by friends in whom we have the utmost confidence."

Among the directors of the Nevada Bank are the well-known mining magnates Messrs. John W. Mackay, A. Hayward, and James L. Flood, for whom, as well as for many other great mining men, Mr. Low has for many years acted as private expert and adviser.

Mr. Low says: "After considerable exploration work on this level—the 500-foot level—the true fissure was struck and a rich ore body encountered in it. On the 600 level the fissure is found even more perfect than it is on the 500 level. In fact, all favourable signs are present, and on this level the fissure has widened out to eight feet between walls, an increase of about four feet in width as compared with the 300 level.

"The ledge is carried in as promising a fissure as I ever saw, and there is no doubt in my mind that it contains rich ore chutes to the south and north of one now being worked, and that the north-west feeders encountered on the 500 and 600 levels come to the fissure from a rich and unknown ledge in that direction.

Development Work and its Results.—For the past three years all efforts have been devoted to thoroughly equipping and opening up the mine, and to striking the new Banner fissure, which, as shown in Mr. Low's report, has now been accomplished.

During this preparatory work no serious attempt has been made at mining; but in spite of this over 70,000 dols. have been extracted from the ore encountered, whilst the development work was being pushed ahead, as shown below.

Estimated Profits.—Taking into account the whole of the rich and poor ore that has been worked during development, the milling average is 35 dols., or £7, per ton.

But, as shown in the experts' reports, the ledge becomes richer as depth is attained, and the richest ore struck has been found in the lowest level yet reached—the 600. In these circumstances it is considered certain that the milling average of the ore, when the great "mother lode" is tapped at the 1,000 foot level will be at least 50 dols. per ton.

The results of working with a 40-stamp mill would then be as follows:—
40 stamps, 2 tons per stamp per day, equivalent to 80 tons per day.
80 tons per day for, say, 300 days, equivalent to 24,000 tons per annum;
24,000 tons, @ 50 dols. per ton, equivalent to 1,200,000 dols.;
which, after making ample allowance for all expenses, would show a net annual profit of £216,000, or more than enough to pay a yearly dividend of 125 per cent.

FORMOSA AND ITS PEOPLE.

Formosa, the island that China has ceded to Japan, deserves its name, says a writer in the Paris *Journal des Voyages*, since it is of marvellous beauty. The Portuguese called it Hermosa, and the English-speaking world has substituted for that name the Latin equivalent. Reclus, the French geographer, has described the physical features of the island with something like enthusiasm. The Chinese seized points on the coast in the fifteenth century, but never really conquered the island; and there was great danger of war between China and Japan twenty years ago, because the latter landed troops on the island to punish the outrages perpetrated by the savages of the interior. The story of many conquests is written in successive zones of inhabitants in the island—peoples that became the victims of one conquering tribe after another, and were driven toward the interior because the last conqueror never held possession of any part but the coast regions.

The most savage people of Formosa are the mountaineers called Igorrotes, or by the Chinese, Song-Fan (savage men). They are head-hunters, like their supposed relatives in Luzon, and their arms are spears, bows and arrows, and great knives. The people of the plains are called Pepo-hoans. They resemble the Igorrotes, but the latter are usually smaller, though some of the savage mountain tribes are noted for stature and agility. Their arms are very long, and their feet enormous. They step upon the ground only with the front half of the foot, and seem to seize it in running. There is much variety of physiognomy among them, and their great rolling eyes inspire terror. They love to adorn themselves with copper bracelets, collars, and belts of coarse glassware discs.

The Igorrotes are famous for cruelty and ferocity, and they resort to ingenious stratagems for the discomfiture of their enemies. They have for the coast dwellers a traditional hatred, like that of the Highlander for Lowlander, and their descents are like those of the Welsh and Scotch mountaineers of early days upon the more civilised people of the Lowlands. The savages keep watch from their mountain-tops for the approach of imprudent coast dwellers in search of wood or coal. When the lowlanders are seen at work the savages glide down behind them by paths unknown to the strangers and fall upon them with lance and knife. The heads of the victims are cut off and their bodies are left lying at the scene of the butchery. The heads are treated so that they may be kept as trophies, and when one of these people has taken a certain number of heads he obtains by way of honour, the right to sell pipes. The pipes are bits of wood representing the human head. They are decorated with bits of copper. The Igorrotes do not possess a written alphabet, but besides expressing some things by tattooing, they keep the calendar by means of knotted strings. They thus keep tally of the seasons and the years.

But in spite of their ignorance of matters civilised, they have a deep cunning that aids their ferocity, and this they use in their frequent wars upon their more civilised brethren of the coast and upon the Chinese strangers. The inland waters are especially rich in fish, and this has led to the formation of Chinese fishing villages upon the coast. These villages are apart from the settlements of the Pepo-hoans, though the latter and the Chinese are ordinarily at peace. The Igorrotes some years ago formed a plan of attack upon some of the people of the coast. It was decided at a council of the savages that they divide themselves into two bands, one to attack the Pepo-hoans, who seemed to be too much in league with the invading Chinese, the other to destroy a Chinese fishing village. The descent was made in the middle of the night, the Pepo-hoans were slain or taken captive, all the crops were destroyed, and the savages retreated with their prisoners in order that none might be left at the scene of the massacre to tell the story.

The Share List will open on Monday 19th, and close at 4 p.m. on Thursday, 22nd inst.

THE SMILLIE PATENT HIGH PRESSURE PIPE & TUBE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 *to* 1890.

CAPITAL - - - £75,000

In Shares of £1 each, of which 25,000 are now offered for subscription, payable as follows: 10s. on Application, 10s. on Allotment.

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Solicitor.—Jas. Cunningham, Esq., 145, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Auditors.—Messrs. Kerr, Andersons, Muir and Main, C.A., 149, West George Street, Glasgow.

Offices.—334, 5, and 6, Dashwood House, London, E.C.; 145, St. Vincent Street; Glasgow.

Secretary (pro. tem.).—Mr. Alfred Ball.

This Company has been formed to acquire the Patent for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, No. 17,101 of the year 1893, with all future improvements thereon, and the patentees' whole rights for all foreign countries and the colonies, and to construct and manufacture, in accordance with said patent, steam pipes, tubes, and pressure cylinders, and to sell the same. The desirabilty of securing a steam pipe which could be relied on to prevent the occurrence of accidents is recognised by all who are acquainted with the engineering and shipping industries. In recent years the numerous failures that have attended the use of copper pipes under modern high pressures, both in the Mercantile Marine and in the Navy, have accentuated the desire, and it is claimed for the patent that it will obviate such failures and safeguard life, property, and machinery against loss or injury. The principle involved in the manufacture of the patent pipe is that upon which the production of an important class of modern ordnance is based. The pipe may be briefly described as consisting of a thin interior shell of copper or other metal of sufficient strength to withstand the longitudinal stresses produced by any given pressure of steam acting on the sectional area of the pipe. The circumferential stresses are provided for by a coil of steel wire, of a high tensile strength, being wound closely round and in intimate contact with the shell. The coil may consist of steel strip or wire of any section, but a square section is generally preferable. As the fibre of the coil will be at right angles to the circumferential stresses, it is theoretically and practically in the best position to withstand them, and it practically eliminates the risks inherent in brazed, welded, and drawn pipes, in which not infrequently are found latent defects, such as reeds, where the fibre of the metal being paralleled to the circumferential stresses is in the least effective position for resistance. The steel coil is wound on the shell while it is rotating in a bath of molten alloy, the alloy having a melting point sufficiently high to be unaffected by the temperature of steam of high pressure, and by this process the shell and coil are fused into a solid mass. In the case of a copper shell being used, the elastic limit of the steel forming the coil is in excess of what is required to allow for the maximum expansion of the shell under steam.* The advantages claimed for this fusing process are: (1) That in the event of the coil being, from any cause, broken or cut it will not unwind, as has hitherto been the case with wound pipes, and even assuming that every second turn of the coil were cut, the strength of the pipe would not be materially affected; and (2) it will prevent corrosion, or the possibility of galvanic action being set up where metals of a dissimilar nature constitute the pipe, thus providing all the admitted advantages of copper pipes without any of their weaknesses.

The vendors have had pipes of various sizes constructed in accordance with the patents. One of these, 9 feet long and 9 inches in diameter, which has been subjected to both steam and hydraulic tests, may be inspected at No. 80, Mains Street, Glasgow. The steam test extended over a period of ten successive weeks; the pressure applied was 160 lb. per square inch, and the pipe was cooled to atmospheric temperature four times daily—frequently by the application of the hose. Under the hydraulic test, the pressure was repeatedly as high as 1,600 lb. per square inch, which is fully five times the working pressure for which the pipe was designed, and it is calculated that the bursting point would be considerably over 2,000 lb. per square inch. These tests have disclosed no weakness or flaw, and there is no indication of the pipe having been deleteriously affected, or of any structural changes. Pipes of a given size to withstand a given pressure, having a copper shell, manufactured in accordance with the patent, will only be about one half of the weight of brazed copper pipes required to stand the same pressure. In the event of a steel shell being used, the weight will be still less. This is a point of great importance in itself, but when it is borne in mind that the tendency of engineering is towards increased pressure, and that the patent combines with lightness greater strength and durability and almost absolute safety, its value is very considerably enhanced. At present copper pipes form a large item in the cost of all steam vessels, and as the patent pipe can be supplied at a price distinctly less than that of copper pipes a market is assured.

In illustration of the value of the Patent, a comparative statement is appended showing the cost of the Patent Pipe in comparison with brazed copper pipes, which are the cheapest now in use. Taking as a basis a pipe 9 in. by 9 ft. by 0·506 in., to work at a pressure of 300 lb., which is the pressure yet adopted by the Admiralty, the result is as follows:—

Brazed Copper Pipe to Board of Trade Specification.	£ s. d.	Patent Pipe.	£ s. d.
585 lb., at, say, 10d.	24 7 6	No. 10, L.S.G.** equal to 0·128 in. copper shell, 125 lb., at 10d.	5 6 8
		Steel coil, 105 lb., at 3¾d.	1 12 10
		Alloy, 15 lb., at 6d.	0 7 6
		Sundries	0 5 0
		Time	1 0 0
Total weight and cost, 585 lb.	24 7 6	248 lb.	£8 12 0

* The expansion and contraction of the alloy under heat and cold are virtually coincident with those of copper at the same temperature.

** L. S. G. means Legal Standard Gauge.

Difference in favour of Patent Pipe £15 15s. 6d.

Taking as a basis a pipe 7 in. by 9 ft. by ·276 in. to work at a pressure of 180 lb., the following is the result:—

Brazed Copper Pipe to Board of Trade Specification.	£ s. d.	Patent Pipe.	£ s. d.
214·5 lb. at, say, 10d.	8 18 9	No. 16, L. S. G. equal to 0·064 in. copper shell, 50 lb., at 10d.	2 1 8
		Steel coil. 50 lb, 3¾d.	0 15 7
		Alloy, 12 lb., at 6d.	0 6 0
		Sundries	0 3 0
		Time	0 15 0
214·5 lb.	£8 18 9	112 lb.	£4 1 3

Difference in favour of Patent Pipe £4 17s. 6d.

It will be observed from the foregoing that the quantity of copper used in the Patent Pipe is only one-fourth of that required for an ordinary pipe to do the same work.

The Vendors are prepared to dispose of the Patent, and all their rights in connection therewith, for the sum of £40,000, payable £15,000 in cash and £25,000 in fully paid-up shares. As evidence of their confidence in the utility and value of the Invention the Vendors are willing to restrict their claims to participation in any year's profits until in each year the other Shareholders shall have received 10 per cent. per annum, when the surplus profits beyond the 10 per cent. shall be distributed equally and pro rata amongst the Vendors and the other shareholders. The present issue of 25,000 Shares will, according to the estimates of the Patentee and the Vendors, provide an ample capital for initiating the manufacture on a profitable scale. After careful consideration the Directors believe that on the probable turnover of the business a profit exceeding 10 per cent. on the capital to be now issued may, on the most moderate estimate, be confidently relied upon.

Mr. R. D. Smillie, M.I.E.E., the Patentee, will be appointed by the Board as Managing Director after allotment.

The only agreements entered into affecting the Company are (1) an agreement entered into between William Douglas and William Richard Buchanan of the first part, and James Cunningham, as Trustee for the Company, of the second part, dated August 14th, 1895, and two agreements between the same parties supplemental thereto, dated August 15th, 1895; and (2) an agreement between the said James Cunningham (as Trustee aforesaid) of the first part, and Robert Daniel Smillie of the second part, dated August 14th, 1895; and these are open for inspection of intending subscribers at the Office of the Solicitor of the Company, where copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen. Copies may also be seen at the London Office.

The Vendors (William Douglas and William Richard Buchanan) who are the promoters of the Company, have entered into two agreements with the said Robert Daniel Smillie, dated April 23rd, 1895, and will provide all the preliminary expenses of the formation and promotion of the Company up to allotment, and for these purposes they have entered into agreements, with the particulars of which applicants for shares will be deemed to have dispensed. Applications for Shares should be made on the forms accompanying the Prospectus. Should no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full, and if the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment. Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers and Solicitor, and at the Offices of the Company.—London, August, 1895.

Report by Professor W. H. Watkinson, Wh.Sch., M.I.M.E., M.I.E.E., Technical College, Glasgow:—

"James Cunningham, Esq., 145, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

"38, Bath Street, and 204, George Street, Glasgow, June 4, 1895.

"Dear Sir,—In accordance with your instructions, I have pleasure in giving you the following report on Mr. Smillie's Patent Steam Pipe, for high pressure. The main and most valuable feature of this pipe is the method adopted of attaching the wire wound on the copper pipe metallically to the pipe throughout its whole length, by means of an alloy, so that it is impossible for the wire to unwind if it should be cut or corroded through at any part. The maximum temperature to which I subjected it was 546 deg. Fahr., which is the temperature of steam at a pressure of 1,000 lb. per square inch. At this temperature I saw no indication of softening of the alloy. This being the case, I have no hesitation in saying that the method of fixing the wire to the pipe, patented by Mr. Smillie, is by far the safest and most satisfactory of any with which I am acquainted.

"W. H. WATKINSON."

Report of Professor George Forbes, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., London:—

"Sir,—I have looked carefully into the merits of Mr. Smillie's Patent Steam Pipe for high pressures. This consists of a copper pipe, wound with steel wire of square section under tension, the whole being immersed in a bath of special alloy to prevent corrosion, and to bind together the successive turns of the steal wire. Such a steel wire binding has been frequently used for many purposes in the arts to prevent the bursting of a pipe or gun. Its superiority for this purpose over all other methods cannot be denied, and immediately appeals to every engineer who considers the nature of the stresses, the direction of the fibre in the steel wire, and the greatly-increased tensile strength which steel acquires when in the form of wire. Hitherto, the only difficulty was the liability of the steel to corrode, and the fact that if the wire broke at any point, the whole pipe was immediately stripped. I had frequently sought for a remedy, but without success, until my attention was drawn to Mr. Smillie's patent. By his process the difficulty is completely removed. I have examined the pipe when in working with high pressure steam, and while it possesses all the merits I have referred to, I have not been able to detect any cause whatsoever for trouble in the use of these pipes.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, "GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E."

Report of James Cleminson, Esq., M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.M.E., Consulting Engineer, Chinese Imperial Railway, Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, Villa Maria and Rufino Railway, Bahia and San Fransisco Railway (Timbo Branch), etc., etc.:—

Cheques to be made payable to the Clydesdale Bank, Limited, Glasgow, and Lombard Street, London, and Branches, or to Mr. James Cunningham, the Company's Solicitor; and to be crossed, "The Smillie Patent High Pressure Pipe and Tube Company, Limited."

IN THE CITY.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

The extraordinary general meeting at which the shareholders of the Londonderry were asked to decide upon the future of the company was a great personal triumph for Colonel North. It was a crowded meeting, and shareholders might well have been tempted to indulge in bitter comment. Instead, the Colonel, who was chairman of the meeting, met with a reception which was hearty at the outset, and enthusiastic at the end. The explanation is very simple. At his best—and on Thursday Colonel North was at his best — the Colonel is an ideal chairman for a City meeting. His egotism is forgotten in his *bonhommie*, and halting explanation is overlooked when listening to the seemingly blunt, transparently honest, declarations of the speaker. But on Thursday there was more substantial ground for the reception given to Colonel North's speech. If he had induced the public to give a huge price for a worthless hole, he had been quick to return his profit, and whatever may be thought of the way in which he allowed himself to be outwitted, few have ever questioned his good faith.

Colonel North's speech was remarkable for his contemptuous references to Lord Fingal. It would be difficult to point to another instance of a chairman of a company pouring such scorn upon a man who was still his fellow-director. No doubt Lord Fingal was duped, grossly duped, by the men who sold the mine to him; but really, when it comes to duping, we do not see that Lord Fingal was a bigger fool than Colonel North. It may be said that a man who buys an Australian mine on this side, as the Colonel did, has to rely, in considering value, upon the reports of his agents on the spot. And that, of course, is true, but then the circumstances connected with the purchase of the Londonderry by Colonel North preclude him from taking advantage of this plea. When the original vendors offered the mine to Mr. Stoneham, he acted like a business man. "Let my experts examine and report," said he, "and we may deal." When the vendors refused, when they said, "No, you must buy this wonderful hole outright, and without examination," Mr. Stoneham answered, "Further discussion would be waste of time. That is not my way of doing business." It was Colonel North who was gullible; who was content to buy a pig in a poke, and it is not for him to talk about fools when discussing the Londonderry purchase.

When we come to the merits of the dispute between Colonel North and Lord Fingal, as far as the facts may be gathered from Thursday's speeches, it seems to us that Lord Fingal has very much the better of the argument. Colonel North blames the Earl for sending the celebrated telegram in which he said that "rich chutes of ore opened very bad indeed; does not appear to be practically anything important left." That, says the Colonel, was a very foolish telegram to send. "Why in heaven," exclaimed Colonel North, "Lord Fingal sent such a message I do not know." However, there was the telegram, and if the Colonel had had his way it would not have been published. He would, it seems, have allowed it to leak out that there was unfavourable news from the mine; but he would not have allowed it to be known that the golden hole had been cleaned out. He is accustomed, he says, to use "discretion," and his discretion suggested concealment. But the Colonel had not only to deal with a fool—as he thinks him—in Australia. There was a second fool on the Board at home—namely, Mr. Plunkett, who held Lord Fingal's power of attorney, and is his kinsman and friend. Mr. Plunkett would not consent to the exercise of "discretion." "Mr. Plunkett," to quote the Colonel, "insisted upon sending out the message and threatened me that if it was not sent out he would take good care that it was known." And Mr. Plunkett was right. There are considerations that have nothing to do with fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, and they weigh with some men. There was no man connected with this Londonderry business who had more, perhaps much, to lose by its collapse as Lord Fingal. He has lost much, but his honour is unsmirched. At Thursday's meeting there was not a single taunt, not one harsh word levelled at him. And why? Because men knew that, though he had been misled—though, maybe, he had acted foolishly—he had done nothing that misbecame a man of honour.

Does Colonel North think that Lord Fingal's reception, or his own, would have been what it was if "discretion" had been used, and the truth about the golden hole obscured? Apart from the folly of supposing that the truth could have been hidden when it was known to scores of men on the other side, it was the plain and bounden duty of the directors to do what Mr. Plunkett compelled them to do, and what Lord Fingal wished them to do, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Apart from these past matters the course decided upon by Colonel is the course that To-Day urged him to take before the meeting. Colonel North returns to shareholders the £77,531 in cash, and the 63,325 shares which represent his profit upon the deal. And Lord Fingal and Mr. Myring return their profits. In so doing they have taken the course that becomes them as honourable men. Having returned the money, they invite the shareholders to leave it in their hands for the purposes of a new company. An exploration company is to be formed to thoroughly test the large area owned by the Londonderry, and the working capital is to consist of the cash portion of the profits relinquished by the vendors. The Londonderry shareholders will be given preference shares in this new company, Colonel North, Lord Fingal, and Mr. Myring, taking deferred shares entitled to nothing until the Londonderry proprietors receive 100 per cent. on their original investment from one or other, or both, of the companies. To this proposal the shareholders have agreed, and it seems to us a just and reasonable proposal. The property owned by the Londonderry has not been tested to any considerable extent. It is said to be a very promising property, notwithstanding what has happened with respect to the golden hole. And it may very well be that in one way or another the shareholders will recover the money they have sunk in the Londonderry by becoming shareholders in the reconstructed company.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE BREWERIES, LIMITED.

When officers of the Army and Navy become directors the experiment seldom answers. They are as babes in business matters, and too often become the tools of some astute person behind the scenes. Being of this opinion, our readers will not expect us to take a sanguine view of the Army and Navy Co-operative Breweries, Limited, whose Board consists of three infantry colonels, a major, and one sub-lieutenant, to be recruited later on by a naval and a cavalry officer. The company, or society, as it is called in the prospectus, is incorporated "for the purpose of carrying on, for the special benefit and profit of all persons in Her Majesty's naval, military, and reserve forces the business of brewers, manufacturers of ice, aerated waters, and non-alcoholic drinks, wine, spirit, and tobacco merchants, and such other business as may from time to time be deemed advisable." That is all very proper. Nobody will object to Tommy Atkins and his officers getting their liquor good and cheap, and tobacco, aerated waters, and "non-alcholic drinks" ditto. But we thought that the Army and Navy Stores, and kindred institutions, did all this. There is room for other caterers? Well, yes, but the prospectus tells us that "it is not intended to embark in what is known as a 'cutting down' trade, but to adhere as far as possible to normal prices. In that case what inducement is offered to the Services not already offered by existing institutions?

We observe that the capital of the company is £101,000, and that £17,000 is to be paid for two breweries. There is nothing in the prospectus to show that these breweries are worth the money to be paid for them. And what is to be done with the remainder of the issue?

We might say a good deal more about this new venture, but we have said enough to make our military and naval and civil service readers hesitate before applying for shares.

LEWIS AND BURROW'S DRUG STORES, LIMITED.

Our readers will remember our observations upon this concern when it was brought out. The statutory meeting has now been held, and at it the Chairman stated that "they had taken premises at 67, Piccadilly, and also at 207, High Street, Kensington, and the vendors, who are now directors, assured them that these businesses will be very profitable investments." We should have thought that some better assurance than that of vendors was wanted to warrant the purchase of shops.

The directors have also "taken a place known as Kelly's, at

Stroud Green." Is this the business that was formerly carried on under the name of Trick? Was Kelly an employé of Trick—and is Trick the Trick who sold four businesses to the syndicate—the real vendor? And if so, have the directors been content to take Mr. Trick's estimate of the value of the business? If not, what do the books tell them about profits, and what did they pay for the businesses?

THE MERCHANTS' PORTRAIT COMPANY, LIMITED.

In our issue of August 3 we referred to the statement of this company: that it gives away "elegant life-sized Alrinda portraits of the same quality which command, at retail £3," the only condition being that the customer pays for the frame. We said that it was "absurd" to suppose that the company gave away portraits that in the ordinary way would cost £3. "The profit," we wrote, "must be made upon the frame, and if it is made upon the frame the portrait cannot be worth £3, and the statement that the portrait is given away is mere juggling with words."

There does not seem to be much room for difference of opinion here, but the manager of the company takes exception to our comments, and says that we overlooked the fact that "the company's" agents' customers must first purchase goods to the value of £2 before they can have the advantage of a free portrait." We do not see how this affects the accuracy of our contention that it is "mere juggling with words," to talk about "free" portraits worth £3. For the rest, the manager ha shown us specimens of the company's work, done by means of a special air brush finishing process. And, so far as we are able to judge, the work is well done.

RICHARD SPURGEON, LIMITED.

Drapery businesses are in demand, but we cannot advise our readers to apply for shares in Richard Spurgeon, Limited. The company has been formed to acquire as a going concern the business built up by Mr. Richard Spurgeon, "manufacturers and dealers in mantles, costumes and waterproofs," and the public are asked to pay £65,000, in cash, so far as we can see, for the business. It is a courageous invitation.

What is to be given for this £65,000? A business, said to be making net profits of £5,505 per annum, the stock-in-trade, said to be worth £17,500, and the goodwill, valued at £20,000.

Now even if the business has been making a net profit of £5,505 per annum, £20,000 for the goodwill would be a pretty stiff figure. But have these profits been made?

Upon this crucial point we have only one statement, and that is a very peculiar one, said to come from Messrs. Mickelwright and Coalsworth, of 11, Queen Victoria Street, but instead of the ordinary certificate we have the following:—

> They (Messrs. Mickelwright and Coalsworth) state the sales to have been £124,072 8s. 2d., the purchases for the same period £76,257 10s. 10d., and the wages, rents, and other outgoings £34,898 16s. 9d. The profit, therefore, for the three years was £16,516 0s. 7d., or equal to £5,505 6s. 1d. per annum.

It would be necessary to say more upon this strange certificate but for the fact that Messrs. Mickelwright and Coalsworth practically repudiate it. Under these circumstances the directors will accept a very heavy responsibility if they go to allotment.

MESSRS. H. HOLMES AND CO.

We have received a copy of a letter sent out by Messrs. H. Holmes and Co., of 26, Elden Street, E.C., in which they invite the persons they address to send them moneys upon which they promise to pay "a very high rate of interest without speculative risks." This engagement is on the face of it an absurdity. Neither Messrs. Holmes and Co. nor anybody else can pay "very high interest" and give security of the very best. "High interest," said that wise man the first Duke of Wellington, "means bad security." And what was true in his day is equally true now.

How do Messrs. Holmes and Company propose to pay this "very high interest without speculative risks"? By various means duly set forth in their letter, the foremost being "Company promotions!"

There is nothing that astonishes us so much in the doings of these outside brokers as their brazen effrontery, their absolute contempt for the intelligence of the persons they address, persons who belong to the well-to-do and presumably educated classes. Here are men, who think it possible to persuade persons who are strangers to them to entrust moneys to their keeping on the promise of "very high interest," without risk. But instead of keeping to generalities, Messrs. Holmes and Co. go on to explain what they mean by the avoidance of speculative risks. Their business is a perfectly safe one, so they say, and yet the first branch of it is "Company promotion," one of the most risky of all businesses.

And yet there are persons—we fear there are many persons—who are gulled by this transparent trash, and who send their moneys to people like Messrs. H. Holmes and Co., whilst often enough they would refuse to trust customers who have dealt with them for years to the extent of a £5 note.

NEW ISSUES.

The Cherubang Gold Mining and Exploration Company.—Capital £100,000. If you care to go to Malacca, and from there travel 15 miles by road in a certain direction, and then find your way through thirty miles of jungle track, you may get to a place which is known in Singapore as the Passoh Concession. Or if you care to travel from Dixon by the railway that will carry you twenty-four miles, then take to the road, and afterwards the jungle, you may get to the Passoh Concession. The Passoh Concession is said to cover "a large area," and to be "known to the natives as a gold-producing district." Mr. Berdoc-Wilkinson better known in Singapore than in London, heard of this gold-finding land and started the Straits Development Company, "one of the objects of which"—we quote from the prospectus before us—"was to prospect the Passoh Concession. Well, it has been prospected, and now the Straits Development Company—better known under another name—wants the Britisher to buy "a portion of its property at Passoh" for £30,000, plus all the vendors' shares, which are entitled to "one-half of the net proceeds of the company. Our readers will be very foolish if they put a penny piece into the concern.

The Smillie Patent High Pressure Pipe and Tube Company, Limited. Capital, £75,000.—Formed to acquire and work a patent for constructing and manufacturing steam pipes, tubes, and pressure cylinders. It is anticipated that these patent pipes will supersede copper pipes in steam vessels, and that in other directions there will be a large demand for them. We must refer our readers to the prospectus in our advertising columns for particulars of the invention, which has been very favourably reported upon. The price asked for the patent is £40,000, of which £25,000 will be taken in fully paid shares. We are assured that the patent saves 50 per cent. weight, and this is a very important consideration where there is a long land transport into the interior. Professor Forbes and others consider the principle of the patent the best with which they are acquainted.

The Consuello Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to acquire the Consuello Gold Mining lease of 36 acres, near the "90 mile" township on the Coolgardie Fields. The property has been reported upon by Mr. Loveley, who says that "there are six reefs from four to six feet wide on the property overtopping boldly, also several smaller reefs and leaders, that there is, in fact, a perfect network of reefs on the lease. Most of them never having been prospected at all till he sampled all the outcrops, and the assay result shows that each of the reefs is gold-bearing for the whole length of its crop." The purchase price is £80,000, of which £65,000 is to be in fullpaid up shares. This leaves £20,000 of the nominal capital of the company for the provision of working capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia. Arran (Tormore).—Very little development work has been done upon the property owned by the company, but some of the claims belonging to it are said to be valuable. Probably the shares will go higher, but the capital of the company is too large, and the premium on the shares is, as we write, about 40 per cent. **Pleiades.** H. M. (Hull).—The property of the company consists of 185 claims to the west of the New Orion Company on the Black Reef series of Wilwatersrand. The issued capital is £140,000, and the working capital is £75,000. The price has dropped heavily, until now it is something under par, because they have not struck the reef, and for the present operations are suspended. Whether Mr. Barney Barnato has been very anxious to strike the reef is a point upon which there is considerable difference of opinion. C. H. D. (Blyth.)—See previous answer. We strongly advise you to hold. **Five Mining Shares.** Mac (Glasgow).—We think all five shares will go better, but bear in mind they are already very high. **Sundry Mining Shares.** Engineer (Fife).—Yes, but we cannot undertake to answer questions and afterwards to write other paragraphs to let our correspondents know that their questions are answered. **Londonderry Extended.** Unionist (Dundee).—Very speculative. **De Kaap Gold Mines, Limited.** H. S. (Bradford).—We have mislaid your covering letter. Please send us copy of it, or repeat the question you want answered. The certificate was duly received.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Outside Broker. T. M. G. (New Cannock).—They are among the most respectable of the outside brokers. **Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams.** A Reader (Blackburn).—We can only repeat what we have said often enough before—that we have no belief in spstems which promise large profits and no losses. **Mr. Samson Fox.** A. D. (Sheffield).—All in good time. **Hour Publishing Company.** (Brighton).—No; we cannot tell you "what has come to the Hour Publishing Company." **Purchaser of Bonds.** Conservative (Edinburgh(.—Messrs. Gerald Quin, Cope, and Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. will buy or sell these bonds for you. "**Bank of Poyars**" W. W. (Edinburgh).—Impossible to say without seeing the copy. If you send it, address to the City Editor of To-Day. **Louise and Co.** J. V. (Bury). 1. Yes; we think so, by-and-bye. We cannot recommend you to buy any shares in Richard Spurgeon, Limited, and for reasons you will find in another column. Nor do we think the shares of A. and F. Pears a particularly desirable investment. The company's record has not been entirely satisfactory. **Premier Monarch Tati.** H. R. W. (Acton).—We are not much in love with it. **Kingsbridge Slate Quarries, Ltd.** Slate Quarries (1) (Taunton).—Certainly not. (2) The preference shares of R. and J. Pullman are a sound investment. So, too, are those of T. Wallis, Ltd., which would give you about 3½ per cent., or Gordon Hotels Cumulative Preference, which would give you, at present price, about 3½, or Coats', which would yield a trifle less. **The Universal Governments' Army, Naval and Commercial Manufacturing Company.** S. J. (Manchester). We know nothing about it. **Sam's Wealth of Nations, Limited.** H. L. B. (Glasgow).—No. **Market in Copper.** Zona (Carnoustie).—Since you put your question to us the price of Chili bars per ton for cash has gone up to £46 12s. 6d., and it will probably go higher. The imports of American copper are falling off, and if North America wants the metal for home consumption we do not see where the deficiency is to be made up. You should hold your shares some time longer. **Protection of Invention.** T. W. R. (Belfast).—We know nothing one way or the other about the agents you name. We will try and help you in the way indicated.

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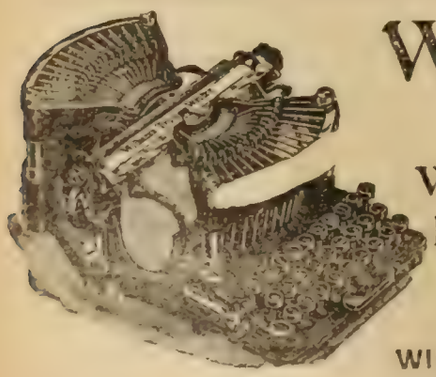

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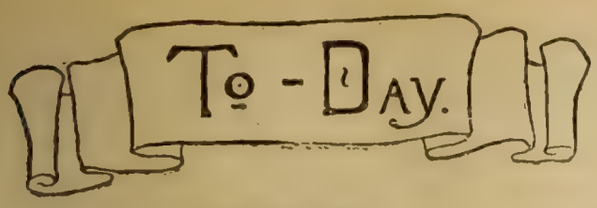


CONTENTS.

PAGE.
The Heart of Princess Osra. IV. The Courtesy of Christian the Highwayman. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson 65
Feminine Affairs 72
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 74
The Coming Theatrical Season 75
In the City 78
To-Day. By J. K. J. 81
Formosa and its People 76
Confessions of a Fraud 85
Club Chatter 86
The Diary of a Bookseller 89
China, the World's Delight 90
A Chat with Miss Ettie Williams 92
Character-Reading from the Face. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. 93
Sermons for To-Day. The Law of Christ. By the Rev. T. W. M. Lund, M.A. 95

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The "Sunday Clothes" correspondence in the *Telegraph* has begun feebly, but I have sufficient confidence in that journal's wonderful knowledge of the public mind not to be surprised should the topic develop into the leading discussion of the autumn. After all, the subject is a wider one than at first sight appears. Most people lay down "Sartor Resartus" with a vague idea that they have been reading a satire. But if Carlyle intended a satire, it was a satire on human thought. A philosophy of clothes, taken in its broad sense, is a philosophy of life. The object of civilisation is to clothe mankind. Nature supplies the natural savage with essentials. He can catch his prey, tear the flesh from the bones with his hands, and make his dinner. He can wash it down with a drink from the nearest stream. Nature provides him with fresh air, and gives him the necessary instincts for propagating and maintaining the species.

All that is beyond, is in the nature of clothes, under which civilisation seeks to hide the primitive original. We clothe our existence with bricks and mortar, our bodies with a thousand different fabrics; we clothe our food with earthenware and cutlery, and cookery; we clothe our desires with poetry and marriage ceremonies; we clothe our dead with the Burial Service, and hand them over, carefully cased, to the waiting worms; we clothe our fighting instincts with the panoply and pomp of war; we clothe our thieving instincts with the technicalities of commerce, and our gambling instincts with the Stock Exchange; our gluttony we hide behind an array of glass and silver; our love of scandalmongering we dress up prettily and call "A Musical at Home"; we clothe our sensuous passions with High Art, and veil our dread of the unknown hereafter behind the curtains of religion. Civilisation is the gospel of clothes, and we ourselves are simply the creatures of our costume. A man puts on his best clothes to go to church because he feels good in them; no man would feel religious in the clown's motley.

We dress in order to feel. I know a very young lady very intimately. She is always willing, even anxious, to go to church, provided we will let her wear all her best clothes, and so long as she continues in those best clothes she is the model child, an example to her sex and to her species. Take her out of those clothes, and she is an average sinful child of the nineteenth century. In fact, when she becomes too obstreperous, and life seems too short, and human nature too weak, to keep her in order, we send her up to be dressed in her Sunday clothes. The effect is instantaneous. She at once gives up asking questions, and making awkward remarks. She sits with her hands folded before her, and even keeps her feet still; in fact, she is regenerated, and it is all done by clothes.

An old wise saying has it that the consciousness of being well-dressed affords a consolation that religion is powerless to bestow. If we are going about any important business, we dress carefully. What lover would dream of going courting in a dirty collar and unlaced boots? We may say that it would show a want of respect to the lady; but why should absence of anxiety about one's personal appearance be disrespectful to anyone? A carefully arranged tie and a scrupulously fitting boot only prove that the young man attaches great importance to his clothes. The beloved one is pleased that he does so. She has learnt to regard clothes as the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual man. Would the most unorthodox congregation care to listen to a pastor preaching in his shirt sleeves? They would say that it was disrespectful to the Almighty. But why should the absence of a coat be disrespectful to the Almighty?

Why, to make the thing simpler still, should clothes be considered decent and absence of clothes indecent? Who told us to be ashamed of ourselves when naked? Why should the mention of legs be considered indelicate when a talk about skirts and trousers is wholesome? God made man, and even woman (though, to listen to the prudes, one would imagine that He ought to have been ashamed of Himself for doing so), man made clothes. Why should man's work be considered respectable while God's work is not to be mentioned in polite society? Clothes have come to be the expression of our very souls. A good man dresses in black, while a worldly-minded person patronises colours. We have our mourning clothes and our rejoicing clothes, our church-going clothes and our perdition-going clothes. We judge by a man's customary clothes whether he is bound heavenward or downward. It is an endless philosophy this philosophy of clothes. It embraces all the smaller philosophies, and the man who has solved the problem of clothes has solved the problem of human life, of human hopes and aims and fears and loves.

Messrs. Jolly and Son, of Bath, have withdrawn the circular which, thanks to a correspondent of mine, has obtained even a wider circulation than perhaps that enterprising firm either anticipated or wished for. *The Star* has done good service in aiding and abetting To-Day in its exposure, and I am glad to have secured its active co-operation. Meanwhile I have received a large number of letters from shop-assistants thanking me for taking this matter up. A good many of them kindly point out that the head of the firm of Jolly and Sons is an ardent philanthropist and a staunch upholder of Liberal principles. The information does not

surprise me. I have found that theory and practice are generally opposed to one another in this world. Many of my correspondents, who are shop-assistants, speak of the hard lives they lead, the wretched salaries they receive, and the almost entire hopelessness of rising to any decent position.

A scheme such as Messrs. Jolly and Sons proposed, if taken up by other employers, would grind down drapers' assistants into a position of absolute slavery. In trade disputes one sometimes wonders at the unreasonableness of the men, and at the animosity they display towards their employers, but a few hard and unsympathetic masters give the wily agitator his opportunity. Surely if a man is doing well in his business he owes it to his self-respect to be fair and just to those who are helping him to build up his fortune. I would suggest nothing extravagant or sentimental, but the principle that pays best in the long run is fairplay. The object of wealthy employers should be not to see for how little they can get their employés, but to estimate how much, having regard to a fair business profit for themselves, they can afford to give.

I must condole with the House of Commons upon the temporary absence of Dr. Tanner. A certain formality, a want of life and spirit is liable to characterise its debates, and that want Dr. Tanner has frequently recognised and supplied. He seems to have come back this time at his best—his very best. His language was plain, simple, vigorous. He was in excellent voice. His profusion of deep-seated respect for the Speaker and of a willingness to submit humbly to all his ruling was of the prettiest humour. Yet, hardly had he come back before he was taken from us again—fortunately, only for a while. Possibly during his rest and retirement he may have fitted himself for still further efforts; his vocabulary may be enlarged; perhaps, he will even have thought of something new to call Mr. Chamberlain. But it was sad to see him fall so early in the fray.

The "Art Notes" of the *Daily Graphic* are peculiarly rich in suggestions. Last week they were anxious to reform the architecture of our seaside towns, a proposal which seemed to me somewhat sanguine. This week it is the traffic of the London streets which is to be improved. The omnibuses—"The Conductor" will be glad to hear—are all right. Scarlet or sapphire, a deep and delicious brown, or a lovely emerald, they light up our dull and sordid streets. Those who spend their pennies betwixt Charing Cross and the City are not merely taking a cheap means of getting from one place to another, they are encouraging the beautiful; although, in some cases, I believe they are unaware of it. Nay, it is even possible that the colours of the 'buses were themselves arranged by the companies for purely utilitarian reasons, for the base purpose of making distinction easy. But whatever the motive may be, the fact remains that omnibuses are beautiful and all right.

But, on the other hand, the cabs and private carriages are all wrong. They are dull and monotonous in colour. One cab is like to another cab, and between two private carriages the difference is infinitesimal. All are painted in the most sombre tints, and it might be so very far otherwise. Fleet Street might every day present us with a galaxy of gorgeous and gilded four-wheelers, while the private carriages made one glorious and perpetual pageant, and then how much brighter and happier we should all be! I will not say that I do not hope for this change, but I must confess that I do not expect it. Cabs are run, to some extent, on commercial and utilitarian principles. Ornate decoration cannot be provided at the present scale of charges, and with the present possibility of an occasional bilk. And, though for different reasons, I have no more hope of the private carriages.

Of course, there is no saying what fashion will or will not do. It has flung the bicycle in the mire, and but recently it has lifted it up again and glorified it. I may live to see Park Lane a nest of fifth-rate boarding-houses, while Bloomsbury becomes the resort, at prohibitive prices, of all our smartest and wealthiest. But I think it will be long before private carriages in London vie with the splendours of a Lord Mayor's coach. The general desire of most well-bred people is still to avoid attracting attention; the uniformity in the dress of women, in the appointments of their houses, and in their private carriages may be traced to this. I would not commit myself to prophecy on the subject of fashion. If the example is set in the right quarter, it is always followed. I would only say that I do not expect this beautiful time to come, and I am afraid that no amount of "Art Notes"—there's not much to write "Art Notes" about at this time of the year—will hasten its arrival.

Mr. Chaplin's excuses for the callous and dishonest behaviour of the East End Water Company's directors make a foreboding beginning for the new Conservative Administration. Mr. Chaplin does his best to impress upon Londoners that the Conservative party, or, at all events, the old-fashioned tail of which he is an apt representative, is thoroughly out of sympathy with the people of London in their wants, and is in sympathy with the disreputable attempt of the East London Waterworks Company to neglect its duty and to rob the ratepayer. Mr. Chaplin seems to have gone for his information to the water company's officials, who must be experienced by this time in the art of—let us say explaining away the truth—and to have got himself coached in every sub-clause of the Act passed by sympathising capitalists to enable irresponsible corporations to fleece the public at their own sweet will.

Mr. Crockenden, the Secretary of the East London Water Company, who has now exchanged his attitude of premeditated insolence towards the public to one of cringing servility, attempts with all the plausible cajolery of which these officials are masters, to head public opinion from the real scent. But all the paid-for interviews and paragraphs in the world will not alter the plain fact that the East London Water Company, to save their pockets, let their pipes rot, made deceitful returns as to their storage, did their best to spread disease throughout London, denied to householders their supply of water, and insisted upon the price being paid for a commodity that they had never supplied. Other traders, unprotected by an Act

of Parliament, who carried on business in this way would be termed swindlers. The directors and shareholders of the East London Water Company can line their pockets with money that they have come by dishonestly, and still keep out of gaol.

The other week I commented upon a cruelty case heard before the Abingdon bench of magistrates, in which a man named Goldsmith was fined 20s. and 29s. costs for ill-treating a pony. The cruelty was very gross, and I commented in strong terms upon the inadequacy of the punishment. The man Goldsmith pleaded drunkenness, and the local reports made it appear that the magistrates had accepted this plea as an excuse. The Mayor of Abingdon and Captain Clutterbuck, the magistrates in question, inform me through their town clerk that Goldsmith had already been fined for drunkenness by another bench, and I am told that in all Goldsmith has had to pay over £5 for his drunken brutality. This fact makes the penalty inflicted by the Abingdon bench a more reasonable one, and I am glad to find that Mr. Harris and Captain Clutterbuck do not accept drunkenness as an excuse for cruelty. I shall be still more glad if they would see to it in the future that such conduct as that of Goldsmith's is visited with even greater severity than an accumulation of fines and costs amounting only to five pounds.

I am glad to be able to record that two holders of Gallantry Fund awards have further distinguished themselves. James Barry, who was granted five pounds from this fund nearly twelve months ago, recently rescued a girl from drowning at Woolwich under circumstances of great bravery. This makes the fifth life that this fourteen-year old lad has saved. The other case is that of Mr. W. H. Prosser, who jumped into the Wellington Dock, Liverpool, on the night of July the 22nd, and succeeded in making his twenty-eighth rescue. My informant, a gentleman connected with H. M. Customs, adds, "Though Mr. Prosser holds the medal, with several clasps, of the Liverpool Humane Society, and others, he is equally proud of the medal from To-Day."

In the meanwhile, numerous fresh cases have been brought to my notice. Many of these are deserving of recognition, but, owing to the shortness of our means, I am compelled to pass over all except one, that of a boy named George Absolom, who last month rescued a girl from drowning in the Holy Brook, near Fobney. At the time the Brook was being drawn, and, in consequence, the rush of the water was very great. There is no doubt that the child would have been drowned, but for Absolom's prompt action. Coincidently, Absolom is just the same age as James Barry and this is likewise his fifth rescue. The Editor of the *Reading Observer* has kindly enquired into this case for me, and he assures me of its suitability for recognition. I am, therefore, having a medal prepared which will be forwarded as soon as possible. Since my last list of subscriptions I have received the following :—Anon (Southampton) 10s. 6d., Bagman 5s., D. B. Walkingdon, Esq. (annual), £1 1s., W. F. T., 5s. 3d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

"A Draper's Assistant" writes me a long and interesting letter detailing the life of a shop-assistant in a well-known West End Firm. The daily menu, he tell me, consists of the following :—

Breakfast.—Bread and butter and tea.
Dinner.—Joint with one (rarely two) vegetables : once a week, pastry.
Tea.—Bread and butter and tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, bread and cheese, ale, water.

"Frequently," he adds, "have I had to go without any dinner on account of tainted meat being brought to the table ! I have had to drink cold water for supper when the snow has been on the ground ; this, too, after a bitter cold day in the shop !" The salaries paid vary from £15 to £40 per annum, but out of this many house expenses have to be deducted. The numerous fines imposed for the most trivial faults and errors, the bullying of the shopwalkers, and of the employer, the long hours, and the hard work add much, my correspondent concludes, to the wretchedness of the existence.

Family Doctor.—I was thinking of a much simpler prevention than your letter suggests, and one which is adopted in nearly every well regulated house. Cold water applied quickly, before any mischief is done, would be found extremely useful. W. L.—If you consider the paper so bad why do you continue to purchase it ? It seems to me the remedy would be very simple.

H. J. C. (Montreal).—I thank you for your kind, appreciative letter. The book must be a pirated copy. The American copyright law has not, unfortunately, entirely done away with the book thief.

J. W. W. writes me : "You recently mentioned a case of imagination in dogs. I have an intelligent collie, recently imported into Lancashire, where the wearing of muzzles is strictly enforced. He never wore one before and he does not take kindly to it, and does his best to get it off. When in the house, of course, we take the muzzle off, and yet when he is asleep (without the muzzle) he is constantly pawing his nose, in imagination trying to get his muzzle off, just as he does when he has it on. He does this repeatedly. Wishing your paper the success it deserves."

F. M. tells me that a terrible belief exists among the lower classes in the North—that the only way to cure certain diseases is to run the risk of two years' imprisonment for assault on children. He tells me that the experience in the Leeds hospital would show that these awful assaults are far more numerous than can be estimated by studying the police-court reports, and he thinks that something ought to be done by magistrates to teach the fallacy of the superstition.

Passenger.—I think you will find that it is the usual price charged by all inns and hotels. Whether it is a reasonable price is another matter. I remember myself, when a youngster, going into an hotel at Rochester. I had some cold meat and pickles. The waiter—a kind, courteous gentleman—asked me whether I would partake of anything further. Money was tight, as they say on the stock market, and, wishing to keep expenses down, I declined. The bill was presented—half-a-crown ! It was my first hotel experience, and I was shocked and grieved. I explained that I had only had some meat, bread, and pickles. "That is our charge for lunch, sir," replied the waiter, "you could have had anything else you wanted." "What could I have had ?" I eagerly asked, "Oh," replied the man airily, "pastry and cheese and salad, and that sort of thing." I closed with him : my appetite was elastic in those days. I said I would have these things he mentioned. Accordingly there was brought me a fairly-sized apple-pie, a huge cheese, bread and butter, and salad. I again sat down with the determination to work off the balance of the half-crown, and I am inclined to think that I did it. You should have gone for the cheese.

H. T. B. tells me the Derby walls were placarded with bills by the Radicals, proclaiming that Local Veto would not close public-houses. My correspondent pertinently asks what—presuming this to be the case—was the good of the Bill at all ?

H. Y.—Wardour Street is the recognised district for this class of goods. Look up curio dealers in the directory. W. G. —I am unacquainted with the address.

E. Y. tells me of a new cure for influenza. A friend of his was suffering most severely from the complaint. E. Y., like a good Samaritan, gave him Volume 1 of To-Day. The patient read it, got up, and went about his work. He attributes his complete recovery to the great amusement and interest he derived. Of course the medical profession will pooh-pooh this; they will say it is a quack remedy. It would never do for them for it to get about that influenza could be cured for three-and-sixpence, without their assistance at all. I think after this I shall sell To-Day with a patent-medicine stamp for one-and-three-halfpence—store price tenpence-halfpenny.

G. J. R.—If this particular case were representative of many, I should say the man should be severely punished, whether the money were restored by his friends or not ; but as an example is not much needed I see little objection to Mercy having snatched away the sword of Justice in this one instance. You must remember that the man has suffered a good deal of punishment as it is. To anyone in his position exposure and degradation form the real pain. What the law can inflict beyond that is slight. Society does not err on the side of mercy ; I almost think we might be less exacting

E. J. (Stoke-on-Trent) writes:—"I think you will agree that the Potteries Stipendiary Magistrate deserves a word of praise. Two or three years ago no part of England had a more unenviable reputation for cruelty to animals than the Potteries; but when first Mr. Harold Wright came he expressed his determination to severely punish any cases of gross cruelty that were brought before him, and he certainly has been as good as his word. *Now* such cases are rare, but you will see from the enclosed report that a stranger has received a sharp lesson." The stranger was a wretch named William Bowers, of Cranage, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, who, apparently for the fun of the thing, thrashed a horse up a hill until it was covered with blood. Mr. Harold Wright gave him two months' hard labour, a well deserved sentence. If the magisterial bench could only be purged of the men who sympathise with cruelty, brutality would soon be stamped out. E. J. goes on to argue about the Local Veto Bill, but, candidly, I am rather tired of that subject. It seems now that it was introduced, not on behalf of temperance, but to enable householders to prohibit their property being damaged by the close proximity of public-houses. So it was in reality a bill promoted in the pecuniary interests of landlords.

R. T. E. asks me if drink does not lead to drunkenness what does? My answer is want of self-control. King John is popularly supposed to have died from overeating a dish of lampreys, but I should not argue from that that lampreys lead to death. The rest of R. T. E's arguments I have dealt with until I am weary of them.

H. G. E. calls my attention to a sentence of seven days' imprisonment inflicted upon some tramps who were found sleeping out under some straw. The professional tramp is not a person with whom, as a rule, I sympathise, and, generally speaking, it is better that he should be encouraged to sleep in a casual ward than in a hayrick.

A. S. E. A. tells me that partly owing to To-Day's praise of Felixstowe he has just spent a holiday there. He visited the house formerly occupied by Constable, the artist, and was sorry to find that little or no care is taken of the place. The house, he tells me, is rapidly decaying, and part of it is being used as a cow-shed. As it is the only place of interest in the neighbourhood my correspondent thinks it would be worth the while of the authorities to preserve the building, and I quite agree with my correspondent.

J. C., Jun.—I thank you for your letter. If the teetotallers will only be quiet for a bit I am inclined to let them alone. They are in the position of a defeated foe, and, that being the case, the less one is called upon to hit them the pleasanter for oneself.

L. S.—I thank you for your letter. I had forgotten the name of the story. *Good Words for the Young* has ceased to exist. I remember another delightful story running through it, in which the north wind appeared as the *deus ex machina.*

Tony.—Baedeker gives all the Continental hotels, with their tariffs. What he would call second-rate hotels would stand for our commercials. I thank you for your kindly letter.

C. R. A. O.—I ought not to take notice of anonymous letters. Your friend seems to have been a "mug." He can refuse to part with the £3.

A. M. (Glasgow) complains of the injury caused to the public by the adulteration of whisky. A good deal of the whisky sold is probably potato spirit, but people seem to like it, and they pay for it, so what is to be said? S. T.—I fear we should find too much occupation to our hands if we commented on all the silly speeches in the *War Cry.* S. J. S.—I thank you for your kindly letter, but am sorry you should confound me with the character you mention Hamo tells me that the Indian mahouts are never Europeans.

J. A. M. thinks that by answering the following question I shall greatly oblige several of my readers:—"A man buys a hat for 7s. 6d., and gives the hatter 10s. The latter not having change, gets it from a neighbour, and gives his customer 2s. 6d. change. The neighbour finds the 10s. is bad, and gets the money refunded by the hatter. What does the hatter lose?" My readers will greatly oblige me if they will work the matter out for themselves. I am past the age when conundrums had a fascination for me.

F. J. M.—I have heard of the belief that a collection of a million of postage stamps would obtain the admission of a patient into a hospital, but I have always regarded it as a grim joke palmed off upon children with the idea of keeping them occupied and out of mischief during the early years of their lives. As you say, the suggestion is so silly that one can hardly imagine any grown person taking it seriously.

Englishman writes:—"I look upon your paper as a personal friend to me and mankind in general, and, recognising the sterling worth of it, I have succeeded in persuading a number of people to subscribe to perhaps the most honest, straightforward, and liberal-minded paper that this beloved England of ours possesses." He also draws my attention to a case of silly faddism on the part of a Mr. Bates, an Edmonton guardian, who objects to the infirmary doctors prescribing an occasional dose of brandy to their patients.

T. F. B.—I thank you for the cutting, but the case was commented upon pretty freely in other papers.

Prestonian.—I like your letter; it shows thought and a feeling of broad-minded charity. All these questions we must work out for ourselves, and gain strength by so doing. Truth is a many-sided thing; to each man it is what he himself believes. It is not a definable quality. Listen to the voices within you; if they are your real thoughts they come direct from your Creator.

E. A. R. B. writes me:—"An inquirer asks for some information about a cheap watering place on the north French coast, where colloquial French would not be necessary, and where an economical P. O. clerk could spend his autumn comfortably. I should recommend—not any of the Normandy places, but some of the remoter fishing villages on the Breton coast—say Roscoe, near Morlaix. Here he could find accommodation at 5fr. a day, and English is understood even by the seafaring men—in fact, they are more likely, being Bretons, to be familiar with English than French (as a matter of fact, a foreign language in the remote parts of Brittany), as there is a good deal of intercourse with traders in the vegetable and fishing line from Plymouth, Weymouth, Portsmouth, etc. Morlaix can sometimes be reached by a small steamer coming irregularly from Plymouth for about 10s., or by one of the travelling steamers from Southampton to St. Brieux for about the same price."

F. D.—I do not think the gentleman you name would like the idea of a subscription being raised for him. E. F.—I thank you very much for your kindly and sympathetic letter. A. L.—If you would like to submit the composition to me I will ask Mr. Stanton's permission. T. C. T. writes, thanking us for our "most excellent Summer Number." R. E. F.—If we could possibly put purchasers on the same footing with subscribers direct to the Office, we would gladly do so, but it is quite impossible without serious loss to ourselves. W. B.—I know of no cheap teacher of elocution, and in connection with such a subject cheapness might mean inability. H. C., writing from Wigan, wishes to know the amount of money raised for the widows and orphans of the Audley colliery disaster, and also the manner in which the money was distributed, I presume this information would not be difficult to obtain if he applied to the proper quarters. Scotia.—You make a charge on somewhat too general terms. I should prefer some definite examples of the School Board visitor's conduct.

Dubitas.—I am sorry to say that the price of the cork does not interest me. I should be inclined to agree with you in your solution of the fascinating problem. E. G. W.—I cannot remember now whether I replied or whether I never saw your letter. What was the inquiry? W. M. M.—It is impossible to judge of the merits of a story unless it is typewritten. All the editor's thoughts are occupied with deciphering the writing, and he has no mind left for style or material. W. E. M.—Do not waste your time writing abusive letters. Every editor gets two or three of these a day, and after the first few months, I assure you they do not trouble him in the least, so the effort is entirely wasted. I answer you because you appear to be young, and may, therefore, possibly acquire sense as you grow up. W. E. S.—I published an article some months ago on the subject of the Indian tea business. The writer said the field was a good one for those who went over with capital, but that it was simply misery and starvation for all others.

H. W. suggests that receipts should be given by the postal authorities for postal orders and post-office orders.

Entertainer.—Six months' imprisonment certainly seems a terrible sentence for stealing elevenpence. Of course, as a matter of logic, it is no less sin to steal elevenpence that it is to steal eleven thousand. Mr. Justice Charles evidently does not incline to the side of mercy, as in this particular case he might have done without much danger to the community.

H. T. B.—The Water Companies should certainly have been purchased then. I remember that the Liberals were jubilant at the idea that they had defeated Lord Beaconsfield's attempt to solve the problem. It shows the folly of party-government. Either party would see the country ruined to snatch a political victory.

Over-production.—Three or four correspondents write me to the effect that they believe no medical man would give the necessary information for checking large families, because it would affect their practice. I have never found medical men take this low view of their profession, and I cannot conceive it possible, unless I had some case actually proved to me. In the middle and upper classes of society where accouchement cases are a good deal more profitable than they are to doctors practising lower down the social scale, objection is never made. From what doctors say themselves it is a mistake to imagine that confinement cases are sought by them. As a rule doctors dislike such cases and find them unprofitable. They have to be always waiting in, and a few such patients on the books will spoil a man's practice for a week, as he hardly dare go out of doors, being liable to be called at any moment.

M. S. asks me if I will kindly say whether the "gentle Knight used Nurse Brown as a bridge?" If he did so it was certainly most ungentlemanly of him, not to say dangerous. A lady might be excellent as a nurse, but unreliable when employed as a bridge. My correspondent says she cannot quite understand. I can sympathise with her. If I only knew what she was talking about I might be able to sympathise still more. My correspondent goes on to say that "the musician could not do his work better"; but I must decline to pursue the letter further. My brain has its limitations, and I don't wish to overtax it. I think M. S. must have been reading too many election speeches.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

CONFESSIONS OF A FRAUD.

Walking about London, probably at this very moment, is a man who may be familiar to more than one reader. He has a thin, white face, with a weedy growth of sandy hair about the lip and chin. His black suit is dirty and old, without being absolutely tattered. He wears a hat that might once have been accurately described as hard felt, and his coat is nearly always buttoned close up to his chin. Casually he gives you the impression of being what he professes to be, a broken-down and out-of-work clerk.

The other evening I was standing by the railings of St. Clement's Dane when he spoke to me. "I beg your pardon, but do you happen to know if the Patent Library is about here?" he inquired, with a pronounced North-country accent.

I said that I did not; but I did not move away, and on that encouragement he proceeded with his glib and plausibly-spoken tale of poverty, illness, and bad luck, throwing in here and there a casual question that served to carry on his narrative. I encouraged him by saying that I was a North-countryman myself, which was true; and that I had only been in London a few months, which was not true. For his part he said that he had just come from Yorkshire, and been looking for work ever since his arrival, and, incidentally, that he had not a penny in the world. For effect he brought in a quotation from Carlyle, and talked a lot about Dr. Johnson. He spoke very bitterly about the competition of German clerks, and then he asked me point blank whether I could help him to get a bit of supper and a bed for the night.

"Look here," I said at that, "the first time I saw you was outside Victoria Station, two years ago. Then you wanted a penny to get into a coffee-house where you could see a directory, and find out the address of a man whom you had known in Sheffield. Then, in the Euston Road, you were looking for an all-night post-office. Six months ago you stepped me in Oxford Street to inquire for a free newspaper-room, and then in Tottenham Court Road you had lost your way trying to find the Docks."

He was not in the least disconcerted, but said that a man had to do the best he could, and gratuitously added that his conscience did not blame him.

I felt curious to know what about the man was genuine, and how he fared, and I put it to him as a business transaction: money on my side, for a candid statement on his.

He was quite willing, and suggested that we should sit down somewhere. At the corner of Holywell and Newcastle Streets there is a coffee-house where gratuities are unknown, for the simple reason that the customers have to wait on themselves. Here, after investigating a pint of coffee, my friend talked. Only to the last he would not admit that he was a fraud.

"I must live," he said, "and until I can get work I must do it as best I can. But if I have a shilling in my pocket you won't find me begging. When I met you ———" and he turned out his pockets in spite of my protest.

"And the Patent Library and the coffee-house directory and the other things?" I suggested.

"Well, I can't go up to a man and ask him for money right off, can I? You have to interest people, Londoners especially, and then when they have talked to you for a few minutes, in nine cases out of ten they can't go away without giving you something. Now, it's different with foreigners. Frenchmen are the most generous people in the world. More than once I had a Frenchman cross the street and press money into my hand without my saying a word to him, when he saw that I was hard up and out of work. Now a Londoner wouldn't see that; he's thinking of himself and his own affairs, and you have to insist yourself upon his notice. But Germans ———!" and he expressed contempt for German clerks and waiters and German bands, and the whole Teutonic race generally.

"And ladies," I inquired, "I believe they are generally considered generous."

"No," he exclaimed, "damn it, I couldn't!" I looked up surprised, and after a minute he went on, "I've been without food for two days and two nights. I'm a beggar in plain English, and the police look at me when I pass, and yet at the very worst I've never been able to ask a woman for money. But I shall never forget a woman giving me something once. It was late at night or, rather, early in the morning, and I was dead beat, for I had been ill and had only just come out of 'Guy's.' I didn't notice her till she put some money into my hand, and when I began to speak she stopped me. 'Don't thank me,' she said; 'it isn't charity, it's restitution.' And she was gone."

"It's illness that always does for me," he continued, after a moment's pause. "I could get on well enough but for that. I got a job at one of Lockhart's places once through a young man of theirs to whom I had spoken in the street. It was at the mineral water place in Wilson Street and I hoped that I might get from there into one of their shops where the work would be lighter. But I couldn't stand the lifting and I had to give it up after four days. Yes," he added, looking pensively at a heap of ginger-beer cases in a corner near, "it was them things that threw me."

"But do you mean to say that you've been looking for work all this time and have not been able to get any?"

"Rather," he replied. "You don't think I want to be at this always? When I first came to London and had decent clothes I went to nearly every place in the City; but the disappointments break your heart, and I couldn't be so keen at it now; but I am always on the look out. Now and then I get a job addressing envelopes; two or three others from the place where I lodge in the Commercial Road do that. Two are lawyers and one is a doctor, and there was a man who had been on the Stock Exchange, but he has gone; but its only in the busy season that I can get on. I'm willing to do anything to make a living, but I won't clerk for less than my proper market value, and that's 35s. a week."

"Plenty do," I said.

"Of course they do," he replied. "Clerks have got no combination, and that's where they let in the foreigner. I will work for anything at anything else, but I'm not going to lower the value of my own class."

"There are plenty of other things when one is put to it," I suggested. "Newspapers and crossings, for instance. Did you ever try your hand at that sort of thing?"

"No," he said, "not that I consider myself above them, but I am not sharp enough. Not up to their little bits of tricks, I mean; I am sharp enough to hold my own with anyone in a general way."

"And what is it possible to make as you are doing now?"

I had to ask him to repeat his answer before I could believe my ears. "Ten shillings or a pound a day, nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," he replied, not without a touch of professional pride in his voice, "but I can never go on. As soon as I get any money then I'm done till it's spent."

"I'm afraid I should go on at that price," I said, "it seems incredible to me."

He seemed pleased at what he no doubt considered a tribute to his discrimination and *finesse*. "I could not do it as I am now," he admitted. "Good clothes make all the difference. Why, I remember one time when I was well and well dressed I got talking to a solicitor in a hotel in Tottenham Court Road. I thought he might possibly get me work, and I laid myself out to interest him. I had some hot brandy—only a glass or so—and

I talked well I know. He could not give me a job, but when he left he slipped a sovereign into my hand. It's a fact."

"There is one thing I can't understand," I said. "You must have a fearfully poor memory for faces to have spoken to me four times in two years."

"I remembered you perfectly," he replied with appalling mendacity. "I have a very good memory really, but when you've had brain fever you get in a maze at times."

It was time for me to go, but he had not finished his supper so I left him there. Left him planning how to get away from London with its £300 a year of humiliation, and to get back to Sheffield where he hoped to get into his proper position as a clerk at 35s. a week!

NAPOLEON'S WRITING-MASTER.

It is well-known that the first Napoleon wrote such a very bad hand that it was often impossible for anyone to read it. One day a shabby old man appeared at the Tuileries and requested to see the Emperor, who asked him his name. "I had the honour to be your Majesty's writing-master at the college of Brienne," he replied. 'And well you taught me, as everyone knows," returned Napoleon angrily. "Ask my wife there what she thinks of my hand." "I assure you, Monsieur," said Josephine, with her charming smile, "I think his letters are delightful." This retort made the Emperor laugh, and a good pension was settled on the old man. —*From "The Life of Nelson," in "Harper's Magazine," by Abbot.*

Respect for the Law.—Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen): "Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?" Bridget: "Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't hev me lay mesilf opin to arrist for resisting an officer, mum."

Ritter: How can you tell the real English swells when you meet them here in London?

Bitter: If they cut you dead on the Mall after having accepted your hospitality for a whole summer in America, they're swell, very swell.

How Divine Vengeance Worked.—Two pedlars of Hebrew extraction were plying their vocation in the country. Calling at a farmhouse one day for dinner, they were accommodated, though the fare was, if anything, no more than that usually given to tramps—the driest of bread, very stale, cold potatoes, scraps of fat meat and bones, sour milk, etc.—and what made matters worse, they were charged one dollar for the miserable repast. It took all the small change they could rake and scrape to pay the score, and shouldering their packs, they left the house, two very sober and disgusted men. After walking down the road for half a mile in silence one of them ventured to relieve his feelings: "Dot vas a pad man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, dot vas a ferry pad man." Another half-mile, and another long silence, then: "God vill punish dot man, Isaac." "Yes, Moses, God vill punish dot man." They drudged on fully a mile further before either spoke again, and then Moses broke the silence by exclaiming, with quiet emphasis, as he drew a handful of silver spoons from his bosom: "Isaac, God has punished dot man."

Mr. Ernest Samuel one of the directors of the South Swaziland Gold and Exploration Company (Limited) has arrived on the property in order to verify the various favourable telegrams and correspondence received as to the formation of a subsidiary company. Mr. Samuel is expected to arrive in England about October next.

CLUB CHATTER.

How completely England is getting hold of the markets of the world, where men's dress is concerned, is instanced by the returns published by the French Minister of Commerce for the half-year ending in June. It shows that France imported from England about 1,000,000 francs more stuff—principally for men's clothing—than for the corresponding period of 1894. This is too much for the French journalist, and he has been saying sarcastic things to his countrymen. "Go on," he remarks coldly, "turn France into an English dependency, and have done with it. Shout 'England for ever' in the streets, and play 'God Save the Queen' in the public parks. It's no use trying to get you to act sensibly. Voltaire and Molière found the French language sufficiently well stocked with words to make themselves understood, but it is not good enough for you to-day. So you bespatter it with strange English words that you do not understand the meaning of, and which you use all the more freely on that account." So far the average Englishman is disposed to agree with the indignant writer. As a matter of fact, the French language now bristles with English expressions, dragged in without rhyme, reason, or sense, and the strange part of it is that the Englishman is greeted as an illiterate impostor, if he does not pronounce these pirated expressions with a French accent.

But the attack on English goods is merciless. "Our young men," says this candid critic, "are appearing in public to-day with scarves of patterns and colours that till recently were reserved for the costumes of clowns at village fairs, and they simply justify their ungodly appearance by declaring that 'It is English!'" No doubt, some of my readers, who have been in Paris recently, must have seen some of these ties. They are certainly unlike anything that was ever before perpetrated on a civilised nation, and it would take a lot to convince me that they were ever designed or made in England. They are something after a Scotch plaid, but the most subdued pattern has ten different colours of violent hue in it, and when you come across two of them in the same street, you are seized with a desire to pray for colour-blindness.

A fashion that is very popular at French watering-places this season is the use of a velvet collar both for frock and morning coats. The result is to give the wearer a remarkably dressy appearance, and no doubt the idea will find its way into the West End.

At one of the French race meetings last week, the *pari-mutuel* returned the winner at 180 to 1, and a five-franc piece was converted into 900 francs. *Apropos* of this, somewhat interesting details have been given, and they show conclusively that far from the *pari-mutuel* having in any way acted as a check on gambling, it has fostered the gaming spirit to an appalling extent. Up to the present, the return of only one quarter of the societies by whom the *pari-mutuel* has been adopted are published. That of Paris is sufficiently striking, and shows that nearly 152,000,000 francs passed through the machines in 1893, and it is an admitted fact that the returns for 1894 were largely in excess of this. These figures are the more remarkable when it is remembered that the Government suppressed the *pari-mutuel* agencies that sprang up all over Paris, and made all bets illegal except when made on the course. At the present time, France spends more in gambling than in education or agriculture—indeed, when the full returns are available, it will probably be found that it spends more at betting than on the two combined.

There is, I believe, a prospect of Mr. Gilbert Jessop—whose remarkable doings lately for Gloucestershire have attracted so much attention—taking up his residence at Cambridge, and should he do so, he is practi-

cally certain to gain a place in the Eleven next season, and to play a prominent part in Cambridge cricket. The experience he has already had in county matches will, of course, be of immense value to him, and the authorities at Cambridge will, no doubt, rejoice if they can call upon his services. He is an assistant master at Beccles College, where he has done wonderful things both with bat and ball. Indeed, I doubt if any man, even in small matches, has ever been able to claim a better record.

The teams opposed were not, of course, very formidable, but Jessop's performance was so remarkable that it is well worth repeating here. In batting he scored 1,058 runs in thirteen innings, five times not out, with an average of 132.25; while in bowling he sent down 168 overs and two balls, sixty-four maidens, for 244 runs, and 100 wickets, his average being thus 2.44 per wicket. One of the first to discover Mr. Jessop's great ability was the Gloucestershire veteran, Dr. E. M. Grace, who must now be very proud of the manner in which his opinions have been borne out.

The sensation of last week's cricket was, of course, the double defeat of Surrey, who had gone through a period of uninterrupted success from the end of May up till the second week in August. The form shown on a slow wicket against Notts seemed to indicate that the Surrey men would render as good an account of themselves on the soft grounds as they had done on the hard ones. Against both Yorkshire and Lancashire, however, their play was distinctly disappointing. It would be quite unfair to try and make excuses for them, though many of us in this part of the country have been much disheartened by their failures. The fact is, that in both matches Surrey were beaten on their merits—beaten by magnificent bowling and fielding, aided by two or three exceptional batting performances. Nothing finer than the Yorkshire fielding on the Monday and the Lancashire fielding on the Thursday has been seen on the Oval this season.

Mr. Key did not seem able to do right. On winning the toss against Yorkshire, he went in first, but the policy did not turn out well. In the match with Lancashire, he put his opponents in, after winning the toss, but here again he met with disaster. On both occa-

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

TINICO FRAGRANT COOL & SWEET. FLAKE

ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.

EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

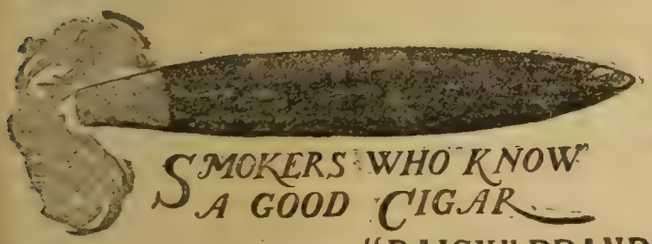
NO MORE IRRITATION OF THE TONGUE, THROAT, AND LUNGS AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First Class Tobacconists

Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from

J. P. BURNS, (Established 1830), Tobacconist & Cigar Importer, GLASGOW.

The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.



SMOKERS WHO KNOW A GOOD CIGAR

say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.

IT'S VERY TRYING!!!

So enormous has been the demand from readers of "To-Day" for these Cigars that my stock is being rapidly cleared out.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED. If YOU want some you had better write at once. I am expecting shortly a large consignment of the Choicest Kinds from Manila, when I will be in a position to supply to any extent.

Prices range from 12s. to 24s. per 100 (carriage paid). Boxes of 12 Samples 2s. 6d., post free, from

Importer:—W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

MR. E. EVERETT, 83, Great Portland Street, W., has for some time taken up this department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN

and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (700 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or delapidated.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

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UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS, an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.,

WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

sions he was placed in a difficult position, and I have no doubt he would rather the opposing captain had in each case won the toss, so that the duty of deciding a knotty point might have rested on somebody else.

At the opening of the present season, one would have been justified in predicting a brilliant number of victories for Sir J. B. Maple. Success seemed assured when Kirkconnel carried off the Two Thousand Guineas and The Owl the Newmarket Stakes, but then came the turn in Fortune's wheel, and at one period ten weeks elapsed before the claret cap was first past the post. These reverses were all the more tantalising because the bloodstock was the finest in the country, whilst as regards the trainer (Day) and the jockey (Bradford) no one could wish for better men.

Naturally, the remarks of Mr. M. Dwyer upon horse-racing in general, and the treatment of foreign horses in England in particular, have been extensively boomed in the States. But we in England can afford to treat them with disdain, knowing full well they are but the ravings of a disappointed gambler. Mr. Dwyer, before he left this country, lodged no complaint whatever. Had he done so, the English Press would have seen that a searching investigation was made.

Notwithstanding the adverse reports circulated by Mr. Dwyer, American owners are invading this country more vigorously than ever. And it is pleasing to note that the majority of those gentlemen who have nominated horses for such events as the Derby are sportsmen in the true sense of the word. They may feel sure that if there is one place in the world where they can obtain a fair field, it is England.

During the Sussex fortnight, I combined pleasure with business, and by walks and bicycle rides found a happy antidote to the bustle and excitement of the race track. Within eighteen miles of Chichester is a little village called Angmering. The solitary building worth a visit is the church, which, Gothic in style, is certainly handsome, so far as places of worship go. Listening to the guide, who poured out the history of the church in the usual monotonous tone so characteristic of his class, I caught the name of Mr. Gratwicke.

Ere I had time to ask whether this gentleman was connected with the famous sportsman of the fifties, there came the story of how the church was rebuilt in 1853 out of Mr. Gratwicke's winnings on the Turf. It appears that the deceased gentleman was the son of a former vicar of the church who preached from the little pulpit for over fifty years.

Mr. Gratwicke at one time met with almost phenomenal success, and amongst the races he won may be mentioned the Derby of 1829, with Frederick, also winning the Derby of 1845 with Merry Monarch, the One Thousand Guineas of 1858 with Governess, who also won the Oaks. He also speculated heavily, and realised a fortune. After he had reconstructed the church, Mr. Gratwicke was denounced by several members of the Church of England, but it is gratifying to know that amongst his supporters were some of the most prominent Churchmen of the day. To what better purpose could his gains on the Turf have been applied?

I am continually being asked by correspondents for the right way to have their visiting-cards worded. It is quite correct to have "Mr." in front of the name. The address in the left-hand corner may be put in or left out according to one's individual taste, though it is more usual to insert it. The address of one's club can also be added in the right-hand corner. The wording should always be engraved, and in as plain a manner as possible. A cheap visiting-card is an abomination.

The incident took place on one of the 'buses with seats specially constructed for the maintenance of pickpockets, where, it being at the time an hour or so before noon, there were very few people. When the conductor came round for the fares, he stopped at a lady who was seated before two very well-dressed men, and said with pointed deliberation, "Egscuse me, lidy, but you're a' sittin' in front of two notorus pickpockets." That started things, and for the next five minutes the conductor was about the best-abused and most unconcerned man on wheels. "All right," he said presently, "if yer wants a copper yer shall 'ave one," and stopping the 'bus he called up a constable who was standing near. This slightly disconcerted the maligned men, but they challenged the conductor to repeat his words before the witness. "Ho, suttinly," he said, with increased elaboration and an affectation of extreme weariness, "you're a pair of the most blackguardly p-i-c-k-p-o-c-k-e-t-s to be found within five miles of the Bank." By this time all on the 'bus, and several beyond, were fully interested. "Take his number, constable, and let's get on," said one of the complainants shortly. "What's the use of taking his number," replied the policeman with brutal candour. "I know you, and what he says is quite right." "Then do you mean to say that you refuse and that I have no remedy for being insulted like this? Can't I do anything?" "Oh, yes," said the constable politely, "you can get down, and I should advise you to." After a moment's consideration the pair took his advice with a singularly poor affectation of virtue and unconcern.

The radius of woman's sphere is still spreading. The suburb which last winter amused London and delighted Lady Florence Dixie with a lady football team is now responsible for a procession of sandwich women. It is not a pretty sight, and, like all injudicious advertising of this kind, it is calculated to do its perpetrator infinitely more harm than good.

The Major.

The COOLEST and DRYEST Smoking Pipes in the World.

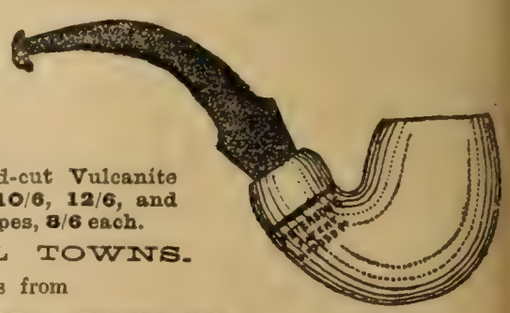
BEWARE OF FRAUDS.

Any not bearing Stamp Paterson's Patent No. 9059/94 are not genuine.

Prices—First Quality, Best Briar, Hand-cut Vulcanite Mouthpieces and Silver Mounts, 9/6, 10/6, 12/6, and Extra Large, 15/- each. Straight Shapes, 8/6 each.

AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Drop a Post Card for Particulars from



The Makers **KAPP & PETERSON, LIMITED, DUBLIN.**

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I find that among the novels in demand for people bent on holiday-making are those by Miss Gertrude Warden, of whose "Haunted House at Kew" I sold a large number of copies. Her latest story published in volume form is "Five Old Maids," and the scene is laid on the pretty South-coast in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth and Swanage. I understand that Mr. Lippincott has secured the rights of Miss Warden's next story.

* * * *

To an old-fashioned fogey like myself, it is rather annoying to have people ask me if I am conscious of a dual identity, or whether I am interested in a young lady's soul; but the only dual identity I possess is myself at home and my other self in the shop. There's a naked indecency about a soul—particularly a feminine one—when it is handed round for discussion at afternoon tea; it bores me. It is as much a matter of course that the ordinary sweet English girl has a soul as fragrant as lavender, as it is that a thrush sings. But when the average English girl takes to "literature" as a means of expressing her soul, the spectacle is rather painful. And now a daily contemporary wants to know "Is *it* a revolution?" There's a delicious vagueness about the "it," but I gather that "it" principally means literature—feminine literature. Poor inky "souls!" If they only knew how my customers come in and seek for something wholesome without a trace of introspectiveness in it, "they'd alter their note," as Mr. Weller says. Mr. Bryce McMaster asks—

> Grant us, in this our need, some gentler cure,
> Kind Heaven! Some Hercules to turn a stream
> Filling, with wholesome stir and pleasant noise,
> Augean stables of our literature."

Where is the Hercules with a mop and pail? He will not come before he is needed.

* * * *

"Is it a revolution?" also asks my friend and customer, Mr. Grant Allen, the brilliant author of two of the best short stories in the English language ("The Rev. John Creedy" and "The Curate of Chermside"). In a recent letter to the *Chronicle* he has a somewhat scornful fling at another dear old friend, Anthony Trollope, to wit. "People," he writes, "once accustomed to the permeation of ethical ideas in their books will not tamely endure the antediluvian smugness of Trollope and his contemporaries—nor will they have 'the good old coaches back again.' They will not return from 'Tess' and 'The Heavenly Twins' to 'The Small House at Allington': they will not exchange 'Lord Ormont' for 'Barchester Towers.' A wave of moral feeling once set up never retires till it has accomplished its purpose," and so on.

* * * *

Well now, the reverse is actually the case. Trollope is looking up again. People are returning to their first loves, and the gruff old man who turned out so much "copy" with unfailing regularity, and who had the tender heart of a child, is regaining possession of his own. Why, only the other day a telegraph boy came rushing into the shop with an imperious message from an old customer: "Broken my leg in two places. Send down all the Trollopes you have in stock." The "New Woman" literature is as much out of place in a sick room as a bull in a china shop.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed with what beautiful women-types Trollope has enriched English literature? His clergymen are wonderfully drawn, but most of his women are exquisite. "The marvel to me is," said the late Frank Ives Scudamore—himself an author of no mean pretensions—"The marvel to me is from where Trollope got his women? He did not affect feminine society much; in fact, it is my impression he rather shunned it; but when it came to drawing a real 'live' woman—a sweet English girl—Trollope was unrivalled."

* * * *

"Did you ever hear?" continued Mr. Scudamore, shaking back his silvery hair, and speaking in his little birdlike voice. "Did you ever hear a story he once told me about his experiences when in the Post Office Department in Ireland? A man kept writing the most outrageous and violent letters of complaint about postal arrangements from some remote part of Ireland. Trollope was sent off to investigate, arriving there very wet and hungry one dark winter's night. He was met at the door in the most hospitable manner by a delightful old gentleman, who immediately ordered brandy and water—very hot. Then came dinner. Trollope must stay the night. A charming daughter joined in with the old gentleman. After dinner, Trollope reluctantly proposed business. The old gentleman was grossly affronted, and wouldn't hear of it. The next day Trollope had to return, and again pressed the old gentleman about his complaint. The old gentleman became very confused. "Well, you see," he said, "the fact is I haven't any complaint; it's all humbug. It is very lonely up here, and so—and so, as I like writing letters, I took to writing to the Post Office just to pass the time."

* * * *

I remember that melancholy November evening in 1882 when poor Trollope was seized with the attack of paralysis which ultimately proved fatal. It was accompanied by a kind of aphasia—not a complete loss of speech, but an ineffectual groping for the right word. An old lady once came into the shop and complained of the same sort of thing. "Dear me," she said. "Dear me; it's sad to be growing old. I can't remember my words. You know what I mean? A sort of momentary *Aspasia!*"

* * * *

Have just sent a repeat order to her publishers for "Iota's" "A Comedy in Spasms," which seems very much to the taste of my customers. It deals with the old theme of a girl who, for the sake of her relations, marries a man with money and perpetual headaches. Then, the usual young man, and—complications. Some of the dialogue is good:—

> It's only in books that men like girls to talk as if they were playing battledore and shuttlecock with splinters of stars. . . . . I wish you (the girl) wouldn't speak of magenta sins (it is the young man expostulating with the heroine) and things of that order. Fellows are even bigger fools than you think, and some of them might go to the length in folly of believing that you had even the remotest notion of what you are talking about. You see, it's this beastly education business: so many women now know such a lot more than the God who made them, that it puts those who only know what they should at an awful disadvantage.

* * * *

Mr. Pett Ridge's "Telling Stories, from the *St. James's Gazette*" (*St. James's Gazette* Office) have come into the shop at an opportune moment. No introspective analysis here, but genuinely funny, mirth-moving stories, mostly dialogue, and dialogue which should do very well for stage purposes. Begin with "A Singular Guest," and go on to all the others. They are worth reading.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H.—The gentleman you name is above the average height, wiry, and very carefully groomed. He wears a heavy moustache, and there is a hurried, nervous manner in all his movements, as though he had not quite forgotten the judicial bullyings he sometimes received when at the bar.

CHINA, THE WORLD'S DELIGHT.

Introduction. *Andantino.* *poco rall.* *a tempo.*

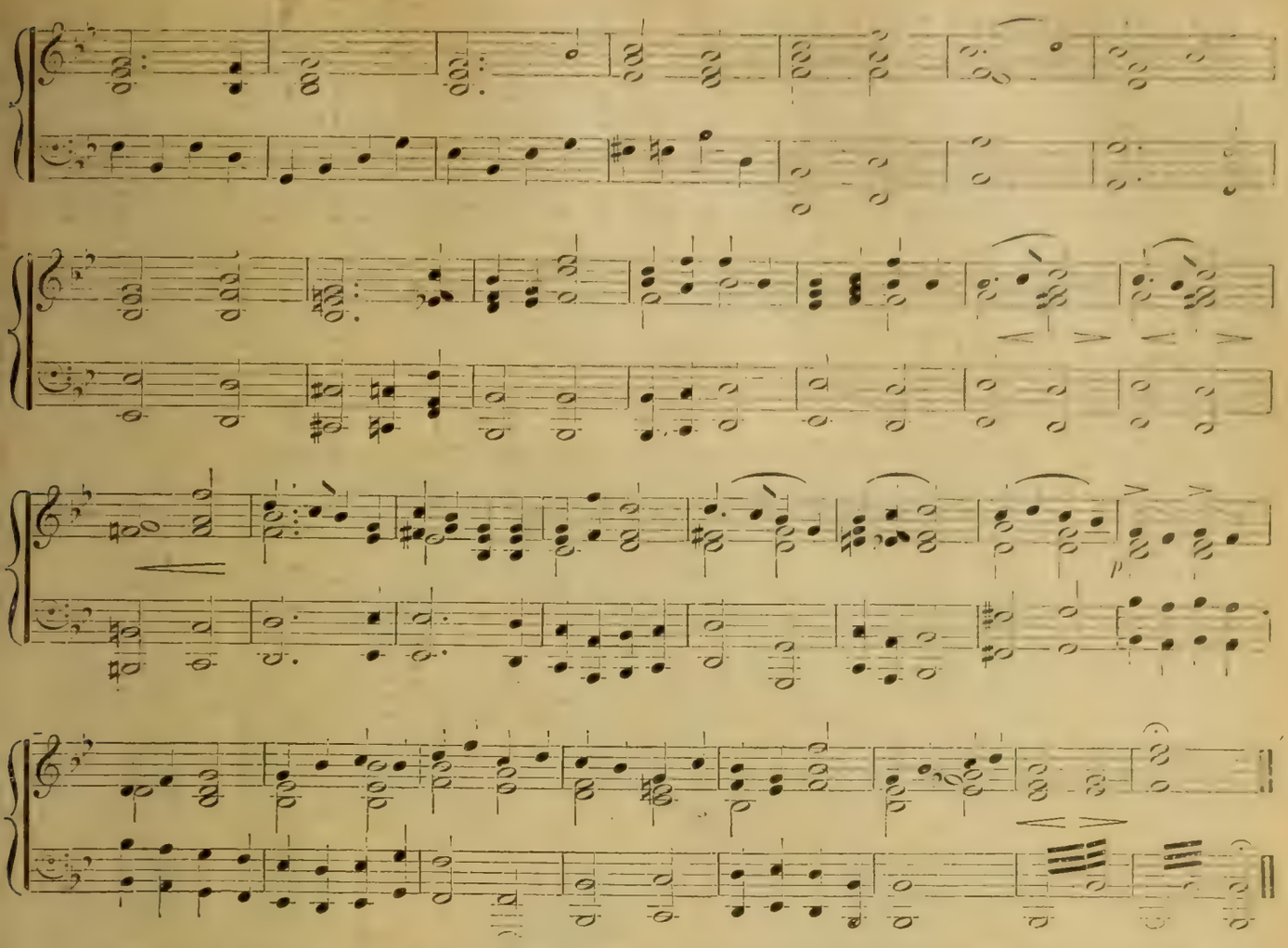
mf

poco rall. *a tempo.* *accel.*

Air. *Con spirito.*

f

cres.



FOUR ROUNDS WITH A STARFISH.

To look at an oyster you would never imagine that there was any fight in it, would you? No one would think an oyster could and would fight unless he had been a witness, some time or other, of the oyster's fighting qualities. One of the most exciting contests I ever saw was between an oyster and one of the most deadly enemies of the oyster family, and I am glad to say that the oyster won the fight. The enemy was a starfish, and if all of its kind were as fresh and indiscreet as this one was, they wouldn't be a source of so much dread to the oyster farmer. Every person who has anything to do with raising oysters has seen many a battle between them and starfish. These destructive enemies of the oyster grow fast, but seldom attempt to attack the bivalves before they are six months old, and then their inexperience and over-confidence are apt to get them in a heap of trouble. A starfish that has cut its eye teeth, so to speak, will get the best of an oyster every time, for it will mount the shell, drill a hole through it, inject its stupefying liquor into the oyster, and envelop the whole thing with its capacious and elastic mouth-stomach before the poor shellfish knows what has happened to it. A school of starfish can go through an oyster farm almost as quickly as a tornado can wipe out a wheat farm in Dakota. Starfish are virtually walking stomachs, and I have found them stretched over clams, shell and all, that were a great deal bigger than the natural dimensions of the starfish. When one of these rapacious marauders envelops a clam or an oyster it simply turns itself wrong side out and pulls itself over its victim, as you would pull on a pair of new socks. This fight I was speaking about occurred in shallow water, and I had a good sight of it. I saw the starfish work warily along over the oyster, and then settle down upon it. The bivalve was on the look-out, however, and when the starfish was near enough the oyster's shell closed like a steel trap on one of the starfish's five rays, and cut it off as slick as if it had been done with a knife. A starfish doesn't mind the loss of a ray or two; in fact, it can stand the loss of four of its rays and then make its way off, in a short time spreading and growing the lost members again. But if the starfish loses all five of its rays its doom is sealed. It will die almost immediately.

The oyster had no sooner clipped off one of its foe's legs than it set its trap again and waited for a renewal of the attack. This was not long in coming. The starfish dropped itself slowly, with so much confidence that I could almost see it, and was soon astride the oyster again. Again the trap flew shut, and the starfish rose with but three of its five rays left. But it was plucky, and, with confidence unimpaired, returned for the third round with the prompt and watchful oyster. The round was a repetition of the other two, and the starfish was bereft of another leg. The persistent enemy of the oyster had apparently set its mind on having that particular one, and without a moment's hesitation turned its crippled body to the fourth assault. The oyster was now mad all the way through, and shifted its position, turning its open shell upward as the starfish dropped toward it. This was the last round of the fight, for the oyster caught both remaining rays of the starfish in the trap and snipped them off at one bite. The rayless starfish turned over and sank to the bottom dead.

There was once a prominent man in Chicago who had a very exalted opinion of his own city. He died, and when he reached his eternal home, he looked about him with much surprise, and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him, "Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some change in heaven." The attendant eyed the Chicagoan a second, and then observed, "This isn't heaven."

A CHAT WITH MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS.

If it be possible to turn green with envy I fear many a stage-struck maiden will find her complexion altering for the worse when she reads the brief story of Miss Ettie Williams' professional career. Listening to it was like overhearing a pretty little fairy story told, of course, by a very pretty little fairy.

"You see, it was like this," said Miss Williams. "There came a time in my life—not many years ago—when it became necessary for me to 'do something.' I very nearly became a governess, but the prospect of always being a governess—well, it isn't very alluring, is it? Of course I had always been very much stage-struck, and one day I thought I would try if I couldn't earn my living in the way I liked best. I went down to the Haymarket, and saw Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who was very kind. He advised me to consider the matter very solemnly, and to come back in a week's time with my decision. I remember"—and here Miss Williams showed plainly that her bewitching little stage smile is not at all artificial — "Mr. Tree asked me in a very concerned way just as I was leaving if I had 'run away from home to do this.' Well, I went back in a week, and Mr. Tree engaged me at once to come on in a crowd, and that's how I got on the stage.

It sounded simple enough.

"After I left Mr. Tree," continued Miss Williams, "I went into the provinces for a couple of years, and I've been in town since."

"What do you think of the provinces as a training school?"

"I think they do one good, but touring is much harder than playing here. I think the principal benefit that one gets out of the provinces is the constant change of audiences. You see they vary in every town, and when you don't know to whom you are playing somehow it makes you play your best. When you are in for a long run in town you get practically the same audience every night, and consequently there's a danger of becoming slightly mechanical in your acting. On tour, every Monday night is as important as a first night. So all things considered you are kept quite up to concert pitch when playing in the country."

"What do you think of the stage as a profession for women?"

"Personally, I love it, but it wouldn't suit everybody. The New Woman, for instance, might feel a trifle awkward if she were playing a part in which she had to make love to an odious man—not that a New Woman is ever likely to get on to the stage, though. With regard to the mysterious 'behind the scenes,' I think the old-fashioned idea of the awfulness of such places is about dead. You get plenty of fun sometimes, though, when you are playing in the provinces. I used to get all sorts of letters sent to me on my last tour; some of them from parsons asking me to reform my wicked life—I don't look very wicked, do I?—some of them from women asking me to tell them how to get on the stage, and some of them from—er—from mere boys."

MISS ETTIE WILLIAMS.

"I should think the latter were the most interesting?"

"They were certainly the most cheeky. You know *The Prude's Progress* had a three days' trial trip at Cambridge before it was brought to town, and during that short time I got some most amusing letters from 'Varsity men. One man wanted me to give him my views upon stage kissing. I am afraid he is still without those views."

"But what are they, please? Amateurs always find such a difficulty in knowing what they should do in this matter."

"Well, I don't believe in the amateur's usual method of kissing—about half a yard off; there's a want of reality about it somehow, and it is always so apparent to the audience. If in my part I have to say to a man 'I hate you,' then for the time being I do hate him as much as I know how; if the stage direction says I am to kiss him—well, I do it. There's nothing like thoroughness in everything you know."

"Is thoroughness the wonderful secret, then, of an actress's success?

"Not altogether. I should put personal charm first. No amount of teaching, or training, or experience will ever give it to women who haven't it. In an average audience there are only a very few who are competent judges of acting. Then it is that an actress, who really plays beautifully, will sometimes fail, where another, with an

inexplicable something in her manner, completely captures the audience. The critic detects the difference between the two, but the general public doesn't. I think the great art is in putting just enough warmth of feeling into your part to let the audience know you are in earnest. A good actress has to avoid two pitfalls: If she puts too much emphasis into the words people call her stagey; if she is too quiet they call her a duffer—it's the happy medium that is successful."

"And your ambition, Miss Williams?"

"Well, I played Rosalind at a matinée the other day, and I should like to have the opportunity of doing so again, but I've no particular hankering after Juliet. I'm working hard, and have no time to think about ambitions just now; it doesn't do to disappoint one's self you know. Of course I mean to aim high—very high—and then you see if I fail I shall—"

But there was no need to discuss such a possibility. Miss Williams has already succeeded; her future is in her own hands.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

INTRODUCTION.

From the earliest ages to the present day the study of Physiognomy, or Character-Reading from the Face, has had a fascination for mankind, as far back as Aristotle, who may be reckoned among its first students and propounders. The world, as a rule, looks upon character-reading from the face as a special gift with which a few chosen mortals are particularly endowed, instead of as a science. Charles Dickens remarked that "we are all natural physiognomists. Our fault lies in not heeding our instincts or first impressions sufficiently, by allowing people to come too near to us, and by their false actions explaining away their real characters." "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell; The reason why I cannot tell!" gives a hint of the potential value of Physiognomy. We daily feel antipathies against, and sympathies with, certain individuals with whom we come in contact, and we cannot explain those feelings except in the words of the Christ Church undergraduate. We might continue to like or dislike without any reason except the instinct which guides a child or a dog. A scientific knowledge of the value and characteristics of every feature will be of immense value in that direction. Thus, instead of having to make experiments by associating with people, perhaps for months, before you understand them, you can, by a knowledge of scientific physiognomy, read their characters at a glance. You will see in the face characteristics which may lie dormant, but which are only awaiting the chance of being brought into action. You may perceive others which show that a benevolent, sympathetic nature dwells under a rough, cynical exterior. You will also be able to detect the real character under the assumed, for nothing is more apparent to the scientific character-reader than any assumption of either vice or virtue. Character-reading from the face ranks as a science if based upon anatomical principles and a practical knowledge of the values and properties of brain, bone, nerve, muscle, blood tissue, and hair. It stands apart from palmistry, thought-reading or astrology, and does not presume to predict the future or dive into the past. Physiognomy is not phrenology, but each is untrustworthy without the other. The face is part of the head, the head is incomplete without the face. The shape of the features, and the various developments of the facial bones, will indicate the manner in which the mental organs are used; they will also show the amount of physical ability which goes towards bringing the mental capacities into action. All the intellectual and reasoning capacities are, according to phrenology, located in front of the ears, in that part of the head which comprises the forehead, straight down to the eyes. The face is the mirror of the mind; it is useless to try to put on a mask, as we cannot alter the shape of our features, though we can modify our facial expressions by a strong will and self-control exercised early in life. But with that will other expressions become engraven on the face, which are only too apparent to the eyes of a practised physiognomist. The great difficulty with character-reading from the face does not lie in merely learning the rules of the science, but in the employment of judgment in summing up the characteristics of the various features which form the face, weighing the weaker with the stronger when they bear contradictory qualities. Thus, one individual might inherit features and characteristics of six ancestors of three generations, each totally different in disposition from every other, and the strongest or most marked feature is very nearly certain in most cases to overbalance the tendencies of the others. When we see objectionable characteristics on a person's face, we must always be more cautious than when the face expresses no guile. We are all, to some extent, creatures of circumstances, but our capacities being apparent in our features, the face-reader can tell how an individual would be able to conduct himself when under certain influences. How often we hear people say, "I would never have given him credit for such behaviour," or "I did not know he had so much pluck in him." Every day we find individuals, through the loss of fortune, thrown suddenly into the world on their own resources, often from the very lap of luxury, and such individuals have become energetic workers and cheery members of society; whereas, had they been left in their former riches, they might have degenerated into perfect sybarites or nonentities. The characteristics are always there; it is simply the circumstances which bring them into action. Aristotle, like many of the occult scientists, tried to make generalities, and precedents, instead of going into the matter from a scientific point of view, by working on the values of the various parts of the anatomy of the head and face, and he therefore failed to complete his researches with satisfactory results.

(*To be continued.*)

GIVING QUARTER.

When, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade. "Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to the table, he continued: "Treat it as you would the enemy." As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags. "What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished general. "Obeying orders, sir," replied the captain, in a firm voice; "you told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, general, what we can't kill, we capture."

Young Cynic: "I would pass for a man of the world and a wit. What must I do?" Old Cynic: "Sneer at women." Young Cynic: "Yes, that's easy. Anything else?" Old Cynic: "Laugh at truth." Young Cynic: "I always have." Old Cynic: "And boast of vice." Young Cynic: "Um—Anything else?" Old Cynic: "Yes; then go and hang yourself."

Editor: "You say you wrote this poem?" Young Poet (*proudly*): "Yes, sir." Editor: "Well, I must say it is very noble in you to bear all the blame yourself."

A DISAPPEARING ISLAND.

Falcon Island, a lonely but picturesque mass of earth and rock, situated in the Tonga group below 20 degs. S. lat., has been playing hide and seek with three nations since 1889. The coming and going of Falcon Island has been termed by the South Sea traders "the right pulse of the universe." Reports concerning Falcon Island have been brought to civilisation from time to time for years and years back. It was not until 1889, however, that anything really peculiar was noticed about the place, but since that time the rocks have been leading England, France, and the Tonga government a lively chase. The latest news from Falcon was received recently by the United States Hydrographic Office. The information came from Pilot John O'Ryan of Apia, Samoa. The pilot also sent a detailed account of the modern aspect of the mystic isle to a seafaring friend here.

To tell the odd story of Falcon it is necessary to go back to 1889, when the British corvette *Egeria* was sent on a cruise among the South Sea Islands and instructed to seize any heretofore unknown coral reefs or islands and take possession of them in the name of the Queen. The *Egeria* fell across Falcon. The island was noted for miles at sea, for at its southernmost extremity rose a commanding bluff 153 feet above the sea. Palm-trees grew on the height, and at the north end of the island the land gently sloped down to a beautiful white sand beach, fringed with tropical vegetation. The place was a veritable gem of the seas, a typical South Sea retreat, apparently as secure as the rock of Gibraltar. The *Egeria's* commander took possession of the island and planted the flag of England on its highest point, then the warship returned and reported what it had done. A year later a transport was sent to Falcon and found nothing but a low-lying reef, against which the sea beat incessantly. The lofty cliff had disappeared, as had the palm-trees and the sand beach. England's flag had sunk with the land, which appeared to have been swallowed up by the ocean.

Very little attention was directed to Falcon until 1892, it being believed that the island had simply sunk in the sea, as coral islands often do. Ships and trading schooners passed the latitude, and some would report that the island was still there, and that its cliffs had again towered heavenward, while others would note that only a flat shoal marked the spot. These reports were extremely confusing. France, in 1892, was looking for islands to annex, and so sent the cruiser *Duchaffault*, Captain Mauceron, on a cruise after territory. The *Dauchaffault* steamed to Falcon. Then, instead of finding a sunken reef, whitened with the foam of breakers, the vessel's crew discovered an island almost the exact shape of that found by the *Egeria* in 1889, only the southern promontory was but 25 and 27 feet high instead of 153 feet. The palm-trees were gone, of course, but the rocks were covered with a growth of green bushes and ferns. Ashore went Mauceron, who, though he had not 40,000 men, ordered his Jack Tars to draw their swords and put them back again, claiming the island at the same time in the name of the French Republic. The Tricolour waved from the twenty-five foot cliff when the *Dauchaffault* churned north and homeward to the booming of a rifle gun.

Scarcely two years had passed since the Frenchman's visit when the British schooner *Isabel*, borne along by an easterly breeze, came about at the easterly end of the island. This was on April 19th, 1894, according to the records kept by the United States Government. The *Isabel's* captain consulted his chart and found that the strip of land at his port beam was all that remained of the elusive Falcon isle. He was astonished; he made a note in his logbook, and later reported to his home government that "Falcon Island now has the appearance of a low streak of reef, and is dangerous to navigate, as it cannot be seen on a dark night. Dangerous reefs and rocks surround it."

French and English naval officers were much taken aback by this report, but the Tongan Government was daunted. It sent a party to the island with instructions to solve the mystery. The expedition left Tonga last December, and only returned about one month ago, or in time to allow Pilot O'Ryan to write his letter and forward it by the steamer *Australia* from Apia. Perhaps Englishmen and Frenchmen will smile when they read that "the expedition took possession of the Falcon Island in the name of King George of Tonga." Several cocoanut and other trees were planted. A hut was erected on the southern or raised end of the place, which is a mass of rocks, shells, and queer red clay. "The island was found to have bold, steep sides, with deep water all round and no shoal water in the vicinity, though discoloured water extends four miles southeastward and three miles northwest. The highest point of the island is fifty feet above the sea." When Tonga's claim to the jumping-jack of the Tropics has been wiped out by the sea, it is suggested that the United States try to secure the island for a brief term.

ANTS AND THEIR QUEEN.

An observer of nature, sitting on one of the seats in Central Park the other day, was wondering why, across the rubbly asphalte path, there was such a migration of those big black-headed ants which are to be found here and there about the park; little predatory fellows, which seize the moth or butterfly that, just emerging from its larval winter home, wants to climb up some friendly twig, grow its wings and then fly whither it listeth. The cause of all the parade was soon apparent. There was to be a new colony formed, and a great big brown ant, a queen, five times as big as any of her subjects, was being drawn across the path by a guard of honour. A new home was to be established to relieve the overpopulated nest that had been the ants' domicile all through the winter. The observer, without in any way injuring the queen, captured her, and then there was the most tremendous commotion among the ants. The queen was carefully housed in a small cone of paper, and then all attention was given to the ants, the workers. A nation which had lost its ruler could not have appeared more distressed than were those little creatures. The news spread with incredible quickness that the queen of the new colony had been purloined, had vanished. Her guard of a score of soldiers, some three of whom, at least, bit the observer's fingers savagely, were all, apparently, placed under arrest, and the ground was soon black with ants. After a short time the queen, so egg-laden that she could not move, was placed on the path, and in a second afterwards one of the scouts discovered her.

The scout appeared really to make an obeisance to her; he had an interview of a moment, and then scuttled off to find his comrades and tell the good news, and to get a cohort of soldiers to take the good lady home. Soon there was a perfect regiment of ants around her, and she was carried to a small hole under a roof, where, no doubt, the new home had been delved out in preparation for her arrival. A small tribute to this little glimpse into nature's life was paid by getting some lumps of sugar softened with water. They were placed near the new colony. They were soon found, and the little fellows were busy until sundown in taking down the tiny crystals they chipped off the rocks—they were rock to them—to fill their storehouses.

SERMONS FOR TO-DAY.

BY

THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, M.A.,

(Chaplain of the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Liverpool.)

THE LAW OF CHRIST.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the Law of Christ."
—Gal. vi. 2.

That is an epitome of Christianity. The Law of Christ is fulfilled by bearing one another's burdens.

The particular burden which the writer has in mind is that of a fellow creature's faults. It is borne by the sympathy which will restore him to the pedestal from which he has fallen.

But that is only one instance of a general principle. The world is full of all kinds of burdens, which we can bear for one another. It is noteworthy that the Law of Christ is based on mutual obligation. It is no one-sided arrangement, by which we get all the advantage and someone else gets all the work. Plenty of people are ready enough to shove their burdens on the backs of other folk; but the Law of Christ suggests an alertness and alacrity on our part to lighten the load of our neighbour where we can, and even seems to hint that the one who does the most in this sort of carrying trade is the one who comes nearest to the spirit of the ideal man.

I stood recently at the end of the Holyhead breakwater, within a few feet of the wrecks of the *Kirkmichael* and *Osseo*, which perished there in the late gales with the loss of more than thirty lives. The whole agony of the tragic scene rose up before one; the gallant ships stranded within a hundred yards of safety—that which should have been their preservation an occasion of ruin; the sailors clinging to the yards in benumbed despair; the terrific waves, like pitiless Furies, hurtling over them until they beat them down dead upon the decks, or dashed them upon the granite wall in front; the falling masts; the iron hulls splintered like matchwood; the helplessness of those on shore to render aid.

I handled some of the cargo they were carrying—iron, cotton-goods, wire-netting, and they seemed to link the episode with the great manufacturing centres of our country. These men perished in bearing their share of the burden of that maritime enterprise, which gives England her prosperity and makes her sovereign in the commerce of the world. It was your burden and mine.

In a volume of charming stories, entitled "Flute and Violin," by James Lane Allen (Harper Bros., New York), not the least charming is one called "King Solomon of Kentucky." "King Solomon" is a popular term of derision for a white vagrant, who, according to the barbarous usage of the time, is sold by auction into a year of labour, as the penalty for his idle habits. Out of pure pity an old negress buys him, promptly to set him free again. That night cholera breaks out in Lexington, and the people die like flies. Grave-diggers are at a premium. An added agony and peril arise from the unburied dead. Then Solomon, who is by trade an excavator, seized by some subtle impulse to retrieve his life or lose it in the attempt, betakes him to the gruesome task of burial. He survives the epidemic, and the story closes with a masterly scene, which the writer calls "The Coronation of King Solomon," where in a sudden flash of common consciousness, all classes recognise the heroism of the man who bore so weighty a part of the burden imposed by a public disaster, and spared his fellow-citizens the last humiliating agony of seeing their dearest left unburied.

Even the grave-digger fulfils the Law of Christ. In our town cemeteries and country churchyards he is bearing no unimportant share of our burden of sorrow, when he makes the bed in which, for the last time, we are to lay some precious charge to rest.

This Law of Christ is the basis of civilisation. How elaborate is the web of mutual service, which forms the complex order of life. How many thousands there are who help to bear the burden insupportable by ourselves alone, to whom we give as little thought as to the seamen of the mercantile marine, or the grave-digger of a necropolis. We are quite unequal to making so simple a thing as the commonest button, wherewith to fasten a garment, or the bit of lace to trim a dainty frock. In fact, from the sole of our foot to the crown of our head, from the basement of our house to the tiles which roof it in, there are countless requisites for which we absolutely depend upon industries of which we cannot spell out the merest alphabet. The comfort of our homes, the luxuries which surround us, the accessories of the ball and banquet, the elaborate toilette, the fragrant garden, the dashing equipage, the stately library, all are due to an army of toilers, without whose skill we must dispense with the solaces and ornaments of life.

It ought to be a humiliating thought to the proud and supercilious, that the craftsmen whom they affect to despise, are necessary to produce the very splendours by which they seek to dazzle society and win their pre-eminence.

The Law of Christ, interwoven with the entire texture of life, meets us at every turn, and we face it with a stony stare of unconsciousness.

You pass by some palatial home planted among park and wood, and enquire whose it is. You are told that it belongs to a man who made his money in iron, soap, or sewing-machines. But that is an inaccuracy. He made it out of the nerve, muscle, and industry of men who thus contributed their quota to the material success of his life, as he contributed his to theirs, in the supply of capital and the burden of responsibility. In that relation we find mutual service, each working for the other, each lightening the others' load.

It is the tendency of human nature, under the instinct of self-preservation, to try to capture the rest of mankind, and enslave them, to relieve us of our own burdens. We are all requisitioning as much carrying power as we can, to get our journey through life made as easy as possible for ourselves. We all agree that burden-bearing for others is a fine thing, when we are the others, and the burden-bearers any but ourselves. The common law of life becomes the Law of Christ, when we not only perform the services that we must, but out of our own good heart volunteer to lift the load from galled spirits and relieve the strain upon anxious hearts.

The man of wealth, of intellect, of genius, of persuasion, of sympathy, of character; the statesman, physician, artist, merchant, tradesman, teacher, mechanic, servant; each and all have a store of force peculiarly their own—intellectual, moral or spiritual—which they can utilise to the relief of the lives of society at large.

As a man does this he is a Christian. As he fails to do it, no creed, no church, no form can give him a claim to so supreme a title.

The Law of Christ is often confused with worship, ritual, church-order, and the mere machinery of religion; and people who give thought to such matters are often deluded into the belief that they are living the highest religious life.

But unless these observances quicken our moral sense into deeper sympathy with the needs of the world, unless they impress us with our obligation to lift life's burdens where we can, they are something worse than childish nothings.

The Law of Christ is often confused with dogmatic beliefs. There is a marked tendency just now on the part of the pendulum of thought to swing back with reactionary violence from temporary scepticism to a more definite dogmatism of some kind. But whatever shape that dogmatism may take, unless it deepens our responsi-

bility for the happiness of our fellow creatures, and fills us with self-contempt if we seek to shirk the service and the sacrifice which will lift the burden of poverty and sorrow and disease and sin from other human lives, it may as well be relegated at once to the rubbish heap of fatuous nonentities.

The Law of Christ, again, is often confused with mere impulsive sentiment. So far from the two being identical the Law of Christ claims allegiance from every power of our nature, and while it calls upon the heart for feeling, it asks of the brain careful counsel and reasoned plans. Mere emotion is sure to blunder. Cold reason will be but an unsympathetic burden bearer. But what we have to beware of most of all, is barren theories—fine ideas without the heart intense enough to realise them. If we stop short of theories, however beautiful and perfect, we have not surrendered life to the Law of Christ, which is only satisfied when we have cheerfully lent our own special strength to lightening the load of other men's disproportionate responsibilities.

This is an age of difficult problems and multitudinous nostrums. And in face of the cry which goes up on every side for life in place of existence, fulness of life instead of sordid limitations, light for darkness, hope for despair, a few years of gladness instead of a burdensome yoke that bows the soul and galls the spirit—in face of this cry, I say, every nobler heart must feel that it is a day of opportunity, when we may mark an epoch in the world's progress, and score a triumph in the Kingdom of Christ.

There is one solution of all our anxious problems—Socialism, the unemployed, education, marriage, servants and mistresses, wages, home life, temperance—which none need be afraid to try; the one which fits in with the whole order of the world, the one which I am convinced will alone meet all the requirements of the case, the one which has been waiting for experiment since the day when Jesus of Nazareth died upon His cross. It is the one formulated as the Law of Christ in the immortal words of S. Paul:—

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

V.—THE CRIME OF COUNT NIKOLAS OF FESTENBURG.

IN the days of Rudolf III. there stood on the hill opposite the Castle of Zenda, and on the other side of the valley in which the town lies, on the site where the *chateau* of Tarlenheim now is situated, a fine and strong castle belonging to Count Nikolas of Festenburg. He was a noble of very old and high family, and had great estates; his house being, indeed, second only to the Royal House in rank and reputation. He himself was a young man of great accomplishments, of a domineering temper, and of much ambition; and he had gained distinction in the wars that marked the closing years of the reign of King Henry the Lion. With King Rudolf he was not on terms of cordial friendship, for he despised the King's easy manners and carelessness of dignity, while the King had no love for a gentleman whose one object seemed to be to surpass and outshine him in the eyes of his people, and who never rested from extending and fortifying his castle until it threatened to surpass Zenda itself both in strength and magnificence. Moreover, Nikolas, although maintaining a state ample and suitable to his rank, was yet careful and prudent, while Rudolf spent all that he received and more besides, so that the Count grew richer and the King poorer. But in spite of these causes of difference, the Count was received at Court with apparent graciousness, and no open outburst of enmity had yet occurred, the pair being, on the contrary, often together, and sharing their sports and pastimes with one another.

Now most of these diversions were harmless, or, indeed, becoming and proper, but there was one among them full of danger to a man of hot head and ungoverned impulse such as King Rudolf was. And this one was dicing, in which the King took great delight, and in which Count Nikolas was very ready to encourage him. The King, who was generous and hated to win from poor men, or those who might be playing beyond their means in order to give him pleasure, was delighted to find an opponent whose purse was as long or longer than his own, and thus came gradually to pass many evenings with the boxes in Nikolas's company. And the more evenings he passed the deeper he fell into the Count's debt; for the King drank wine, while the Count was content with small beer, and when the King was losing he doubled his stakes, whereas the Count took in sail if the wind seemed adverse. Thus always and steadily the debt grew, till at last Rudolf dared not reckon how large it had become, nor did he dare to disclose it to his advisers. For there were great public burdens already imposed by reason of King Henry's wars, and the citizens of Strelsau were not in a mood to bear fresh exaction, nor to give their hard earnings for the payment of the King's gambling debts; in fine, although they loved the Elphbergs well enough, they loved their money more. Thus the King had no resource except in his private possessions, and these were of no great value, saving the Castle and estate of Zenda.

At length, when they had sat late one night and the throws had gone all the evening against the King and

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for Nikolas, the King flung himself back in the chair, drained his glass, and said impatiently,

"I am weary of the game! Come, my lord, let us end it."

"I would not urge you, sire, a moment beyond what you desire. I play but for your pleasure."

"Then my pleasure has been your profit," said the King with a vexed laugh, "for I believe I am stripped of my last crown. What is my debt?"

The Count, who had the whole sum reckoned on his tablets, took them out, and showed the King the amount of the debt.

"I cannot pay it," said Rudolf. "I would play you again, to double the debt or wipe it out, but I have nothing of value enough to stake."

The desire which had been nursed for long in the Count's heart now saw the moment of its possible realisation.

He leant over the table, and, smoothing his beard with his hand, said gently,

"The amount is no more than half the value of your Majesty's castle and the demesne of Zenda."

The King started, and forced a laugh.

"Aye, Zenda spoils the prospect from Festenburg, does it?" said he. "But I will not risk Zenda. An Elphberg without Zenda would seem like a man robbed of his wife. We have had it since we have had anything or been anything. I should not seem king without it."

"As you will, sire. Then the debt stands?" And he looked full and keenly into the King's eyes, asking without words, "How will you pay it?" and adding without words, "Paid it must be." And the King read the unspoken words in the eyes of Count Nikolas.

The King took up his glass, but finding it empty flung it angrily on the floor, where it shivered into fragments at Count Nikolas's feet; and he shifted in his chair and cursed softly under his breath. Nikolas sat with the dice-box in his hand and a smile on his lips; for he knew that the King could not pay, and therefore must play, and he was in the vein, and did not doubt of winning from the King Zenda and its demesne. Then he would be the greatest lord in the Kingdom, and hold for his own a kingdom within the Kingdom, and the two strongest places in all the land. And a greater prize might then dangle in reach of his grasp.

"The devil spurs and I gallop," said the King at last. And he took up the dice-box and rattled it.

"Fortune will smile on you this time, sire, and I shall not grieve at it," said Count Nikolas with a courteous smile.

"Curses on her!" cried the King. "Come, my lord, a quick ending to it! One throw, and I am a free man, or you are master of my castle."

"One throw let it be, sire, for it grows late," assented Nikolas with a careless air; and they both raised the boxes and rattled the dice inside them. The King threw; his throw was a six and a five, and a sudden gleam of hope lit up his eyes; he leant forward in his chair, gripping the elbows of it with his hands; and his cheek flushed and his breath came quickly. With a low Count Nikolas raised his hand and threw. The dice fell and rolled on the table. The King sank back; and the Count said with a smile of apology and a shrug of his shoulders,

"Indeed, I am ashamed. For I cannot be denied to-night."

For Count Nikolas of Festenburg had thrown sixes, and thereby won from the King the Castle and demesne of Zenda.

And he rose from his chair, and, having buckled on his sword that had lain on the table by him, and taken his cap in his hand, stood looking down on the King with a malicious smile on his face. And he said with a look that had more mockery than respect in it,

"Have I your Majesty's leave to withdraw? For ere day dawn, I have matters to transact in Strelsau, and I would be at my Castle of Zenda to-night."

Then King Rudolf took a sheet of paper and wrote an order that the Castle, and all that was in it, and all the demesne should be surrendered to Count Nikolas of Festenburg on his demand, and he gave the paper to Nikolas. Then he rose up and held out his hand, which Nikolas kissed, smiling covertly, and the King said with grace and dignity,

"Cousin, my castle has found a more worthy master. God give you joy of it."

And he motioned with his hand to be left alone. Then, when the Count had gone, he sat down in his chair again, and remained there till it was full day, neither moving nor yet sleeping. And there he was found by his gentlemen when they came to dress him, but none asked him what had passed.

Count Nikolas, now Lord of Zenda, did not so waste time, and the matters that he had spoken of did not keep him long in Strelsau; but in the early morning he rode out, the paper which the King had written in his belt.

First he rode with all speed to his own house of Festenburg, and there he gathered together all his followers, servants, foresters, and armed retainers, and he told them that they were to ride with him to Zenda, for that Zenda was now his and not the King's. At this they were greatly astonished, but they ate the fine dinner and drank the wine which he provided, and in the evening they rode down the hill very merry, and trotted, nearly a hundred strong, through the town, making a great noise, so that they disturbed the Bishop of Modenstein, who was lying that night at the inn, in the course of a journey from his See to the Capital; but nobody could tell the Bishop why they rode to Zenda, and presently the Bishop, being wearied with travelling, went to his bed.

Now King Rudolf, in his chagrin and dismay, had himself forgotten, or had at least neglected to warn the Count of Festenburg, that his sister Princess Osra was residing at the Castle of Zenda, for it was her favourite resort, and she often retired from the Court and spent many days there alone. There she was now with two of her ladies, a small retinue of servants, and no more than half a dozen Guards, and when Count Nikolas came to the gate, it being then after nine, she had gone to her own chamber, and sat before the mirror, dressed in a loose white gown, and with her ruddy hair unbound and floating over her shoulders, and she was reading an old story-book, containing tales of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Berenice, and other lovely ladies, very elegantly related and embellished with fine pictures. And the Princess, being very much absorbed in the stories, did not hear nor notice the arrival of the Count's company, but continued to read, when Nikolas roused the watchmen, and the bridge was let down, and the steward summoned. Then Nikolas took the steward aside, and showed him the King's order,

HE SPRANG FORWARD, AND CAUGHT HER BY THE ARM.

bearing the King's seal, and the steward, although both greatly astonished and greatly grieved, could not deny the letter or the seal, but declared himself ready to obey and to surrender the castle, and the sergeant in command of the Guard said the same; but, they added, since the Princess was in the castle, they must inform her of the matter, and take her commands.

"Aye, do," said Nikolas, sitting down in the great hall. "Tell her not to be disturbed, but to give me the honour of being her host for as long as she will, and say that I will wait on her, if it be her pleasure."

And he smiled to think of the anger and scorn with which Osra would receive the tidings when the steward delivered them to her.

In this respect the event did not fall short of his expectations, for she was so indignant and aghast that, thinking of nothing but the tidings, she flung away the book, and cried, "Send the Count here to me," and

stood waiting for him there in her chamber, in her white gown and with her hair unbound and flowing down over her shoulders. And when he came she cried, "What is this, my lord?" and listened to his story with parted lips and flashing eyes, and thus read the King's letter and saw the King's seal. And her eyes filled with tears, but she dashed them away with her hand. Then the Count said, bowing to her as mockingly as he had bowed to her brother,

"It is the fortune of the dice, madame."

"Yes, my lord, as you play the game," said she.

His eyes were fixed upon her, and it seemed to him that she was more beautiful in her white gown and with her hair unbound over her shoulders than he had ever felt her to be before and he eyed her closely. Suddenly she looked at him, and for a moment he averted his eyes; but he looked again and her eyes met his. For several moments she stood rigid and motionless. Then she said,

"My lord, the King has lost the Castle of Zenda, which is the home and cradle of our House. It was scarcely the King's alone to lose. Have I no title in it?"

"It was the King's, madame, and now it is mine," smiled Nikolas.

"Well, then, it is yours," said she, and taking a step towards him, she said, "Have you a mind to venture it again, my lord?"

"I would venture it only against a great stake," said he, smiling still, while his eyes were fixed on her face, and marked every change in the colour of her cheeks.

"I can play dice as well as the King," she cried. "Are we not all gamblers, we Elphbergs?" And she laughed bitterly.

"But what would your stake be?" he asked sneeringly.

Princess Osra's face was now very pale, but her voice did not tremble and she did not flinch; for the honour of her house and of the throne was as sacred to her as her salvation, and more than her happiness.

"A stake, my lord," said she, "that many gentlemen have thought above any castle in preciousness."

"Of what do you speak?" he asked, and his voice quivered a little, as a man's does in excitement. "For, pardon me, madame, but what have you of such value?"

"I have what the poorest girl has, and it is of the value that it pleased God to make it and pleases men to think it," said Osra. "And all of it I will stake against the King's Castle of Zenda and its demesne."

Count Nikolas's eye flashed and he drew nearer to her; he took his dice-box from his pocket, and he held it up before her, and he whispered, in an eager hoarse voice,

"Name this great stake, madame; what is it?"

"It is myself, my lord," said Princess Osra.

"Yourself?" he cried wondering, though he had half guessed.

"Aye. To be the Lord of Zenda is much. Is it not more to be husband to the King's sister?"

"It is more," said he, "when the King's sister is the Princess Osra." And he looked at her now with open admiration. But she did not heed his glance, but with face pale as death she seized a small table and drew it between them, and cried, "Throw then, my lord! We know the stakes."

"If you win, Zenda is yours. If I win, you are mine."

"Yes, I and Zenda also," said she. "Throw, my lord!"

"Shall we throw thrice, madame, or once, or how often?"

"Thrice, my lord," she answered, tossing back her hair behind her neck, and holding one hand to her side. "Throw first," she added.

The Count rattled the box; and the throw was seven. Osra took the box from him, looked keenly and defiantly in his eyes, and threw.

"Fortune is with you, madame," said he, biting his lips. "For a five and four make nine, or I err greatly."

He took the box from her; his hand shook, but hers was firm and steady; and again he threw.

"Ah, it is but five," said he impatiently, and a frown settled on his brow.

"It is enough, my lord," said Osra; and pointed to the dice that she had thrown, a three and a one.

The Count's eyes gleamed again, and he sprang to her, and was about to seize the box. But he checked himself suddenly, and bowed, saying,

"Throw first this time, I pray, madame, if it be not disagreeable to you."

"I do not care which way it is," said Osra, and she shook and made her third cast. And when she lifted the box, the face of the dice showed seven. And a smile broadened on the Count's face, for he thought surely he could beat seven, he that had beaten eleven and thereby won the Castle of Zenda, which now he staked against the Princess Osra. But his eyes also were very keenly and attentively on her, and he held the box poised, shoulder-high, in his right hand.

But then a sudden faintness and sickness seized on the Princess, and the composure that had hitherto upheld her failed; she could not meet his glance, nor could she bear to see the fall of the dice; but she turned away her head before he threw, and stood thus with averted face. And he kept attentive eyes on her, and drew very near to the table so that he stood right over it. And the Princess Osra caught sight of her own face in the mirror, and started to see herself pallid and ghastly, and her features drawn as though she were suffering some great pain. But she uttered no sound.

The dice rattled in the box; they rattled on the table; there was a pause while a man might quickly count a dozen; and then Count Nikolas of Festenburg cried out in a voice that trembled and tripped over the words,

"Eight, eight, eight!"

But before the last of the words had left his shaking lips, the Princess Osra faced round on him like lightning. She raised her hand so that the loose white gown fell back from her rounded arm, and her eyes flashed, and her lips curled as she outstretched her arm at him, and cried,

"Foul play!"

For, as she watched her own pale face in the mirror—the mirror which Count Nikolas had not heeded—she had seen him throw, she had seen him stand for an instant over the dice he had thrown with gloomy and maddened face; and then she had seen a slight swift movement of his left hand, as his fingers deftly darted down and touched one of the dice and turned it. And all this she had seen before he had cried eight! Therefore now she turned on him, and cried, "Foul play!" and before he could speak, she darted by him towards the door. But he sprang forward, and caught her by the arm above the wrist and gripped her, and his fingers bit into the flesh of her arm, as he gasped, "You lie!

Where are you going?" But her voice rang out clear and loud in answer,

"I am going to tell all the world that Zenda is ours again, and I am going to publish in every city in the Kingdom that Count Nikolas of Festenburg is a common cheat and rogue, and should be whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Strelsau. For I saw you in the mirror, my lord, I saw you in the mirror!" And she ended with a wild laugh that echoed through the room.

Still he gripped her arm, and she did not flinch; for an instant he looked full in her eyes; and covetousness, and desire, and shame, came altogether upon him, and overmastered him, and he hissed between set teeth,

"You shan't! By God, you shan't."

"Aye, but I will, my lord," said Osra. "It is a fine tale for the King and for your friends in Strelsau."

An instant longer he held her where she was; and he gasped and licked his lips. Then he suddenly dragged her with him towards a couch; seizing up a coverlet that lay on a couch he flung it round her, and he folded it tight about her, and he drew it close over her face. She could not cry out nor move. And he lifted her up and swung her over his shoulder, and, opening the door of the room, dashed down the stairs towards the great hall.

In the great hall were six of the King's guard, and some of the servants of the Castle, and many of the people who had come with Count Nikolas; they all sprang to their feet when they saw them. But he took no heed of them, but rushed at a run through the hall, and out under the portcullis and across the bridge, which had not been raised since he entered. And there at the end of the bridge a lackey held his horse; and he leapt on his horse, setting one hand on the saddle, and still holding Osra; and then he cried aloud,

"My men follow me! To Festenburg!"

And all his men ran out, the King's guard doing nothing to hinder them, and jumping on their horses, and setting them at a gallop, hurried after the Count. He, riding furiously, turned towards the town of Zenda, and the whole company swept down the hill, and, reaching the town, clattered and dashed through it at full gallop, neither drawing rein nor turning to right or left; and again they roused the Bishop of Modenstein, and he turned in his bed, wondering what the rush of mounted men meant. But they, galloping still, mounted the opposite hill and came to the Castle of Festenburg with their horses spent and foundered. In they all crowded, close on one another's heels; the bridge was drawn up; and there in the entrance they stood looking at one another, asking mutely what their master had done, and who was the lady whom he carried, wrapped in the coverlet. But he ran on till he reached the stairs, and he climbed them, and entering a room in the gate-tower, looking over the moat, he laid the Princess Osra on a couch, and, standing over her, he smote one hand upon the other, and he swore loudly,

"Now, as God lives, Zenda I will have, and her I will have, and it shall be her husband whom she must, if she will, proclaim a cheat in Strelsau!"

Then he bent down and lifted the coverlet from her face. But she did not stir nor speak, nor open her eyes. For she had fallen into a swoon as they rode, and did not know what had befallen her, nor where she had been brought, nor that she was now in the Castle of Festenburg, and in the power of a desperate man. Thus she lay still and white, while Count Nikolas stood over her and bit his nails in rage. And it was then just on midnight.

(To be continued.)

BILL NYE'S EARLY DAYS.

A prairie fire was one of my mother's earliest Western experiences, a swift messenger having galloped ten miles to warn us. We had barely time to encircle the cabin and barn with a furrow and then to plough another about twenty feet outside this, burning the tall grass between the two so as to make a twenty-foot strip of blackened prairie in a broad circle about the ranch, when the lofty blaze and stifling smoke were upon us. Three men all one afternoon fought this mighty fire on an autumn day, and fifty times the towering flames would leap across the wide circle and catch on the grass inside. Mother did not shed a tear, but led my little brother and myself out into the middle of a ploughed potato patch with what clothing she could carry there, and for hours, red-eyed and choking with the hot and stifling smoke, we waited for the tempest of flame to come and surround us and then pass by. Many people lost their lives and others lost everything else. The wild animals were driven before the hot hurricane, and showed no fear for man in their frenzy as they fled for life with scorched coats and smarting throats.

Then later the festive rattlesnake attacked my younger brother, who had just learned to walk, and the four little marks on his baby ankle, where the poisoned fangs had struck, are as distinctly before my eyes now as forty years ago on that summer morning when my father caught him up and ran with him to the house. The foot turned almost black, but a pint of whisky internally and a poultice of tobacco on the wound neutralised the poison, and the next day he was out hunting for the snake, armed with a switch about two feet long.

Many of these terrible experiences, far from physicians—or friends even, were the lot of my mother, and yet her courage never for one moment forsook her. She took our primary education into her own hands, and even in the heart of the wilderness she inspired us with a love for education which never forsook us.

THE SMALLEST COMMONWEALTH.

The smallest commonwealth of the world is the little republic of Tavolara, upon the island of the same name situated some seven or eight miles south of the island of Sardinia. Tavolara is an island about one mile in diameter and inhabited at present by fifty-five people—men, women, and children. In 1836 Karl Albert, then King of Sardinia, bestowed the supremacy over this little isle upon the Bartoleoni family, and for forty-six years "King" Paul I. reigned in peace in his domain. He died on May 30, 1882, and shortly before his demise called all his faithful subjects to his bedside and declared it to be his earnest desire that none of his relatives should succeed him as the head of government in the island, but that he considered it for the best that the good people of Tavolara should govern themselves. After this last wish no candidate for the vacated throne could be found among the family of the deceased, who were used to consider their "King's" wish law, and the little island remained ungoverned for four years. At last, in 1886, the territory was declared a republic. Their constitution gives elective franchise to both men and women; a president is elected to serve six years. None of their officers receive any compensation.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

II.—THE EYES.

The human character is divided into two parts, the animal and the intellectual. I say the animal first, because the animal propensities are always the strongest, the intellect located in the brain having to keep in subjection the requirements of the whole body. The three principal features are the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, and each of these features has its part to play in forming the character of the individual. The eyes, being located directly under the brain, are the feature of intellect and intelligent emotions; the nose being formed of bone and cartilage, shows, according to its height and prominence, the executive power of the individual; the greater the height and prominence of the bone, the more executiveness; and the mouth, which is composed of blood, tissue, nerves, and muscles, is the feature which interprets the quality of the passions and senses. Thus the forehead and eyes are the intellectual, the nose and cheek-bones the executive, and the mouth and chin the animal features, each defined according to its degree of development. The top of the eye-sockets is the region of the perceptive faculties, which are located in the brain at the back of the frontal-sinus, and these faculties are estimated in value according to their external prominence. Some of the graduations of the phrenological organs are not perceptible to the naked eye, and these, to ascertain their quality, would require manipulation. The organs which are most discernible may be mentioned as follows:—Form, colour, order, calculation, time, tune, constructiveness, causality, comparison, memory, and congruity; but to be able to define them accurately you must learn their exact location, and also be very practised in noting their gradations at a glance. The eyes being the feature of intellect, we will commence by explaining their characteristics. Note particularly the manner in which they are placed in their sockets. Whatever we perceive is conveyed to the brain by means of the optic nerve, thus the deeper the eyes are set in the head, the greater their proximity to the brain, the nerve being shorter accounts for a quicker transmission of sensation and sight. There is more shrewdness with deep-set eyes than with prominent ones. Dr. Stretch-Dowse, in writing of the nerve agent's velocity of transmission, says:—This estimation of velocity varies in regard to different individuals. The fact we know from daily observation, how variable in different individuals is the rapidity of the sensitive and sensorial excitations, and that of the consecutive motor reactions. How common the remark that such a person's understanding is lively and active, or slow and dull. The difficulty which some persons have in catching a joke, which at once makes other people laugh, is a striking example of inequality of perception. To be shrewd, the brow must overhang the eyes; when the eyes are level with the forehead, it then denotes a lack of perception, and such people are dull, and wanting in grasp. A projecting eye more rapidly receives impressions from surrounding objects, it indicates ready and universal observation, but a lack of close scrutiny and perception of individual things. Deep-set eyes receive more definite and accurate impressions, but their possessors are less readily impressed, and less discursive in their views. Round-eyed persons see much and live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely. The larger the pupil of the eye, the clearer the intellect and the quicker the powers of comprehension. People who show the whites above and below the pupil, are generally very restless and half simple; you will seldom find this kind of eye in clever or sensible people; it is generally known as the stupid eye. The colour of the eyes is caused by fluids of various tints and shades, the darker the more condensed in quality. Thus, dark eyes indicate power, and light ones delicacy. There are no such things as black eyes, though they are often written and spoken about. The darkness is caused simply by a condensation of the pigment, which, if dissolved in spirit or acid, would be of the palest yellow tint. There are many characteristics applied to the colour of the eyes, but I fear there is no anatomical bases for them. There is certainly more passion and intensity in dark eyes, whereas grey and light eyes are calculating, cool, and precise. One generally hears of grey-eyed people being greedy; but this greed seems to me to be more the outcome of calculation and anxiety for gain than for the satisfaction or gratification of the physical senses. Prominence or fulness under the eyes indicates large language; and persons with prominent eyes are ready speakers and writers. The organ of Language, or Eloquence, as it ought more properly to be called, lies in the brain behind the ball of the eye, and at the top; and, when large, it pushes the eye outward and downward, causing prominence or anterior projection. Professor Ferrier, and other anatomists, have localised this organ in the same position as the phrenologists—viz., the third frontal convolution of the brain; but they term it Speech, which is a more correct interpretation, as people are apt to imagine that the word "language" means the faculty to learn or speak foreign languages. That would be quickness of learning, and is called Application. Language in this sense, means Eloquence, and great speakers and writers have this particular fulness under the eyes. You must be careful not to confound this fulness with "bagginess," the result generally of ill-health or dissipation. The eyes of Charles Dickens, Disraeli, Gladstone, Shakespeare, Byron, and many other great writers and speakers illustrate the organ of Language. Musicians are generally fully developed under the eyes, but that is due to the development of the organs of time and tune, which lie at the top of the eyeball. Music is the language of the soul, and expresses itself in sound, as ideas would in speech. There is a great deal of character in the eyes, and their fleeting expressions alone show almost all the mental emotions of mirth, fear, anger, horror, love, and astonishment.

STUPID EYE.

LANGUAGE.

(To be continued.)

A PECULIAR MALADY.

Stamp Collector (*triumphantly*): I have just succeeded in securing a fine specimen of the recently counterfeited two cent stamps; cost me only a dollar and a half, too.

Friend: A dollar and a half for a counterfeit stamp? Why, man, you must be crazy!

"But you see, my dear fellow, it is certified to as a genuine counterfeit."

"Well, I declare! You stamp collectors beat my understanding!"

"Yes, I suppose to one who is not interested in philately stamp collecting seems a queer business."

"Huh! It isn't a business—it's a disease."

HIS VIEWS HAD CHANGED.

"Yes," the elder man was saying to his son, home from school—"yes, my views of life have changed somewhat since I was your age."

"What was your philosophy then?"

"That fate couldn't keep a good man down."

"And now?"

"That nature protects the week and foolish."

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER

I have received so many letters asking for further details of the misunderstanding between Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne and Mr. Eric Mackay, that a friend has kindly posted me up in the particulars. Mr. Mackay thought that he had arranged for his poem, in honour of Mr. Swinburne, to appear in the *Athenæum*; but the editor of that journal feared "that the poem was too laudatory," and suggested that he should offer it to the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Knowles "never cared for any poet but Tennyson, and thought that eulogistic odes on Swinburne would not interest the public." The poem ultimately appeared in the *World*, and copies were sent to Mr. Swinburne and a friend of his. No acknowledgment being received from either Mr. Swinburne or his friend of the receipt of the poem, Mr. Eric Mackay wrote (after two or three months) to inquire if the copies had been received. Several weeks elapsed, and then Mr. Swinburne's friend wrote stating that if Mr. Swinburne had not acknowledged the receipt of the poem "he knew best, and his silence was adequate." On receipt of this letter, Mr. Eric Mackay withdrew the name of Mr. Swinburne from the title and dedication of his poem. Before, however, finally deciding *not* to republish the poem with Mr. Swinburne's name, Mr. Eric Mackay wrote once again, and Mr. Swinburne replied with the letter which has attracted so much attention; whereupon Mr. Mackay sent a copy of the correspondence to the editor of the *Athenæum*, who endeavoured to pour oil on the troubled waters in the following letter:—

> Dear Mr. Mackay,—I had no idea you were in correspondence with Mr. Swinburne, and I am very sorry that the letters have assumed such a bitter tone. I think there ought to be peace on Parnassus.

In reply to Mr. Swinburne's letter, Mr. Mackay wrote a very energetic epistle, in answer to which came a communication from Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, asking Mr. Mackay to write no more letters to Mr. Swinburne, or he (Mr. Swinburne) would appeal to the protection of the police!

* * * *

A correspondent also sends me extracts, in "the deadly parallel column," from Mr. Mackay's poem to Mr. Swinburne and his new book of verse:—

To Algernon Charles Swinburne. 1894.	Lines to a Dead Bard. 1895.
Singer of songs, immortal, unsurpassed,	Living, but dead,—as some neglected weed
Who, in the fulness of the flowering time	That's flung aside, forgotten by the spring,—
Of rapt, unerring rhyme,	Who cares of thee to sing
Hast made thyself a master among men,	That, with the fœtor of polluted breath,
And, with the witchery of a wayward pen,	And outcome of foul seed,
Hast shown, from first to last,	Hast shamed the sweetness of our English bowers?
The power thou hast to thrill us, as with fire—	Poets who love the flowers
Poet and seer and sounder of the lyre	Love not thy presence there, in life or death:
Thou hast no rival underneath the sun.	And birds in haste depart,
Since glorious Shelley comes not back again—	And all good things avoid thee like a curse!
Take thou the homage due to thy renown	For Nature loathes thee; and 'tis past the skill
As one for whom the seasons cannot frown.	Of drugs to cure thee of thy venom'd ill,
	And past the power of prosody or verse
	To say how vile thou art!

"After many years!" Did not Mr. Swinburne himself once write eulogies on Walt Whitman, only to retract them in his maturer prime? And now the very dicky-birds "in haste depart" from him, and still there is no peace on Parnassus!

* * * *

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish "XXX Stories," by the following representative authors:—Florence Marryat, H. Savile Clarke, W. Beatty-Kingston, Clement Scott, W. W. Fenn, Robert Barr, G. B. Burgin, Richard Dowling, B. L. Farjeon, George Augustus Sala, Percy Fitzgerald, Justin McCarthy, A. W. Pinero, W. S. Gilbert, F. C. Burnand, Leopold Wagner, James Rice, Sir Walter Besant, Brandon Thomas, F. W. Robinson, H. Sutherland Edwards, George Manville Fenn, Bracebridge Hemyng, Barry Pain, W. Moy Thomas, I. Zangwill, Anthony Hope, F. Anstey, Henry Herman, and John Hollingshead. It will be strange indeed if something to suit everybody's taste cannot be found in this comprehensive volume. The published price will be 6s.

* * * *

The author of "A Japanese Marriage" writes:—"Dear Bookseller,—Perhaps you may have seen the too flattering review of my book in To-Day. The writer of the article in question has been the first to point out that the unpleasant clergyman in the story has some High Church habits and some Low Church. This is so. I made the mixture deliberately, to show that I wished to attack neither the High Church nor the Low, but only the ascetic and pharisaical elements in both. I have an equal objection to Savonarola and Calvin. They seem to me equally blind to the teaching of Him who was 'Lord of the Sabbath also.'"

* * * *

I am being constantly asked for Agnes Farrell's "Lady Lovan" (Hutchinson and Co.), which is an extremely interesting attempt to work out the old saying that "It is at eve that the mills of the gods do grind the grist to powder;" but there are one or two awkwardnesses of expression in it, such as "Things were taking an ugly look," etc., which the author might remedy in the next edition.

* * * *

Dozens of young ladies have come into the shop during the last few days—most of them were very pretty—blushingly asking for "The Ideal Husband," a little paper-covered *brochure* (H. B. Marshall and Son) containing a series of papers on the qualities in a man which most conduce to a girl's happiness in married life. The papers in question are by Lady Jeune and others, who will not leave young people to find out for themselves what sort of helpmates they want. Briefly, these might be summarised in this way:—

Lady Jeune: "The new woman has determined that she will share the man's life in every sense of the word."

Mrs. Lynn-Linton: "Every woman loves best the man she respects most."

John Strange Winter: "The ideal husband will be careful as to the kind of wife he chooses."

Mrs. Fenwick Miller: "Friendship is the proper basis for marriage."

Edward Garrett: "It must depend mainly upon the character and aspirations of the girl."

Mrs. Joseph Parker: "Surely this is a large order."

Mrs. Emily Crawford: "Fortunately there is not, and cannot be, an ideal husband."

Mrs. Boyd Carpenter: "The man before marriage is by no means necessarily the same afterwards."

It seems to leave the question very much where it was before. There is an old story that the woman of twenty says, "Who is he?" At thirty, "What is he?" At forty, "Where is he?" At fifty, "Let me get at him." But, on the whole, I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Joseph Parker. It *is* "a large order!"

* * * *

How is this for lightning-like rapidity of production? Mr. Morley Roberts was in my shop yesterday, looking exceedingly well after his recent trip to the Lake District. "You went up there to work?" I asked. "Well, yes." "Get through much?" "A fairish amount." "What do you call 'a fairish amount'?" "Oh, in five weeks I wrote a novel of 90,000 words, revised one of 53,000 words, and in six succeeding days wrote six short stories aggregating 22,000 words. Yes, the Lake District is a very good place to work in."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I am sending your lace by this post. For a square muslin collarette five inches deep, you will require four yards, and rather more if you have insertion in addition to this depth. I chose the most unusual pattern I could find in Valenciennes. It is rather like Buckingham lace. Mechlin will not wash. With one of the new black satin stocks your square white muslin lace-trimmed collar will look very nice.

I did not choose the swallow lace pin for the wedding present, for the wings are so sharply pointed that they stick into one's chin, and even if worn on the bodice catch in everything in a very disagreeable way. I selected a pair of hearts hung on a horseshoe, thinking the design rather appropriate to the union of your sporting friends.

A lady was in the shop buying a diamond star, and she chose such an ugly one, exactly like an octopus. I wondered much at such strange taste. She remarked, by-the-way, that she buys herself a diamond star on every one of her birthdays!

Many of the new hats are made with crowns that overhang the brim, which, at the present moment, is perfectly straight, and worn well forward over the eyes. The white pin-spot veils are seen on every second hat. They are always long enough to form many folds under the chin, and are tied up on the top of the brim at the back. They are wonderfully becoming to dark-haired, dark-eyed women, and so are white lace veils. The newest "complexion" variety is black-spotted net, or black and white, lined with pinkish mauve tulle. They make one look one's very best, but as there is no rose without a thorn so there is no prettiness of the millinery sort without some penalty. These complexion veils make one very hot. They are double, you know, and tulle, though it looks so light and soft, has always something warm and close about it. Could it possibly, with all those holes in it, be a non-conductor?

RIVER-PARTY DRESS.

I saw a very pretty white blouse in the Jaeger window in Regent Street. I had no idea that anything made of pure wool could be so fine and light. The folds fell so softly and harmoniously that I wished I could afford it. We are great Jaegerites, as you know, and mother has a dressing-gown of the natural, sun-dyed colour, that is the lightest and most comfortable garment possible.

We were discussing dress at a friend's house the other morning, and she told us that she was having a sleeveless Eton coat made of black to wear with diagonal blouses she bought at the cheap sales. Good idea, isn't it? Her maid is her principal dressmaker, and the workroom, to which she took me, was full of skirts being rebound, and blouses under course of alteration. There were two large paper-boxes full of neck-bands in chiffon or satin ribbon in all her pet colours. Several were white, and all had the regulation bow at the back. One blouse in particular appealed very strongly to me. It was made of wistaria-mauve glacé silk, sprigged over with a faint black leaf. Down the front was a flat pleat about two and a half inches wide, with five enamel buttons, and the neck was finished with folds of velvet to match. The pleat was attached to the collar-drapery, and both come away together when they are to be replaced by pale mauve satin ribbons or white moiré ones.

When one comes to think of the infinite etceteras of women's dress one almost wishes to have been born a man!

Bright-red was so much worn in whole dresses at Cowes that it is certain to be very fashionable all through the autumn. I met a handsome actress the other morning wearing a red serge skirt with a beautifully-fitting black silk blouse and a small zouave of the red. Her black felt hat had a red silk scarf twisted round the crown, a big black bow in front, and the inevitable aigrette. With her was a lady in dark blue alpaca skirt and sleeves, white silk bodice and pale blue satin waist and collar ribbons. Her hat was dark blue

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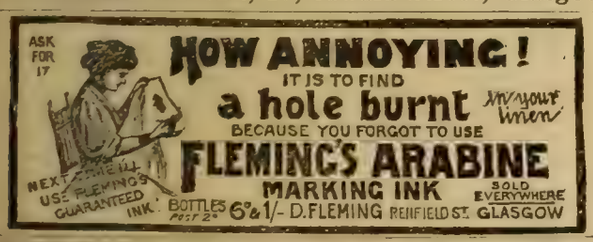

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coarse straw, boat shape, with a cleft in the crown, trimmed with enormous loops of dark and light-blue checked ribbon, very wide and very soft of texture, but evidently wired.

The pretty dress, of which I give you an illustration, is suitable for wearing at a river party, being composed of white serge. The plain, full skirt is put on over the bodice under a band of folded ribbon, which may be of any colour. The ends fall to the hem of the skirt. The small bullion buttons which feign to fasten the right side over the left are continued as a trimming round the full, rippling lapels, which form a collar at the back. Lines of machine stitching aid the effect of the buttons. The cuffs match the collar and revers. Round the neck is a band of ribbon the same colour as the sash, with turned-down points of lace-trimmed cambric over it, forming a dainty and becoming collar. A bow of the ribbon finishes this arrangement at the back. The vest is white serge sewn over with the bullion buttons. The small straw hat is trimmed with flowers and ribbons.

We have had such heavy showers lately that I, and I am sure thousands of my dear countrywomen, are beginning to rebel against the enormous and unnecessary width of skirts. When they are gathered up out of risk of contact with the muddy streets one has an armful of material to carry, to say nothing of one's umbrella. I hunted up an old tailor-made to go out in one very wet morning, and found the greatest comfort in it. It measures something under three yards round the hem! One small grip of it sufficed to hold it high from harm; whereas with the wide skirt I had to keep perpetually letting it go to relieve the muscles of my hand. How heavily we are handicapped by our dress on muddy days!

Write directly you get the lace and let me know what you think of it.

Your affectionate
Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Blue Grey Eyes.—Your dress is a very pretty and fashionable colour. Do not have any trimming on the skirt, but make it full round the edge and as plain as possible round the top. Have a waistcoat of white, cream-colour or biscuit, and turn back the bodice from it in revers of the same colour and material as the waistcoat, whether you choose satin, silk, or cloth. The colour of your stuff is nut-brown. Trim the brown hat with a white and biscuit-checked ribbon.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

An excellent way to dress cold boiled carrots. Cut them into thin slices and fry them in good boiling dripping until both sides are crisp. Drain them free of fat and serve them very hot, either as a separate *entrée*, or as an accompaniment to boiled mutton or hot salt beef.

Braised Fowl.—Bone the bird, and immediately after removing the bones, put them on, with all the giblets, in a pint of cold water, with one onion, three or four carrots, a stick of celery, and three big mushrooms, also salt, pepper, and a little ginger. Let it stew for an hour, and meanwhile prepare the fowl by stuffing it with beef and veal and truffle forcemeat, seasoned rather highly. Directly the gravy is brown, remove all the solids, and dissolve one dessertspoonful of "Liebig" in it, also an ounce of butter and one of carefully-mixed flour. Put in the chicken, cover it very closely, and set it on a slow hob for an hour or a little more. To glaze it, when it is half done, take three ladles of the gravy, put them in a little pipkin with a teaspoonful of isinglass, which should boil till it is of a proper consistency, and pour it over the bird, after having coloured it a nice light brown before the fire, or with the salamander. Garnish the bird with field mushrooms, and serve it as hot as possible.

Aubergines, or egg-plants, are now in full season. The best way to cook them is by stuffing them with minced beef, mutton, fowl, or chicken and ham, and to bake them until they are tender. They also make an excellent chutney, a recipe for which I take from "Common-sense Cookery."

Tomato Purée.—Stew and strain one quart of tomatoes, add a small teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; boil one quart of milk; smooth together one teaspoonful of flour with one of butter, add this to the boiling milk, but do not put in the tomatoes until the dinner hour. Have the tureen hot. Turn in the boiling milk, add a small pinch of soda to the tomatoes. Pour them in, mix and serve at once.

Vegetable-Marrow Preserve.—Cut the peeled marrows into small pieces, and allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of the marrow. Put the sugar in the preserving-pan with a wineglassful of water, and stand it on a cool part of the range till the sugar is quite dissolved; then put in the marrow, adding a saltspoonful of ginger to each pound. Boil the jam till the marrow is quite transparent and very soft.

SHOULD MAN BE WOMAN'S GOD?

Here the sexes stand on the same ground. Man will never be woman's god in a greater degree than woman is man's. There exists no worship among women of man as man which has not its counterpart in man's worship of woman as woman. Both sentiments, that of man's worship of woman, and woman's worship of man, are quite unpractical, and have as little effect on the conduct of either worshipper or worshipped, as in the case of most other religions. It is an instinct of humanity to find or make a god for itself, and the attributes of the deity vary according to the temperament of the worshipper. It matters very little, therefore, on what particular god the worshipper's choice rests, as a deity is usually rather a peg on which to hang one's own imaginings, than a powerful ruling and guiding force on one's conduct. When, indeed, imagination ceases to run riot about the chosen deity, the idol may be considered broken, and the worship at an end. When advancing years, every day intercourse, wider experience, bring knowledge to oust imagination, both god and goddess step quietly down from their pedestal, and take their place on the same level with their worshippers in the prosaic light of every day.

Not that the glamour which surrounds each sex for the other is the less desirable for being evanescent. Many a man has received the impetus which made him a worker instead of a drone from a woman with nothing more salient about her than the fact of her sex. It was his own imagination, his own ideal, centred by caprice in that particular figure, which inspired him, which lit the fires. And the women for whom men have ruined themselves were they the less idols, goddesses, that their influence was evil? The deities of the old mythologies did not always conform to our modern standards of propriety.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that woman makes a god of man less often than he pays that compliment to her. From their relative position—she as the sheltered, the protected, the paid-for—he as the holder of the umbrella, the payer of the rent, and of the reckoning—there is so much outward dutifulness and humility on her side, which is counter-balanced by an inward feeling that he is unduly stingy with the £5 notes.—*By* Miss Florence Warden, *in "The Idler" for September.*

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—I hope that you will find this more easy to read than it is for me to write. I am sitting in the Kursaal at Ostend with a tablet on my knee, while representatives of every nation in the world talk their own languages at the top of their voices, and wriggle their chairs—wooden cane-bottomed chairs—on the asphalte floor. The result is rather like the scratching of a million slate-pencils round the town of Babel. To increase the harmony the members of the orchestra have just commenced to tune their instruments.

The habits and manners of this polyglot populace are distinctly peculiar. As I write there has been a sudden rush of scuttering feet towards the main entrance. Tables have been knocked over, and people have stood up on chairs. And all to see what? Simply a tall, handsome woman who wears brilliantly coloured dresses and resplendent jewels in the daytime. In the course of every afternoon she makes a triumphal progress through the Kursaal, followed by a very old and decrepit gentleman, who is reputed to be her husband. When she walks on the Digue a big crowd follows her, glares at her, stares at her, discusses her jewels and frocks and gloats over her generally, but she remains unmoved and serene. She calmly converses with her good man, and if her face expresses anything it is satisfaction at the sensation that she causes. Here she has only one rival, Otero the dancing-woman, who is mobbed, watched, and followed even more excitedly than the beautiful unknown. Otero escapes her persecutors in the "Club" (which means the gambling-room), where play runs as high or higher than at Monte Carlo. Nothing startling in the way of gains or losses has distinguished the season so far. One punter annexed £800 before breakfast last week, and later in the same day ran it into £3,000. He had the sense to stop playing.

There are fewer English here than usual. Indeed, the hotel proprietors grumble loudly that ever since the cholera year things have been the same. This is not wonderful. All "Society" now goes abroad in the winter. It remains in England, and always did, till Goodwood. Then, instead of bolting to the Continent, it follows the Prince of Wales to Cowes, and remains there till it goes North for the shooting.

What on earth anybody could ever have seen in these Continental watering-places I can't make out. It is amusing to stare at the curiously-mixed crowd for a day or two, but when you have exhausted this delirious and fascinating amusement there is literally nothing to do. A cold night or a shower of rain reduces you to the verge of suicide.

The two great functions of the day are the band in the Kursaal at four o'clock, and the band in the Kursaal at eight o'clock. There is the regular band and a regimental band. I prefer the latter, but neither are worth talking about, the music selected for the regular band is, as a rule, profoundly uninteresting. Last night they played a "Something Militaire," by a musican called Leborne. I don't wish him any harm, but I do wish that he'd never been (Le) born.

The Belgians are rather inclined just now to swagger about their boat service to Dover. It is certainly good. The steamers are very large, very comfortable, very fast, and in ordinary weather no motion whatever is perceptible. I came over in the "Marie-Henriette"—that I think was the name, and I don't hesitate to say that she has got a wooden-head noodle for a head-steward. Sea-sickness is a curious thing. Numbers of people—ladies and children especially—who are "all right" while they remain in the fresh air on deck collapse hopelessly directly they go below. This is not a question to argue about. Anybody who has been a few times on the water knows it. But the head-steward of the "Marie-Henriette" doesn't. Numbers of people wanted to lunch in the exhilarating breeze and glorious sunshine on deck. But there was only one or at most two deck-stewards to wait on them. Irritating delays ensued, and I went below to find out the reason. There, in the saloon, I found half a dozen stewards standing idle with their hands in their pockets. I suggested to the head steward that a few of them on deck would be useful, as numbers of passengers wanted lunch and could not get it. His answer was that if passengers wanted lunch they ought to come below. I responded curtly but coarsely, and I rejoice in the belief that a withering inquiry as to where the deuce he thought his "tips" were coming from stung him to the quick.

Over here I have naturally had to depend on newspapers and letters for information regarding the outside world. The thing that struck me most was a paragraph coming from the United States. It says that a meeting has just been held at Pittsburg, in America, where 5,000 delegates—more or less—assembled, and advocated drilling, armed organisation, and general preparation for a blow at England directly she became embroiled in a foreign war. Over this meeting the Mayor of Pittsburg presided. Now, what do you think would happen if a similar meeting of Englishmen advocated similar measures against France, and the Mayor of Birmingham presided over the precious proceedings? Paris would blaze with newspaper wrath, ambassadors would deliver notes, questions would be asked in Parliament, and a crisis would be precipitated.

The Irish, however, seem to think that the long-suffering Englishman is thoroughly to enjoy being denounced and defied—as he doesn't. If you irritate a big man long enough he is sure to say at the finish, "I don't want to hurt you, but if you will have your licking, why dash it take it." And then you get it!

As a nation the Irish have unquestionably suffered certain wrongs. But so have the Scotch, and so have the Welsh. And, if it comes to that, so have the English, who are taxed up to hilt that light railways may be made and vast sums advanced by the Treasury, to relieve the impecuniosity of improvident kernes in Kerry. If half as much had been done for ruined farmers and proprietors in Kent as has been done for a lot of loafing rebels in the west the nation would have been the better.

And here I have a word of advice for those who support the conspicuously United Irish Party—especially in America. Large sums of money are yearly subscribed, and sent to the professional spouters, who waste their time and everybody's temper by abusing one another, and obstructing the business of the nation. Now that an overwhelming majority has declared against them, their supporters would get better value for their money if they sent it to the miserable victims of a claptrap policy evicted in Ireland, and now many of them starving, rather than to those who preach the claptrap and "do themselves" particularly well o' nights at various London restaurants I could mention.

The "Makong difficulty" with France is only one more of the difficulties to which I recently alluded. It is a very real and a very serious difficulty, and, as the *Observer* of Sunday last pointed out, is one of the many that threaten to become acute. The whole lot will probably be precipitated by Lord Salisbury's decision regarding China. Avoiding all the troubles of alliance that I mentioned two weeks since, he will I understand tackle the Chinese single-handed. Of this I hope to hear more fully soon, and will write you again next week.

Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Complexion Soap, the original and only genuine, produces a lovely skin and complexion. All chemists and stores.

Lovely New Art Linens for Yachting Costumes. Artistic and striking.—J. Harris and Sons, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, London, and Derwen Mills, Cockermouth.

THE OLD AND YOUNG STAGER.

My Dear Boy,—I wish you could have seen John Sleeper Clarke in his prime, for then you would be able to see how faithfully his clever young son, Wilfred Clarke, follows in his gifted father's footsteps. The first time I ever saw J. S. Clarke was in his famous character of Wellington de Boots, in a play called *The Widow Hunt*. He came from America with a great and deserved reputation; he was regarded by his countrymen as a classic comedian, as one unequalled in Old World comedy, and one of the funniest actors America had produced since Burton. He was certainly an agreeable surprise to the English playgoers of the early sixties. We had associated American humour with strong accent and dialect. John E. Owens and actors of that stamp had been pronounced failures, because the London of that day did not care for, or even understand, the "Apple-sass comedian." But one so nearly connected with the Booth family was a different thing altogether. The spontaneity of his style, his quick, rapid, nervous manner, his marvellous facial expression, and his power of making comedy border on the land of tragedy excited and delighted our pulseless and inanimate audiences. In fact, we of that generation had seen no such acting since Robson. Clarke in *The Widow Hunt* was voted as good as Robson in *Retained for the Defence*, and when he gave us a taste of Toodles we were again reminded of the marvellous Robson in *The Boots at the Swan*. But John S. Clarke was something far better than a mere farce actor, as we discovered later on when he appeared as Bob Acres and as Dr. Pangloss in the *Heir-at-Law*, the best Pangloss ever seen on the English stage. For my own part I always thought that it was the merest toss up that this delightfully droll comedian was not born to be a great tragedian.

His moments of tragic intensity were like those of Robson—wonderful. They made you shiver. Now the comedians of the Buckstone and Compton school could not do that. Their fun consisted in a peculiarity of manner, and that is all. I have often wondered that John S. Clarke has not acted more, so as to delight the younger generation. He would probably convert William Archer and Bernard Shaw, who seem to regard acting as a lost art. I have never known him play to anything but a full house. Whenever the fit seized him to take a spell of acting he was rewarded with a full exchequer. But it was natural that an active and healthy-minded man should love his ease and keep his health, which happily he has done. His son could not have gone to a better master. The success of young Wilfred Clarke shows that a great deal of nonsense is talked nowadays about over-acting and exaggeration. This affected horror of intensity has seriously depressed our stage, and has had a very bad influence on our younger actors. If an actor is vigorous, he is told that he rants; if he is alert, active, and vivacious, he is warned not to exaggerate. But if this silly idea had been spread years ago we should have had no Robson, no Charles Mathews, no Sothern, and no Charles Wyndham. I have often noticed that people only begin to talk to one another in the audience, and to take their attention off the play when actors and actresses cease to influence and to hypnotise. An artist who can "hold an audience," as it is called, is bound to be a favourite. Whenever young men and women talk on the stage as they would talk in the drawing-room and the club, they cease, in my humble opinion, to be actors and actresses.

The principal piece in which Mr. Wilfred Clarke appears is a fairly good farcical comedy, well constructed and ingenious, but it is the actor who keeps it alive and never allows the fun to drop. The encouragement given to this youngster should persuade him to go on and prosper, gaining experience with every fresh effort. He was materially assisted in his success by an admirable comedy actress who comes of a famous theatrical family. Miss Marie Hudspeth is a great acquisition to the stage, and I only hope she has come to stay, for we have very few who are so good in this line. To comeliness and grace she adds an excellent stage presence and a most welcome flow of humour.

I heard the other day that John S. Clarke, who is the owner of the Strand Theatre, intends at no distant date to start a series of old comedy revivals at this merry little playhouse which has never lost its original prestige. I only hope that the rumour may be true. How delightful to see in combination the elder Farren, Mrs. Bancroft, John S. Clarke, Charles Hawtrey, and such clever youngsters as Wilfred Clarke, Marie Hudspeth, and one or two more out of the present team. I am certain that such a revival at the Strand would be as popular as the celebrated Vaudeville series of old plays in the days of David James and Thomas Thorne. There is ever a generation rising up that wants to see *Hamlet*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, yes, and the *Lady of Lyons*. As for the *Heir-at-Law*, with John S. Clarke as Dr. Pangloss, it would be a revelation to the public and new school critics as well.

Dear me! I wonder how many times I have seen the actress of the day, and the hour, as Marguerite Gautier, in the well-worn *Dame aux Camélias*, by Alexandre Dumas—the younger? Although I have seen Madame Doche, a thin, pale, consumptive-looking woman play in melodrama at the Porte St. Martin, I never saw her Marguerite, nor did I ever see Charles Fechter as Armand Duval, though I have seen him in almost every other character he played in France, England, or America. I should think it must have been an ideal performance. Strange to say, I have never seen a Marguerite who was equally good in all the scenes except Aimée Desclée. Sarah Bernhardt's opening scene, the writing of the letter scene, and the death, were all superb. Modjeska was best in the scene with the father. It is odd that Adelaide Neilson never, to the best of my recollection, played Camille. She was made for the part, but, presumably, in *her* time, the play was forbidden at the Lord Chamberlain's office, although the operative version of *La Traviata* was freely permitted to Piccolomini and Patti. And now the turn of the wheel has given us a very new, pathetic, and forcible Camille in Miss Olga Nethersole. It is a mistake to suppose that she is playing Camille for the first time, for she made a great hit in it in America, where she won over the admirers of Clara Morris, acknowledged to have been one of the finest Camilles on the American stage. Miss Olga Nethersole's first act is admirable, save for two things. She follows Eleanora Dusé in discarding the consumptive, coughing heroine, and looks as well and jolly as any young woman can possibly do. In fact, the cough and the hectic look are postponed until the supper party is over. No one can fail to remember how Sarah Bernhardt, in her best days, showed in the valse that she was literally dying by inches.

The Bohemian tone adopted by Olga Nethersole was exactly right. It was gay, reckless, good-natured, but never vulgar. I have never seen the supper scene more naturally acted all round, though Armand was perhaps not quite sentimental enough. Nor can I quite follow the latest Camille in her endeavours to show that Armand can only be caught and fixed in her toils by the wild passion and marked sensuality that she has acquired in her character of a Parisian Vivien.

A Vivien may so entrap an old Merlin, but surely such tricks as these would be the last to suggest themselves to a woman who is awed by her lover's earnestness in preaching the purity and sanctity of love. If the play means anything it means that a woman vicious by trade and not by inclination, is gently soothed back to the ideality and beauty of love by a sensitive poet. Armand looks upon love as a kind of religion, and it is this very faith in the *woman*, as distinct from the *courtesan*, that attracts Camille.

If, then, she is to win Armand she would affect the saint rather than the sinner. However, in all she does

the actress is sincere. In the country-house scene particularly, and in the interview with the father, all is most pathetically and beautifully rendered. She affected her audience deeply, and touched exactly the right note.

This clever little lady takes with her to America a young, but carefully selected, company. Prominent among them are Mr. Ernest Leicester, decidedly a coming man; Mr. Thomas Kingston, a very bright and good-looking youngster; Mr. W. Farren, jun., who will play the heavy fathers; Miss Alexes Leighton, who so wonderfully resembles Miss Ellen Terry, and both Mr. Luigi Lablache and Miss Emmerson, a most useful and experienced couple.

I should prophecy a nice little fortune for the enterprising, artistic, and handsome star!

Mr. Imré Kiralfy is determined not to be beaten in giving us the largest show on record. He has caused to be erected at Earl's Court a theatre, relatively as large as the wheel at the other end of the gardens. He has proved that the most gigantic theatres in the world can be built without obstructive posts, pillars, and girders of any sort whatever, and he takes a whole summer's afternoon to illustrate the history of India, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the declaration of Queen Victoria as Empress of the East.

In order to do this two stages are used, the costly dresses are enough to make the mouths of all envious women water, and there is such a clatter of cavalry, dromedaries, elephants, warriors, and spearmen, dancers and priests, that the greatest work ever achieved by Phineas P. Barnum is completely put in the shade.

Apparently, the English public cannot have too much of a good thing at a cheap rate. Although there is far more to be seen in the grounds of the Earl's Court Indian Exhibition than would occupy the time of the sturdiest country cousin who ever took an excursion train to London, still, there is one strong thing to be said in favour of the New Empress Theatre, and that is that it can be kept open and warm all the winter, when it will certainly not be possible to dine out of doors in one of the delightful little arbours of the Old Welcome Club.

There is no knowing what may, or may not, be done, with that huge theatre, and its lake.

Who says Wagner? I do!—Yours ever,

An Old Fogey.

THE LISTS OF APPLICATIONS FOR SHARES WILL CLOSE FOR TOWN ON WEDNESDAY, 28th AUGUST, AND FOR THE COUNTRY AT NOON ON THURSDAY, 29th AUGUST.

THE ASAHAN SUMATRA TOBACCO COMPANY, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 *to* 1890.

CAPITAL - - - - £150,000.

Divided into 50,000 preference shares of £1 each, bearing seven per cent. cumulative interest, and 100,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

Issue of 35,000 preference shares at par, to be devoted to the purposes of the Company for working capital, and of 15,000 ordinary shares at par, in part payment of the purchase-money.

Payable, 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 2s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; 2s. 6d. one month after Allotment; and the balance in calls of not exceeding 2s. 6d. each, as required, one month's notice to be given prior to each call. The Articles of Association provide for the issue of shares to "Bearer."

Directors.

George Lewis, Esq. (late of Shanghai), Irlas, Cookham Dene, Berks.
J. Maitland Reid, Esq., 72, Longridge-road, South Kensington, formerly of the Mercantile Bank of India (Limited).
S. Alexander Van Someren, Esq., 36, Oxford-gardens, Notting-hill, W., late Head Administrator of the Netherlands India Sumatra Tobacco Company (Limited).
Martin Velge, Esq., 185, Croydon-road, Anerley, Surrey, ex-Administrator of Kwala Begonemit, Deli Maatschappy.
*Henry Van Son, Esq., of Amsterdam, Director of the Planting Company, Malattie.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

Bankers.

British Linen Company Bank, Edinburgh and Branches in Scotland, and 41, Lombard-street, London.
The Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
Broker.—F. B. Archer, Esq., 5, Throgmorton-avenue, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Solicitors.—Messrs. Powell and Burt, 28 and 29, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.
Auditors.—Messrs. C. F. Kemp, Ford, and Co., Pope's Head-alley, Cornhill, E.C.
Secretary and Offices (pro tem.).—J. D. Hurst, Esq., 99, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is founded for the purpose of acquiring and further developing four land concessions belonging to the Asahan Tabak Maatschappy, in the Asahan and Bilah districts of the Island of Sumatra. These concessions nominally extend to about 30,000 English acres, but the portions already surveyed have proved to be much in excess of the nominal measurement, and it is estimated that the concessions really consist of about 41,000 English acres. Three of the estates, viz., Silau Meradjah, Soengei Silau and Kaloendang, amounting together to over 13,000 acres, have been opened and cultivated; the fourth has not yet been worked. Three of the concessions are for terms of 75 years, and one for 40 years. All date from 1886 and 1889, subject to a rent of one florin (1s. 8d.) per bouw (about 1½ acres).

Mr. Heilemann reports:—

"Both as to yield and quality of Tobacco your estates have in time past given excellent results. Only in 1892, on the Meradjah Estate, there was grown a crop of 8·4 piculs per field, which realised in Amsterdam the fine price of fl.1.50."

Assuming that a commencement is made by planting 200 fields and that the yield be only 7 piculs, and that the Tobacco realises only 120 cents. per ½-kilo, the result would leave a profit of £4,190 on the first crop, taking the cost at the extreme figure of 90 cents, per ½-kilo; this would much more than pay the interest on the present issue of Preference Shares. When working 800 fields the profit on the same basis, but taking the cost at 82½ cents, would be about £21,000, or enough to pay, after allowing for cost of administration, about 15 per cent. on the ordinary capital, while as cultivation extended the cost of production would be correspondingly decreased. In face of the figures given by Mr. Heilemann it will be seen that the above estimate is a particularly moderate one, especially as, owing to the fall of silver, Tobacco can at present be grown at an abnormally low cost. Several companies are now producing their leaf at 70 cents (one shilling and twopence) per ½-kilo, and even lower.

The size of the estates would allow of the ultimate working of 2,000 fields, either by the present Company or subsidiary companies, for the formation of which ample scope exists, as besides tobacco, indiarubber, pepper, Liberian coffee, and other tropical produce can be grown to advantage. The formation of such companies should prove another source of great profit to this Company.

The new London Borneo Tobacco Company has just declared its final dividend, making 20 5-16ths per cent. for the year. The United Lankat Plantations declared an interim dividend of 5 per cent. when less than half its crop had been realised. This Company last year realised a profit equal to 16 per cent. on its capital, while the Directors of the British Deli and Langkat Tobacco Company report that out of the 1894 crop of 6,900 bales costing not more than £63,000, up to the present time 2,162 bales have been sold for £46,000, and it is anticipated that the four years preference interest in arrears may be paid in full and a dividend paid on the ordinary shares, after wiping off a heavy debit balance.

The price fixed by the Vendor for the Land-Concessions, Buildings, Roads, Sheds and Plant, and all the undertaking is £100,000, of which £15,000 is to be in cash or Ordinary Shares at the option of the Directors, and the balance, £85,000, in Ordinary Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

Particulars of the Contracts have already been advertised. The Contracts can be seen on application at the Office of the Solicitors.

IN THE CITY.

THE "DAILIES" AND COMPANY PROMOTION.

A financial contemporary has a timely and useful article upon what it describes as a glaring anomaly in connection with "the scope of action of the ordinary daily press in this country," namely, the avoidance by the great daily newspapers of all attempt to warn the public against rotten companies at the time when they are first put before the public. We cannot do better than quote our contemporary's words :—

> Whereas every other department of public enterprise is, and very legitimately, subjected to more or less thorough criticisms, that one which of all calls for careful and searching examination is left to take care of itself. Every political proposal and pronouncement is threshed out and discussed until it becomes well-nigh nauseous, every new piece at the theatres is treated to as anxious and painstaking a scrutiny as though the welfare of the entire nation was at stake, the status of the minor poet becomes in the lucubrations of ponderous leader-writers a matter of the most fearsome gravity, and the length of a ballet-girl's skirt, or the nature of a working-man's Sunday clothes, is invested with a moral import not to be transcended: and yet the vast and all-permeating operations of the company promoter and his kind are passed over as lightly as though their effect upon the public and public interests were of a paltry sort and not, as is the case, fraught with enormous weal or woe to the whole population individually and collectively.

This is perfectly true. The great morning papers seldom or never utter a word of warning to save investors from putting their money in wild cat schemes dressed in taking guise. It is hardly too much to say that, week by week for many months past, the daily newspapers have been made the medium of appealing to the public to subscribe to ventures of the most brazen and worthless description ; yet they have remained silent. This is not mere assertion—it is capable of demonstration by anyone who takes the trouble to examine the files of the papers concerned, and to trace the record of the companies they have advertised.

To quote again from our contemporary :—

> The significant fact remains that the very subject upon which by reason of its inherent difficulties and necessities, sound reliable guidance is imperatively required by the public—the subject, moreover, which more nearly than any other touches the material welfare of millions of readers—is the very one upon which such guidance is deliberately and consistently withheld by the authority to which those readers first think of appealing.

This silence is the more to be deprecated because these newspapers hold that it is no business of theirs to satisfy themselves that every company advertising in their columns is a sound company. Readers examine their advertisements, and must judge for themselves whether prospectus statements are true, just as they must decide for themselves whether this man's claim to sell the best tea at a lower price than anybody else, or that man's boast that nobody sells such fine soap as his is justified. And it may fairly be urged that if the newspapers made it known that they inserted the advertisement of no company of whose soundness they were not satisfied, they would be accepting a responsibility too great for any journal to undertake. But whilst these pleas seem to us to be sound in the main, whilst it may be held that a newspaper is not required to reject any company advertisement that is not a plain and patent fraud—as matters stand even the rottenest company advertisements are not rejected when the credit of the promoter, or advertisement agent, is good. It is obvious that this rule makes it more incumbent upon newspapers to raise a note of warning when rotten concerns appear.

Why is it this warning is never given? Simply because the controllers of the papers in question consider that on the whole their interests are best served by saying nothing one way or the other, by simply giving in the City article an absolutely neutral *précis* of the prospectus. If they do not praise they cannot be taunted later on, when the company is in Mr. Stewart's hands, with being ill-informed or dishonest ; if they do not ban they avoid the irritation and anger of men who by-and-bye will probably have other profitable advertisements to send round. It is too often forgotten that newspapers are run for profit—not philanthropy. The leader-writers would have you believe that the one object of the paper is to serve the community, and their employers are willing enough that you should believe it if you can be so foolish. But that is all nonsense. The newspapers of the United Kingdom serve the people of the United Kingdom in a thousand different ways, but their proprietors run them because it pays them to do so—not because they have any special love for their fellow-man. There is nothing wrong in this. There is no more obligation on John Brown, or William Jones, to spend his money upon strangers without hope of profitable return than there is upon the grocer, or the chimney-sweep, to sell Brown his butter without profit, or sweep Jones' chimney's without payment. Only it explains the silence of which our contemporary complains.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

In our last issue we commented upon Mr. Horace Plunkett's very proper action in insisting upon the publication of Lord Fingall's telegram stating that the Golden Hole on the Londonderry property had lost its gold, and since then Mr. Plunkett has retired from the Board. In a letter addressed to the secretary, and dated August 21st, he says that he retires from the Board "because now that Lord Fingall has returned, what I conceive to be the interests of the shareholders no longer compel me to endure the conduct of the chairman towards Lord Fingall and myself." Lord Fingall in turn has made it known that he remains upon the Board for the moment only, because "he conceives it to be to the interest of the shareholders" that he should do so till the new Exploration Company has started. Immediately upon the completion of the arrangements necessary to such commencement he too will turn his back upon the Colonel.

No other course was open to Mr. Plunkett and Lord Fingall. Differences are common enough amongst directors, but they are usually settled in the board-room. No man with an atom of self-respect could continue the colleague of one who had spoken of him at a shareholders' meeting as Colonel North spoke of Lord Fingall at the recent extraordinary general meeting of the Londonderry Company. But though Lord Fingall and Mr. Plunkett retire, they have had a good deal the best of the bout. Public opinion supports them in their contention that it was right and proper to tell the whole truth about the mine, no matter what the effect upon the market. There is much too much cooking of telegrams, and suppression of vital information, where shareholders are concerned. Colonel North calls this the exercise of "discretion," but discretion is not the word for it. The resignation of Mr. Plunkett and Lord Fingall's intimation that he intends to resign the moment he is free to do so, are much needed protests against directorial concealment. And they have done well to make it.

TRADING FAILURES.

In his report on the general working of the Bankruptcy Acts in 1894 the Inspector-General refers to the numerous and increasing class of bankruptcies due to reckless trading on the part of men who know that they are not solvent, and, knowing it, plunge into reckless speculations. The Inspector-General points out that :—

> To such a trader it matters not that the produce which he purchases on credit has to be sold at prices lower than those at which it was bought, and the records of insolvency show that a course of unprofitable trading may be carried on for years by men who know that they are insolvent, before it is terminated by bankruptcy. It is impossible to estimate the effect on the markets of the world of such a course pursued by even a small number of reckless traders. But it can hardly be doubted that it has an important bearing on the prices of general commodities. It is alleged, and apparently with good grounds, that the operations of speculators in what are termed "futures" (*i.e.*, operations which are not based upon actual deliveries of produce, but on mere contracts to deliver at some future date, and which are settled by the receipt or payment of "differences" when the date for delivery arrives) have tended by the unnatural competition which they create to depress the price of commodities below their natural level, the actual holders of such commodities being powerless to contend against these purely speculative influences. But however injurious such operations are, through the interference which they occasion with the normal action of the laws of supply and demand, they are, after all, controlled by self-interest, and the speculative dealer in time-bargains is not likely to reduce prices by forcing the sale of his normal wares below the point at which he believes he can replace them by real pu chases if required. But the unscrupulous insolvent trader is governed by no such considerations. When once he has realised the hopelessness of his position, all prudential considerations disappear, and the distinctions which the law draws betwixt the trader who ceases to trade on realising his insolvency, and the trader who only makes that discovery the starting-point for a fresh career of reckless operations, are too slight to act as a real check upon such a course. The prices of commodities are thus largely determined, not by the natural laws of supply and demand, but by the action of a comparatively few reckless competitors, who have nothing to lose but everything to gain by carrying on business transactions even at a loss.

The experience of small tradesmen will confirm this statement. Only the other day one of them who has traded for many years in one of the suburbs, paying his way, but only just able to rub along told the present writer that within the last six years no fewer than eight men who had started to compete with him had gone into the Bankruptcy Court. They started without capital—two of them had been his shopmen—they ran upon credit as long as they could go ; in order to get cash they sold at rates that left no profit ; and the final collapse was only a question of time. But the evil these men do does not fall upon themselves. They

have nothing to lose. It was our friend, and others like him, who were the sufferers, since they found their customers deserting them for shops where prices were lower because the men who ran the shops knew that the crash must come, and a little more or less would not matter.

THE BARKER LIQUIDATION.

Some eighteen months ago To-Day made certain statements with respect to members of the committee of inspection in this liquidation which led to the removal of the trustees, and the forced resignation of two members of the committee. We turned to the report of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy, just issued, to see what the Board of Trade would say about these scandalous revelations. It does not say much about the trustees, and nothing at all about the blackmailing rascal who, at the time of our exposure, was the ruling spirit on the committee. Nor does the Inspector-General say when the liquidation will be concluded, or how much more the creditors may hope to get. Only a few pence, we fear: but they have got, and will get, a good deal more than would have come to them by any chance if the estate had not been left in Mr. Wreford's hands.

THE TOUTER AND PATERFAMILIAS.

An Oxford correspondent sends us the following telegram received by him from an outside broker with whom he has never had any relations of any kind:—

Reply paid. E—— S——.

> Buy Westralian Gold Fields, now 6, for a rise to 10 during the present month. Syndicate in above opens to-morrow. Wire or write amount remitting.—Holophrastic.

Our correspondent writes upon this:—

> I have never had any business transactions whatsoever with these people. I was an original subscriber to a few industrial companies, and ever since I have been inundated with circulars from "Bucket-Shop" people, and prospectuses of new companies, usually three or four copies of each from different lists of shareholders. It makes life very burdensome, and causes some little unpleasantness sometimes, as my family think I am going "speculating mad."

Our correspondent's experience is not an uncommon one. The difficulty is to find the remedy.

BARBADOES "IN EXTREMIS.

To men who knew Barbadoes thirty years ago the present position of that tight little island is as surprising as it is lamentable. A generation ago no more prosperous little community could be found upon the face of the globe. Its planters were thriving, and the revenue of the Colony, though taxation was of the lightest, was always sufficient for a surplus. Unfortunately the prosperity of the Colony rested absolutely upon sugar, and though sugar-estates paid in a very handsome way in those days, they spell ruin now that the price of sugar is not much more than a third of what it was in the sixties. The result is that the island is practically bankrupt; the treasury is empty, and even the Civil Servants have to wait for their salaries. A friend who has just come over writes:—

> Barbadoes has determined to relieve itself of the salary of a Governor, and to content itself under the rule of the Colonial Secretary, who is also Administrator in the absence of a Governor. This movement is partly economical and partly the result of dissatisfaction with Sir James Hay, whose ideas of governing a colony seem to be limited to cooling out. Sir James speaks of "coming home" at once, being as tired of the Barbadians as they are of him.

Poor Barbadoes!

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

We have received a copy of a circular letter sent out by Mr. Thomas Wood, secretary of the "Acme" Syndicate, whose address appears to be Ethelburga House, Bishopsgate Street, E.C. The Acme Turf Syndicate claims to work upon a system under which "some profits are certain, and loss is impossible if the investments are small in relation to the working capital held." Now Mr. Thomas Wood says that the working capital of the "Acme" Syndicate is very large, so that profits are "certain." And these profits are comfortably large, the average profits per £5 shares being 17s., which would, as Mr. Thomas Wood truly says, "mean upwards of £40 per year." Forty pounds per annum, and all for a £5 note, £80 per annum and all for a £10 note, £800 per annum—quite a nice little income—and all for the loan—for Mr. Thomas Wood (or his company) only holds the capital in trust—of a hundred pound cheque! Why the young men of the *Daily Chronicle*, with their dream of a time when the loafer shall be as well off as the hard worker, and an omniscient County Council shall have banished poverty, and dirt, and misery from our midst, is not in it with Mr. Thomas Wood and his "Acme" syndicate. Nevertheless, our readers who want to get rich in a hurry will do well to keep their cheques, and their notes in safer hands than those of the "Acme" syndicate—unless they want to lose them.

NEW ISSUES.

C. A. Sewell, Limited. Share capital £51,000, Debenture capital £25,000.—Formed to take over and work the old established corset manufacturing business of Mr. C. A. Sewell. Mr. Sewell's corsets are well-known, and the company takes over certain patents for "improvements in breast supports and corset substitutes," which are said to be valuable. The average profits of the business are certified at £6,386, or sufficient after meeting fixed charges to pay 8 per cent upon the ordinary share capital, and leave a surplus of £1,771. The purchase price of the freeholds of the works at Ipswich and Sudbury, and the manufactory in the Whitechapel Road, together with goodwill, stock-in-trade, trade marks, etc., has been fixed at £61,000.

Cooper's Stores, Limited. Capital £40,000, divided into 20,000 ordinary shares and 20,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. The present issue is 10,000 preference shares. We learn from the prospectus that "it is hoped and anticipated that the capital will be subscribed fully by those concerned in business with the vendor, and by residents in the neighbourhood of the establishments of the company." If that hope is realised they must be bigger fools "in the neighbourhood of the establishments of the company" than we are willing to believe. The vendor wants £10,000 for what he has to sell, that is to say for four businesses, two of which have been in existence for some years, the trade being that of General Stores. Are they worth £10,000? As to that a certificate is published frsm Messrs. Broad and Wiltshire that does not carry us very far. They find that "the returns for the two years ending May 23rd, 1895, amount to £36,224, or an average of £18,112 per annum." Well, that does not tell us much. We do not want to know how much has been sold—it is easy enough to sell—but the profits from these sales, and here Messrs. Broad and Wiltshire cannot help us. They say that "in consequence of the mode in which the books and accounts have been kept, we have been unable to ascertain the actual results derived from the working of the businesses." In lieu of this very pertinent information, Messrs. Broad and Wiltshire say that the net profits may be safely taken to amount to upwards of £1,530, but as this, so far as we can see, is a mere opinion of Messrs. Broad and Wiltshire, based on no adequate data, we attach small importance to it. We hope none of our readers will apply for shares in Cooper's Stores, Limited.

The Asahan Sumatra Tobacco Company, Limited. Capital, £150,000, divided into 50,000 seven per cent. cumulative preference shares, and 100,000 ordinary shares.—Formed to acquire and work tobacco properties in Sumatra. The vendor takes his money in ordinary shares, and the working-capital is ample. Tobacco properties when well managed, and in good seasons, with fair prices, pay handsomely, and just now tobacco properties are looking up. We should not be surprised to see this Company doing well.

The British Gold-Fields of West Africa, Limited. Capital, £235,000.—A company formed to work concessions on the Gold Coast. These concessions cover some 7,000 square miles, but land is cheap in those parts. That to be taken over by the company is said to be rich in timber, rubber, petroleum, and gold, and, for aught we know, it may be. But we remember many concessions on the Gold Coast which were said to be similarly rich when the company was brought out that was to work them, but somehow none of these riches ever got into the pockets of shareholders. These remembrances make us chary of companies formed to work Gold Coast concessions, and the board of the present company does not inspire us with any great confidence, even though an ex-administrator of Sierra Leone, and Gambia, is chairman. The price asked for the concessions is £195,000. Only £195,000! Really the ex-administrator and his colleagues are too modest—or ought we to use a rougher word?

The Rhodesian Claims, Limited. Capital £275,000.—Formed to acquire and develop, also to sell to subsidiary companies if times are favourable, some 675 gold mining claims in Matabeleland and Mashonaland belonging to the British South Africa Company, and said to be rich in gold. These claims have been reported upon favourably, and they may be all they are said to be, but that has to be proved. Meantime there is no uncertainty about the purchase price of £175,000, which is a pretty good lump for these Matabele tracks. Eh, Mr. Grove?

We direct attention to the Rand D'Or Mines, about which particulars will be found in our Advertising Columns.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Aluminium A. Arundel (Edinburgh).—We advise you to hold, but get out, if ever you have the chance, when you can do so without loss. **Lower Roodepoorts Gold** (Perth).—It is the best thing to do under the circumstances. **Londonderry Extended Athole Bank** (Perth). No, we do not consider these shares "a safe investment." **Broken Hill Props.** Subscriber (Bristol).—(1) The purchase would be very speculative. A good deal depends upon the new processes. (2) Bendigo Gold Fields are a fair speculative purchase. **Linotype Ordinary.** W. D. F. (Manchester).—You would be fortunate in getting even "a miserably small profit." As to whether there is "sufficient newspaper and printing-office capacity in Great Britain to absorb and buy a lot more of their machines if they make them" we should say there is ample room, but the demand for these machines, though growing, does not grow fast. **De Kaap.** H. S. (Bradford).—We are afraid we cannot help you about your brother's letter, and return the documents you have sent us. **Sundry Shares.** H. J. (Sheffield).—An immediate rise in the American securities you name is not very probable. You should hold the three African shares. **Respectable Broker.** S. H. (Penarth).—We do not recommend brokers. As to the shares you name we shall probably see Robinson's Bank higher, and Black Flag may be relied upon to still further improve. The cost of purchasing—that is to say broker's charges, etc.—the number of shares you name would be very trifling, but you would have to hand the Brokers substantial "cover." We received your telegram form for twelve words paid, but how were your numerous questions to be answered on a twelve word telegram? **Balkis-Eesterlings.** Annual Subscriber (Liverpool).—(1) We know of nothing that is likely to send them up just now. (2) We cannot recommend a purchase of Sam's Wealth of Nations. Brokers, of course, will buy at any price if they are told to do so, and they are satisfied as to their customer's credit. (3) The other two shares you mention would be very speculative purchases. We cannot undertake to tell you whether the information given by the newspaper you name is "entirely disinterested." We do not recommend the purchase of "low-priced mining shares," or any others. **Louise and Co., Limited.** G. H. H. (London).—We advise you to hold. The company is doing well. As compared with the corresponding period of last year the figures are very satisfactory. The resignation of Mr. D. H. Evans and of Mr. Boyton was due to personal considerations, the consequence of certain differences of opinion which had nothing whatever to do with questions of management, or the condition of the business, which, as we have said, is highly satisfactory. **Explorers' Syndicate of Western Australia.** H. A. C. (Aberdeen).—(1). Yes, we think so. The shares of all the better West Australian Companies are pretty certain to improve in the autumn, when we look for something like a "boom" in these shares. **Pleiades.** B. F. (Colchester).—They have the reef on the Pleiades right enough, and will find it—by-and-bye.

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"THE IDLER."

CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER, 1895

Frontispiece ... ... THE POPPY AND THE LILY
Drawn by Max Cowper, Engraved by the Artistic Supply Company, Ltd.
103 SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY
104 TALES OF OUR COAST. V.—THE SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE ... ...S. R. CROCKETT
Five Illustrations by Frank Brangwyn.
The Free-Traders rolling the Barrels ashore.—Black Taggart was in with his Lugger.—I laid a Pistol to his Ear.—Here we kept him all Day.—"These are the Five Guineas ye gied to me."
113 A CHAT WITH SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN—G. B. BURGIN
Three Illustrations by George Hutchinson. Photographs by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.
Sara Jeannette Duncan—The Drawing Room—The Pink House by the Tank.—Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes).
119 OUT OF BOUNDS ... ... BENNETT COLL
Six Illustrations by R. Jack.
"The day was oppressively hot."—"Can we have a word with you?" "Finding myself in his office."—"'Never get drunk—it's bad form.'"—"A card was brought."—"Man overboard?"
125 HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS—L. RAVEN-HILL ... ... GLEESON WHITE
Eight Drawings by L. Raven-Hill.
133 WAIFS ... ... H. T. JOHNSON
Three Illustrations by Hal Hurst
The Champion Boy Siffleur.—"You won't get drunk agin, will yer!" "'Midge! Midge!' he sobbed."
138 IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY
Photographs by William Day.
150 WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?
152 A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XII., XIII., XIV. ... ... ROBERT BARR
Illustrations by Hal Hurst.
"You have a prodigious head for business, Susie!"
166 THE CHAPERONE
Drawn by Yorick.
167 THE ENGLISHWOMAN ABROAD MRS. HUMPHRY
Four Illustrations by Yorick.
171 TOBACCO MONEY ... ... J. A. TYSON
176 HOW TO BECOME A CORDON-BLEU M. A. BELLOC
Four Illustrations by Penryn Stanley.
180 THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET
The Ethics of the Petticoat.—Marriage as an Occupation.—The Future of Money.
184 THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. CHAPTERS XIV., XV. ... ... A. CONAN DOYLE
188 THE IDLER'S CLUB:—Should Man be Woman's God. Miss Florence Warden, The Rev. T. W. M. Lund, Coulson Kernahan, Miss Bulau, Bennett Coll, Miss Ewerretta Lawrence, W. L. Alden, and G. B. Burgin.

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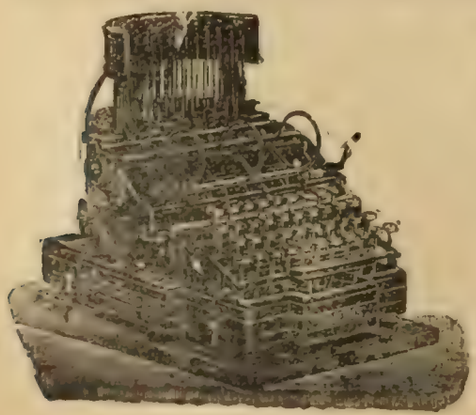
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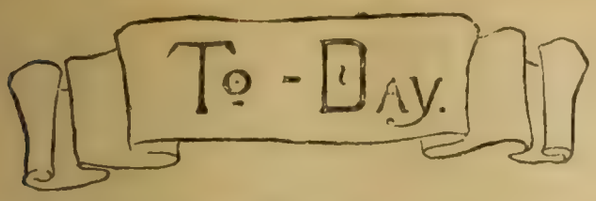

CONTENTS.

PAGE.
THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA. V. THE CRIME OF COUNT NIKOLAS OF FESTENBURG. PART I. BY ANTHONY HOPE. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR 97
CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE. II. THE EYES. BY PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A. 102
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 103
FEMININE AFFAIRS 104
SHOULD MAN BE WOMAN'S GOD? 106
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 107
THE OLD AND YOUNG STAGER 108
IN THE CITY 110
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 113
CLUB CHATTER 117
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 120
CALLED OUT. BY ALEXANDER STUART 121
A LAW CASE 123
HOW TO BECOME A SINGER. A CHAT WITH SIR JOSEPH BARNBY .. 124
THE CHAIR OF RUBENS. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ADAMSON 126

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing on the subject of street noises, calls my attention to the Chimney Sweepers' Act. This was an Act passed in 1894 to make better provision for the regulation of chimney sweepers who, to judge from most housewives' complaints, are a singularly ill-regulated body. They promise to come at five o'clock in the morning, and the whole household is turned out at half-past four to receive them. It is an uncomfortable hour to rise, and you do not come down in your best temper. All the furniture is covered up in blankets; you have a general feeling that there ought to be a corpse about somewhere, and are not quite sure that there is not. Seven o'clock arrives, but not the sweep. You have your breakfast on the stairs. The children enjoy it, but it makes waiting awkward, and soft-boiled eggs have a knack of taking advantage of the opportunity. At ten o'clock, the sweep sends a dirty boy with a message to say that he will come at twelve. He arrives at one, alongside your chief friend from America, whom you have invited to lunch with you, and whom you wish to impress. At two o'clock, at the moment that the sweep is revelling in the drawing-room, your wife suddenly recalls that it is "her day."

BUT I am drifting away from my object, which was to discuss the matter of street noises. This Chimney Sweepers' Act prohibits any chimney-sweeper from using any noisy instrument to the annoyance of any inhabitant, and if he does use a noisy instrument, or causes any noisy instrument to be so used, he shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding ten shillings for the first offence and to a penalty not exceeding twenty shillings for every subsequent offence. My correspondent suggests that this short Act should be extended to embrace Italian patriots and immigrants from the German Fatherland. I never heard a chimney-sweep use a noisy instrument for calling attention to his presence, unless an accompanying small boy would come under that definition, and to go out of the way to silence chimney-sweepers, while German bands and Italian organ-grinders swarm in every street unmolested, seems a sad waste of Parliamentary energy.

THE street noise nuisance is assuming very practical proportions in London. I am glad to see Mr. Jacoby has retained his seat for Mid-Derbyshire, and I trust he will again bring in his bill for the vetoing of unnecessary discord. The County Council might have settled the matter by insisting on street musicians being licensed; but they seem to have turned sulky with the West-end of London because they were not allowed to suppress the music halls, and so refuse to do anything. As a rule, an organ grinds out noise to the gratification of three small boys and a nursemaid, and to the annoyance of two hundred peace-loving citizens. There are plenty of places in London where the appearance of an organ is a delight, and at such spots they would be welcome; but the ruffians reckon to make the greater part of their earnings by levying hush-money upon those who do not want them.

THE question that is chiefly agitating Englishmen at the present moment is undoubtedly the allotment scheme. Wherever one goes outside the town one hears it discussed by landlords, by farmers, and by labourers. Within it there lies the future of agriculture. Farming as it has hitherto been understood in England is apparently played out. The farmer has not moved with the times. He is slow in ideas, slower still in action. When farming consisted of riding about on a horse and eating a market ordinary once a week, he was fairly competent for the work. Now that it means competing with smart Americans and patient Russians he finds himself hopelessly in the rear. Agricultural England will not pay a middleman nowadays. The land will keep the man who actually labours upon it, but that is all. The landlord will have to be content with lower rents, the land will have to be broken up into small plots and farmed to the last inch, and the large farmer will gradually disappear from England, as he has disappeared from the Continent.

LAND is wasted in England. It would support twice the population that already exists were it properly utilised. The farmer cannot make it pay, so he lets it lie waste. Wherever you go in England half the land is simply prairie. If it were divided into small allotments, four or five times the produce could be obtained from it. The secret of French agriculture is the small peasant proprietor, who labours from morning to night on his small plot, who supports his wife and family upon it, and sends a very handsome margin to market. Ten shillings an acre would gladly be paid for land by thousands of labourers who at present are starving in idleness. When every rood of ground supports its man a prosperous agricultural England will be the result, the towns will be relieved from their overpopulation, and the money that now goes over seas will be retained in the country.

CHARLES BODY, a non-union cabdriver, was set upon by a gang of union roughs last week in the Marylebone Road and severely maltreated. The union men unharnessed his horse, dragged him to the ground, and knocked him about. One of them, Frederick Arthur, cabdriver, of Bland Street, Marylebone, called him a blackleg, and added, "We have stripped one out in the hospital, and will serve you the same." They told him that his days were numbered. The non-union cabdriver referred to as "stripped out in the hospital" was, I

take it, the man Jarvis, about whose murder I have commented more than once. It will be remembered that Jarvis was murdered in the broad daylight by a gang of union men during the late strike, and that the police, acting under Sir Edward Bradford's directions, have taken scrupulous care to leave the murderers entirely unmolested.

Mr. Fisher, the member for Fulham, promised to take the matter up, but, the election being over, he evidently considers the life of one of his constituents of not sufficient importance for him to trouble about further, and I have heard no more. The murder of non-union cabmen seems to be licensed sport in London, and the severe assaulting of them merely costs forty shillings, for that was all the fine inflicted by Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, who dealt with the above case. I wonder what Mr. Plowden himself would think were he severely assaulted and his life threatened by the members of a gang who had given only too clear proof that their threats were not empty words? And what would Mr. Plowden say if, after being convicted, the ruffians were fined by a brother magistrate—forty shillings?

The other day I commented in my correspondence columns upon the tragic death of a Worcestershire policeman named Kemp, who was falsely and maliciously accused of immorality by a creature named George Goodwin, of Pershore. He was dismissed the force, and, although in a subsequent action that clearly vindicated his character he was awarded heavy damages (which Goodwin avoided paying by the customary bankruptcy dodge), the pig-headed officials refused to reinstate him, and he lost his pension. The creature Goodwin, not content with having been the ruin of Kemp, now writes me a letter libelling him when dead, making grave accusations against him, and repeating his vile and lying slanders.

I should hardly take the trouble to refer again to the matter, were it not to draw attention to the existence in our midst of the Goodwin class of slanderers, who seem to consider their purpose in life is to bring false accusations against police-constables. The Battersea Coughdrop case ended comically, but that was not the fault of the original libeller, and last licensing session we had two or three examples of fussy Stigginses devoting their energies to concocting evidence against policemen. Police-constables are only men, and occasionally they misbehave themselves, but the public are too ready to accept flimsy evidence against them, and the Goodwin case affords a useful object-lesson, and one which should be borne in mind.

The Llanelly people are becoming rather indignant at the leniency displayed by their magistrates towards the perpetrators of brutal assaults. The other day a gang of ruffians made an entirely unprovoked attack on a Mr. Davies while he was sitting with a friend in the People's Park. They beat and kicked the poor fellow, and left him in a condition that kept him to his bed for days. The ringleaders of the gang appeared before Dr. Jones, Mr. Gwilym Evans, and Mr. Joseph Maybery, and were simply mulcted in fines amounting to about £3 in each case, and were given a month's grace to pay.

The case would be a bad enough instance of magisterial imbecility did these statements supply all the facts, but I am informed that the gang which attacked Mr. Davies is a company of organised blackmailers. They follow couples about, hide in the bushes, and then suddenly springing out, threaten to accuse them of immorality unless they are supplied with hush money. I can quite understand how perfectly innocent people, not wishing to have their names dragged before the public in such an action, pay rather than face the matter out. Two years hard labour meted out to each of these ruffians would have had a good effect in the Llanelly district, but Dr. Jones and Co. seem either too stupid or too cowardly to do their duty.

A great deal of fuss has been made lately on the subject of literature for the young. It is the old, old attack upon the form of novel which is known in the trade as the "penny blood." Whenever a juvenile criminal is convicted it has become the rule to connect his crime with his habit of reading bad literature. Just as by some people all adult crime is traced to drink, so by other people all juvenile crime is traced to the "penny blood." I do not pretend, of course, that there is nothing in the accusation. Suggestion acts with special force upon the minds of the young. But the subject is one on which so much nonsense has been talked, and the blame has been apportioned so unfairly that it may be worth while to point out one or two facts which would certainly have seemed to me obvious if they had not been so generally ignored.

The point which is most generally overlooked is that a boy is a boy and not a superior critic of twenty-three who knows everything. The "penny blood" is hackneyed and commonplace; but to the boy—happy boy!—nothing is commonplace, and all the plagiarisms are originality in his inexperienced eyes. The "penny blood" is unlike life, it is deplorable in style, its grammar is hopeless, its morality is bad. But at ten years old one does not think of style, and would prefer not to think of grammar; life being at that period practically unexplored, the boy can believe that almost anything is like life, and, as for the morality, he could never believe that any book could influence his conduct one way or another. But he likes his stories with a story in them. He likes interest, adventures, excitement. He does not read the "penny blood" because his tastes are vicious, but because he is a boy.

The authors and publishers of such stories are also often blamed, and perhaps rightly. If so, the authors and publishers of those stories with the moral influence and the useful lesson in them—those stories that the boy cannot be persuaded to read—are to blame, too. Grant all the faults of the "penny blood," and there still remains this to be said for it: it is to some extent in sympathy with the boy, it is written from his point of view, it has found out what will really appeal to him. The answer will, of course, be that it appeals to nothing whatever but his original sinfulness. It is an easy answer, and difficult, perhaps, actually to disprove; but I have no faith in it. Books for boys should, from the literary point of view, be written badly. That is to say, the character-drawing must be broad and exaggerated, the adventures must come thick and fast, and the language must be hackneyed—it must introduce the phrases he is most likely to have heard and understood.

Write like that, and add the moral lesson, and the boy in the street will still read your book with delight.

But, after all, the "penny blood" did not invent crime; it found it here and used it. Crime is older than literature; we have always had it, and I am not sanguine enough to suppose that we shall ever be entirely free from it, though the "penny blood" were to be entirely suppressed and the school stories of Archdeacon Farrar distributed gratis by the million. It is easy enough to throw the blame on the "penny blood," but it is not fair to throw the entire blame there. Heredity and environment have more to do with juvenile crime than all the pennyworths of mixed literary horrors that ever have been, or ever will be sold, to the young. I have no belief that bad literature is solely responsible for the boy-thief, or that good literature would entirely reform him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Baden.—I cannot depart from my rule. Inquirer.—The insurance does not provide for a railway employé travelling on duty. H. T. writes in defence of the Chinese, having seen much of them while in Gordon's campaign and through the war of 1860. He found both mandarins and peasants hospitable and kindly, and thinks their mobs no more turbulent than our own.

J. M.—I spoke of no book, but merely of reference to the family doctor. If country practitioners are so narrow-minded and old-fashioned as some of my correspondents suggest I will consult some doctors in London, and ascertain whether the information so necessary to civilisation can be sent through the post.

F. S. tells me that the Idler and To-Day are much appreciated on board lightships in the Bristol Channel. Captain Hucker, of the s.s. *Lorna Doone*, navigates his vessel while passing through the Channel close enough to the lightships to enable passengers to pass their books and magazines to the lightship men. "We landsmen," continues my correspondent, "devour with avidity the contents of your magazines; how much more so must these brave fellows who are stationed upon these ships for three months at a stretch, and only obtain reading matter when conveyed to them in this manner!"

S.—I thank you for your interesting enclosure. Limelight.—Apply to Mr. S. French, dramatic publisher, 89, Strand, London.

M. C., a gentleman who for the last twenty years has lived and worked among the Chinese, writes me as follows:—"For industry, cleanliness, sobriety, and good temper they are far and away ahead of any western nations. As to their religions, the principles taught by their great teachers (Buddha and Confucius) are common to all religions, and may be summed up in the one sentence, 'Do as you would be done by.' There is no more fatalism in their faith than is expressed in Randolph's own words "Thy will be done." At any rate, before we try to make Christians of the Chinese we might at least agree first among ourselves as to what kind of Christians we want them to be What view do you think a highly intellectual people like the Chinese are likely to take of Christianity when they have amongst them a dozen or so of different exponents of Christian faith all quarrelling and denouncing each other, and each one telling them that the others are wrong? What are the Chinese likely to think of our morality when they see our unmarried women living in the same house with unmarried men, and going about the streets thumping tambourines, and this in a country where no modest woman is ever seen in public? Are the lives led by Europeans in the Treaty Ports so superior in morality, or sobriety, or honesty to those of the natives as to enable us to boast of *our* civilisation? As to idolatry, that is the accusation that one religion has always made against all others, and is as baseless now as ever it was? There is no such thing as idolatry. It is only what every narrow-minded man thinks when he sees a man of a different religion to his own worshipping in a differently decorated building to what he is accustomed to. No educated and intelligent person ever *worships* the image that he buys from a shop. It is only a sign or symbol, or an indication of a consecrated place to him; thus you may see in India that, where they are too poor to afford an image, they make a dab of red paint do as a substitute. After all, there is much to be said in favour of a people who, in spite of their enormously over-populated country, manage to do without workhouses, poor rates, and reformatories, etc., and yet have no tramps or paupers; where filial obedience is not only preached but practised, and where life in this world is *really* looked upon as but a preparation for a better life in the next.

E. J. D.—The editor of *Truth* has his faults and follies, but his motives always bear the stamp of honesty and straightforwardness. I think your suggestion in all probability does him an injustice.

J. B. D.—I have no objection to people having opinions. It is when they try and force these opinions down other people's throats by Act of Parliament that I grow indignant. Betsy Prig.—Send your sketch to some actor or actress to whom the leading part would be likely to appeal.

Cockrane's Advice to his Flock.—Two correspondents—both for some mysterious reason anonymous—draw my attention to a silly tirade addressed by the Rev. Thomas Cockrane, rector of Adstock, Bucks, to the electors, urging them to vote Conservative. One of my correspondents writes: "Not a Dissenter, not a Liberal! Dare you condemn him?" I feel quite capable of condemning anybody; I daresay I should find myself condemning St. Peter if I differed from him. I take no credit to myself for this; it is natural, inborn presumption, and as my correspondent appears anxious that I should, I hereby do condemn the Rev. Thomas Cockrane most emphatically. What will happen to him after this I cannot say. That is not my business. Possibly he will still live on and write more silly addresses, which, let us hope, will be calmly ignored. I daresay if my correspondents forwarded me all the silly nonsense talked during the late election the pile of folly would be a pretty huge one. I have read tirades by Dissenting ministers, and foolish claptrap from clergymen. It would be far better if ministers of all denominations would confine themselves to the propagation of Christianity, and leave politics alone.

W. J. writes me:—"I have read every To-Day that has been published, and I must say that it has kept up its standard better than any paper I know. It has quite exceeded my expectations, and I expected a great deal. The most eloquent testimony in its favour is as follows: Every week I send one to a man (not an officer) in the Royal Navy; now and then I get behind, and so send two at once. If it does not come regularly, he promptly writes home to ask if I have sent it, and says that the men are continually coming to him, saying, 'Has To-Day come yet?' He himself says, 'There is not much in it that is not worth reading,' a sentence that would, for negations, do credit to Mr. Gladstone himself." My correspondent also gives his reasons why a dog turns round three times before lying down. He also disagrees with me on the subject of poaching; but I am sure his heart is in the right place.

Stoke on-Trent.—When I am abused I like to be well abused. Mere mild reproof only bores. Good honest Billingsgate is always interesting, and I rather enjoyed the reading of this correspondent's letter. He begins by asking why I don't get a universe of my own, but surely the answer to that is obvious. He says I am too almighty clever for this world, but that again, is not my fault. If the world will not come up to my standard so much the worse for the world. "Stoke-on-Trent" seems chiefly upset because I express a preference for young men as opposed to old. He recommends me to shoot myself or to take poison. It is courteous of him to give me the option. He speaks of my "emetic ravings." ("Emetic ravings" is distinctly good.) He casually refers to me as "puerile and assinine"—which seems an odd combination. Not content with this he calls me a Pope; then he says my ideas are god-like, but this, I presume, is meant for what Artemus Ward would call "sarkassum." He says he is not a teetotaller, and he underlines the "not." I should have gathered as much from his letter, even had he not mentioned it. He also adds that he could do without drink to-morrow. But why leave it till to-morrow, which, we are told, never comes? He says he knows the British working-man better than I do, and then proceeds to abuse the British working-man, which gives me a rest for a page or two. But he comes back to me afterwards, and says that I sit on the lofty pinnacle of an editor's chair. Somehow the description does not suggest a comfortable seat. He says I live in giddy altitudes also. I hope to hear more from "Stoke-on-Trent." He is evidently earnest and sincere, and his flow of language is quite a study.

J. O'C. (Wexford).—You have come to the right man for sympathy. I can quite understand music and street-preaching interfering with your business, and denunciations of the Romish Church shouted out in a town where the majority of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics is likely to lead to breaches of the peace. It is a pity the matter of street noises is not considered a more important one by Parliament.

H. W. had a servant-girl who was persuaded by a travelling tout to sign for a watch at the price of fifty-five shillings, the worth of the article being about fifteen shillings. He kindly took the matter up and wrote to the dealer, a man in Leeds, with the result that the watch was taken back, and the money returned together with many abusive and ungrammatical letters. Most articles sold in this way are pure swindles, and I should like to see some dealer prosecuted for attempting to obtain money under false pretences.

J. W. A. late Commander Indian Navy, advocates the formation of a harbour of refuge at Pegwell Bay, Kent. The advantages to be derived from this, he thinks, would be:—(1) The avoidance

of the dangerous Goodwin Sands, (2) the providing of a naval harbour within a short distance of the French coast, (3) the making of Canterbury one of the cities of the future. At the same time it would provide work for the unemployed for many winters to come.

F. A. P.—We differ on the subject of the cover, and I fancy you will find it grow upon you. A. P. N.—The fact that quiet is an absolute necessity to the brain-worker has never been accepted by the public, and they seem incapable of comprehending the question. D. G. M. L.—I fear you will find the bringing forth of a magazine a more expensive matter than you anticipate. Your motives are most praiseworthy, but you will need a little practical knowledge of the world. J. B. (Derby).—Am glad you like the new *Idler* cover; I thank you for your kind letter. H. B.—Tintagel and Boscastle are both charming little places on the north coast of Cornwall. I have spent some very pleasant days there. They are exceedingly quiet. J. S. M.—I consider it most contemptible for doctors te refuse to explain to their clients how to limit families. They all practice limitation themselves, and the matter is really quite simple. No drugs or operations are required. A. M. L. H.—You would find "Voice, Speech, and Gesture" (Deacon and Co.) very useful in your studies. M. A. B. (Ardrossan).—This is an Office secret. Correspondents cannot be answered through the post.

J. W. E.—I will see what can be done about putting Tennyson on the subscribers' list. I felt I was doing a public duty in drawing attention to the book, "In the Midst of Life." It is by no means as well known as it ought to be. Anthony Hope's stories are each complete in themselves, so I don't see where the crime comes in. To-Day's Spring number was published before Mr. George Moore's book came out. Matter appearing serially is generally published in book form soon afterwards. Your medical friend must have been a bit of a hypocrite. I know of no doctor myself overburdened with a family larger than he can support in comfort. A. K. L.—I thank you for your kind letter. W. B.—Many thanks for kind letter and enclosure, I fancy that teetotal fanatics will not be unduly troublesome in the near future.

A. E. W.—I have forwarded your letter to the publishers.

J. G. L. (Liverpool) draws my attention to the case of Fred Clarke, in the employ of the Cunard Steamship Company, who was charged with embezzlement. The fellow's excuse was that he had got into difficulties, and it came out after evidence that he had been twenty-five years in the employ of the Cunard Co., and was receiving only £90 a year. The wretched salary paid to clerks entrusted with responsible work is becoming an important question. The stipendiary, in passing sentence, remarked that a small salary was no excuse for dishonesty. From a high moral point of view it was not; from a worldly working point of view it decidedly was, however. After all, honesty is a very relative quality. Very few of us are strictly honest. We generally adapt our honesty to our circumstances. As Becky Sharp said, it is easy to be good on £5,000 a year. With £90 a year, a wife and family to support, and a few more or less favourable opportunities of cheating with impunity, I would not like to back my own honesty for any very heavy amount. Honesty to be a virtue must have justice for its foundation.

R. T. You medical men adopt a plan in these matters which seems to me singularly unfair. I often have letters from doctors denouncing some medicine advertised in my columns. Of course it is impossible for an editor to tell what is a genuine medicine and what is not. In one or two cases I have deliberately offered to take up the case, attack the proprietors, and expose the swindle—if swindle it be—on the simple understanding that a dozen leading members of the medical profession will, in the subsequent expensive libel case that is sure to follow—go into the witness-box, and denounce the thing they attack with the same vigour and emphasis that they use in their letters to me. This offer is invariably shirked. The reply is that it would be *infra dig*, that it would look as if the medical fraternity were jealous of the success of the patent medicine proprietor; that in many cases the patent medicine does effect a cure, in spite of all that is said against it; that frauds would be most difficult to prove, and so on, and so on. So that the whole brunt and damage of the thing they would kindly leave to me. If these medicines are the injurious swindles that they are said to be, why do not the Society of Apothecaries or the British Medical Association take the matter up? If they will hold me free of all consequences the columns of To-Day are at the service of either society. They know all about these matters—I do not. If I shut my advertisement columns to every advertiser that someone among my readers objects to, I should wind up To-Day and The Idler in a week. So long as the thing is openly sold, the sale being protected by law, surely I have the right to advertise it. If it is injurious to the public the proper person to inform me of the fact is the Public Prosecutor, who is employed by a Government that reaps an enormous revenue from the sale of patent medicine stamps.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS.
A CHAT WITH L. RAVEN-HILL.
SEE "THE IDLER" FOR SEPTEMBER.

RAND D'OR MINES, LIMITED.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

CAPITAL £175,000, in Shares of £1 each, £45,000 reserved for working capital.

Offices—Dashwood House, E.C.

The property for the development of which the Rand D'or Mines, Limited, has been established, consists of fifty claims in the Witpoortje and Princess Roodeport districts, about nine miles west of Johannesburg, in the midst of the gold-producing portions of the Witwatersrand. The property has been favourably reported on by some well-known South African mining engineers and managers, including Mr. H. Bowles, M.E., late manager of the Steyn Main Estate, Mr. G. W. Hope, M.E., late of the Bultfontein Mines, and Mr. John Webster, member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

THE REEFS.

Mr. G. W. Hope reports:—

"The series of reefs which runs through these properties is generally known as the northern series. The dip is to the south of about 40. It can be seen from the sketch plan already handed you that the properties to the east are Mynpacht of the Princess Estate Company, and Durban Roodeport Company on the west, are the properties of the Gordon Estate Company and private owners."

"It is the opinion of many prospectors, and with which I concur, that the rich reef now worked by the New Reitfontein Company is one of the reefs in this formation."

"These reefs running parallel, and to the north of the Main Reef series and in a direct line with the New Reitfontein—which is paying so well at present, and is, in my opinion, one of these reefs running through your claims."—Mr. H. Bowles.

THE FORMATION.

On this point Mr. Bowles reports:—

"There are three reefs running through these claims from east to west, consisting of conglomerate red and dark slate bars, which forms a through hanging and foot-wall to any shafts, and would cost but a nominal sum for timber when mining is started in earnest."

"There are no less than three reefs running through the entire claims, and parallel with each other. These are composed of conglomerate of slate, iron, etc., locally known as Banket."—John Webster's Report.

"The formation consists of alternate beds of conglomorate (Banket) sandstone and ferruginous slates running east and west to north of the main reef series to which it is parallel."—G. W. Hope's Report.

THE ASSAY.

"The present average assay value is from 10 to 15 dwts. of gold per ton, all of which is free milling, but fully 1 oz. per ton may be expected at a depth of less than 100 feet from surface."—John Webster.

"I have carefully panned these reefs, and can say with certainty that two of them average from 7 to 11 dwts. per ton of ore."

"A few years ago an alluvial claim on this formation, known as Fuller and Norton's claim, from which they panned by sluicing over £4,000 worth of Gold. There is no doubt that this deposit was from these reefs."—H. Bowles.

"I may mention that I was all over this ground when I was last in the Transvaal, and samples we took from Mr. Rorke's block of claims assayed from 10 dwts. to over 2 ozs. to the ton, but I think we can count upon say 10 dwts. for milling purposes."—G. W. Hope, M.E.

DEVELOPMENT.

Arrangements are being made to send out immediately a competent mining engineer to carry out operations, meanwhile work is being pushed on. Under this Head Mr. Webster writes:—

"A good deal of prospecting has been done in the shape of trenches and small pits sunk in the reefs, which thoroughly satisfied me that the latter will considerably increase in value as depth is attained. It is a well-known fact, that in recent years several thousand pounds worth of gold were obtained by sluicing the surface soil in close proximity to these reefs, and no practical engineer who has seen the ground in question can doubt but that the gold realised in this way was washed from the reefs now under consideration."

"Considerable trenching and small shaft work has been done on your property, and the panning at 10 ft. deep, materially increases its value."—H. Bowles, M.E.

VALUE OF THE PROPERTY.

In concluding his Report, Mr. Webster states:—

"I could write a great deal more regarding the merits of this property, but its favourable position, situated as it is between rich producing mines, I have no hesitation in stating that this property offers a thoroughly safe investment, and I am confident that it could be disposed of at present in Johannesburg for a much larger sum than the present promoters are now asking."

Devonshire (to the new Commander-in-Chief): "I think you'd better begin here."

CLUB CHATTER.

The most remarkable feature of last week's cricket was the success achieved by young Mr. C. L. Townsend, who largely assisted in gaining Gloucestershire's brilliant and decisive victories over Notts and Yorkshire. He was able to get a record for a month's cricket that can scarcely have ever been equalled, taking no fewer than 98 wickets between the 22nd of July and the 24th of August. Such a triumph is quite phenomenal for a young cricketer, who will not, until the seventh of next November, complete his nineteenth year. In 1878, Mr. A. G. Steel, when less than twenty years old, took 164 wickets in first-class matches, but except for that there is no parallel to Mr. Townsend's performance, and were there any necessity to pick a representative team of England at the present time, the young Gloucestershire amateur, who has so rapidly come to the front, would be one of the first choices.

Next to W. G. Grace, the two men who have had most to do with reviving the old glories of the Gloucestershire Eleven are, of course, Townsend and Jessop, and in the year of his national testimonial, it must be most gratifying to the veteran champion to find the team for which he has worked so untiringly, once more occupying a very prominent place among the counties. The victory over Yorkshire at Cheltenham was brought about in the most genuine fashion, the fieldsmen generally affording excellent assistance to Townsend's bowling, and Jessop, by scoring 63 out of 65 in half an hour, accomplishing one of the finest bits of hitting ever recorded in a match of first-class importance.

The Surrey Eleven received another severe check last Saturday, being beaten by Somerset, at Taunton, by 53 runs; but, luckily for them, it did not in any way affect their position at the head of the leading counties, as on the same afternoon Yorkshire, their nearest rivals, went down before Gloucestershire, at Cheltenham. However, the reputation of the team who stood so high during the months of June and July has been seriously damaged by the matches against Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Somerset. I must confess to a feeling of disappointment at Surrey's defeat in the West Country, but, unquestionably, it will do a great deal towards reviving public interest in the doings of the Somerset Eleven. At the start of the season, despite some extraordinary performances on the part of Mr. S. M. J. Woods, they could not win a match, and many times appeared last on the list in the championship table; but their early failures have, to a large extent, been atoned for by the victories over Sussex, Kent, and Surrey. In last week's game Tyler, perhaps the slowest bowler now appearing in first-class cricket, achieved the rare distinction of taking all ten wickets in Surrey's first innings, and it said a great deal for the enthusiasm of the Taunton public that an impromptu collection raised on his behalf should have realised more than £35.

I fully expect that in the course of a few days we shall hear of the hitch as to the Australian team of 1896 being at an end, as it was apparent that the whole

thing was a misunderstanding. The Marylebone Club and the Counties have agreed to welcome an eleven from the Colonies next summer, and a letter from Mr. Henry Perkins was on its way to Australia at the time of the cable message appearing, announcing the fact that the authorities in Sydney and Melbourne had decided to take no further steps in the formation of a team for England.

Mr. G. L. Wilson, the well-known Sussex amateur, who, since the twentieth of last July, has been confined to his bed at Huddersfield, with an attack of peritonitis, is, I am happy to say, on a fair way to recovery, and, probably, by the time these lines appear in print, he will be back again at Brighton. He has had a very dangerous time of it, but his splendid constitution has helped him to pull through, and there is still some hope that we may again see him in the cricket field. A more thorough gentleman, or better sportsman, has never appeared at Sussex, and, as he has made himself popular with all classes of cricketers, the news of his improvement in health will be received with great satisfaction.

George Lohmann has not yet decided which match he will take for his benefit next season. He has been offered the game between England and Australia, provided a Colonial team comes over, but it is quite likely he may choose the match between Surrey and Yorkshire. In either case, however, he is sure of the warmest support, and he may look forward with confidence to at least as successful a benefit as that just given to Abel. He has, I believe, made great progress with the arrangement of his team for South Africa, and before long, no doubt, the public will be in possession of the details of the tour.

Mr. Albert F. Calvert, whose horse Westralian won a race at Nottingham on Saturday, is one of the leading men in the Western Australian mining world. Mr. Calvert has begun his racing career well. Not only did his colours appear on a racecourse for the first time on Saturday, but Westralian is the first racehorse Mr. Calvert has ever owned. Mr. Calvert, though a pioneer of Westralia, comes from a good old English family.

Having no official dutes to attend to, Lord Londonderry appears to be desirous of becoming a more prominent figure in the racing world. During the time he was Viceroy of Ireland his lordship worked hard to raise the standard of racing in the Emerald Isle. Lord Londonderry is a most excellent judge of horseflesh, and his verdict on the two-year-old form is always looked to with interest. He has two very useful two-year-olds in Nevemoosha and Serfdom.

Lord Rosebery must be thinking a deal of the forthcoming St. Leger, for in nearly everyone of his lordship's speeches of late there have been references to racing. It is gratifying to know, too, that the prospect of Sir Visto avenging the defeat of Ladas is much brighter than it was a few weeks ago. Matthew Dawson is giving the colt one of his famous preparations, and, despite his great age, and somewhat poor health, he rarely misses seeing the colt at exercise while strong work is the order of the day.

The opposition to Sir Visto will probably be Whittier, Matchmaker, Utica, Raconteur, Butterfly, and, maybe, Gas. It is significant of the opinion held by French sportsmen of Le Justicier to hear that large sums of French money have gone on Whittier. However, prior to the Eclipse Stakes, I sounded a note of warning in connection with Mr. Russell's colt, and his display of temper at Sandown proved that my informant's view of the colt's temper was a correct one. Whittier, I am told, will never race on such a course as Doncaster. He hates to hear the roar of the crowd, and everyone knows what a Doncaster roar is like.

Looking at the enormous stud of horses he has, it is strange Colonel North cannot win more races. The horses are freely entered, and they are generally greatly fancied, for the handicappers cannot be accused of treating them harshly. Whether the Colonel chooses the races his horses are to be nominated for, I do not know, but I think I could place them with better judgment.

I see Colonel North has said he is getting tired of racing because it takes up too much of his time. Time is, of course, valuable to the Colonel, and business cannot be transacted on Newmarket Heath or at Goodwood. However, those who should know, say the day is far distant when the Colonel will give up the sport of kings.

If, as is the case with cricket, jockeys' positions were governed by the averages J. Watts would be an easy first. It is many years since a rider has had such a splendid record. Watts does not put himself out to secure a mount, for his weight is a source of great trouble to him. Indeed, rumours of his retirement have been flying about for some time. He is very rich, even for a jockey, and looking at Watts's fine house at Newmarket we cannot be surprised to hear that a foreigner put down his residence as the Jockey Club premises.

As I announced some two months ago, it is now definitely settled that Charles Hawtrey takes the Avenue Theatre. After a revival of *The Private Secretary* and a new piece by Mr. R. C. Carton, Mr. Hawtrey will probably produce a piece of his own, in which the love interest is dealt with in a somewhat subtle and novel manner. As Mr. H. H. Morell will look after the business part of the arrangements, and leave the dear, delightful, irresponsible Charles to act and stage-manage, the venture should be extremely successful.

Poor little Rose Norreys seems never to have recovered from the severe illness that overtook her a year ago. Her life in London has been a singularly sad one. She would allow no one to help her, or even come near her, and the lonely existence she led has apparently preyed upon her mind. She is now being looked after by friends, but I fear it will be many a long month of quiet and rest before the clever little woman can hope to recover her powers.

A more disappointing career than this lady's I do not know. She was one of the very few young actresses who had the faintest sense of humour, and had she known her own business she might have been at the very top of the tree by now. But her ambition lay in the direction that nature had distinctly forbidden to her. It was her firm intention at one time to play Lady Macbeth, whom she was convinced should be a designing little creature—a sort of classical Becky Sharpe. A strong disbelief in friendships seems to have got hold of her, and she came to regard those who were only too anxious to help and aid her as little more than her secret enemies.

It is not improbable that before long Miss Florence St. John may appear in comedy. She decided a long time ago to show the public that she is an actress as well as a singer. Those who are in a position to judge tell me that when she does fix upon a part that suits her she will be as delightful in drama as she has ever been in comic opera.

I am inclined to think that the leading lady at the Court Theatre this next season will be Miss Alma Stanley.

A correspondent asks me what is the correct get-up

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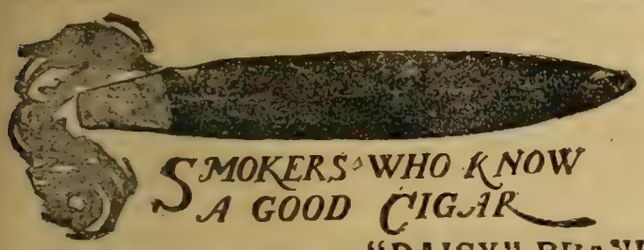

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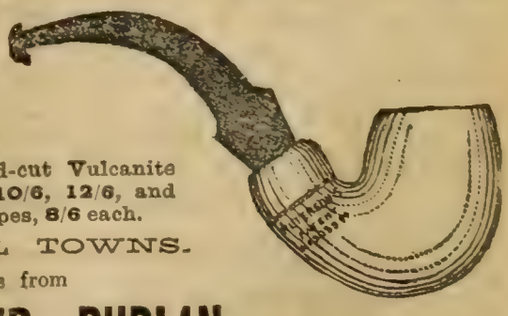

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for walking in the country. Thank Heaven! there is none; that is the great charm of walking in the country. You can wear anything that you find comfortable, no matter how disreputable it may be, or how incongruous it would be under other circumstances. My correspondent suggests a tweed suit, cap, brown boots, and gaiters. That is excellent, but I do not quite see the use of gaiters. They are too warm over trousers, and if he is wearing knickerbockers he might just as well wear stockings and spats. But, as I have said, it is merely a matter of personal comfort. My correspondent further wants to know the usual church-going costume in the country. This is much the same as in town, except that young men rarely wear frock-coats. But they are very punctilious about the silk hat.

The Major.

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The statements in this Prospectus are based upon information supplied by Mr. F. J. Hammond, one of the Vendors, and upon the Reports before referred to.

For particulars as to purchase consideration, contracts, etc., see the full prospectus, copies of which may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

London, August 24, 1895.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

So we ain't ter 'ave no more expresses ricing. Well, I never druv a henjin myself, and I don't know whort a henjin kin do or whort it cawn't do when it's put to it. Still I've alwise 'ad a fancy fur anythink in the wye of sport, and I dun' know as some of these ole lydies as 'ave been darn on the comp'nies fur ricin' their trins ain't bin talkin' foolishness. It do oftun 'appen that when people gits up and torks abart whort ain't their own business, they goes a bit orf. Stan's ter reasing, it do. Well, nar, with regawd ter this sime ricin' of trines, I surpose as it's the business o' the comp'ny, of their passingers, and o' them as they emply. Very well then, is comp'ny directors an' traffic manygers a set o' blomin' 'awf-fledged byebies. In course they isn't. They know very well if they wrecks a train, 'as a kerlisshun or anythink, they 'as ter pye for it. Suttingly, an' no mistike abart it. You bust your crust on a rilewye throo' the fault o' the comp'ny, and its rare good business fur yaw widder. Is it likely then as they'll go beyond whort's sife and whort they knows ter be sife? Not much. And then agen, a henjin'-driver on a express mikes, I dessay, very good money. I've no dart abart it, all the sime 'e don't mike enough money fur 'im ter think it wuth while to risk 'is bloomin' skin in order to git it. When the henjin-driver of a ricin' express writes ter the pipers to sye as 'e's 'ad the chuck fur refoosin' ter tike 'is trine above whort it will sifely go, then that'll be real talkin'. Then I'll set darn, and listen. If anybody 'as the right ter speak on this 'ere subjic' it's the henjin-driver. John Burns, 'e knows a bit, but 'e ain't the driver o' the express 'isself. Therefore when John Burns ses as it's bad fur the driver, I puts my finger ter my nose an' says "awsk the driver."

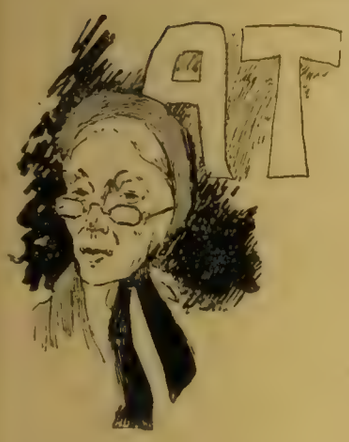
* * * *

Nar ricin 'buses—that's a different thing. As a joodishus man I shud sye as that they ought not ter be allard. Nor it ain't allard neither. All the sime it do 'appen sometimes. I've knowed it 'appen. Further, I've bin on the 'bus when it 'appened. Further still, I've 'ad a little bet of one bob on my opinyun as to the comperrytive merits o' the 'buses. But that don't sye as it's right. I were a young man then. I 'adn't reached the pitch o' gen'rul joodishusness as I 'as nar-a-dyes. We lives and we learns. Tike the kise o' that unfortshnit man Ike. I dunno 'ow many times the coppers 'asn't 'ad 'im fur one thing or another. Sometimes, I dessay, they was in the right. Yer see, Ike's a wunner on anythink in the nychur of a rice. I mind one time as 'e went down into the country with 'is boy as is a lad of ite. Well, they was farnd at a plice wheer a stream run under the road. They stawtid throwin' straws in the water one side o' the bridge, and betted each other 'ipe'nies as ter which straw 'ud come art fust on the other side. And, 'is son 'avin' the gift o' luck, Ike 'ad lost itepence-'ipe'ny ter 'im, and the boy spendin' it in subserquent on very'gited peppermints gort that ill as it were a matter fur a 'orspital. Yus, Ike 'as occishanally in the drivin' of 'is bus gorn beyond whort 'e ought ter go. I'm a man as sticks up fur a man as fur as it can be done, but I must sye as Ike 'as nar and then give the coppers their chawnce. They mye 'ave bin in the right sometimes, consequently they 'as a predyjice' agin' Ike, and nar they kips a eye on 'im and 'as 'im whortever 'e does. If 'e were to set on a bloomin' monnymunt, planted six foot deep, they'd pull 'm fur drivin' of it wanton. If 'e could 'ave lived and learned 'e 'd 'ave dropped it afore 'e gort 'isself a nime fur sich conduc'. It ain't a good thing ter git yerself a nime fur anythink. If yer 'as a nime fur doin' whort yer oughtn't, yer gets dropped on even when you're doin' whort yer ought, and if yer 'as a nime for doin' whort yer ought, too much is egspectid of yer. Such is fime!

CALLED OUT.

BY

ALEXANDER STUART.



AT the end of the gallery on the minister's left hand a diminutive woman sat, and was more regularly in her place than even the minister himself. Hers was not a conspicuous figure. When she stood up to sing she was no taller than other people when they sat. A long black shawl covered the greater part of her person in a sort of triangular fold. The skin of her face was very near the bone, giving her a meagre, sallow look, but her piercing black eyes added liveliness and colour. During the singing of the hymn she was sometimes the least bit ahead of the congregation, and for a couple of seconds her shrill pipe would be just audible. When she subsided into her seat again it was with the air of one who had done her duty and thoroughly enjoyed the doing of it. To gauge the depth of her admiration for the minister would be to take too great a liberty with her femininity. To her he was a sort of angel in black clothes with the additional disadvantage of a beard. She was a woman with an abiding sorrow, but she forgot it when the sermon began.

The little woman's name was Walmsley. She was a widow, and had an only child, a great hulking lad, who worked in the iron furnaces. Mrs. Walmsley had little to complain of in her son, except that he refused to go to church with her. Sundays he spent in the green fields, or wherever he could glean any kind of enjoyment. This was a deep and abiding grief to his little mother. She coaxed him, she threatened him, once she had even tried to compel him to accompany her, the last was a dismal failure. He smoked his pipe sitting by the kitchen fire in the comfort obtained by doing without boots and jacket, and enjoyed the intellectual treat of his weekly newspaper, whose principal item was the police news. At last Mrs. Walmsley gave up open expostulation. When the minister was offering up the prayers of the congregation the little mother was praying for her son.

The sunlight streamed through the darkened windows of the church. Mrs. Walmsley had closed her book, and taken off her spectacles after having carefully looked up the text, when the beadle, a white-haired, soldierly-looking man, was observed advancing along the passage of the left gallery. Every eye that could see him anxiously awaited the event. Only Mrs. Walmsley never turned her head. The beadle did not pause until he reached the pew where she sat, with her eyes devoutly turned towards the pulpit. Bending down, he whispered something in her ear, and without waiting to observe the effect of his words, returned as he had come. The little woman gave a jump in her seat; then, picking up her books and spectacles, flew along the passage in a sort of nightmare of excitement. She felt that she was doing something extraordinary; but there seemed to be no help for it. The beadle had said that she was wanted at once; and she left the responsibility with him. But so absorbed was she by the consciousness of the great commotion she was causing in the congregation that, for the first time in her life, being in church, she did not know that the minister had begun his sermon. At last she was in the church porch, and face to face with the neighbour who had called her out.

Poor little mother! what an ordeal she had come through, only to be struck to the heart. Her son had been brought home unconscious from the old stone quarries close at hand, where he had been wandering heedlessly with his companion, when his foot slipped, and he rolled over a steep cliff of stone, the edge of which was treacherously concealed by the graceful meadow grass. It was only too evident that his mother ought be sent for at once. Happily there was no difficulty in knowing where she was.

SHE SAT DOWN CALMLY BY THE FIRE.

A woful picture the little mother made as she hurried along the streets with her lips drawn in tight and her eyes wide open, but seeing nothing. She could not think clearly; but with what powers of mind she had she was holding an argument with the Almighty. He had judged her and her house; but was it in anger or in love? She felt capable, in her agony, of covering her boy with her now body even from the javelin of His wrath.

Mrs. Walmsley stood by the bedside of her son, and the anguish of her heart was apparent in her face. Awakening to consciousness for the last time, the lad opened his eyes and looked at her with a mournfulness in them that was more eloquent than words.

"I'd have done better to have gone with you, mother," he said, speaking with difficulty, but calmly, as if the worst were already past. "There's no chance for me, I'm dying. It's hard on you, but—it can't be helped now."

"God is good," said the little mother, with a heroism that unconsciously strengthened them both. "Even though He slay us we must trust in Him. I was praying to Him when it happened; and I know He wouldn't have let you fall if He hadn't meant to save you. I believe that, Bob; though I wish—He had done it different."

The lad closed his eyes for a few seconds; death was closing in upon him quickly, but he wished to say something that would comfort her.

"It's all right, mother," he said, making a last effort, and looking up in her face with a brave attempt to smile.

"'Twon't make much difference anyhow; but if there's church up there, I'll take sittings for two."

He died with the smile on his face; and the little mother sat down calmly by the fire to make an effort to realise her loneliness. But her heart failed her; and before the night was gone she had joined her son.

THE CASE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The controversy about the character of Mary Queen of Scots will probably be settled only by the Last Trumpet. On any hypothesis, great allowance must be made for the influences to which in the wicked and corrupt court of Catherine de Médicis, and afterward among the savage, plotting, and turbulent nobility of Scotland her young heart was exposed. The death scene, at all events, here fully described, is in the highest degree magnificent and touching. Her bearing on the scaffold, and from the moment of her condemnation to death, superbly combines royal dignity with Christian resignation and meekness. It is not easy to understand how the woman could have gone through it as she did if there had been anything heavy weighing upon her conscience—though what would weigh very heavily on a conscience formed under Catherine de Médicis and the Guises it is difficult to say. Perhaps the murder of Darnley, supposing Mary to have been an accomplice, as we can hardly help doing, need not have weighed on her conscience as the murder of a husband, seeing that he had broken into her chamber with a gang of murderers, stabbed her favourite attendant almost in her arms, and, to justify the outrage, whispered foul slanders against her honour. With Froude Mary's behaviour on the scaffold, like her conduct throughout life, is but the last exhibition of the wiles of the consummate actress and "enchantress." The nerve which could sustain such acting on the scaffold would be almost as admirable as genuine virtue. But Froude is also an enchanter in his way. Mary, when she bent her head to the axe, appeared entirely clothed in red. "Thus," says Froude, "she stood on the black scaffold, with the black figures all round her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons," he proceeds, "for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture; it is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling." The fact is that she came on the scaffold in black; but when she was disrobed for execution, her red or crimson petticoat and bodice ("blood-red" Froude chooses to call them) were, probably on her part unexpectedly, at least without any premeditated effect, exposed to view. When her head was cut off, Froude tells us, "the coif fell off, and the false plaits, the laboured delusion, vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness; the executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the grizzled features of a withered old woman." This in the literary artist's version of the simple contemporary statement that Mary's "dressing of lawn, falling off from her head, it appeared as grey as one of three-score and ten years old and polled very short, her face in a moment being so much altered from the form she had when she was alive as few could remember her by her dead face." Any face, probably, would be altered by decapitation. But decapitation could not suddenly produce "wrinkles." Froude revels in the falling off of the false hair and the revelation of the grey locks beneath. But surely a woman in those days, at all events, might wear false hair without being a Duessa; and Mary's head, as we see, was covered by a coif. Her own hair might well be grey.

The courts of justice at that time for the trials of State prisoners were, as Hallam says, little better than the caverns of murderers. The trial of Mary Queen of Scots was conducted with strict regard to decorum. But it was not fair. The witnesses Nau and Curle were not confronted with the accused, though she earnestly called for their production. She was not allowed access to the papers on which the case against her was founded. She was not provided with counsel, while the Attorney-general, and the Queen's Serjeant appeared against her for the Crown. Alone in the frowning conclave of forty commissioners, she had to face the interrogatories and plead her own cause. In fact, the verdict had been settled, as usual in State trials, by the Privy Council, and the trial at Fotheringay was a legal pageant. History, therefore, must enter a verdict of "Not Proven." Mary solemnly protested to the Earl of Kent and his associates, with her hand on the New Testament, that she had "neither either desired the death of the queen or endeavoured to bring it about or that of any other person." Such a protest is compatible with the hypothesis that she was guilty of participation in Babington's conspiracy as a plot for her release from prison, and perhaps as a plot for a rising in her favour, but innocent of it as a plot for the murder of Elizabeth. Participation in a plot for her own release alone would be hardly criminal.

On the other hand, if the ex-Queen of Scots had committed a crime, especially if she had plotted the assassination of Elizabeth, there was no real force in her passionate claim to the inviolability of a sovereign. She had resigned her crown, very reluctantly, no doubt; but not involuntarily in such a sense as to invalidate the resignation. At any rate, she had lost it *de facto*. When she sought an asylum in England, she submitted herself to English law. Was she to be at liberty to cut the throat of the English queen with sovereign impunity? Nor had she any ground for asserting, as she constantly did, that she died a martyr to the Catholic religion. It was not for her religion that she was, or was ever in danger of being, put to death. She was put to death for political conspiracy and as a person dangerous to the State.

HAIR CUTTING BY ELECTRICITY.

Every day some new use to which electricity may be applied comes to light. It has now entered the barbers shops and displaced the shears. The new electrical barber appears to consist of a comb, over the teeth of which is stretched a platinum wire. A push or switch arranged over the handle of the comb enables the barber to throw a current of electricity through the teeth or wire over the same, and thus raise the temperature to a bright heat. The comb is then passed through the hair, which it "cuts" or singes off, it is stated, as smoothly and skilfully as an expert operator could clip it. The locks are, it is claimed, rather benefited than injured by the process, as the hairs do not "bleed" as they do when cut by scissors.

One of the most notable features of this process is the evenness of the "cutting," for the reason that the platinum cutter is always in a straight line and in one position. Therefore, it cannot remove the hair unevenly, and since the hot wire is not a live flame, it is impossible to set the hair on fire, as is often the case when using a gas flame or taper, as in the old process of hair singeing. The rapidity of the work effected is also described as a welcome improvement. To use the apparatus all that is necessary is to remove an incandescent lamp from a socket, put the plug of the "singe-cutting" comb in its place, and it is ready for business. The whole apparatus is apparently simple and little liable to get out of order. Repairs are claimed to be easily and quickly made, and that any hairdresser can use the apparatus without trouble or experience. The platinum cutters can be replaced in a few seconds without the aid or use of tools of any kind.

A LAW CASE

3.0. Counsel for the Plaintiff rises to address the Jury. (N.B.—The Plaintiff is the benevolent-looking old gentleman without any hair.)

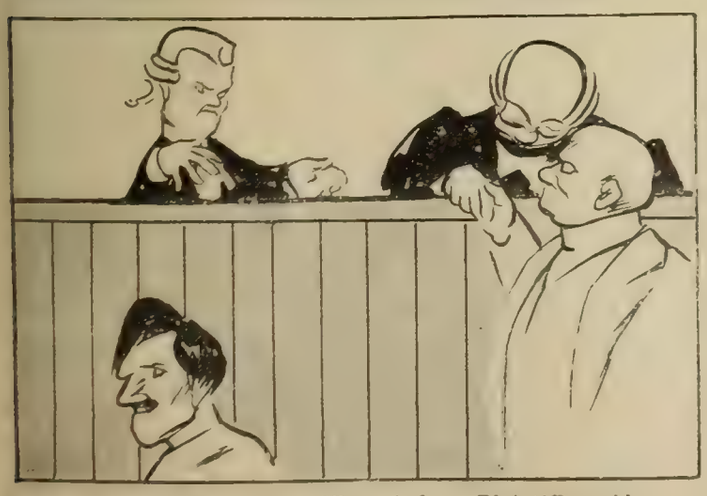
4.0. Counsel for the Defendant rises.

3.15. Counsel for the Plaintiff waxes eloquent concerning his client's virtue.

4.15. Counsel for the Defendant concludes. Plaintiff wishes he had never brought the case.

3.30. Counsel for the Plaintiff denounces the Defendant.

4.30. Waiting for the Verdict.



3.45. Counsel for the Plaintiff concludes. Plaintiff considers the case as good as won.

4.45. All over.

HOW TO BECOME A SINGER.
A CHAT WITH SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Every lover of music is familiar with the name, if not with the personality—for Sir Joseph Barnby is singularly modest and unassuming—of the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. As a conductor he is unrivalled, and his singular powers of organisation and perseverance have made the establishment over which he has now presided for three years one of the best conservatoires of music in the world.

"Sir Joseph Barnby," writes a representative of To-Day, "is quite unlike the popular picture of a musical genius. He has a cheery, kindly manner, betrays a keen interest in all that is going on in the outside world of art and letters, and is never seen to such advantage as when spending a portion of his hard-earned leisure in his own home surrounded by his beautiful wife and three charming young people, who have been always taught to make Sir Joseph their best friend and confidant."

"What do I think of music as a profession?" he repeated thoughtfully, after we had settled ourselves down in the pretty boudoir-study where my host has interviewed many a would-be Patti and Sims Reeves. "Not as much as I should like to do, the competition is so keen. At the Guildhall School we have nearly one hundred and fifty professors, and something like six thousand lessons are given during each week. I need hardly tell you," he added quickly, "that out of our three thousand seven hundred pupils fully three thousand three hundred are amateurs; in other words, we are educating future audiences."

"Among your professional pupils, have you more girls than young men?"

"Certainly, and the reason is not far to seek. A prima-donna is always a far greater draw than a male singer holding the same place in the musical world. Where a woman can obtain a two hundred-guinea fee a man has to content himself with sixty. But alas! how few ever obtain leading positions? Many young people who start with the ambition of becoming opera singers end as music-teachers; not but what a teacher often makes a very good thing of it, still disappointment is inevitable."

"Professional life seems to have great charm for many people, Sir Joseph?"

"One cannot wonder at it," he answered, "seeing that those who occupy leading positions—such singers as Patti and Madame Melba—make an income of twelve to fourteen thousand a year, and when in work think nothing of a salary of £400 a week. By the way, many of those who fail end by entering choirs. We have some admirable musicians in our great choirs."

"And do those who succeed owe their success to their voice, or to some business faculty and power of push, and so on?"

"To their voice and musical talent," he answered in a decided tone. "Only those with exceptional voices should ever dream of becoming singers. Take, for instance, Patti; she has a unique voice, one in a million. Such a voice is not heard twice in a generation."

"And do you deny the possibility of mute, inglorious Pattis scattered here and there?"

"In the present day the thing is next to impossible. But, of course, as regards the career of a genius, musical or otherwise, everything tells. Jenny Lind owed her position not only to her voice but to her dramatic genius. Never shall I forget hearing her sing 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' from the 'Elijah.'"

"Now, Sir Joseph, what advice would you give to a would-be singer?"

He hesitated.

"The secret of teaching singing is, in modern days, nearly lost. You see there is the placing of the voice, vocalisation, phrasing, development, style, and so on. Some masters are excellent for voice production, but for nothing else; others have a gift for instilling ballad singing or French chansonnettes. I am a great believer in specialists, and, as far as possible, we try at the Guildhall to take these matters into consideration. When I think a pupil has acquired all that he or she can do from one master I pass her on to another, although, of course, no teacher likes to be deprived of a good pupil, but still the latter's interest has first to be considered."

"And when ought a girl to start learning singing?"

"It is almost impossible to answer such a question with accuracy. Both boys and girls vary extremely, and I look forward to a time when parents will take as much trouble in choosing teachers for their children as they now do," said Sir Joseph, smiling, "in selecting a new cook or housemaid. But seriously, I think sixteen is a good age, although I have known some girls to be as much grown up at fourteen as others are at seventeen."

"By the way, how do you regard infant prodigies?"

"I have nothing to say against them," he answered thoughtfully, "if they really *are* prodigies. Patti sang when she was little more than an infant, and her vocal chords remained uninjured. Of course, a young voice should never be strained. I should like to impress that on parents who enjoy 'showing off' their little ones."

"And how long should a musical education last?"

"Well, at least four years, say from sixteen to twenty. And then, mark you, the pupil has to learn how to appear before an audience, and how to make her effects—no easy matter I assure you—though we do all we can by giving periodical concerts to which the public are admitted!"

"Now, Sir Joseph, as to the great question of expense—how much does a musical education cost?"

"The fees differ greatly."

"And how about the Guildhall School of Music?"

"There, thanks to the generosity of the Corporation, we have a five shilling entrance-fee, and a charge of a guinea and a half each term for each subject, the pupil being at liberty to only take one subject."

"I suppose you are not one of those who think an operatic singer must study abroad for a time?"

"Not necessarily, as regards the present day. There are now as many good teachers in England as on the Continent, but I admit a knowledge of Italian greatly helps a singer as regards vocalisation, and greatly improves the production of a voice. Paris is excellent when dramatic tuition is in question."

"Now, as regards orchestra, I suppose you train many of your pupils with a view to that all-important branch of latter-day music?"

"Yes, I often recommend my pupils, girls as well as young men, to work with that end in view. The world has greatly changed," added Sir Joseph, genially. "A quarter of a century ago a lady violinist was unknown, and it was considered almost indelicate for a woman to stand up and play the fiddle. Then Norman-Neruda arose, and proved that a lady could handle the instrument with genius, modesty, and grace. Women often acquire a delicacy and surety of touch lacking in their brother violinists. I have a great many ladies in my Guildhall Orchestra, and I look forward to a time when every conductor will number several among his flock, for women are very deft with their fingers."

"And do you consider a position in an orchestra is a good one from a pecuniary point of view?"

"What with teaching and special fees a member of a good orchestra ought to make from two to three hundred pounds a year; and I hope that before long every town in England will rival Germany as regards orchestras. Look at Carlsruhe, a city with only 60,000 inhabitants, where they possses a splendid orchestra."

"And, if I may ask an indiscreet question, who is your own favourite composer?"

Sir Joseph smiled. "I have for motto, 'From Bach to Offenbach.' I can never understand the attitude of a

man who admires Beethoven and denies genius to Mozart. Wagner is to my mind the greatest composer the world has ever seen—But why, because I respect Mont Blanc, should I deny the charms of Ben Lomond? I have had, I do not say as deep, but as acute a pleasure in hearing that fine melody—and I speak in all seriousness—"The Old Kent Road" as in assisting at an oratorio."

"One word more. How about the vexed question of encores?"

"They interrupt the unity of a performance," he answered quickly, "and add nothing to the artistic value of the programme; also they greatly contribute to vanity; and so from every point of view they are very undesirable." And with this very decided opinion on a question which has mildly agitated audiences and singers, our pleasant chat came to an end.

M. A. B.

A BOSTON WOMAN.

I didn't quite catch her name when old Shaw presented me to her, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining-room he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to who she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How did you like the Ibsen performances?" With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Ibsen was a new acrobat, or a pianist, or what. You can never tell where these Boston women are going to break out next, anyhow. "Oh, I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in Boston, they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," said I, at a venture.

"What a queer way to put it. Tell me, is that a new expression?" She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere, and prepared to write. "You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms, and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck,' I think the most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly." As she proceeded with this, I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has just flashed on my mind; I think I have traced the origin of it already."

"The origin of what?" said I, a little wildly.

"The expression 'Too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'To have a thing on the brain' and 'To get it in the neck.'"

"Yes," rejoined I, feebly, "that seems very plausible." I made mental note of the fact that the one was especially applicable to her and the other to me. She evidently had something on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck. When I emerged from the maziness of this thought she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought, with me, but in reality with herself. "Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across for some time; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it in many respects the most important and interesting on my list."

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet; "which do you really think he is best in, *The Pillars of Society* or *The Master Builder*?"

"Who?" said I, absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Ibsen."

"Oh, yes; Ibsen." I laughed nervously. "Why I think he was better in *The Master Builder*. That is a much better test of pure strength. The *Pillars of Society* is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in *Samson*, and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in *The Master Builder*, but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I supposed, of course, the *Pillars of Society* and *The Master Builder* were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in *Samson* as *The Pillars of Society* sounded about like the scene where he pulls the temple down about him. It was time to change the subject. That was plain. So with cool irrelevance I asked:

"Have you read 'Chimmie Fadden'?" It was an immense relief to find that she followed the diversion.

"No," she replied; "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman Clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides, I take two courses at the Harvard Annexe—one on Dante, the other on the town tax during the Middle Ages; so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac. "Tell me," said I, "that Miss—a—a—what's-her-name. She's some sort of new woman, isn't she?"

"I guess not," said old Shaw. "We've had that kind in Boston ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked, vaguely.

THE MYSTERIOUS THIRTEEN TREES.

Over a century ago, on the upper west side, at a spot known as Fort George, but now a part of Harlem, Alexander Hamilton, whose breath was stopped by Aaron Burr's bullet, planted thirteen trees within a radius of thirteen square feet. Now they are sturdy oaks, and a splendid object lesson in forestry. Although planted on the knoll of an obscure hill, this bunch of timber attracts the attention of all who pass that way, whether they know its history or not. Like Hamilton was, these trees are now,—namely, eccentric. One may face them from any angle, or any range of vision, and count them, but by some hocus pocus one is sure to miscalculate their number, invariably falling short at least one tree, a round dozen alone being visible.

In order to accurately count the trees in this big trunked maze one must scale the dilapidated fence surrounding the oaks and count them one by one, marking them in order to avoid a second error. You will then find that the unlucky number is there. Harlemites, who are acquainted with the mystery, frequently lay wagers with the uninitiated. After rousing a stranger's curiosity, they eagerly bet him liquid refreshments or money that he cannot count the Hamilton oaks correctly. They always win, of course. Then they take pride in telling the loser how to play the game on others and get even. The thirteen trees were planted by Alexander Hamilton to commemorate the thirteen original States.

THE CHAIR OF RUBENS.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

About the year 1591 there stood in the principal street of Antwerp a large, peculiarly-built house, with many balconies, turrets, and doors; here lived the

HE THREW HIMSELF AT HER FEET.

handsomest woman in Antwerp, the young Countess Lalaing. This youthful lady, French by birth, was married to the old Count in Paris, and after ten joyless years she became a widow, with the house in Antwerp for a dower-house. The Lalaing Palace she furnished magnificently, and it became the rendezvous of the *élite* of the town.

The Countess had four handsome and well-born pages, and it happened that once a wart grew on the nose of the youngest. The charming widow, whose peculiarity was that she could bear none but beautiful faces round her, was horrified, and, when the doctors had tried in vain to rid the child of the disfigurement, she sent him away. Out of many competitors the son of a lovely woman was chosen, who himself was remarkable for his great beauty. This child was Peter Paul Rubens. Mother and son were parted for the first time when the boy became the page of Cécile de Lalaing. They had travelled from Cologne together in the vain hope of recovering a sum of money once lent by Maria Rubens's husband to a friend in Antwerp.

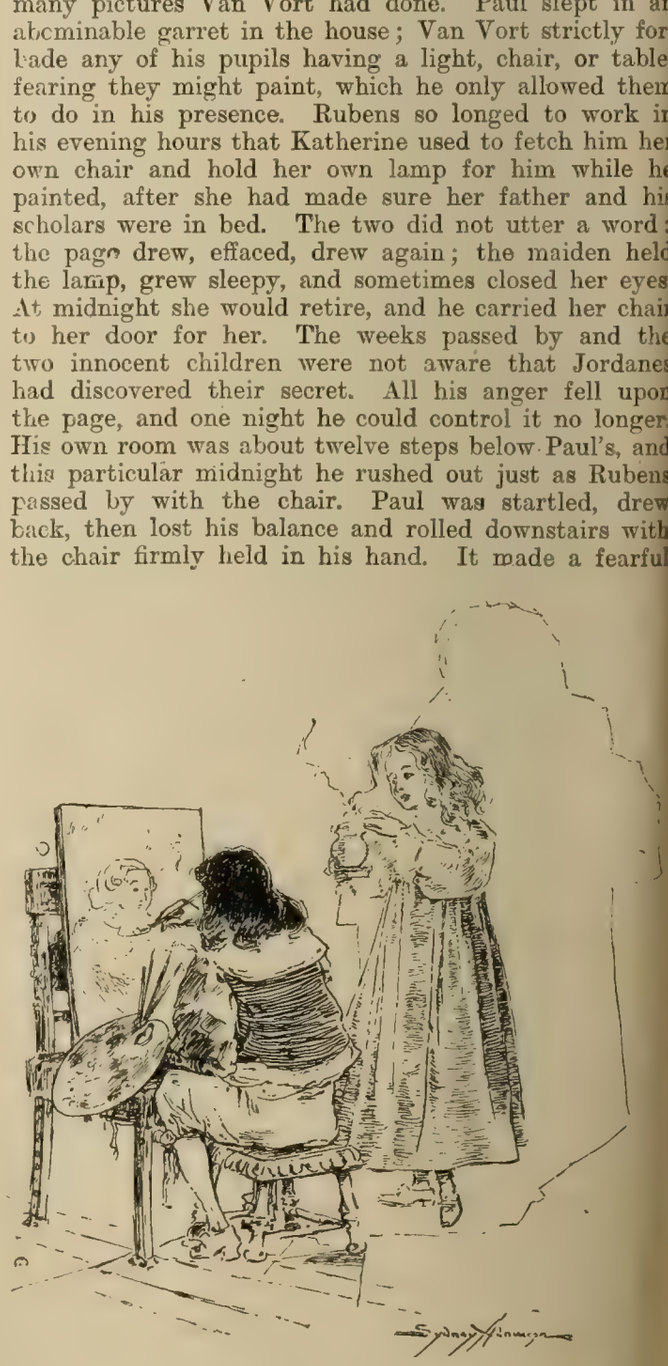
* * * * *

Countess Lalaing wished to have her portrait painted and the far-famed Van Vort was to paint it; she was to be dressed in a light-coloured satin gown, her shoulders and arms bare, and playing with a brown lap-dog. She went almost daily to the studio, taking no one with her except her page Paul Rubens. Van Vort was indeed clever, but rough and uncouth. The day of the first sitting a new world unfolded itself before the gaze of Rubens—a world full of light and beauty. He grew after each sitting more joyous and happy, and when the picture was finished, and put into the Countess's room for everyone to admire, he threw himself at her feet, exclaiming excitedly, "Lady, I have found my career! Let me leave, I must become a painter!"

* * * * *

It is impossible to say how long the page petitioned or how long he was refused, but by-and-by he left the Lalaing Palace, and appeared by the side of the great artist's young daughter as a colour-grinder, in a brown dress.

Katherine Van Vort was a thoughtless, warm-hearted, and very beautiful child. The new pupil admired her greatly, and this admiration was shared by another scholar—Francis Jordanes. You could not be angry with Katherine; even her father sometimes smiled at her jokes and chatter. The old painter's treasure was his daughter, to her he was always gentle, but the young page was the butt of his anger. It annoyed him that the pampered boy should have so soon become accustomed to the atmosphere of the studio, and that he could not find fault with him. Paul was untiring; no movement or stroke of the master's brush escaped him, and Katherine was loud in her praises. She thought of nothing but the clever and amiable boy. She let him secretly into the studio when her father was out, leaving him there for hours, and often showing him many pictures Van Vort had done. Paul slept in an abominable garret in the house; Van Vort strictly forbade any of his pupils having a light, chair, or table, fearing they might paint, which he only allowed them to do in his presence. Rubens so longed to work in his evening hours that Katherine used to fetch him her own chair and hold her own lamp for him while he painted, after she had made sure her father and his scholars were in bed. The two did not utter a word: the page drew, effaced, drew again; the maiden held the lamp, grew sleepy, and sometimes closed her eyes. At midnight she would retire, and he carried her chair to her door for her. The weeks passed by and the two innocent children were not aware that Jordanes had discovered their secret. All his anger fell upon the page, and one night he could control it no longer. His own room was about twelve steps below Paul's, and this particular midnight he rushed out just as Rubens passed by with the chair. Paul was startled, drew back, then lost his balance and rolled downstairs with the chair firmly held in his hand. It made a fearful



SHE USED TO HOLD THE LAMP FOR HIM.

noise, and Katherine, who was carrying the lamp, screamed. Then a door opened, and Master Van Vort in his long dressing-gown appeared like a ghost. His naturally brown face became pale with anger as the handsome page, chair in hand, rolled down at his feet. Jordanes disappeared instantly. The beautiful Katherine stood with downcast eyes; her father shut her into his studio, and locked the door, then rushed at

Rubens and pushed him and his chair out of doors, without listening to all he was trying to say, bidding him never darken his doors again.

But the artist regretted his fit of passion next morning, for Katherine had vented her anger upon the colour and oil pots, and poured and mixed in a way never done before. His second discovery moved him more. He found in his expelled scholar's bedroom a woman's head in oils—a noble face, with wonderful eyes, unfinished, but every stroke showing great genius. Van Vort stood motionless before the picture, and then he said, half aloud: "It seems to me that this scholar could almost be my master." The head was that of Paul Rubens's mother.

* * * * *

When you go to the Museum at Antwerp do not forget to visit a side room, where you will find, just opposite the entrance, an old rickety chair with a low black leather seat and high wooden back—it is the chair which served the boy Rubens as an easel.

ROYAL BODY-SNATCHING.

"It was on April 30th, 1867, that an expedition left Shanghai bound for Corea. The aims of that expedition seemed rather obscure to many of the foreign residents at the port of departure, as little faith was reposed in the commander. Still, it must be said for its members that until they departed they played their *rôle* well. Corea was then practically a closed country; wherefore a certain amount of curiosity was displayed at Shanghai when three or four Coreans, dressed up in their quaint costumes and transparent horse-hair hats, were seen walking about, and being introduced here and there by a French bishop called Ridel. A few days later the curiosity of the foreign residents grew in intensity when the news spread that an American subject, a certain Jenkins, formerly interpreter at the U.S. Consulate, had, at his own expense, chartered a ship and hurriedly fitted out an expedition, taking under his command eight other Europeans, all of a more or less dubious character, and a suite of about 150 Chinamen and Manillamen, the riff-raff of the Treaty Port, who were to be the crew and military escort of the expedition. A man called Oppert, a North-German Jew, and believed by everybody to be an adventurer under the guise of a trader, was in command of the 'fleet'—which was composed of a steamer, if I remember right, of about 700 tons, called the *China*, and a small tender of little over 50 tons, called the *Greta*. Oppert flew the flag of his own country, and in due course gave the order to start."

"Well, so far so good," I interrupted; "But you have not told me what connection there was between Bishop Ridel's four Coreans and your body-snatching friends?"

"Well, you see, the American and Oppert took advantage of their appearance in Shanghai to let people believe that they were high officials sent over by the king, who was anxious to send an embassy to the different courts of Europe to explain the slaughter of foreigners which had taken place in his country, and also with the object of entering, if possible, into treaties with the different European monarchs—in fact to open his country to foreign trade and commerce. It seemed somewhat a large order to anyone who knew of the retiring nature of the king, but everything was done so quickly that the expedition was gone before people had time to inquire into its real object.

"The fleet, as I have remarked, in due time started, and after calling on its way at Nagasaki, where rifles and other firearms and ammunition were purchased with which to arm the military escort, steered a course to the mouth of the Han river. Among the eight Europeans of dubious character on board was a Frenchman, a Jesuit priest, who called himself Farout, but whose real name was Feron, and who played an important part in the piratical scheme, for, having lived some time previously in Corea, he had mastered the language. Besides, he had travelled a good deal along the river Han, so that he was entrusted with the responsible position of guide and interpreter to the body-snatchers!"

"Curious position for a missionary to occupy," I could not help remarking.

"Yes. They reached Prince Jerome's Gulf on the 8th of May, and the next day, sounding continually, slowly steamed up the river Han to a point where it was deemed advisable to man the tender and rowing-boats, with a view to completing the expedition in these.

"This plan was successfully carried out, and during the night, under the command of Oppert, and escorted by the marauders, who were armed to the teeth, they proceeded to the point where l'Abbé Feron advised a landing. Here, making no secret of their designs, they ill-treated the natives and pillaged their poor huts, after which they made their way to the tomb where the relics lay of some royal personage, supposed to have been buried there with mountains of gold and precious jewels, which relics were held in much veneration by the great Regent, the Tai-wen-kun. The impudent scheme, in a few words, was this: to take the natives by surprise, dig the body quickly out of its underground place of what should have been eternal rest, and take possession of anything valuable that might be found in the grave. The disturbed bones of the unfortunate prince were to be carried on board, and a high ransom was to be extorted from the great Regent, who they thought would offer any sum to get back the cherished bones of his ancestor.

"The march from the landing-place to the tomb occupied longer than had been anticipated, and crowds of astonished and angry natives followed the procession of armed men. The latter finally reached the desired spot, a funny little semi-spherical mound of earth, with a few stone figures of men and ponies roughly carved on either side, and guarded by two stone slabs.

"The 'abbé,' who among other things, was said to have been the promoter of the scheme, pointed out the mound, and, rejoicing with Oppert and Jenkins at having been so far successful, gave orders to the coolies to proceed at once to dig. Spades and shovels had been brought for the purpose, and the little mound was rapidly being levelled, while the turbulent crowd of infuriated Coreans which had collected was getting more and more menacing. These seemed to spring out by hundreds from every side as by magic, and the body snatchers were soon more than ten times outnumbered. No greater insult or infamous act could there be to a Corean mind than the violation of a grave. As spadeful after spadeful of earth was removed by the shaking hands of the frightened coolies, shouts, hisses, and oaths went up from the maddened crowd, but Oppert and the French abbé, half scared as they were, still pined for the hidden treasure, and encouraged the grave-diggers with promises of rewards as well as with the invigorating butt-ends of their rifles. At last, after digging a big hole in the earth, their spades came upon a huge slab of stone, which seemed to be the top of the sarcophagus."

"I suppose that no oath was bad enough for the three leaders, then?" said I.

"No; they were mad with fury, and more so when all the strength of their men combined was not sufficient to stir the stone an inch.

"The crowd, which till then had been merely turbulent, now became so exasperated at the cheek of the 'foreign white devils,' that it could no more keep within bounds, and a wild attack was made on the pirates. Showers of stones were thrown, and the infuriated natives made a rush upon them; but, *helas!* their attack was met by a volley of rifle-shots. Frightened

out of their lives by the murderous effects of these strange weapons, they fell back for a time, only to return by-and-by with fresh ardour to the attack. The body-snatchers, having little confidence in the courage and fidelity of the ruffian lot that composed their military escort, and, moreover, seeing that all efforts were useless to remove the 'blessed' stone, deemed it more than advisable to retreat to the tender—a retreat which, one may add, was effected somewhat hurriedly. This being done, they steamed full speed down the river, and once on board the *China*, began to feel more like themselves again.

"They anchored opposite Kang-wha Island, and remained there for three days. When as they were holding a parley on land near Tricauld Island, they were attacked again by the angry mob, the news of their outrageous deed having spread even hitherwards, and two or three of their men were killed. Realising, therefore, that it was impossible to carry out their plan, the body-snatchers returned to Shanghai. But here a surprise awaited them.

"They were all arrested and underwent a trial. So little evidence, however, was brought against them, and that little was of such a conflicting character, that they were all acquitted. Oppert, nevertheless, was imprisoned in his own country, and even brought out a book in which he described his piratical expedition."—*From "Corea," by A. H. Savage-Landor.*

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

V.—THE CRIME OF COUNT NIKOLAS OF FESTENBURG.—PART II.

ON being disturbed for the third time, the Bishop of Modenstein, whose temper was hot and cost him continual prayers and penances from the mastery it strove to win over him, was very impatient; and since he was at once angry and half-asleep, it was long before he could or would understand the monstrous news with which his frightened host came trembling and quaking to his bedside in the dead of the night. A servant-girl, stammered the frightened fellow, had run down half-dressed and panting from the Castle of Zenda, and declared that whether they chose to believe her or not—and, indeed, she could hardly believe such a thing herself, although she had seen it with her own eyes from her own window—yet Count Nikolas of Festenburg had come to the castle that evening, had spoken with Princess Osra, and now (they might call her a liar if they chose) had carried off the Princess with him on his horse to Festenburg, alive or dead none knew, and the men-servants were amazed and terrified, and the soldiers were at their wits' end, talking big and threatening to bring ten thousand men from Strelsau and to leave not one stone upon another at Festenburg, and what not. But all the while and for all their big talk nothing was done; and the Princess was at Festenburg, alive or dead or in what strait none knew. And finally, nobody but one poor servant-girl had had the wit to run down and rouse the town.

The Bishop of Modenstein sat up in his bed and he fairly roared at the innkeeper,

"Are there no men, then, who can fight in the town fool?"

"None, none, my lord—not against the Count. Count Nikolas is a terrible man. Please God, he has not killed the Princess by now."

"Saddle my horse," said the Bishop, "and be quick with it."

And he leapt out of bed with sparkling eyes. For the Bishop was a young man, but a little turned of thirty, and he was a noble of the old house of Hentzau. Now some of the Hentzaus (of whom history tells us of many) have been good, and some have been bad, and the good fear God, while the bad do not; but neither the good nor the bad fear anything in the world besides. Hence, for good or ill, they do great deeds and risk their lives as another man risks a penny. So the Bishop, leaving his bed, dressed himself in breeches and boots, and set a black cap with a violet feather on his head, and staying to put on nothing else but his shirt and his cloak over it, in ten minutes was on his horse at the door of the inn. For a moment he looked at the straggling crowd that had gathered there; then with a toss of his head and a curl of his lip he told them what he thought of them, saying openly that he thanked heaven they were not of his diocese, and in an instant he was galloping through the streets of the town towards the Castle of Festenburg, with his sword by his side and a brace of pistols in the holsters of the saddle. Thus he left the gossippers and vapourers behind, and rode alone as he was up the hill, his blood leaping and

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his heart beating quick; for, as he went, he said to himself,

"It is not often a Churchman has a chance like this."

On the stroke of half-past twelve he came to the bridge of the castle moat, and the bridge was up. But the Bishop shouted, and the watchman came out and stood in the gateway across the moat, and, the night being fine and clear, he presented an excellent aim.

"My pistol is straight at your head," cried the Bishop, "Let down the bridge. I am Frederick of Hentzau, that is, I am the Bishop of Modenstein, and I charge you, if you are a dutiful son of the Church, to obey me. The pistol is full at your head."

The watchman knew the Bishop, but he also knew the Count, his master.

"I dare not let down the bridge without an order from my lord," he faltered.

"Then before you can turn round, you are a dead man," said the Bishop.

"Will you hold me harmless with my lord, if I let it down?"

"Aye, he shall not hurt you. But if you do not immediately let it down, I'll shoot you first and refuse you Christian burial afterwards. Come, down with it."

So the watchman, fearing that if he refused the Bishop would spare neither body nor soul, but would destroy the one and damn the other, let down the bridge, and the Bishop, leaping from his horse, ran across with his drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Walking into the hall, he found a great company of Count Nikolas's men, drinking with one another, but talking uneasily and seeming alarmed. And the Bishop raised the hand that held the sword above his head in the attitude of Benediction, saying, "Peace be with you!"

Now most of them knew him by his face, and all knew him as soon as a comrade whispered his name, and they sprang to their feet, uncovering their heads and bowing. And he said,

"Where is your master, the Count?"

"The Count is upstairs, my lord," they answered. "You cannot see him now."

"Nay, but I will see him," said the Bishop.

"We are ordered to let no one pass," said they, and although their manner was full of respect, they spread themselves across the hall, and thus barred the way to the staircase that rose in the corner of the hall. But the Bishop faced them in great anger, crying,

"Do you think I do not know what has been done? Are you all, then, parties in this treachery? Do you all want to swing from the turrets of the Castle when the King comes with a thousand men from Strelsau?"

At this they looked at him and at one another with great uneasiness; for they knew that the King had no mercy when he was roused, and that he loved his sister above everybody in the world. And the Bishop stepped up close to their rank. Then one of them drew his sword half-way from its scabbard. But the Bishop, perceiving this, cried,

"And do you all do violence to a lady, and dare to lay hands on the King's sister? Aye, and here is a fellow that would strike a Bishop of God's Church!" And he caught the fellow a buffet with the flat of his sword, that knocked him down. "Let me pass, you rogues," said the Bishop. "Do you think you can stop a Hentzau!"

"Let us go and tell the Count that my lord the Bishop is here," cried the house-steward, thinking that he had found a way out of the difficulty, for they dared neither to touch the Bishop nor yet to let him through; and the steward turned to run towards the staircase. But the Bishop sprang after him, quick as an arrow, and, dropping the pistol from his left hand, caught him by the shoulder and hurled him back. "I want no announcing," he said. "The Church is free to enter everywhere." And he burst through them at the point of the sword, reckless now what might befall him so that he made his way through. But they did not venture to cut him down; for they knew that nothing but death would stop him, and for their very souls' sake they dared not kill him. So he, kicking one and pushing another and laying about him with the flat of his sword and with his free hand, and reminding them all the while of their duty to the Church and of his sacred character, at last made his way through and stood alone, unhurt, at the foot of the staircase, while they cowered by the walls or looked at him with stupid helplessness and bewilderment. And the Bishop swiftly mounted the stairs.

At this instant in the room in the gate-tower of the Castle overlooking the moat there had fallen a moment of dead silence. Here Count Nikolas had raised the Princess, set her on a couch, and waited till her faintness and fright were gone. Then he had come near to her, and in brief harsh tones told her his mind. For him, indeed, the dice were now cast; he had in his fury and fear dared all. He was calm now, with the calmness of a man at a great turn of fate. That room, he told her, she should never leave alive, save as his promised wife, sworn and held to secrecy and silence by the force of that bond and of her oath. If he killed her he must die, whether by his own hand or the King's mattered little. But he would die for a great cause, and in a great attempt. "I shall not be called a cheating gamester, madame," said he, a smile on his pale face. "I choose death sooner than dishonour. Such is my choice. What is yours? It stands between death and silence; and no man but your husband will dare to trust your silence."

"You do not dare to kill me," said she defiantly.

"Madame, I dare do nothing else. They may write 'murderer' on my tomb; they shall not throw 'cheat' in my living face."

"I will not be silent," cried Osra, springing to her feet "And rather than be your wife I would die a thousand times. For a cheat you are—a cheat—a cheat!" And her voice rose, till he feared that she would be heard, if anyone chanced to listen, even from so far off as the hall. Yet he made one more effort, seeking to move her by an appeal to which women are not wont to be insensible.

"A cheat, yes!" said he, "I, Nikolas of Festenburg, am a cheat. I say it, though no other man shall while I live to hear him. But to gain what stake?"

"Why, my brother's Castle of Zenda."

"I swear to you, it was not," he cried, coming nearer to her. "I did not fear losing on that cast, but I could not endure not to win. Not my stake, madame, but yours, lured me to my foul play. Have you your face, and yet do not know to what it drives men?"

"If I have a fair face, it should inspire fair deeds," said she. "Do not touch me, sir, do not touch me. I loathe breathing the same air with you, or so much as

seeing your face. Aye, and I can die. Even the women of our House know how to die."

At her scorn and contempt a great rage came upon him, and he gripped the hilt of his sword, and drew it from the scabbard. But she stood still, facing him with calm eyes. Her lips moved for a moment in prayer, but she did not shrink.

"I pray you," said he, in trembling speech, and mastering himself for an instant, "I pray you!" and he could say no more.

"I will cry your cheating in all Strelsau," said she.

"Then commend your soul to God. For in one minute you shall die."

Still she stood motionless; and he began to come near to her, his sword now drawn in his hands. And, coming within the distance from which he could strike her, he paused and gazed into her eyes. She answered him with a smile. Then there was for an instant the utter stillness in the room; and in that instant the Bishop of Modenstein set his foot on the staircase and came running up. On a sudden Osra heard the step, and a gleam flashed in her eye. The Count heard it also, and his sword was arrested in its stroke. A smile came on his face. He was glad at the coming of someone whom he might kill in fight; for it turned him sick to butcher her unresisting. Yet he dared not let her go to cry his cheating in the streets of Strelsau. The steps came nearer.

HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH.

He dropped his sword on the floor and sprang upon her. A shriek rang out, but he pressed his hand on her mouth and seized her in his arms. She had no strength to resist, and he carried her swiftly across the room to a door in the wall. He pulled the door open—it was very heavy and massive—and he flung her roughly down on the stone floor of a little chamber, square and lofty, having but one small window high up, through which the moonlight scarcely pierced. She fell with a moan of pain. Unheeding, he turned on his heel and shut the door. And, as he turned, he heard a man throw himself against the door of the room. It also was strong and twice the man flung himself with all his force against it. At last it strained and gave way; and the Bishop of Modenstein burst into the room breathless. And he saw no trace of the Princess's presence, but only Count Nikolas standing sword in hand in front of the door in the wall with a sneering smile on his face.

The Bishop of Modenstein never loved to speak afterwards of what followed, saying always that he rather deplored than gloried in it, and that when a man of sacred profession was forced to use the weapons of this world it was a matter of grief to him, not of vaunting. But the King compelled him by urgent requests to describe the whole affair, while the Princess was never weary of telling all that she knew, or of blessing all bishops for the sake of the Bishop of Modenstein. Yet the Bishop blamed himself; perhaps, if the truth were known, not for the necessity that drove him to do what he did, as much as for a secret and ashamed joy that he detected in himself. For certainly, as he burst into the room now, there was no sign of reluctance or unwillingness in his face; he took off his feathered cap, bowed politely to the Count, and resting the point of his sword on the floor, asked,

"My lord, where is the Princess?"

"What do you want here, and who are you?" cried the Count, with a blasphemous oath.

"When we were boys together, you knew Frederick of Hentzau. Do you not now know the Bishop of Modenstein?"

"Bishop! This is no place for bishops. Get back to your prayers, my lord."

"It wants some time yet before matins," answered the Bishop. "My lord, where is the Princess?"

"What do you want with her?"

"I am here to escort her wherever it may be her pleasure to go."

He spoke confidently, but he was in his heart alarmed and uneasy because he had not found the Princess.

"I do not know where she is," said Nikolas of Festenburg.

"My lord, you lie," said the Bishop of Modenstein.

The Count had wanted nothing but an excuse for attacking the intruder. He had it now, and an angry flush mounted in his cheeks as he walked across to where the Bishop stood.

Shifting his sword, which he had picked up again, to his left hand, he struck the Bishop on the face with his gloved hand. The Bishop smiled and turned the other cheek to Count Nikolas, who struck again with all his force, so that he reeled back, catching hold of the open door to avoid falling, and the blood started dull red under the skin of his face. But he still smiled, and bowed, saying,

"I find nothing about the third blow in Holy Scripture."

At this instant the Princess Osra, who had been half-stunned by the violence with which Nikolas had thrown her on the floor, came to her full senses and, hearing the Bishop's voice, she cried out loudly for help. He, hearing her, darted in an instant across the room, and was at the door of the little chamber before the Count could stop him. He pulled the door open and Osra sprang out to him, saying,

"Save me! Save me!"

"You are safe, madame, have no fear," answered the Bishop. And turning to the Count, he continued, "Let us go outside, my lord, and discuss this matter. Our dispute will disturb and perhaps alarm the Princess."

And a man might have read the purpose in his eyes, though his manner and words were gentle; for he had sworn in his heart that the Count should not escape.

But the Count cared as little for the presence of the Princess as he had for her dignity, her honour, or her life; and now that she was no longer wholly at his mercy, but there was a new chance that she might escape, his rage and the fear of exposure lashed him to fury, and, without more talking, he made at the Bishop, crying,

"You first, and then her! I'll be rid of the pair of you!"

The Bishop faced him, standing between Princess Osra and his assault, while she shrank back a little, sheltering herself behind the heavy door For although she had been ready to die without fear, yet the sight of men fighting frightened her, and she veiled her face with her hands, and waited in dread to hear the sound of their swords clashing. But the Bishop looked very happy, and, setting his hat on his head with a jaunty air, he stood on guard. For ten years or more he had not used his sword, but the secret of its mastery seemed to revive, fresh and clear in his mind, and let his soul say what it would, his body rejoiced to be at the exercise again, so that his blood kindled and his eyes gleamed in the glee of strife. Thus he stepped forward, guarding himself, and thus he met the Count's impetuous onset, and he neither flinched nor gave back, but finding himself holding his own, he pressed on and on, not violently attacking and yet never resting, and turning every thrust with a wrist of iron. And while Osra gazed with wide eyes and close-held breath, and Count Nikolas muttered oaths and grew more furious, the Bishop seemed as gay as when he talked to the King, more gaily, may be, than Bishops should. Again his eye danced as in the days when he had been called the wildest of the Hentzaus. And still he drove Count Nikolas back and back.

Now behind the Count was a window, which he had himself caused to be enlarged and made low and wide, in order that he might look from it over the surrounding country; but in time of war it was covered with a close and strong iron grating. But now the grating was off and the window open, and beneath the window was a fall of seventy feet or hard upon it into the moat below. The Count looked into the Bishop's face, and saw him smile, and suddenly recollected the window, and fancied it was the Bishop's design to drive him on to it so that he could give back no more; and, since he knew by now that the Bishop was his master with the sword, a despairing rage settled upon him, and determining to die swiftly, since he must, he rushed forward, making a desperate lunge at his enemy. But the Bishop parried the lunge, and, always seeming to be about to run the Count through the body, again forced him to retreat till his back was close to the opening of the window. Here Nikolas stood, his eyes glaring like a madman's; then a sudden devilish smile spread over his face.

"Will you yield yourself, my lord?" cried the Bishop putting a restraint on the wicked impulse to kill the man, and lowering his point for an instant.

In that short moment the Count made his last throw; for all at once, as it seemed, and almost in one motion, he thrust and wounded the Bishop in the left side of his body, high in the chest near the shoulder, and, though the wound was slight, the blood flowed freely; then drawing back his sword, he seized it by the blade halfway up and flung it like a javelin at the Princess, who stood still by the door, breathlessly watching the fight. By an ace it missed her head, and it pinned a tress of her hair to the door and quivered deep-set in the wood of the door. When the Bishop of Modenstein saw this, hesitation and mercy passed out of his heart, and though the man had now no weapon, he thought of sparing him no more than he would have spared any cruel and savage beast, and he drove his sword into his body, and the Count, not being able to endure the thrust without flinching, against his own will gave back before it. Then came from his lips a loud cry of dismay and despair, for at the same moment that the sword was in him he, staggering back, fell wounded to death through the open window. The Bishop looked out after him, and Princess Osra heard the sound of a great splash in the water of the moat below; for very horror she sank against the door, seeming to be held up more by the sword that had pinned her hair than by her own strength. Then came up through the window, from which the Bishop still looked with a strange smile, the clatter of a hundred feet, running to the gate of the Castle. The bridge was let down; the confused sound of many men talking, of whispers, of shouts, and of cries of horror, mounted up through the air. For the Count's men in the hall also had heard the splash, and run out to see what it was, and there they beheld the body of their master, dead in the moat; and their eyes were wide open, and they could hardly lay their tongues to the words as they pointed to the body and whispered to one another, very low, "The Bishop has killed him—the Bishop has killed him." But the Bishop saw them from the window, and leant out, crying,

"Yes, I have killed him. So perish all such villains!"

And when they looked up, and saw in the moonlight

HE KISSED HER HAND AGAIN.

the Bishop's face, they were amazed. But he hastily drew his head in, so that they might not see him any more. For he knew that his face had been fierce, and exultant, and joyful. Then, dropping his sword, he ran across to the Princess, and he drew the Count's sword, that was wet with his own blood, out of the door, releasing the Princess's hair; and, seeing that she was very faint, he put his arm about her, and led her to the couch; and she sank upon it, trembling and white as her white gown, and murmuring, "Fearful, fearful!" and she clutched his arm, and for a long while she would not let him go; and her eyes were fixed on the Count's sword that lay on the floor by the entrance of the little room.

"Courage, madame," said the Bishop softly. "All danger is past. The villain is dead, and you are with the most devoted of your servants."

"Yes, yes," she said, and pressed his arm and shivered. "Is he really dead?"

"He is dead. God have mercy on him," said the Bishop.

"And you killed him?"

"I killed him. If it were a sin, pray God forgive me!"

Up through the window still came the noise of voices, and the stir of men moving; for they were recovering the body of the Count from the moat; yet neither Osra nor the Bishop noticed any longer what was passing; he was intent on her, and she seemed hardly yet herself; but suddenly, before he could interpose, she threw herself off the couch and on to her knees in front of him, and, seizing hold of his hand, she kissed first the episcopal ring that he wore and then his hand. For he was both Bishop and a gallant gentleman, and a kiss she gave him for each; and after she had kissed his hand, he felt the tips of her eyelashes brush wet against his skin, as she bent over his hand. But he raised her hastily, crying to her not to kneel before him, and, throwing away his hat, he knelt before her, kissing her hands many times. She seemed now recovered from her bewilderment and terror; for as she looked down on him kneeling, she was half-way between tears and smiles, and, with curving lips, but wet shining eyes, she said very softly,

"Ah, my lord, who made a bishop of you?" And her cheeks grew in an instant from dead white into sudden red, and her hand moved over his head as if she would fain have touched him with it. And she bent down ever so little towards him. Yet, perhaps, it was nothing, and any lady, who had seen how he bore himself, and knew that it was in her cause, for her honour and life, might well have done the same.

The Bishop of Modenstein made no immediate answer; his head was still bowed over her hand, and after a while he kissed her hand again; and he felt her hand press his. Then, suddenly, as though in alarm, she drew her hand away, and he let it go easily. But then he raised his eyes and met the glance of hers, and he smiled; and Osra also smiled. For an instant they were thus. Then the Bishop rose to his feet, and he stood before her with bent head and eyes that sought the ground in becoming humility.

"It is by God's infinite goodness and divine permission that I hold my sacred office," said he. "I would that I were more worthy of it! But to-day I have taken pleasure in the killing of a man."

"And in the saving of a lady, sir," she added softly, "who will ever count you among her dearest friends and the most gallant of her defenders. Is God angry at such a deed as that."

"May He forgive us all our sins," said the Bishop gravely; but what other sins he had in his mind he did not say, nor did the Princess ask him.

Then he gave her his arm, and they two walked together down the stairs into the hall; and the Bishop, having forgotten both his hat and sword, was bareheaded and had no weapon in his hand. The Count's men were all collected in the hall, being crowded round a table that stood by the wall; for on the table lay the body of Count Nikolas of Festenburg, and it was covered with a horsecloth that one of the servants had thrown over it. But when the men saw the Princess and the Bishop, they made way for them and stood aside, bowing low as they passed.

"You bow now," said Osra, "but, before, none of you would lift a finger for me. To my lord the Bishop alone do I owe my life; and he is a Churchman, while you were free to fight for me. For my part, I do not envy your wives such husbands;" and with a most scornful air, she passed between their ranks, taking great and ostentatious care not to touch one of them even with the hem of her gown. And they grew red and shuffled on their feet; and one or two swore under their breath, and thanked God their wives were not such shrews, being indeed very much ashamed of themselves, and very uneasy at thinking what these same wives of theirs would say to them when the thing came to be known. But Osra and the Bishop passed over the bridge, and he set her on his horse. The summer morning had just dawned, clear and fair, so that the sun caught her ruddy hair as she mounted in her white gown. But the Bishop took the bridle of the horse and led it at a foot's pace down the hill and into the town.

Now by this time the news of what had chanced had run all through the town, and the people were out in the streets, gossiping and guessing. And when they saw the Princess Osra safe and sound and smiling, and the Bishop in his shirt—for he had given his cloak to her—leading the horse, they broke into great cheering. The men cheered the Princess, while the women thrust themselves to the front rank of the crowd, and blessed the Bishop of Modenstein. But he walked with his head down and his eyes on the ground, and would not look up, even when the women cried out in great fear and admiration on seeing that his shirt was stained with his blood and with the blood of Nikolas of Festenburg that had spurted out upon it. But one thing the Princess heard, which sent her cheeks red again; for a buxom girl glanced merrily at her, and made bold to say in a tone that the Princess could not but hear,

"By the Saints, here's waste! If he were not a Churchman, now!" And her laughing eye travelled from the Princess to him, and back to the Princess again.

"Shall we go a little faster?" whispered Osra, bending down to the Bishop. But the girl only thought that she whispered something else, and laughed the more.

But at last they passed the town, and with a great crowd still following them came to the Castle. At the gate of it the Bishop stopped, and aided the Princess to alight. Again he knelt and kissed her hand, saying only,

"Madame, farewell!"

"Farewell, my lord," said Osra softly; and she went hastily into the Castle, while the Bishop returned to his inn in the town, and though the people stood round the inn the best part of the day, calling and watching for him, he would not show himself.

In the evening of that day the King, having heard the tidings of the crime of Count Nikolas, came in furious haste with a troop of horse from Strelsau. And when he heard how Osra had played at dice with the Count, and staking herself against the Castle of Zenda had won it back, he was ashamed, and swore an oath that he would play dice no more, which oath he faithfully observed. And in the morning of the next day he went to Festenburg, where he flogged soundly every man who had not run away before his coming; and all

the possessions of Count Nikolas he confiscated, and he pulled down the Castle of Festenburg, and filled up the moat that had run round its walls.

Then he sent for the Bishop of Modenstein, and thanked him, offering to him all the demesne of Count Nikolas; but the Bishop would not accept it, nor any mark of the King's favour, not even the Order of the Red Rose. Therefore the King granted the ground on which the Castle stood, and all the lands belonging to it, to Francis of Tarlenheim, brother to the wife of Prince Henry, who built the *chateau* which now stands there, and belongs to the same family to this day.

But the Bishop of Modenstein, having been entertained by the King with great splendour for two days, would not stay longer, but set out to pursue his journey, clad now in his ecclesiastical garments. And Princess Osra sat by her window, leaning her head on her hand, and watching him till the trees of the forest hid him; and once, when he was on the edge of the forest, he turned his face for an instant, and looked back at her where she sat watching in the window. Thus he went to Strelsau; and when he was come there, he sent immediately for his confessor, and the confessor, having heard him, laid upon him a severe penance, which he performed with great zeal, exactness, and contrition. But whether the penance were for killing Count Nikolas of Festenburg (which in a layman, at least, would have seemed but a venial sin) or for what else, who shall say.

MR. RAVEN-HILL'S METHOD.

"Do I draw straight in pen and ink? No, as a rule, when I have an idea for a subject I jot it down on an odd bit of paper like these," and Mr. Raven-Hill turned from his waistcoat pocket a collection of scraps with rough notes upon them. "Then I make a pencil sketch and rub it out, if necessary, again and again until it satisfies me. Then I ink it in. Some of my best things have been done straight away in an hour—others have been a long time in the making.

"I jot down jokes in the same way—or else, if I am lazy, trust to memory. I think I have forgotten most of my best jokes," added Mr. Raven-Hill in an introspective way, with a faint chuckle at the points that never saw daylight. "I constantly make sketches and studies in the streets, and rarely—I may say never—from professional models. It is my aim to draw types, not portraits. Special individuals do not often interest me; it is the type built up from a dozen men I try to secure. In fact, I believe in the Japanese system of constant study of nature, and the drawing itself produced from memory of things seen.

"I often make studies from myself. When I am going to illustrate a joke I go over the previous incidents in my mind, and think of the various things that led up to it, and imagine as far as I can what the actors were doing before the moment I want to depict. For instance, if I want to draw a man with his coat half off I stand before this glass, and pull off my own coat slowly a dozen times in different ways until I catch the position that seems to me to best express the movement. I like the actors to be unconscious of one's humour—hence my jokes are rarely quoted without the drawing, because they are part of it and owe what fun they possess to the pictorial presentation of the incident. So with regard to the text of the joke. I talk over the whole conversation so that it comes in naturally as it might have done with reference to the unreported dialogue that preceded it. Indeed, I speak and act the whole scene to myself before a glass. Often a landscape seems to me so good a setting for a joke that I deliberately work out one to suit it."

"Do I re-write the legends of my pictures?—Yes! over and over again."

"You will give us a 'Trilby,' then, some day," I said. "I see the American press attribute Mr. Du Maurier's literary success to a similar habit."

Mr. Raven-Hill laughingly declined to confess that he had a novel in his mind's eye, and changed the topic to an amusing account of a French interviewer, who was not very keen upon details of the artist's professional career, but was anxious to discover whether Mr. Raven-Hill had figured in the Divorce Court, and inconsolable to find he could obtain no incident of gallantry to impart a genuine Parisian flavour to his interwiew with an English artist who has attracted the favourable notice of the French press.—*From "The Idler" for September.*

THE PRODUCTION OF WAGNER.

The following is an American journalist's account of the first performances of Wagner's operas in London:—"The entertainment was given under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who remained in his box from the rising to the going down of the curtain, though he confessed afterwards it was the toughest work he had ever done in his life. When Wotan came on to the darkened stage and commenced his little recitation to an accompaniment of discords the Prince took a doze, but was awakened half an hour later by a double forte crash of the orchestra. He fell asleep again, to be startled fifteen minutes later by another climax, Wotan still at it singing against time. In five weeks Mapleson lost 30,000 dollars over Wagner, and the Prince told the manager in confidence that if Wotan appeared in any more operas he should withdraw his patronage."—*From "Mapleson Memoirs."*

NELSON'S MAXIMS FOR MIDSHIPMEN.

"There are three things," said Nelson, during the war of 1793, "which you are constantly to bear in mind: First you must implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the Devil."

AN ORTHODOX CRITICISM.

The parson was bending over his desk hard at work on his next Sunday's sermon. Presently his young wife bustled in with a glad smile on her face. She intended to give him a pleasant surprise. She succeeded, for it was her first appearance in bloomers.

"What do you think of them?" she asked gaily "Are they on straight?"

"I think," he said, observing a hiatus between the upper and nether garments and a general tendency to sag fore and aft, "that you have left undone the things that you ought to have done, and done those things that you ought not to have done."

Mrs. Spendthryft: "John, what would you do if you had a wife who wore as shabby clothes as Mrs. Brooks?"

Spendthryft: "Oh, I wouldn't have to do anything, my dear."

Grocer: "Yes, I've had a grocery store in this block about ten years."

Parker: "I thought so. My landlady bought a pound of butter here yesterday."

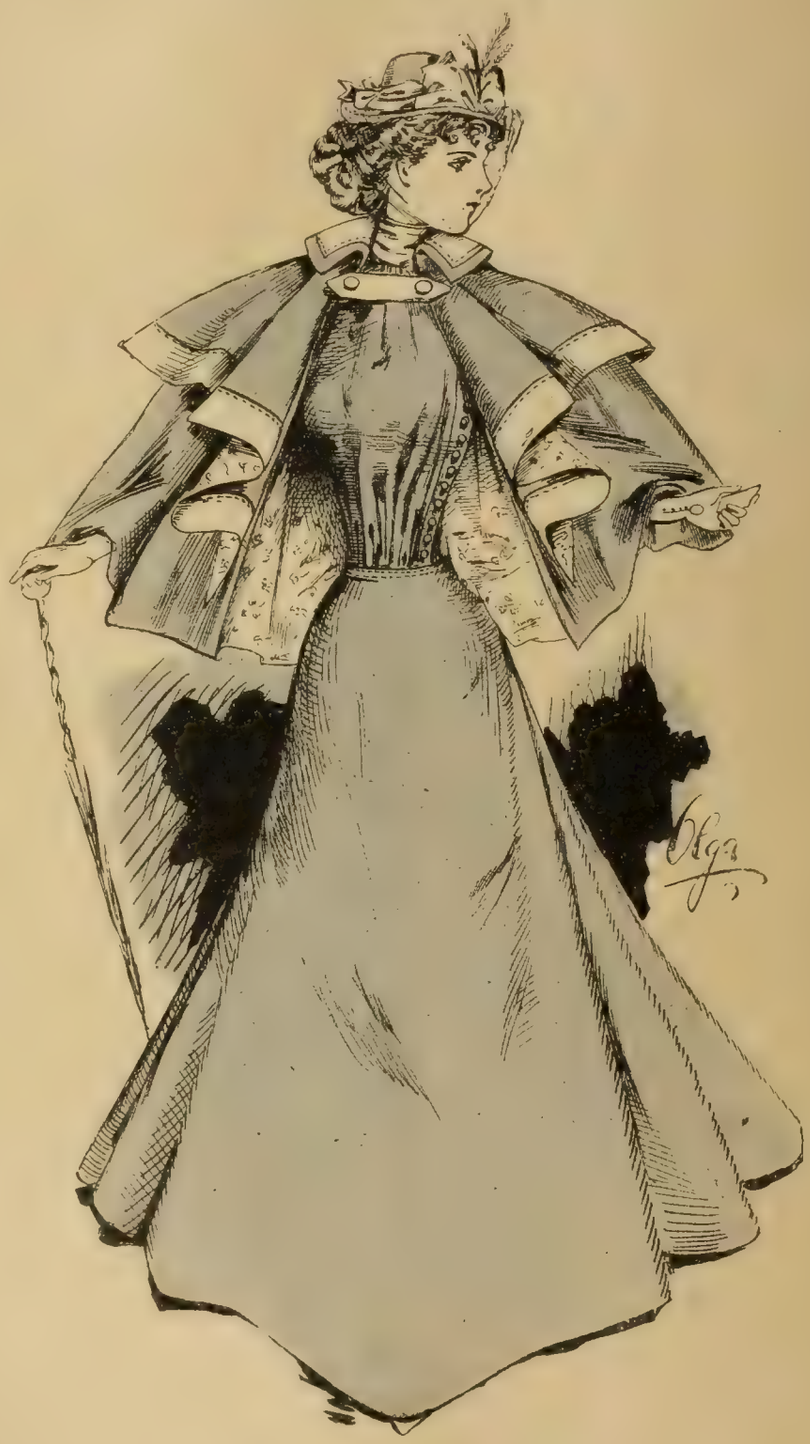
FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I have sent off your alpaca by parcel post. I think you will like it. It is white shot with yellow, and I have not forgotten the twelve yards of yellow glacé silk for lining the skirt and sleeves, nor the thick, rich yellow satin ribbon for the neck and waist. The twine-coloured grasscloth for the bodice is worked in open pattern with yellow silk, and will show the yellow satin through the openings. I have also sent you black satin ribbons to change with the yellow, and I fancy you will almost prefer them. It is going to be a sweet gown.

I saw a very pretty silver-grey alpaca in Bond Street. The skirt was of the usual description, but the blouse was pink silk, with a pinafore piece of the grey drawn up over it back and front, and held with grey satin bows on the shoulders. The top was rounded and finished off with a narrow steel and jet passementerie, and the collar was covered with lines of the same. I am told that pinafore dresses are certainly coming in again, and that they will be much worn in the autumn.

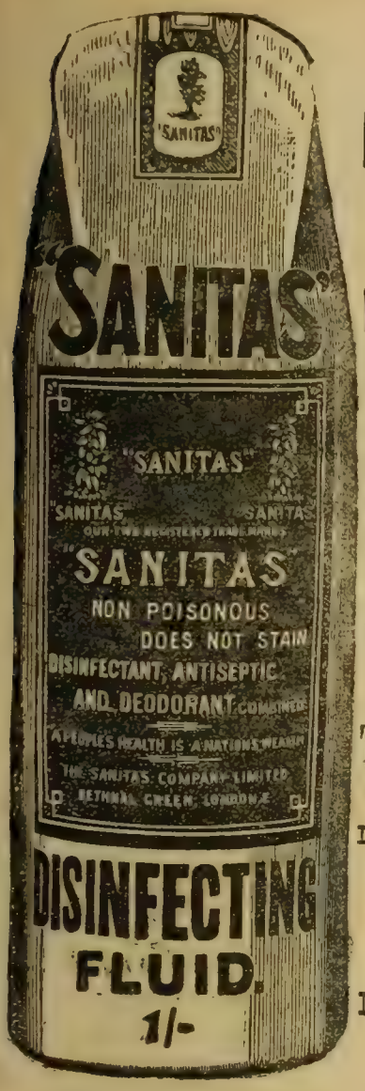
While I was doing your shopping I was shown "one of the new Paris models," as the man called it. I did not know there were any at this season, but we live and learn, do we not? However, it was a chiné silk gown, all box-pleats, and to my thinking very ugly. There was a wide box-pleat down the front, one on each hip, and a huge one at the back. After the closely-fitting skirts to which we are accustomed this looked very clumsy and unbecoming. I hope it is not likely to be the fashion.

It seems as though the unbecoming and very trying white satin in which brides have been married for so many decades is at last to have some chance of disappearing in favour of materials that are more becoming. I have known several instances of late in which girls have discarded it for silk, muslin, or chiffon, and dispensed with the train; a sensible plan, which provides them with a useful gown for other purposes than being married. The prettiest of these was a white glacé silk, covered with a single-frilled overdress of silk muslin. The high bodice was veiled with the muslin—the front full, the back plain. A wide belt of white satin ribbon made the waist look very trim and neat. It was gored and boned to a square in front, each point of which was marked with a big paste button. The back was finished with a large bow held in the centre with a paste buckle. The skirt was wide, much gored, and cut walking length. The advantages of this kind of gown over the ordinary white satin are obvious enough, especially for girls who do not expect to go to very many dances.



TRAVELLING COSTUME.

I have just trimmed a very cheap hat, picked up at a shop in Westbourne Grove yesterday, in an inexpensive way. With three yards of white satin-edged gauze I made a large ruche (by folding the gauze double) which completely surrounds the crown; with another yard I constructed a large bow with two upright loops for the back, supporting the latter with invisible wire bent into loops of the requisite height, and by means of the two ends drawn tightly over the bent-up brim, I permanently lifted it so as to show the hair at the back, giving the front the requisite straightness over the eyes, and lifting the back well out of the way. It is so irritating when it encounters some obstacle, and the whole hat is pushed forward over the face. This is for a little visit to the sea, which we make early in September, as being less expensive a time than August. I have reorganised mother's bonnet quite daintily, and at a very small cost. Two rosettes of satin-edged black chiffon trim it at the back, with loops of black satin ribbon rising between them in aigrette



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CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER, 1895

FRONTISPIECE ... ... THE POPPY AND THE LILY
Drawn by MAX COWPER, Engraved by the ARTISTIC SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD

103 SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY

104 TALES OF OUR COAST. V.—THE SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE ... ...S. R. CROCKETT
Five Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN.
The Free-Traders rolling the Barrels ashore.—Black Taggart was in with his Lugger.—I laid a Pistol to his Ear.—Here we kept him all Day.—"These are the Five Guineas ye gied to me."

113 A CHAT WITH SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN— G. B. BURGIN
Three Illustrations by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG.
Sara Jeannette Duncan—The Drawing Room—The Pink House by the Tank.—Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes).

119 OUT OF BOUNDS ... ... BENNETT COLL
Six Illustrations by R. JACK.
"The day was oppressively hot."—"Can we have a word with you?" "Finding myself in his office."—"'Never get drunk—it's bad form.'"—"A card was brought."—"Man overboard?"

125 HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS—L. RAVEN-HILL ... ... GLEESON WHITE
Eight Drawings by L. RAVEN-HILL.

133 WAIFS ... ... H. T. JOHNSON
Three Illustrations by HAL HURST
The Champion Boy Sifflieur.—"You won't get drunk again, will ver!" "'Midge ... Midge!' he sobbed."

138 IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY
Photographs by WILLIAM DAY.

150 WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?

152 A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XII., XIII., XIV. ... ... ROBERT BARR
Illustrations by HAL HURST.
"You have a prodigious head for business, Susie!"

166 THE CHAPERONE
Drawn by YORICK.

167 THE ENGLISHWOMAN ABROAD MRS. HUMPHRY
Four Illustrations by YORICK.

171 TOBACCO MONEY ... ... J. A. TYSON

176 HOW TO BECOME A CORDON-BLEU M. A. BELLOC
Four Illustrations by PENRYN STANLEY.

180 THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL— J. F. NISBET
The Ethics of the Petticoat.—Marriage as an Occupation.—The Future of Money.

184 THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. CHAPTERS XIV., XV. ... ... A. CONAN DOYLE

188 THE IDLER'S CLUB:—SHOULD MAN BE WOMAN'S GOD. MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, COULSON KERNAHAN, MISS BULAU, BENNETT COLL, MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE, W. L. ALDEN, and G. B. BURGIN.

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fashion. The front is done with four lace wings, white over black, and I have put a bunch of white roses behind them on either side. Mother looks sweet in it, and the reorganisation cost 8s. 6d. I fancy I am getting rather clever at economies.

You can't think how very pretty some of the fashionable hats are. I saw a brown coarse straw trimmed for seaside wear with a wide check ribbon of blue-and-grey, with lines of amber crossing the checks. It was folded round the crown in a kind of twist, both sides of the ribbon being alike, and was raised in a big bow at the back, the brim being caught up with it. A black straw trimmed with black tulle rosettes had white wings—a pair in front and a pair at the back. A huge velvet hat in a deep tone of mahogany brown was trimmed with feathers only, a brown and a green on the front brim, and a longer pair at the back. You might think that it looked unfinished without something round the crown, but it did not. As to the size, it was immense, measuring close on half a yard in diameter. We are promised these cartwheels for autumn wear. Good news for merry matinéers! However, there is a great disposition towards small hats, so we must hope for the best.

The travelling costume, of which I send you a sketch, consists of skirt, bodice, and cape. The material is grey tweed. The bodice, full in front, but in one flat, plain piece at the back, fastens up the left side with flat pearl buttons. The narrow band of the skirt is ornamented with rows of stitching. The novel and pretty cape is lined with pink and green brocade, the upper cape having similar lining. It is bordered with a band of white silk, and the collar also is white silk, as well as the neckband and the tab, by means of which the cape is fastened at the neck. The grey linen hat is trimmed with white silk and a couple of quill feathers.

Are you not glad that all the new gloves are made with large buttons? The small ones are so perpetually slipping through their button-holes that one is weary of them; they are not up to their work.

Yours affectionately,

Susie.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

The litest noose is 'as 'Ankin thinks o' emigritin'. Whort 'e wornts ter dew is, in 'is own wuds, "ter escipe from this rotting and effete civerlizition inter the purer hair an' hatmusphere of some yoothful smilin' an' demycritic country." And very nice strengthy wuds they is, too. Yer might tike a book—any reg'lar book—an' read it throo, and then not better 'em. Blimey, if langwidge don't sim ter come reg'lar natshral to 'im! "I don' wornt no Rile Fem'ly, no cankerous 'Ouse o' Lords, nor no bloatered capitylists with their foot on the pore man's neck, a-suckin' ort 'is life-blood and pysenin' the very hair 'e breathes." That's whort 'e said ter me over 'alf-a-pint lawst night, and very parful put it is. Yes, it's parful enough, on'y it ain't joodishus. "Ah!" I says to 'im, "yer don't wornt nutthink, *you* don't, and them as emigrites mostly gits it. Why, supposin' as yer goes abrord, what are yer goin' to do when yer gits there?" "I've settled all that," says 'Ankin. "I'm goin' ter be my own mawster an' live by the sweat o' my brow—live by fawmin' o' the land." "Well," says I, "yer mye sweat, and if the climit is as 'ot there as it is in this 'ere bar, it's likely as yer *will* sweat. But, blow me, if yer ever lives by fawmin'. Why, whort d'yer know abart it? Yer don't even know which wye up a spring unying grows, and as fur milkin' of a cow why yer couldn't milk a bloomin' 'ye-stack." But 'e wouldn't listen ter reasing. "I ain't too old ter learn a tride," says 'e. "Anywise, I cawnt stand this stiflin, overcrarded, priest-ridden, peer-ridden country. I wornts ter git somewheer wheer there's room ter move." With thet 'e flings 'art 'is 'awm, bye wye of givin' hemphysis ter 'is remawks, knocks a glawss horf of the bar and smashes it. Yuss, and then 'e 'ad the cheek ter wornt ter toss me which of us shud pye fur the brykidge. "Thet be 'anged," says I. "If you cawnt pawss a remawk withart mikin' of a bloomin' windmill of yourself, you stand the exes." But as fur this emigritin,' I dunno as anythink 'ull come of it. Fustly, 'e mye chynge 'is mind. 'E's alwise a-chyngin' of 'is mind, is 'Ankin. And then theer's 'is missus. 'Er temper ain't 'eaven egsackly, but she 'as 'er yooses. 'Ankin withart 'er 'ud be like a 'bus withart the break.

* * * *

Pore ole Ike! 'E's bin in a misforchoon agin, an' brought it on 'isself too. 'E cawn't kep 'is tongue ter 'isself—thet's whort's the matter with 'im. It begun this wye. As 'e come up ter the crorsin,' the copper stops 'im fer ter let the other line o' traffic throo. Ole Ike 'e jest edges on 'is 'bus a hinch or two arter 'e'd bin stopped. "Nar then," syes the copper, "kip back, cawn't yer. Whort d'yer suppose I'm 'ere for?" "Dunno egsackly, Mister Copper," sharts ole Ike, "unless they mikes yer stands at the crorsin' becos theer ain't room fur two feet like you've gort in one street. Why don't yer let art your boots fur model lodgin'-'ouses?" 'E 'ad gort lawgish feet too, 'ad that copper, and they wears their daisies too big, all on 'em does, by reggylyshun. In course, some coppers 'ud 'ave grinned, and told 'im ter chuck it. But this copper, being' a young copper, 'e loses 'is temper. Ike accordin'ly loses 'is likewise, says as 'e cawnt wite theer all dye teachin' young coppers their bizness, and whips up 'is 'orses. 'E didn't come to no 'arm. 'E's a man as 'ud drive two elyfints tandem throo a earthquike and never 'ave no axerdunt. But the copper got 'im all the sime. And ter think all that might 'ave bin avoided by a little tac' an' joodishusness. The longer I lives the more I sees the necesserty fur goin' easy whurever it's possible. I don't sye I've never 'ad a word with a copper, I 'ave at one time and another when it's bin reg'lar forced onter me, so ter speak. But, as fur as I can, I kips art of it.

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A NEW DEPARTURE AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Whether *The Swordsman's Daughter* will be successful with Adelphi *habitués*, steeped for years in the conventionality of English melodrama, remains to be seen, but it will be a thousand pities for the English stage if it does not prove a trump card, and thereby induce the Messrs. Gatti to discard their old, worn-out formula for something fresh and more romantic. With the first-night audience it went magnificently; but, then, a first-night audience is an exceptional one. Its women are not wedded to the immaculate but weak-headed hero, and its men are not content with virtue when it is the only charm of an otherwise depressing and tiresome young female. The swordsman's daughter is a mother but not a wife, but as she is French the position is explainable, and she is loved by a real live man, who wants her, and who is willing to take her, sinner though she is. English dramatic literature rarely produces a man; our heroes are too often prigs, and our villains unnatural fiends. I can remember plenty of plays produced within the last ten years containing cleverly drawn studies of women, but not one presenting us with a male animal that could by any courtesy be called a man. Jean Olgan, played with some fine feeling by Mr. Charles Fulton, is no sentimental saint, such as would have been drawn by most of our dramatists. He just wants Madeleine because he loves her, not because he thinks her an angel, not because he hopes to reform her. He loves in the simple, natural, unthinking way in which men have loved for many a thousand year, and when he learns of her trouble, his only answer is to put his arms closer around her. But the real heroine of MM. J. Mary and G. Grisier's play is Therèse, whose great love for Jean prompts her to take Madeleine's burden of disgrace upon herself. Of course, the superior critic will tell us that women do not do these things. When an author makes his puppet perform some mean, contemptible act the army of new critics call out, "How admirably true and real." Whenever a character in a book or play does anything self-forgetful, or tender, or kindly a smile and a shrug of the shoulder is supposed to be the only possible comment of the cultured critic. There is much sordidness, much spitefulness, much selfishness in life, but occasionally men and women are great, and a beautiful character is not necessarily a false character.

A beautiful contrast is obtained in *The Swordsman's Daughter* between the sheltering tenderness with which sweet womanly Thérèse and great-hearted Jean seek to wrap around poor erring Madeleine, and the stern justice with which her hard father, the swordmaster Vibrac, pursues her. Vibrac stands for justice; stern, unrelenting, immovable. Struck down into the living grave of paralysis by the blow of his daughter's shame, he recovers his speech only to force her to confess her sin to the man who loves her. The scene should have been one of the finest in the play, the stern, pale face struggling through agony into speech, cries relentlessly, "Confess, confess!" The woman fights wildly, hysterically, to escape her punishment. Jean would close his ears. Unselfish Thérèse, to whom her rival's shame might possibly mean happiness, would shield her, but justice only cries, "The truth, the truth!" Mr. Terriss has not warmed into his part as yet. He still seems to remember with regret the auburn locks, the swinging stride, the thundering voice, with which for so long he has charmed and fascinated the lady in the Adelphi pit, and the deeper effect that can be produced by quieter methods has not yet occurred to him. Occasionally in casting about for new methods he falls dangerously near a mere imitation of his old chief, Henry Irving. He is better, however, in the scene in the threat act, where, mad for revenge, he bursts the bond with which nature has bound him, and regains the use of brain and muscle. Here Mr. Terriss's native vigour and vitality stand him in good stead. One can feel the still hot blood in his veins wrestling to assert itself against the paralytic old man, sitting helpless in the chair. The scene may be impossible, and it is certainly improbable, but it catches hold of the audience, and rouses them to enthusiasm. The drama deals with emotions, and not with facts. Mr. Abingdon, as the villain, has very little chance, and this may be sorrow to an Adelphi audience, who like their villain to do his villainy "on." He fights two duels, in one of which he kills, and in the other of which he is killed, in fairly good style, but these, coming after the exhibition of professional swordsmanship in which real masters of the art show what real fencing is like, are somewhat ineffective. Messrs. Gatti have been to the pains of bringing real fencing-masters over from Paris to show an English audience what fencing is like. It is an interesting display, but whether their brother theatrical managers in England will thank them is doubtful. I have seen a good deal of stage fencing, and have hitherto been duly impressed and excited, but after seeing the real thing it will be many years before I can watch a stage duel with any other feeling than that of amusement. The fencing scene in the second act will be sure to draw a good many to the Adelphi, but it certainly militates against the impressiveness of the subsequent fighting indulged in by the principals, and perhaps, on the whole, there is a little too much sword play in the piece. The shipwreck, from which Jean rescues the betrayer of Madeleine—a scene, of course, reminiscent of "David Copperfield"—is another part of the play that could be shortened with advantage. It would be pretty and effective in an opera, but a chorus of fishermen's wives is out of place in a melodrama.

Should *The Swordsman's Daughter* prove a big Adelphi success, we shall say good-bye for many a long year to the falsely accused hero and the snow-decked heroine, a consummation devoutly to be desired. I shall watch the career of this play with a good deal of interest.

Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Clement Scott have adapted the work into good, sound, nervous English. The language is often poetical, and full of thought. They must have experienced a good deal of difficulty in turning the Baron de Chantoisel into a comic part sufficiently broad for the Adelphi stage, but Mr. Harry Nicholls carries humour about with him, and as he plays the part the house roars with laughter at him. Miss Vane Featherston makes, as Thérèse, a sweet and beautiful woman, and Mr. Vincent Sternroyd renders a small but important part vigorous and convincing. *The Swordsman's Daughter* should bring a new class of playgoers into the Adelphi. It is not another *Two Orphans*, but it is a fine play—strong, interesting, and sympathetic.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S NEW PLAY.

Last week, at Leeds, Mr. Wilson Barrett scored the first great hit of the season. Exactly twelvemonths ago he brought noble quarry to earth with a skilful stage version of Hall Caine's masterly novel, *The Manxman*. This year he more than repeats that success with a poetical conception of his own—a conception at once highly dramatic and intensely human.

The Sign of the Cross is not only a play with a memorable title, it is also the title of a memorable play. So fine, indeed, is it, so powerful, that, from the moment of its animated opening to its last pathetic scene, it provokes but one hostile criticism—the comment implied in a fervent wish that, behind the glowing imagination that conceived it had been the hand of a poet or the pen of a master of prose.

The drama proper, the crux of the story, is told in a mouthful of words. In a chance encounter in the streets of Rome the Emperor Nero's favourite and high officer of state is attracted by the loveliness of a young girl; and, while engaged in protecting her from the fury of a mob, receives the Imperial

command ruthlessly to exterminate the hated sect of Christians. The girl lies under the grave suspicion of being numbered among the followers of the Man of Galilee, but already the heart of the pagan prætor has been won. That is all. That is the heart of the play. But what cannot a dramatist make of so moving a theme?

The girl is helpless, poor, proscribed; the man, omnipotent. And she, above the beauties about Nero's court, above all vanquishable flesh and blood in Rome, is the one woman he desires. Again and again he interposes to preserve her life. In the streets, from the blood-thirsty rabble of informers and spies, from the soldiers of Nero himself, when they swoop down upon the little band of worshippers, praying in a moonlit grove by the Tiber—an exquisite scene. Even from his own associates and friends, profligate and dancing-girls, among whom he casts his lovely prisoner. But his efforts to win her are vain. She values her life at less than a pin's fee. She has but one wish—to suffer with her fellow-captives. Fragile in body, she draws from her beliefs such strength of will that insensibly the magic of her faith infects him too; and when at length, in a great scene, he flings off the last shred of self-restraint and in his palace clasps her passionately in his arms, her ecstatic appeal to the power of the Cross, and the hymn of praise which falls upon his ear, sung by the captives in the vaults below, begin the work of his conversion.

The end is what the theme demands The woman's purity purifies the man. His love is turned to worship. And in worshipping her he reverences the forbidden faith which makes her what she is. Honours, riches, power he flings into the scale against her life and love. And when Nero proves obdurate, and nothing but renunciation of her religion can avail, he accepts her creed and shares her cruel martyrdom.

This is but the story as it affects the central characters To describe the gorgeous frame in which this picture of ancient Rome is set, or the many other striking figures in the composition, would fill a page Mr. Barrett was long ago reckoned among the "producers" of our stage, and in the magnificent mounting of *The Sign of the Cross* he has surpassed himself. But more remarkable than all his stagecraft, which was never more in evidence than here; more brilliant than the picture of wanton luxury and license; more interesting than the daring sketches of unsexed women and corrupted men, is the audacity of Mr. Barrett's insistence upon the spiritual side of the drama.

After a couple of years wallowing in the mire and clay of the grossly material drama; after a season of which the one conspicuous success was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's profound study of a moral anarchist; one rubs one's eyes over the scene at Leeds of only a week ago. Who, in these days of "Artist's Models" and "Triumphant Philistines," would have dreamed that St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans could be read in a scene upon the stage, and received in a silence that could be felt? Who would have thought it possible that from the stage the question could be put "What shall I do to be saved?" and that the answer, "Leave all thou hast and follow Me"—though confessedly spoken, as by Miss Maud Jefferies, with eloquent exaltation—would find an echo in sobs.

"Is it a revolution?" the *Daily Chronicle* was asking the other day. Well, here is a matter that should give those gentlemen pause who assert that we are only "marking time." Not five years since Dean Farrar and many other clerics of authority were praying that 1890 might see the last performance of the Passion Play, even so far away as Ober-Ammergau. And here, after a violent national fit of rapture over Bedraggled Womanhood, a hard-headed Yorkshire audience is found not merely acquiescing in but flaming with enthusiasm over a drama which openly advocates the cause of Christ, and, moreover, is deliberately written round the Cross of Christ. If this be merely "to mark time," it would be interesting to hear from Rev Hugh Price Hughes or His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury what "progress" means—for if *The Sign of the Cross* be a "Sign of the times," dramatic critics will shortly have to delegate their duties to the clergy.

DR. MACKENZIE'S Arsenical Complexion Soap, the original and only genuine, produces a lovely skin and complexion. All chemists and stores.

LOVELY NEW ART LINENS for Yachting Costumes. Artistic and striking.—J. HARRIS AND SONS, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, London, and Derwen Mills, Cockermouth.

THE LIST WILL CLOSE on or before SEPTEMBER 5th, 1895.

The Directors will proceed to allotment on or before September 6th 1895, £10,000 of this issue having been guaranteed.
The Vendors take the whole purchase price in Shares.

THE CITY OF CHESTER GOLD MINES, Limited. MURCHISON DISTRICT, WESTERN AUSTRALIA. Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Capital £50,000, in 50,000 Shares of £1 each.

5,000 Shares are offered for subscription, all of which will be available for working capital, payable 2s. on application, 3s. on allotment, and the balance in calls not exceeding 5s. each, at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS.

Colonel ALEX. WILSON, Bannockburn House, Bannockburn (Chairman of Forth and Clyde Junction Railway Company).
R. O. GRISCHOTTI, Merchant, 163, West George Street, Glasgow (Director of the British South Africa Transport and Trading Company, Limited).
JOHN S. COX, J.P, Ardhallow, Dunoon (Director of the Golconda Gold Mines, Limited).
JAMES DUFF, of Messrs. Macleay, Duff and Co., London and Glasgow (Director of the Golconda Gold Mines, Limited).
DAVID MACGREGOR, 2, Salisbury Quadrant, Glasgow (Director of the New Zealand Crown Mines Company, Limited).
WM. D. CAIRNEY, C.A., 45, West Nile Street, Glasgow (Director of the Glasgow Murchison Gold Mines Development Company, Limited).

BANKERS.—The Clydesdale Bank, Limited, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, and other branches in Scotland.

SOLICITORS.—Black, Honeyman, and Monteath, 88, West Regent's Street, Glasgow.

BROKERS.

London: Turle and De Jongh, 11, Angel Court, E.C., and Stock Exchange
Glasgow: Douglas Cairney, 45, West Nile Street, and Stock Exchange.
Edinburgh: J. Souter Sanderson, 10A, North St. David Street, and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.—Kerr, Andersons, Muir, and Main, C.A., 149, West George Street, Glasgow.

MANAGER (*pro tem.*).—Hugh Walker, C.E. and M.E.

SECRETARY AND OFFICE.—David Black, 45, West Nile Street, Glasgow.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire a valuable Gold Mining Lease of 12 acres, No. 252, situated at Cuddingwarra, near Cue, in the Murchison district of Western Australia, and known as the City of Chester, and for the other purposes specified in the Memorandum of Association.

The Fortune of War and the Victory United are in the near neighbourhood, the shares of both of which companies command substantial premiums.

This lease was secured by Glasgow and London Syndicates in August, 1894, under the advice of Mr. Hugh Walker, C.E. and M.E. (who had previously secured the now well-known Golconda Mine in the same district of Western Australia), and other mining experts, and since that date a considerable sum has been expended in opening out and developing the mine.

The purchase price has been fixed at £35,000, payable wholly in fully-paid up Shares in the Company, leaving £15,000 to be issued for providing Working Capital, which shares form the present issue.

The property will be taken over as from August 9th, 1895.

The Vendors will pay all expenses incidental to the formation and promotion of the Company, other than the registration fee and the Company's proper legal expenses.

Agreements have been entered into for the purchase and sale of the property, all as detailed in note annexed to the Prospectus. These may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company, as also the Memorandum and Articles of Association. An agreement has been entered into among the Vendors as to the subscription of a portion of the Capital of the Company, to which agreement the Company is not a party, and by which no liability is imposed upon the Company.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and sent with the amount of the deposit to the Company's Bankers.

Should no allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full. In cases where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and the remainder, if any, returned to the applicant.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at the Company's Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, Auditors, and at the Registered Offices of the Company.

Glasgow, August 30th, 1895.

"TALES OF OUR COAST,"

BY

S. R. CROCKETT.

See "THE IDLER" for September.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

MY DEAR DICK,—I can answer your question at once. I write to you more often of foreign affairs than anything else just now, because I prefer to write of the most interesting topic of the moment. Also, like other good Democrats, you are inclined to ignore the vast outside circumstances that influence the well-being of the people; and you associate too intimately the Millennium with the parish-pump. Take warning by the proceedings of the great Trades Union Congress at Cardiff. Here is a body that regulates the lives and happiness of millions of workers, their families, and wives. Twelvemonths ago at Norwich it passed a resolution to the effect that it was expedient "that the land and means of production should be nationalised." That is to say, that all the railroads, factories, workshops, pastures, cornfields, parks, and moors should be taken away from their individual owners and passed over to the State. It was a very beautiful resolution, meaning either the expenditure of countless millions, or a violent and bloodthirsty revolution. It was about as possible of realisation as communication by telephone with the Man in the Moon. Yet much valuable time was wasted in passing it, and even more will be wasted in rescinding it—the course now proposed. It is, however, an admirable example of the unfortunate groove into which Democratic thought has lately fallen. Fancy what should be the Parliament of working-men, fondly imagining that those whom they represent will be one farthing better off when a resolution has been passed which means either "I believe in Socialism" or "I don't"! If the Trades Union Congress devoted its attention to the extension of Arbitration and the prevention of Strikes it would be doing great and useful work. But, unhappily, the Democrats of the hour, even amongst working-men, prefer visionary theory to common-sense practice.

Lord Salisbury, I am happy to hear, doesn't mean to stand any nonsense from the Chinese. The Missionary Question gives him an excuse, and he means to take it before the Russians conclude the arrangement they are hungering after, whereby they can carry the end of their Siberian railway through the North of China to a port on the Pacific free from ice all the year round. This does not sound a very dangerous or deadly undertaking, does it? But please observe, directly the Russians get their port it will immediately become an extensively fortified naval station. Fast warships will find shelter in it, and issue from it to prey on our commerce in the East. To secure ourselves against this danger a large increase in our fleet will be necessary, and consequently our taxes will go up. Now, do you see the precise bearing of foreign politics on our domestic affairs? At present we are paramount at sea. But the maintenance of our maritime supremacy is a costly business. Russia is land-locked; so long as we keep her land-locked by diplomatic means we have one power the less to deal with on the water. Directly she gets to the ocean we shall have a bigger job than ever before us. When the moment for cutting up China arrives we must, in self-defence, secure to ourselves the portion that will leave Russia still pent up in the ice-bound ports of the North.

I have not time now to discuss the Stokes case but I am grateful to anything that calls public attention to Africa. It is the land of the future. Look at the map and you will see how small a space is occupied by the gold and diamond bearing lands round the Transvaal. The whole country teems with minerals, and it stands to reason that there are vast quantities of undiscovered gold and diamonds in other localities.

From the new field in Australia we may also expect a good deal, and this colossal influx of gold will have a marked effect on our prosperity in this country. It will also put America, which is practically a silver country, at a disadvantage, and will go far to settle the currency question. This is much too complicated for discussion, but, roughly speaking, an increased supply of gold will rapidly reduce silver to the same position as copper, and silver coins, like copper coins, will have no value of their own, but will merely pass as copper does in the form of tokens. If the maddening ghost of bi-metallism is laid we shall at least have something to be thankful for.

Your affectionate Cousin,

RANDOLPH.

THE FAUVEL GOLD RECOVERY COMPANY (Limited). Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890. Capital, £150,000, in 150,000 Shares of £1 each. 10,000 Shares are being held in reserve.

ISSUE of 140,000 SHARES. Of which 110,000 Shares will be alloted to the vendor, as fully paid, in part payment for the contracts, process, and inventions hereinafter mentioned. The REMAINING 30,000 SHARES are NOW OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION, payable as follows. 2s. 6d. per Share on application; 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; and the balance in calls of not more than 5s. per Share, as and when required, at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN S. PRINCE, Esq., (Chairman of the Barrett Gold Mining Company Limited, etc.), Chairman, 8, Cornwall Mansions, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

Honble. Alexander F. H. Campbell, J.P. (Director of The McCulloch Coolgardie Gold Mines, Limited), 34, Draycott Place, S.W.

P. Gerald Sanford, Esq., Metallurgical Engineer, F.I.C., F.C.S., etc. (late Metallurgical Department Royal School of Mines, and the Royal Mint), The Laboratory, 20, Collum Street, E.C.

Joseph Taylor, Esq. (Director of the late Austral-Africa Exploration Company, Limited), 25, Montague Place, W.C.

MANAGING DIRECTOR—*Charles J. Fauvel, Esq., M.E., Assoc. Inst. M.E., etc., Member of the Inst. of Mining and Metallurgy, Broad Street House, E.C., and The Laboratory, Cranford, Middlesex.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

METALLURGICAL ENGINEER—Christopher J. Clarke, Esq., Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., 15, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS—Bainbridge, Seymour and Co., St. Helen's Place, E.C.

BANKERS—The London Joint-Stock Bank (Limited), Old Broad Street, E.C., Branch, 55, Old Broad Street, E.C.

AUDITORS—Curtis Thomson, Lucey, Hicks and Co., 15, George Street, E.C.

SOLICITORS—Venning, Sons and Co., Gresham House, Old Broad, St., E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES—Mr. John Tucker, Broad Street House, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring patent or other rights in valuable metallurgical processes and inventions, and to work, license, or sell to individuals, syndicates or companies the rights so acquired.

The first process proposed to be acquired is that known as "Fauvel's Gold Recovery Process," for the treatment of refractory gold-bearing ores, for which patent rights have already been granted in South Africa, the United States of America, the Australian Colonies, and other gold-producing countries of the world.

Fauvel's process is remarkably simple and economical. The ore having been previously pulverised to the required fineness, is freed from deleterious ingredients by automatic roasting in such a manner that it largely provides its own fuel, and the gold, having been thus liberated, is conveyed without any handling direct into an amalgamator, where the precious metal is readily arrested. The cost of this effective and easy treatment is estimated, with coal, at 30s. per ton, to be covered by 2s. 6d. per ton, whilst under more favourable conditions it might be as low as 1s. But even if the cost be estimated at 5s. for the treatment of a ton of really refractory ore, there is practically no limit to the extent to which this process may be adopted.

The opinion formed of the value of Fauvel's process may be seen in the report by C. G. Warnford Lock, Esq., the author of "Practical Gold Mining," co-author of "Gold, its occurrence and Extraction," and also from the report by P. Gerald Sanford, Esq., Metallurgical Engineer, F.I.C., F.C.S., etc.

The opinion of Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., has been obtained as to the validity of the patent.

Without considering the numerous properties which, from the refractory nature of their ores, cannot now be profitably worked, but which the Fauvel process may again bring into active operation, and assuming that amongst the existing mines all over the world, only five hundred separate plants are erected within a reasonable period, each paying a royalty of even one per cent. to the parent company for the licence to use the process, it will be seen that considerable profits may accrue to this Company

As an illustration of the manner in which profits may accrue to this undertaking, let us assume that only 25 furnaces are erected in the early stages of the business, each with a capacity of 50 tons per day, and working 300 days in the year, then taking the average value of the ore at 12 dwts., and the yield in gold as equal to £100 daily from each plant, or about £30,000 per annum, a royalty of one per cent. only would yield £300 a year for each plant. The 25 furnaces would therefore yield £7,500, and in like manner 250 would represent £75,000 per annum, with a proportionate increase according to the additional number of furnaces erected, and irrespective of the other sources of profit mentioned above.

The vendor has accepted an offer by cable for all his patent rights in the United States of America, amounting to the sum of £100,000 in cash and shares, together with a royalty of one per cent. (about ¼d. per pennyweight) on the gold recovered. This company will have the benefit of the vendor's interest in this contract, and also of contracts entered into for the sale of the patent rights for the Transvaal, the Dominion of Canada, and Portugal, particulars of which are set out in the full prospectus, copies of which can be obtained on application at the Company's Offices.

The purchase price has been fixed by the vendor at the sum of £125,000, payable as to £110,000 in fully-paid shares of £1 each, as to £5,000 in cash (as consideration for the patents, and his expenditure in relation thereto, including the formation of this Company up to allotment), and the balance of £10,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, or both, at the option of the directors.

Application should be sent in accompanied by a deposit of Two Shillings and Sixpence per Share.

Copies of the agreements and reports and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company can be inspected at the Offices of Solicitors.

Dated 30th August, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

THE ROMANCE OF BANKRUPTCY.

OUTSIDE the comparatively narrow circle of persons professionally interested few of our readers will have seen, and fewer still will have read, the Annual Bankruptcy Report issued a few days ago. And yet one section of that Report—that which relates to failures during 1894 of secured and preferential claims over £20,000—is as interesting as most romances.

In reading this memorandum one is struck with the number of solicitors who have come to grief through misappropriation of moneys or reckless speculation. We will give some illustrations. Case 1 is that of a solicitor who retired from practice at the close of 1890. In 1877 he had filed a petition for liquidation, when his statement of affairs showed liabilities amounting to £48,560, and assets valued at £3,800, but he had never got his discharge. In 1890 and 1891 this gentleman took a prominent part in the formation of two insurance companies, and he attributes his second failure to these two companies. But seeing that one of them has lodged a proof against the estate for £28,099, it may be doubted whether this explanation is quite accurate. Anyway, his embarrassed circumstances did not prevent the debtor from seeking election as a member of Parliament, and £2,000 of his present deficiency of £34,683 is stated to be in respect of election expenses.

Another case was of a firm of solicitors, who had been in business for about forty years. They described themselves as solicitors, but had been largely concerned in the business of money-scriveners. Their enterprises embraced the purchase of large landed estates, farming operations, the manufacture of terra-cotta goods, and the control of a carpet factory. The bankrupts commanded general respect and confidence in the district in which they lived, and were entrusted with the absolute control and management of various important trusts of large sums of money received for investment. Upon moneys thus obtained they guaranteed a rate of interest sometimes as high as five per cent., and in this way large sums of money were attracted to their coffers. At times the firm's liabilities approximated to half a million sterling, but no system of audit worthy of the name ever existed, nor were independent valuations made of the properties with which the bankrupts were dealing. By-and-bye came the depreciation in landed estates. But although the valuable properties these solicitors had in hand grew less and less productive, the bankrupts continued to pay their clients the interest they had guaranteed, and in order to maintain this outward semblance of integrity, they made use of any funds which happened to be under their control. The end of it was the Bankruptcy Court, with a gross indebtedness of over a quarter of a million sterling, and creditors exceeding 700 in number.

Peers figure in the list, and do not figure creditably. Thus one who has held various public appointments failed with liabilities amounting to £254,015, and assets estimated by the debtor at £29,890, and by the Official Liquidator at £4. This worthy attributes his present position to loss of income from his estates and falling off of official income. He turned to companies as the El Dorado from which he was to retrieve his shattered fortunes. He obtained from his wife a sum of £15,000, which went in the promotion of rotten companies, a legacy of £10,000 went in the same way, as also a further legacy of £5,000 belonging to his daughter. At one time his income as a director was between £3,000 and £4,000 a year. But gradually he got deeper into the mire. His personal expenditure varied from £8,000 to £14,000 a year, but, as he ingenuously admitted to the Registrar, "he did not pay his bills every year." Indeed, he piled up debts for the purpose of income, and in so doing might have been brought within the meshes of the criminal law. In addition to various pledgings of family jewellery, he purchased on credit a ruby and diamond brooch and a diamond brooch for £450, which he pledged on the same day for £350; he purchased a diamond necklet and other articles for £1,430, and the same day he pledged them, together with a brilliant bangle from the family jewellery, for £1,000; he purchased certain articles of jewellery for £370, and pledged them on the same day for £200. Between June and December of a single year he received from one pawnbroker £4,505 for jewellery, most of which he had just bought upon credit. Altogether a very bad case.

Let us take next a company promoter, who was also a director of public companies. His liabilities amount to £46,776, and "*nil*" is the amount at which he estimates his assets. It seems that in 1887 he contracted to purchase an option to buy land in Mexico for £12,000 to £15,000 and he found £6,000 of it. This option he sold to a company for the modest sum of £450,000, of which £150,000 was received in cash, debentures, and securities, and preference shares. That company is now under the control of the Receiver for debenture holders. In 1888 the debtor was interested in another promotion, in which he dropped over £5,000 of the plunder got from the other companies. Afterwards he promoted other companies, losing on them all, and meeting losses, as far as they were met, from his profits on the first promotion. The debtor never kept any books, and incurring enormous liabilities with nothing to meet them he finally found his way to Portugal Street, the ultimate destination—oddly enough—of most company promoters.

As might be expected, theatrical managers figure in the list. Here is one whose professional career has extended over a period of thirteen years, during which he has been engaged in several theatrical speculations, resulting in a total deficiency of £41,292. The debtor estimates the value of his assets at £40, the official liquidator at *nil*. When things were going awry the debtor seems to have tried his hand on the Stock Exchange, where he admits to a loss of £1,300.

A stock broker's failure incidentally shows how the members of that remarkable body, the Stock Exchange, take care of each other's interests—and their own. At the end of 1891 the senior partner, a highly and justly-respected member of the Stock Exchange, who had been doing business for forty years, retired from the firm, but about the end of 1892, his former partners being in difficulties, he took over the business with a nephew as partner. At that time the concern was hopelessly bankrupt, but on ceasing business the debtors, to avoid being declared defaulters on the Stock Exchange, handed a list of their customers to another person, who undertook to pay their Stock Exchange debts.

The way in which different banking accounts may tend to stave off the evil day by facilitating discounts is illustrated by the case of a potter, who at the date of the receiving order was carrying on a business established by his father sixty years ago. During the two years prior to the bankruptcy, the total accommodation bills negotiated by the debtor amounted to £269,446, and for the purpose of negotiating these bills has had six different banking accounts. Many of the bills were drawn for odd amounts that they might look like trade bills. At last one of the banks required him to reduce his discount account, which he was unable to do, and the neglect resulted in his suspension.

One debtor, the junior partner of a business, who was responsible for its general supervision, admits that he never looked at the books, which were left entirely to the bookkeeper. Another debtor started as a provision merchant in 1883 with a partner who found the capital of £2,000. During the partnership no profits were divided, the debtor and his partner simply drawing what they required, their only knowledge of how they stood being arrived at by guessing at the amount of business done. In 1893 the partner went out, and the debtor repaid him his £2,000, the total amount of the capital in the business, and indemnified him against liabilities without knowing their amount, or the value of the assets which he took over. No balance-sheet was prepared at that time, nor had one been prepared since 1888. When in August of last year difficulties increased in finding money, the debtor looked into affairs and found that the concern had been insolvent for years!

Altogether this memorandum is an instructive record of cunning and credulity, incompetence and indifference, reckless speculation and invincible optimism.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BUREAU.

IN a recent issue we directed attention to this concern, and the profits it promised to people foolish enough to hand its managers moneys to gamble with on the Stock Exchange. A reader of TO-DAY appears to have called the attention of these men to our criticism, and received in reply three letters which he sends us. The first of these precious productions we give *lit et verb.* Here it is:—

Dear Sir,—We are obliged for yours received this morng. we have not noticed the remarks contained in the journal to which you refer

but the reasons of such are very clear this business at the present day has through irregularities practised by several mushroom firms, been made a subject for attack in the press and in a few cases, justly so but of course the object of many minor publications, in fact their only source of income is to obtain advertisements, this we positively refuse to do, hence the result. This business is carried on in a legitimate and conscientious manner and it is practically impossible to support the host of these papers out of the short turns or commissions we make out of the business—where it is done no such remarks as you quote are made, it almost certainly follows Clients do not receive their full profits or as in some cases even their own money back again.

Our methods have all along given entire satisfaction and should you decide to place your instructions with us you can rest assured of receiving every satisfaction.

We are, Dear Sir, your obediently,
THE LONDON & STOCK SHARE ASSN.
Per A. D. S.

This letter is signed "The London Stock and Share Association," but the second and third letters are in a different handwriting, and purport to come from the Co-operative Bureau, and are signed by "A. North, Secretary." In the second our correspondent is told that Mr. North has "seen last week's To-DAY," and "I see we have nothing there to refute." "To his small mind"—that is, to the small mind of the City Editor of To-DAY—"possibly the return—that is, the interest we quoted—does seem large," but Mr. North says the Bureau "can maintain it in the present condition of markets, and possibly do better later on." In the third letter, Mr. A. North, after paying a high tribute to Mr. Jerome, "a gentleman of undoubted integrity," complains that our attack is "uncalled for," and that we go on the assumption that "all are thieves," meaning by "all," we presume, that all people who try to persuade the public—as the Co-operative Bureau tries to persuade it—to entrust money to them on the assurance that such moneys are not to be used in any risky business, and that immense interest will be paid, are thieves. Well, if that is the meaning, for once in a way we find ourselves in complete agreement with Mr. A. North.

GOLD MINING IN BRITISH GUIANA.

WE have before us a copy of the report to the Council of the Institute of Mines and Forests on the Gold and Forest Industries of British Guiana for the year ended June 30th last. It is, on the whole, an encouraging report, but shows that whilst the gold industry has made considerable progress in the Colony during recent years it is sadly hampered by the timidity of the Executive. The great difficulty in the way of the rapid development of the industry is lack of communications. The absence of roads and adequate steamer accommodation makes travelling in the interior difficult, and consequently makes prospecting exceptionally expensive. The credit of the Colony is excellent, and a loan, to be spent in road-making and the like, might be raised without difficulty in London; but the planters, fearful of the effect of rapid development in the gold industry upon labour, have never been eager to assist it, and they control the Court of Policy.

The growth in the production of gold in British Guiana will be seen from the following figures, which show the number of ounces obtained in each year since 1884, when the industry may be said to have been started:—

	Ozs.		Ozs.		Ozs.
1884.	250	1888-89.	20,216	1892-93.	134,124
1885.	939	1889 90.	32,332	1893-94.	138,527
1886.	6,518	1890-91.	66,864	1894-95.	132,994
1887.	10,986	1891-92.	110,555		

It will be seen that there was an actual decrease last year as compared with the preceding twelve months, but this is partly accounted for by the fact that in 1893-94 a large amount of capital was withdrawn from placer mining, and invested in mining proper, and that although, to quote the report, "quartz-mining at present holds out a brilliant prospect for the future of the Colony, it has not yet been sufficiently developed to add materially to the production."

It is to be hoped that the planters in the Court o Policy, and the Combined Court, will rise to the necessities of the position, and join heartily with the Government in providing those better communications which are indispensable if the Colony is to make rapid progress as a gold-producing country. Much in a Colony like British Guiana depends upon the Governor, and we fear that Sir Charles Lees is not quite the man for the position. The ideal Governor for the Colony at the present time would be its former Attorney-General, Sir William Haynes-Smith. There would be no lack of "go" if he was at Government House, and it is a go-ahead Governor that is wanted in Demerara just now.

A HINT FOR THE COMPANY PROMOTER.

WE have received the following letter, which may be worth the attention of persons engaged in company promotion. The idea seems workable:—

DEAR SIR,—Since I saw the statement you made of a "Moss Litter Company" going to be formed, I thought I would ask you if a good hay, straw, and general farm produce company could be formed. I do a bit of tillage business with farmers, and I sometimes take forage of them as part payment; the result to me is very satisfactory because I always buy so as to sell at a fair profit. If I had more money I could do a lot better, and I am sure what I can do in a small way a good company with capital at command could do in a greater way. I see in my travels to farms where many bargains could be made if I had the money, for above all people I have come in contact with the farmer seems to me the most easy and good-natured to do business with—when it is for ready-money. If a company were formed, a great deal would depend on the person appointed to buy. The company might go in for buying the places of business of those people who are retiring, and thus the retail trade would be at hand. If any of your readers like to take it up I can assure them it is a healthy, pleasant, and profitable occupation.

YORKSHIRE.

"RELIGIOUS" ADVERTISING.

WE take the following advertisement from our contemporary, the *Christian Age*. It hardly seems the sort of thing for a religious paper:—

Jan. 2	.. ..	£8 per cent.
Feb. 1	.. ..	6 " "
Mar. 1	.. ..	5 " "
April 1	.. ..	8 " "
May 1	.. ..	7 " "
June 2	.. ..	10 " "
July 1	.. ..	9 " "
August 1	.. ..	9 " "
Total for 8 months	..	£62 per cent.

An average of nearly £8 per cent. per month.

IF interested in how a LEGITIMATE investment, WITHOUT SPECULATION, can be made to yield this return, write for our Illustrated Manual, post free. We have not a dissatisfied client, no money has ever been lost, and £5 and upwards may be invested.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, & WILLIAMS,
5, Copthall Buildings, Copthall Avenue, E.C., London.

Can it be that the *Christian Age* is so unworldly as to believe that 8 per cent. *per month* can be paid by Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford and Williams from "legitimate investment without speculation," and that "no money has ever been lost" during employment in a business that pays close upon 100 per cent. for its capital?

NEW ISSUES.

The Western Witwatersrand Exploration Company Limited.—Capial £300,000, divided into 300,000 shares of £1 each; of which 102,500 are to be alloted to the vendors as part payment for the properties to be acquired; 97,500 shares are offered for public subscription to provide working capital (£80,000) and to complete purchase consideration (£17,500); the remaining £100,000 are to be held in reserve for future issue.

The Fauvel Gold Recovery Company, Limited. Capital £150.000, in shares of £1 each, of which 10,000 shares are held in reserve. 110,000 of these shares will be allotted to vendor as fully paid, in part payment for the contracts, process, and invention mentioned in prospectus, the remaining 30,000 shares are offered for subscription.

The City of Chester Gold Mines, Limited, has been formed to acquire a gold mining lease of twelve acres, near Cue, in the Murchison district of Western Australia. The capital is £50,000 in shares of £1 each, of which 5,000 shares are offered for subscription to provide working capital. The purchase consideration is £35,000, payable in fully paid up shares in the Company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Ottoman Bonds. A. K. N. (Spalding).—No English newspaper publishes the list of drawings so far as we know, but they can be got, being published abroad. **George Newnes, Limited.** JACK (Gateshead).—(1) These shares are shares in a company which is paying very handsome dividends, and we know of nothing to suggest that it will not pay other handsome dividends. The objection to the shares as an investment is that newspapers like the one owned by this company cannot be relied upon to suit the public fancy for any great length of time. (2) The shares of Louise, Limited, are, in our opinion, worth buying at their present price. This year's turnover compares favourably with that of last year, and we have no doubt the profits of the year will enable the directors to pay the dividend promised in the prospectus. (3) We do not recommend brokers. **Northern Wealth of Nations.** D. A. S. (Glasgow).—It cannot be rightly spoken of as "a safe investment." It may turn out to be a profitable speculation, but we are a little sceptical. The other three companies you name are all highly speculative. **Violet Gold Mine Company.** J. W. W. (Plymouth).—Yes, we have heard some such rumour. We will make more inquiries and communicate further with you. Your scrip is of no present value. **Balkis Land.** R. R. (Cathcart). — We cannot advise you to buy shares of this company, or the other you name. **Four Shares.** MACK (Edinburgh).—Nos. 1 and 3 should turn out well; the others are more doubtful. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** SHAREHOLDER (Glasgow).—They will go up again. You would be foolish to sell just now. Crushings should begin again immediately. See the chairman's speech at the statutory meeting on August 7th. **Bombosi Gold Reefs Development Company.** W. D. B. (Edinburgh).—You say you bought some of these shares at 5s. 9d., and were "in hopes that they would rise at least to par, so that I might sell out again, and make a few pounds." Instead, they are a shilling lower. You will do well in future not to count upon shares bought at 70 per cent. discount going up to par in a week or two. For the rest, we think you had better sell and cut the loss. **North-west Australia Gold Claim.** J. A. (Mold.)—We write you under cover. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** W. C. (Glasgow.)—(1) Hold; they will go better. (2) Yes, it would be worth while averaging as you suggest. (3) Yes, several. **Water Gas Companies.** F. E. S. (Leeds).—We have had none recently. Presumably you refer to the articles that appeared in To-DAY last year.

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"THE TIMES" December 29, 1894, asks in a Leader on

"OUR DAUGHTERS,"

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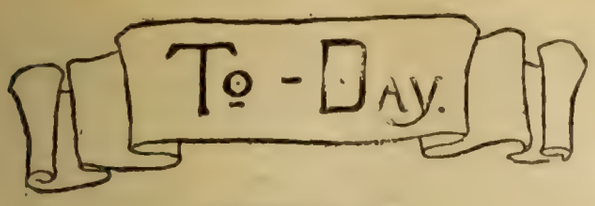

CONTENTS.

PAGE
THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA. V. THE CRIME OF COUNT NIKOLAS OF FESTENBURG. PART II. BY ANTHONY HOPE. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR 129
FEMININE AFFAIRS 136
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 138
A NEW DEPARTURE AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE 139
MR. WILSON BARRETT'S NEW PLAY 139
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 141
IN THE CITY 142
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 145
CLUB CHATTER 149
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 153
CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE. III. THE FOREHEAD. BY PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A. 154
THE AMERICAN GIRL FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW 156
BARBER-SURGEONS. BY WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S. 158
PRISON DISCIPLINE 159

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

MR. CHAPLIN, probably at the suggestion of the younger and more intelligent portion of his party, has returned his brief to the East London Waterworks Company, but his sympathies are evidently still with this association of cheats, and he continues to cast about for any flimsy excuse that will enable him to protect his friends from justice. The Conservative party, as a whole, is evidently becoming alive to the folly of identifying itself as the patron of a Monopoly whose principle of trade is to obtain by threats money for goods they have never supplied. The deputation that waited upon Mr. Chaplin was representative of both sides of the House, and they succeeded in wresting from him the promise of an inquiry. If they are wise they will see to it that the inquiry is really instituted and that within a reasonable time, and that the committee is composed of men who have no object to serve in hushing-up and confusing the real question.

THERE are some matters upon which it is difficult to write a note. All that can be said about them seems contained in the recital of bare facts. The other day we read of an inquiry at Tottenham into the death of a box-maker's porter, aged sixty-four, found drowned in the river Lea. The man was a sober, industrious fellow, who went to work at 6 a.m. and got back home between 8 and 10. His wages were fourteen shillings a week. On the last Saturday of his life he returned home and said that his master had struck him, and had refused to pay him his wages. He seemed very much upset. The loss of fourteen shillings seems a small matter to be upset about, but when you work from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. for it for a week, and it is all you have to live upon, the amount is of some importance. On Sunday morning the man went to his employer's private house, and was again assaulted and refused his wages. The employer's name seems to have been carefully kept out of the report. I wonder how much was paid for that. I should like to have known that employer, and to have made a few inquiries into his method of conducting business.

AGAIN, an unfortunate German was charged before Sir Joseph Dimsdale, with causing an obstruction by selling sweets in Moorgate Street. Mahil's excuse was, "I haf a vife ant five children. I haf paid more dan tree pound here. I am vera broke now." It seems he had been fined ten shillings only the week before for obstructing, but what a City constable considers an obstruction anyone can gather for himself by standing at the corner of a City street for ten minutes. No doubt the task of regulating the traffic in the City is a difficult one, but the City police are decidedly overbearing, and when they get what they call "their knife into a man," they take positive pleasure in hounding him from street to street. Sir Joseph fined Mahil five shillings and costs. He had four shillings, including a threepennypiece and some halfpennies; his wife with a few borrowed pence and her own money made up the seven shillings, and they left the court crying. It is all very commonplace and paltry, but the pathos of life lies in these paltry details, and I can follow Mahil's thoughts and feelings away from that court, and into the street and into the wretched home where he and his wife "haf" their five children. Life to the very poor is a grim one at the best of times. Well-fed City magistrates need not be sentimental, but a little sympathy is not always out of place.

ANOTHER sad case seems to me the suicide in Wandsworth prison of a lad named Franklin, aged eighteen. Franklin was sentenced for watch-stealing. He had always asserted his innocence—most prisoners do; but then most prisoners do not take two months' hard labour quite so seriously as did young Franklin. Before his two months were up he got himself reported eleven times for breaches of prison discipline, and was punished seven times. On the last occasion he was condemned to the crank; he was suffering from a swollen hand, and was under medical treatment. (The crank seems a strange punishment to inflict on a man suffering from an injured hand.) He took off his bandage, and deliberately strangled himself with it. There is some explanation needed. It is not the vicious jailbird who is the sort of man to commit suicide; the thought of death would come much more naturally to the man feeling himself helpless under injustice. Such an one would not make a good prisoner, and warders when they take a dislike to anyone under their charge can make two months' hard labour a little worse than two months' hell. The other day in open court a warder treated a prisoner so brutally as to call forth an indignant remonstrance from the judge, and the comment from the Press at the time was "If this is how they treat men in public, what things happen behind the prison walls?" A coroner's jury, always well-meaning, returned the usual verdict, "Suicide whilst temporarily insane." But one feels that one would like to know how young Franklin became temporarily insane.

THE trial of Mrs. Kathleen Young for gross cruelty to an unfortunate little servant-girl points the moral of some remarks I made in TO-DAY some six or seven months ago. It is difficult to conceive a more terrible existence than that of some poor child put into the hands of a cruel and overbearing mistress, and the thought grows upon one that behind the trim walls of many a respectable suburban house grim little tragedies of suffering and ill-usage daily take place. I know it is the proper thing to gush about women as angels disguised in petticoats. Women have many virtues, but they also have the vices that go with weak natures. Cruelty, a love of domineering over what is weak and

helpless, the love of everlastingly fault-finding and scolding and punishing, are among the bad traits of their nature. When they had the power, as in Rome a thousand years ago, and in America about fifty years ago, it was invariably the women who were the cruellest slave-drivers. Mrs. Kathleen Young is a type that is pretty common. Sometimes, as at Newport, she gets discovered, but for every case that comes to light there must be a hundred that remain in darkness.

Will anybody tell me something about cordite? I know it is a sort of powder, and I believe you use it in connection with guns; but how has it come to be the burning political question of the day—or rather of the last two years, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette?* The subject is beginning to get on my nerves. I can never take up the *Pall Mall Gazette* without finding two or three columns about cordite. I am appealed to as a patriotic Englishman on the subject of cordite; as a man and a brother, I am asked what I think of cordite. The *Pall Mall Gazette* lectures me on cordite, wheedles me on the subject of cordite, bullies me about cordite; and I am growing tired of it. I like my *Pall Mall Gazette.* It is generally amusing—except on the subject of cordite; it has a sensible and manly tone on all subjects—other than that of cordite; it has no fads—except cordite. It gives me the idea of being written by extremely young men, and I like young men. It knows everything—which is comforting; but I wish it did not know so much about cordite.

It has given us a cordite scandal in very big type. We had three weeks of that scandal; and I never came across a living soul who had read a word of it. Something seemed to be very shocking somewhere, but we felt that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was going to set it all right, and excused ourselves on that ground. Then we had cordite revelations, and more shocking things got revealed. Then there was the cordite inquiry. Then a Commission sat on it. And still nothing happened so far as I could ever tell. After awhile it defeated the late Government, which is the only thing to its credit that I have ever been able to discover; and now my *Pall Mall Gazette* informs me that it is going to blow up the present Government—all in good time—which may possibly be useful work also. The *Pall Mall Gazette* likewise tells me that cordite is "the godchild of the late Mr. Stanhope." My sympathies are with Mr. Stanhope. My *Pall Mall Gazette* also informs me that the present Government is pledged in honour, and also in plain words, to cordite. It also fears that we shall never get an adequate supply of cordite, which will not be the *Pall Mall Gazette's* fault. I do not wish to suggest anything in the nature of neglect of duty to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but if at any future time it can see its way to giving cordite a rest for a day or two, I, one of its most constant readers, shall welcome the holiday.

Thomas Penfold, fishmonger, Moffatt Road, Thornton Heath, was charged with cruelly ill-treating and torturing a pony, by working it while in an unfit state. Inspector Bonner said that the animal was a mere skeleton, and one of its hoofs was rotten. Penfold said that he had purchased the animal only on the previous day, and he was just returning from a veterinary surgeon's, where it had been "bishoped." The "vet" told him that if he gave it a bran-mash and a little corn now and then it would be all right. There are a good many veterinary surgeons in England who are a disgrace to their profession, and who ought never to be allowed to practise. You can generally reckon on getting a veterinary surgeon's evidence for half a sovereign. The reputable members of the profession should look to it, or the very name veterinary surgeon will soon come to be a term of abuse. Penfold was fined by an idiotic bench of magistrates twenty shillings and five shillings and sixpence costs. The trade in old, worn-out horses is enormous. Men of the Penfold type buy them from the knacker's yard, and work them to death, and it pays them very well to part with an occasional twenty shillings fine for cruelty. The system will never be stamped out so long as magistrates encourage it by inflicting fines instead of sending the culprits to prison.

An eminent medical journal has been going for milk; it has analysed milk, exposed milk, traced out the hideous secrets that the tin of condensed has kept so long, warned those who are in the habit of drinking milk what their end will be. And I am very glad indeed. Ordinary men have been gradually deprived of all their little luxuries. We have had our claret condemned, and we have been deprived of our cigarettes, our oysters have been taken from us. Everything that we ventured to like has been conclusively proved to be very bad for us, and in the nurseries of the nation our babies have triumphed. They only liked one thing, and that was milk. Nobody ventured to find fault with that. On the contrary, to drink milk was taken as evidence of simple, pastoral, virtuous tastes. Babies were in the happy position of being proud of doing what they liked to do.

But their turn has come at last. The simple and virtuous milk is adulterated, the nutriment is extracted from it, it is useless as a food. Babies that are temperate and self-controlled will, of course, give it up. I do not know what they will find as a substitute, but I am quite sure that entire abstinence is their only proper course. These beautiful creameries that look so fresh and clean and pleasant must hold out their sinful temptations in vain for the future. No resolute and virtuous baby can stop its perambulator at their doors. And if there remain any weaker brethren in our nurseries, addicted in secret to the hideous vice of milk drinking, some proper movement must be set on foot to reclaim them, with some lisping Lady Henry Somerset of two years old in the chair.

The *Daily Telegraph* has been sneering at the sea serpent. It was always my impression that it was the *Daily Telegraph* which invented the sea-serpent and the practice of giving it its annual bath in the dull season. At any rate, if the *Daily Telegraph* sneers at the sea-serpent, the poor reptile really must be dead, quite dead. But nature—wise and beneficent nature—gives with one hand even while she takes away with the other. If we have lost the sea-serpent, we have acquired the singing-mouse, and September is not the aching void that it might have been if mice never sang or people never wrote to the *Daily Graphic* to say so. The only point which can cause us any regret is that the information to hand at present on the subject of

singing-mice is so shockingly meagre. If I only knew more of them I feel as if I could love them better.

I have, for instance, been told that a diet of cheese is bad for the vocal organs. How does the singing-mouse get over this difficulty? Does it give up the cheese, or does it sacrifice the quality of its fruity contralto? For the matter of that, is it a fruity contralto or a pure and bird-like soprano? If it sings, too, it is perfectly obvious that it must sing something. What does it sing? Is it partial to drawing-room songs, warbling "It Were Best to Leave You Thus, Love," as it passes the trap which has been set for it in vain, or "*Ah, si vous saviez!*" as it finds the cat asleep on the hearthrug? Does it confine itself to sacred music on Sundays? These are problems which, I fear, will never be satisfactorily answered; indeed, I may even be told that the questions are not asked seriously. One is frequently misunderstood.

The annual newspaper correspondence is going steadily and smoothly on its way. "A Husband" and "A Woman with a Heart," "Sixty Years," and "A Champion of Dames," have relieved themselves of their miscellaneous opinions, and filled two columns as inexpensively as can be desired. Many others have joined them, and many more will. What is the subject? It is the subject on which every doughy, flat-footed sentimentalist can be safely trusted to spread himself, the subject on which every half-fledged cynic loves to use the very last sarcasms that he has stolen, the subject which tempts the "wife and mother" to turn out her entire domestic and emotional stock-in-trade for the benefit of the street, the subject which perplexes every philosopher and is fully understood by every dunce, the subject which interests all alike. In a word, the subject is Love.

There are some who never subscribed to the testimonial to Dr. Grace, and some who do not care whether or not the natural beauties of a waterfall are profaned for utilitarian purposes. But Love is an universal subject, and blessed is that newspaper which opens its hospitable columns to a discussion of any phase of a primary instinct, and proclaims to its public its readiness to become a September dust-heap, a repository for the thoughts of the kind of person who never thinks. It is blessed, for in that way lies popularity. It does not seem to matter much what particular problem connected with Love is discussed. The letters come in just the same, and they are mostly of a kind which have an equal bearing on any problem. They start with love nominally, but as far as their practical value is concerned, they have an equal bearing on theology, metaphysics, the management of the horse, statics, and the way to make a caramel pudding. That is to say, they have no practical bearing on anything, no new point of view, no touch of fresh observation, nothing but a string of dead, dull, banalities.

But, however, why not collect some of these pearls of thought that are now shedding their mild radiance over a daily paper? "To live in a *solitude à deux*, everyone on reflection would say, is a somewhat dangerous experiment." The passage occurs in a letter with a Highgate address, but yet how French it is! and how true! But have I not—the foul suspicion will haunt my mind—seen something of the kind before? Here is another: "Love comes early in life to one, late in life to another, whereas to some it never comes at all." It is just the same with fortunes, fame, and bronchitis, and why did we wait until September, 1895, before we noticed it? It *is* deep, of course, but I cannot hold thinking that we ought to have dug down to it before this. One more: "Jewellery won't cure a wounded heart." Bitter—yes, very bitter—but just as much a pearl as the others, or as this: "Those only are successful marriages where love develops into affection." Quite so. The habit of close and intelligent analysis is abroad, and (judging from the address of the letter quoted) has now reached Dulwich. I might quote more, and yet—and yet in some strange way I feel as if I had had about enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

W. P. B.—Draws my attention to an exhibition of magisterial folly at Enniskillen. A boy carved his initials on a post in a field. The post seems to have belonged to John Arthur Irwin, J.P., of Derrygore. Eminent counsel were retained on both sides. The Earl of Belmore, G.C.M.G., Mr. William Carson, Mr. P. Crumley, and Mr. W. Jones, R.M., were on the bench, and ordered the criminal to enter into recognisances in the sum of five pounds to come up for judgment when called upon; and in the meantime to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. This bench of Dogberries seem decidedly to have taken pains to write themselves down asses.

J. P. is of opinion that the cause of much intemperance is the adulteration of beer and spirits.—W. A. W. complains of the excessive water rate in Yorkshire.—Anxious One. See reply to "Ignoramus."—A. L. (Chung King). I thank you for your letter and the verses. The Opium Commission has already been discredited.—R. T. E. We must agree to differ on this subject. It is always difficult in an argument for either party to see the other one's point. C. W. H.—Our friend is occasionally given to enthusiasms. Thank you for your letter. F. B. S.—There are forty-seven comic papers published in Great Britain. Surely this number should be enough for you without your wishing to add To-Day to the list.

G. H. (Glasgow).—You would find it difficult to slip into an opening of the kind you suggest without having previously proved your fitness for the work. Many men who have succeeded in literature have done so in spite of long hours spent at desk work every day. There is only one secret of moving up in life—tremendously hard work—killing work, for four or five years.

Coventry.—A male child born of foreign parents in England would be considered as belonging to his father's nationality, if his parents were not naturalised. A child born at sea would also be considered as belonging to his father's nationality.

H. B. D. sends me particulars of a cruelty case from Clyde Bank. Henry Turnbull, dealer, and Thomas Hislop, driver, worked a horse suffering from a suppurating wound. Baillie Lecky fined Turnbull £2, and Hislop £1. Of course the fines were paid cheerfully. It suits such men as Turnbull much better to buy old worn-out injured horses for a mere song and to pay an occasional fine of two or three pounds, than to give a fair price for a sound animal.

Reader.—Mr. Harmsworth, of *Answers*, would be the most likely person to be able to give you information on the subject. P. H. E.—The article was used as compiled matter. T. G. J.—Ipswich is so well known that the writer evidently thought it needless to refer to that town. I thank you for your pleasant letter. Clerk.—The letters you enclose are amusing reading, but they show nothing worse than ignorance of the world, and particularly with the shipping department of it, and are not material for anything beyond a passing smile. "The Red Cockade" was concluded in No. 60. T. R. M.—Yes, you can leave the insurance money by will as you suggest. It would be paid by the executor as you directed. J. S. Y.—I really consider that the magistrate in giving the alternative of a fifteen pounds' fine acted with some leniency. The defence was utterly silly, and had it been accepted every pickpocket in London would have made use of it. People do not go about picking pockets for a lark. If they do I think fifteen pounds a fair price to pay for the joke. A. M.—Unfortunately newspaper office doors are as overcrowded by applicants as are those of drapers', and more special training is required. Ignoramus.—Cold water, my doctor tells me, is better than warm. Otherwise your prescription is correct. A. B. (Glasgow.)—The Engadine is the recognised centre for consumptive patients in the winter; all particulars regarding travelling, cost, etc., could be obtained from Messrs. Cook, or Gaze. S. F. W.—If the attendance is voluntary I see no objec-

tion to the scheme. We must remember that everyone's tastes differ, and this, to us, somewhat over-dolorous way of spending a holiday may appeal to others. If, of course, any influence is used to make the girls attend notice should be taken of it; but as to that your letter does not inform me.

Annual Subscriber (M. G. V.).—I cannot tell who the artist may have been, nor can I value a picture without seeing it.

A. A. B. (Glasgow) noticed an advertisement as follows: "Home employment; no canvassing; remunerative; spare time: either sex; particulars free." He answered it, and received a suggestion that he should colour photos at a remunerative rate. The firm advertising offered to supply the work after A. A. B. had paid six shillings for an outfit of their Persian Colours. Of course the thing is a palpable swindle. The firm would sell A. A. B. colours for six shillings, probably worth one, and would then let him whistle for the work. It is difficult to understand how readers can be taken in by this class of advertisement, but I dare say a poor man catches at anything offering employment, and the wily advertiser reckons on this.

National.—I am glad to find that we are working together. The British public, whether it calls itself Radical or Tory, is terribly conservative. If somebody from another planet dropped down here and had our system of party government explained to him he would put us down as a nation of idiots. The system has grown up, therefore we think that it is heaven sent. It is a piece of silly, childish nonsense.

E. A. G.—You are quite right. I am always pegging away at the printers on this matter. For three or four weeks they will get the ink dry, and then there will come a week or two when they let things go back. I am making use of your letter to gird at them again.

H. M. D. (Pembroke Club).—I cannot see any great cruelty myself in either of the cases you enclose. Cats are terrible nuisances in a garden, and if they won't keep out one is justified, I think, in asking the assistance of one's dog to impress upon them the heinousness of trespass. Nor, to refer to the second case, do I consider a dog-fight—where the dogs are equally matched—at all cruel. One has to remember that a dog enjoys a fight as much as you or I would a game at billiards or golf. I speak somewhat feelingly on this subject, as within the last fortnight I have been called in to no less than four dog-fights with a request that I would separate the combatants. I have done so at imminent risk, and have received no thanks from either disputant. An average fox-terrier would any day give a shilling out of his own pocket to be allowed to fight anything anywhere to a finish. And I really do not see why they should not have their little enjoyments.

N. Z.—I do not think that at twenty you are justified in saying that you have any taste for this or any distaste for the other. At twenty a young man is full of vague imaginings. He does not know the world. He has a natural distaste for all kinds of work, but he fancies that the dislike has reference only to the particular work before him. He does not know that in every calling there is the same amount of disagreeable drudgery to be undergone; that there is no royal road to fortune and success, and that every calling has its drawbacks. Farming in New Zealand would mean seven or eight years of terribly hard work in almost utter solitude, away from all life, or gaiety, or diversion. It would lead at its best to the quiet humdrum existence of a Colonial sheep-rearer. There is no such thing as freedom in life. You can slave with a needle, you can slave with a pen, you can slave with a spade, and nature and necessity stand over you and see that you do it. In three years hence you would, in all probability, be sick of farming, and look back regretfully to the comfortable position that you gave up. I do not write to discourage you in making your own life, but merely to warn you that it is not by choosing this career or that that one can ever hope to escape the burden of boredom. The last man I knew who went out to Australia to enjoy the delights of sheep-farming found it such hard labour that he worked his way back to Melbourne, and is now engaged as a hairdresser.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will CLOSE on the 9th day of September, 1895.

THE WESTERN WITWATERSRAND EXPLORATION COMPANY (LTD.)

CAPITAL, £300,000, divided into 300,000 shares of £1 each, of which 102,500 will be allotted to the Vendors as part payment for the properties to be acquired; 97,500 are NOW OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION to provide Working Capital (£80,000), and to complete the pnrchase consideration (£17,500); and the remaining 100,000 will he held in reserve for future issue. Applications are now invited to the amount of £97,500 for 97,500 shares of £1 each, payable 10s. on Application and 10s. on Allotment, convertible, when fully paid, into Bearer Shares. Applications to the extent of at least 25,000 shares have already been received from the Directors and their friends.

DIRECTORS.

Captain E. Arthur Haggard, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
The Hon. J. S. Montagu, M.P. (Director of the Rand-Rhodesia Exploring Company, Limited), 33, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.
W. A. Wills (Director of the Africa Trust, Limited), 123, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.
S. Larkinson (Director of the Rand Western Syndicate, Limited), 126, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., Managing Director in London.
*Conraad Assmuth, Johannesburg, S.A.R. } Joint Managing Directors resident in Johannesburg.
*J. E. H. Lomas (Director of the Africa Trust, Limited), Johannesburg, S.A.R. }
* Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.

The African Banking Corporation (Limited), 43, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and the Commercial Bank of Scotland, 62, Lombard Street, E.C.

Solicitors—George and William Webb, 11, Austinfriars, E.C.

Broker—Richard Schlesinger, 4, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

Auditors—Fox, Sissons and Co., 9, Austinfriars, E.C.

Secretary—Chas. W. Huband.

Registered Office—123, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; Paris Agency (The Africa Trust, Limited), 4, Rue de Mogador, Paris, and Offices at Johannesburg, S.A.R. (P.O. Box 221).

OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.

This Company has been formed to acquire (1) from The Rand Western Syndicate, Limited (who are the promoters of this Company), 312 claims, situate on the Farm Randfontein (Witwatersrand), in close proximity to the Porges-Randfontein property, and coloured red and marked "A" on the plan enclosed with the prospectus; and (2) the freehold of Van Den Berg's portion of farm Middelvlei (marked No. 610 on Goldmann's Map), Witwatersrand, equal to about 603 morgen (or, say, 1,200 acres), less the werf or homestead ground, equal to about 65 morgen. This includes a mynpacht, or mining rights, over about 70 morgen (say 90 claims). This block is marked "B" on the plan.

"A" or RANDFONTEIN EXTENSION BLOCK.—It is believed that this block of claims is traversed by the reefs known as the Botha's and Randfontein series, which run through the properties of the Randfontein Estates and Gold Mining Company (Limited). Evidence in support of this belief will be found in the appended reports by Mr. R. J. Gluyas (late manager of the Nigel Gold Mining Company (Limited), and of the Gidsberg Gold Mining Company (Limited), and by Mr. J. E. H. Lomas (the Johannesburg managing director of the Vendor Syndicate). Prospecting work has been carried on for some time, but owing to the fact that a considerable alluvial deposit overlays the hard reef formation the exact trend of the series in that neighbourhood has not yet been discovered. A small leader carrying gold has, however, been found by the prospectors now engaged upon the property. This is regarded as an indication of the proximity of a reef series.

The anticipated course of the various Randfontein reefs is indicated on the plan [illegible] accompanying the prospectus in dotted lines.

Some indication of the value of the Randfontein Estate and Gold Mining Company's principal reefs is afforded by the fact that that Company (working with forty stamps in the first two months, fifty-five for the third month, and sixty for the remainder of the year) obtained in 1894, 42,132 oz. 14 dwts., of the value of £147,459; and a total yield from all sources for the first quarter of 1895, 12,541 oz.

For reports by Mr. R. J. Gluyas and Mr. J. E. H. Lomas see full prospectus above referred to.

VAN DEN BERG'S PORTION OF MIDDELVLEI.—This block (marked "B" on the plan herewith) consists of the north-western part of the farm Middelvlei, and, it is believed, likewise contains the extension of the Randfontein and Botha's series of reefs, or the immediate dips thereof. Either of these possibilities render this acquisition an important one. The company acquires the freehold of a farm of 603 morgen (from which the present owners have derived lately licences to the value of £90 per month) less, however, the werf or homestead ground, about 65 morgen in extent. This will leave to the Company an estate of about 538 morgen, or say about 1,000 acres. It will also include the mynpacht (or mining leases) of about 70 morgen (equal to about 140 acres or 90 claims). It may be mentioned that the proposed Klerksdorp Railway will probably run through or near this part of the property. This would have a direct bearing upon its value as real estate for agricultural purposes, building sites, &c.

Any really useful estimate of the value of the properties to be acquired by the Company is, of course, entirely impossible. The following considerations may not be out of place. Reporting to the Directors of the Rand Mines (Limited) under date 21st February, Mr. H. C. Perkins, the well-known engineer and manager of that Company, estimated that Main Reef claims (not including the Main Reef itself) would yield an average return of profit of from £30,000 to £36,000 per claim. This calculation was made on a basis of an angle or dip from 30 to 40 degrees, with a combined width of ore bodies of 5½ feet. On Randfontein it may be taken that the reefs are much steeper than 30 degrees, and also that the ore body from which hitherto the chief results have been derived is narrower, but is also richer than the average Main Reef ore bodies. Considering, however that this Company will acquire 400 claims it will be evident—always supposing that the Randfontein reef traverses this block and is as rich as it is on the neighbouring properties—that the claims of this Company will yield a profit amounting to millions sterling. Should this Company find payable ore bodies throughout its large mining property of 400 claims, the results—which may be easily calculated on a rough basis—would render its capitalisation comparatively unimportant.

EXPLORATION BUSINESS.—Over and above the probabilities of profit attaching to the acquisition of the above properties, this Company will have an amount of working capital considerably greater than could be immediately used for prospecting and development. With the cash to be derived from the issue of the reserve shares, the unrequired cash capital can, it is believed, be devoted to the transaction of profitable business as an exploration company. This would include the purchase, development, and resale of other properties, particularly in the western district of the Witwartersrand, the formation or reconstruction of mining companies and general financial business. Under good management this branch of the Company's property should yield a substantial return upon the capital.

FINANCIAL POSITION.—The Company will have an amount of £80,000 in hand for working capital, in addition to which negotiotions are in progress with important firms to take the whole of the reserve issue at various prices. These, if satisfactorily completed, would immediately place the Company in a position of considerable financial strength, as possessing working capital to the extent of about £200,000.

THE MANAGING DIRECTORS IN JOHANNESBURG.—Mr. C. Assmuth and Mr. J. E. H. Lomas have been resident on the Witwatersrand Goldfields for many years, and are well acquainted with mining matters, and with business of the character proposed to be undertaken by this Company.

The allotment will be strictly pro rata.

Full Prospectus, containing particulars of Agreements, &c., and Application Forms can be obtained of the Bankers, Broker, &c., and at the Offices of the Company.

JUSTICE IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

JUDGE LYNCH: What is there against the prisoner?
COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION: He is possessed of two tons of ivory, my lord, and seven bales of cloth.
JUDGE LYNCH: Very bad case. Verdict—Guilty. The property will be divided among the members of this Court.

CLUB CHATTER.

THE Parisians are likely to find themselves in a quandary over the exhibition of 1900. They promised that it should be a thing the like of which the world had never dreamed. It seems somewhat probable that this will be realised in a way different to original anticipations. The truth is that to-day the authorities are at their wit's end to fix on a great and distinctive feature, and, very characteristically, the French are now sneering at the exhibition, and asking that it should be abandoned. In 1889 Eiffel's Tower drew the world, but nobody has as yet come forward to suggest any other gigantic and attractive toy to set us all agog.

So far the suggestions have been painful One worthy gentleman was convinced that all that was necessary to arrest the world's progress was to dig a huge pit, in order to see how far down the subterranean fire was. Then the monstrosity of covering over the Seine and building an exhibition on it was suggested, and, finally, M. Delouche has some scheme in which a wonderful telescope, and a marvellous arrangement of mirrors is to bring the moon to within signalling distance of the Champ de Mars. He guarantees to throw its reflection on a screen in such a striking fashion that objects of the size of Westminster Abbey would be easily discernible. Having regard to the size of the moon, and the size of the world, I cannot help wondering how large that screen is to be. M. Delouche's scheme has not excited much enthusiasm, and I am told that he has declared that he will bring it to London and sell the idea to an English syndicate. Happy, simple man!

STILL more significant is the organised opposition of many of the provincial towns, who declare that the exodus of the well-to-do spells ruin for the local tradesfolk during an exposition, and what is even more astounding is the declaration of Parisian tradesmen that the money that should pass through their hands is squandered on the Champs de Mars at foreign stalls, and they are not a penny the better off. Even so responsible a journal as the *Figaro* has been seriously considering the whole question, but whether Frenchmen will be thankful to M. Maurice Barrès for his brilliant, though violent articles, is problematical. I have in these columns from the first always contended that Paris was terribly over-estimated, but I should have hesitated to go to the length he does. He practically tells Paris to get rid of the notion that it leads the world in literature, art, or science, and brutally says that its attraction to the foreigner is its licentiousness. After urging France to celebrate the close of the century by some such great work as the long-talked-of canal *des deux mers*, instead of erecting a lot of trumpery, tawdry fair booths and labelling them "Exposition Universelle," he describes the main draws of the whole thing as likely again to be "Drink and Prostitution."

ACCORDING to the price list of a firm of West-End

jewellers, a silver plate formerly belonging to Nelson and bearing his crest is worth £24. They are breaking up a dinner-service to dispose of the pieces separately as mementoes. Silver soup plates can be had for £26 each.

The publication of the county averages makes one realise that the cricket season is rapidly approaching its end, but the interest of the public seems in no way to diminish, and the crowds present at the recent important games might have led a stranger to think that the campaign was at its height, instead of being nearly over. However, it is the beauty of the cricket season that it leaves off just when people are wanting more, instead of being allowed to drag on till it becomes tedious, as I fear is the case with football.

After the reverses that Surrey sustained at the hands of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Somerset, it was quite refreshing to read of their doings last week, when the team played a highly creditable game against Gloucestershire at Clifton, which they doubtless would have won had there been another half-hour for cricket. Their single innings victory over Sussex was gained in capital form at Brighton. Following on his consistent batting throughout the season, there was, of course, nothing extraordinary in Abel making over a hundred, but the success of Mr. Walter Read, after making so many disappointments, was most gratifying. His runs were obtained in a manner quite worthy of his reputation, and everyone was glad to see his return to form.

Among the many features of Surrey cricket this summer the most remarkable is the superb bowling of Richardson, who has already taken more wickets than any other Englishman has ever done in one season, and may probably leave behind him a record that will stand for years to come. Up to last Saturday he had obtained 253 wickets in first-class cricket, and as he has to take part in both matches of the Hastings festival, there is every prospect of his meeting with still further success. Considering that he has practically gone on through three following seasons, his periods of rest being only during the voyages to and from Australia, it is nothing short of extraordinary that he should have sustained his form in such splendid fashion. Strangely enough, his greatest triumphs this summer were gained during the months of June and July, when the condition of the grounds afforded him scarcely any assistance. I ought to mention that before this year the greatest number of wickets ever taken by an English bowler in one season was George Lohmann's 229 in 1890; but Charles Turner, on his first visit to England with an Australian team in 1888, took no fewer than 314 wickets. That year was one of the wettest we have ever experienced, and further than that, Turner had to bowl against several sides that were not reckoned first-class.

There has been nothing more brilliant in county cricket this season than the manner in which Somerset finished up their engagements. In the early part of the summer they had met with failure after failure, and it was not until the beginning of July that a change came over their fortunes. However, having once turned the corner, the Somerset men seldom looked back, and they wound up in a blaze of triumph, playing a creditable drawn game with Middlesex, and gaining successive victories over Sussex, Kent, Surrey, Yorkshire, and Gloucestershire. Such a state of things must have been immensely gratifying to Mr. S. M. J. Woods, who, while his team were being beaten in May and June, never lost heart. He was distinctly unlucky in only being occasionally able to put his best eleven into the field, but he set his side an example of energy and determination in the field that was absolutely contagious.

I was glad to see that the captain of a steam launch was fined at Maidenhead the other day for blowing his "hooter" unnecessarily, to the annoyance of other people on the river. The case was taken up by the Thames Conservancy, who deserve public thanks for their action in the matter. These river ruffians spoil the enjoyment of a day on the river. Their presence on the water is a nuisance in itself, but when they add to this a gratuitous performance on the steam-horn they make the place unbearable

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A study of the list of double and treble event winners is very interesting just now. We shall not be able to hail a triple crown hero this year, and in the forty-two years that have elapsed since West Australian swept the board, only Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Common, and Isinglass have won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger.

As far back as 1813 Smolensko won the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas, and, including the triple crown heroes, fourteen colts and one filly have secured these two coveted trophies. The Derby winner, Sir Visto, is attempting a feat which was first accomplished in 1800 by Champion. Forty-eight years elapsed ere Surplice copied Champion's example.

Then came a period of triumph for the Derby winners, as in 1849 Flying Dutchman brought off the double event, whilst 1850 saw Voltigern successful. Others—besides the triple crown winners—who have gained immortal fame are Blair Athol (1864), Silvio (1877), Iroquois (1881), Melton (1885), Donovan (1889).

With Kirkconnel eliminated from the race, the limited list of Two Thousand and St. Leger winners cannot be increased. Sir Tatton Sykes made the record in 1846, but six years later Stockwell won both the Newmarket and Doncaster races. The Marquis, Formosa, and Petrarch are not well remembered by present day sportsmen.

Fillies, we know, are always dangerous at Doncaster. Four, viz., Formosa, Hannah, Apology, and La Fleche, have won the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger. Imperieuse, and Achievement capture the One Thousand and St. Leger, and Queen of Trumps, Marie Stuart, Jannette, Seabreeze, and Memoir the Oaks and St. Leger. It looks as though speculators should not pass by Sir Visto, and with Utica and Butterfly representing the weaker sex these are sure to be freely supported.

John Porter, who expects to win the St. Leger with Matchmaker, has always been very dangerous in connection with the St. Leger. In La Fleche's year he started three, and they were all favourites. They finished first, third, and fifth. This beats the late Lord Derby's record. In 1854 his lordship had Bocardo, Acrobat, and Dervish at the post. Bocardo was a hot favourite, and the other pair were well backed. Neither of the trio got placed, greatly to everyone's surprise, and when soon afterwards Bocardo beat Ivan, who had run second to the Leger winner, Knight of St. George, there was naturally one of those racecourse knots, which were so plentiful in the fifties.

I mentioned last week how well Mr. A. Calvert, of West Australian fame, had commenced his turf career. Mr. Calvert is too old a hand to lose his head over his brilliant start, and his stud of racers will not be got together in haphazard style. The day may not be far distant when Mr. Calvert will be sending a young Carbine out to the Antipodes to gain as great a name as the illustrious horse, who has now his home at Welbeck Abbey.

Mr. John Burns has again been tackled by the Sporting League, and the vigorous letters of the secretary of that organisation prove that those who have taken up the cudgels of sport do not intend to lie down and be

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.

EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

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Sold in Tins at 7s. 6d. per lb. Sample 2 ozs. sent to any address for 1s. 2d. or half-pound tins, 4/- post free, from

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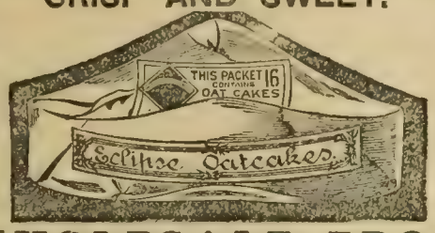

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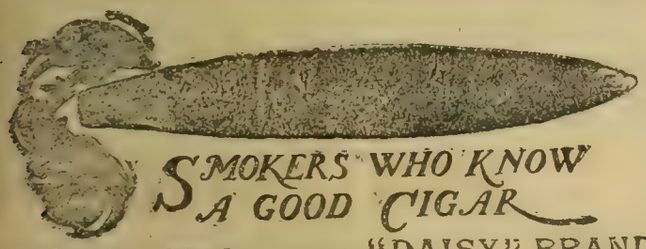

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IT'S VERY TRYING!!!

So enormous has been the demand from readers of "To-Day" for these Cigars that my stock is being rapidly cleared out.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED. If YOU want some you had better write at once. I am expecting shortly a large consignment of the CHOICEST KINDS from MANILA, when I will be in a position to supply to any extent.

Prices range from 12s. to 24s. per 100 (carriage paid). Boxes of 12 Samples 2s. 6d., post free, from

Importer:—W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

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Cheap Excursions will be run from London (Euston), Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, &c., as follows:—

On THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th and SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, to Stratford-on Avon for the Half-Day.

On MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, to Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth. Dudley, Dudley Port, Walsall, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton, for One and Five Days.

For times, fares, and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, August, 1895.

MR. E. EVERETT, 35, Great Portland Street, W., has now also taken up this department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN

and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS,"

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE.

See "THE IDLER" for September.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

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QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

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Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.,

WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

roundly abused. Burns would have given a very good account of himself at most pastimes. He is an ardent cricketer and can frequently be met at the Oval; as a cyclist he shows remarkably well; he can swim with great skill, whilst, like his brother Alec, who won many a competition, Mr. Burns shapes like a workman with the boxing-gloves.

Concerning my advice given the other week as to the growing of a moustache, a correspondent, signing himself "Aguila," writes:—Your correspondent can easily improve the growth of his moustache by taking each hair singly, and cutting off the end, if shrivelled or split. Use very sharp scissors and a magnifying mirror to accomplish this. Probably a large number of short hairs will require to be snipped, but once healthy, they will grow long and stiff, and give thickness to the moustache, and a fierce look to your friend. This plan answers the same purpose as shaving the upper lip, and can be done when necessary—every few months.

The London and North Western Railway Company are quite right in supposing that one can have too much of a good thing—even if the good thing be a long day in the country. I notice that this very up-to-date Company announces two half-day excursions, on Thursday, September 5th, and Saturday, September 14th, to Stratford-on-Avon and back. A visit to Shakespeare's house is always interesting, but in addition to this Stratford possesses a delightful river in the Avon, and the surrounding country is well worth a visit.

The Major.

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"First Class Smoking, Sir?" "Yes, I know it is, it's Player's."

Sold only in 1 oz. Pckts. and in 2, 4 and 8 oz. and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.

ASK FOR

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

At all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and TAKE NO OTHER.

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes

Are sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

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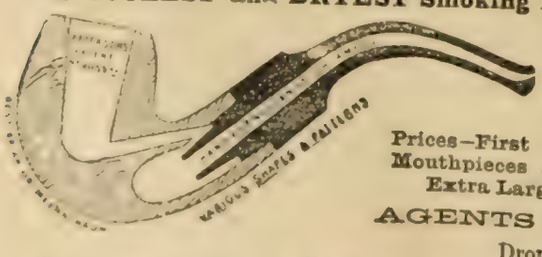
The COOLEST and DRYEST Smoking Pipes in the World.



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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Really the "good old" *Saturday Review* is gradually working up to the traditions of its best days again; it calls poor Sir Lewis Morris, of Pembryn, "Tennyson's Tame Parrot." Following its lead on similar ornithological lines, if anyone will suggest a few other similes for our junior poets I will undertake to forward them on to the *Saturday*. But, seriously, is there anything to be gained by vulgar personalities because a man is supposed to aspire to a post for which he isn't fit? As the big navvy said, when his wife thumped him, "It pleases her and it don't hurt I." I think that the best way to elect the new Laureate would be to furnish all the candidates with six-shooters, lock them up in a dark room, and give the post to the survivor. Such a method would wipe out our superfluous bards and allow others a chance. I myself—but no; the last 2,000 lines of that epic "The Bookseller's Hades" are not ready yet.

* * * *

A lady who came into my shop last week to buy a copy of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" told me that she had once met the writer of it in a hospital ward. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was paying an afternoon visit to some of the patients, and displayed special interest in the children. She was pleased when she chanced to notice an intelligent lad, who had met with an accident, quite oblivious of his trouble whilst studying the adventures of "Lord Fauntleroy." The book had been lent to the young patient by one of the nurses, and he objected to lay it down to talk to the authoress. "I wants to see how it ends," he said appealingly, and waited with evident impatience for the visitor to depart. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has shown her love for children by substantially forwarding the good work of that ideal charity, "The Invalid Children's Aid Association."

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Two of my customers were talking over Mr. William Black's methods of work the other day. I gathered from their remarks that the celebrated novelist thinks out each chapter completely before setting pen to paper. When he begins to write he seldom has occasion to alter or add a word to his manuscript. His "copy" must be viewed with exceptional favour by the printer. Mr. Black's Scotch tales are so full of fresh air, so redolent of peat smoke and pervaded by acres of heather, that it surprised me to learn how much of his writing is done at his Brighton residence. His study is wonderfully quiet; but the window commands a very conventional view when compared with those charming landscapes and seascapes with which his readers are so familiar.

* * * *

Have just been dipping into "A White Umbrella" (Fisher Unwin), the latest Pseudonym volume. Candidly, it struck me as rather dull, except for the passage about Impressionism in Art:—

> You imagine you see all sorts of things on your canvas that really exist only in your own brain. They no more exist in your picture than they exist on that blank canvas. And I believe that by dint of telling me that they were there and pointing them out to me, you would, so to speak, mesmerise me, so that I should begin to see them too. It is perfectly natural. Why, if one were to upset an inkpot on the floor and gaze at the black splash long enough one would begin to see a picture in it, especially if one had a suggestive friend at hand to tell one what to see.

* * * *

Miss Beatrice Harraden will start in a few days for London, and bid a long farewell to her Californian home. She finds that the temptation to lose sight of all intellectual work is very great in a country like California, where people love to lead an out-of-door life. The last time I saw her at Mrs. Lynn Linton's she was a little frail bundle of nerves, with big eyes and a physique so slight that a puff of air would have sent her floating through the window over the tops of the houses. It is time that Miss Harraden followed up "Ships That Pass in the Night," which, like "Trilby," was a much bigger success in America than in London. I don't wonder at English authors loving to write for an American public—it is so much more enthusiastic and appreciative than an English one.

* * * *

Authors vary very much in the rates at which they produce work and in their manner of doing it. Some of them can write every day; others only at intervals. Some use typewriters; others would faint at the very idea. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, for instance, looks upon the typewriter as an abomination; Mr. Ruskin regards it as the one piece of machinery on the face of this earth of which anything good can be said. Mr. Harold Frederic uses violet ink, so does Sir Walter Besant. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome always writes on lined sermon paper, and makes very few alterations. One gifted author talks his "copy" into a phonograph, and leaves it there until his secretary digs it out. Another invariably uses the bluntest of pencils and coarsest of paper.

* * * *

"Q." and George Augustus Sala write very small, legible hands. Rudyard Kipling's was bold, firm, and neat until he also took to the typewriter. W. L. Alden always uses a typewriter; Dr. Conan Doyle never; the latter's MS. is beautifully legible, the writing strong, clear, firm, the up and down strokes of exactly the same thickness, and without the slightest alteration. Bret Harte's writing is exquisitely neat and refined. Mr. Grant Allen uses a typewriter, but alters his MS. a good deal, in a small, rather cramped, hand. He has suffered from writer's cramp more than once. Mr. Stanley Weyman's writing is very illegible; Mr. Anthony Hope's thick and ugly; Rider Haggard's writing is rather untidy; Barry Pain's even, and pointed rather than round; J. M. Barrie's illegible, and James Payn's an inky nightmare. Indeed, one well-known author has a letter of James Payn's, which has baffled everyone who has ever attempted to read it except Mr. J. M. Barrie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. G.—The book is out of print. You would only get it by advertising for it.

H. G. (Oxford).—"Roger's Italy" (1830) is worth thirty shillings: 2 vols. of Bewick's "History of British Birds," 1797, £3; "Heraldic Designs," by James Dallaway, 1793, 10s. 6d.; "Siege of Carlaverock," by Nicholas, 1827, 15s.

Bookworm.—They are worth about what you gave for them—half-a-crown.

Constant Reader (N.).—If you could get hold of a collector of such things, he would probably give you a pound for the lot.

Ord Præd.—I have not a copy by me, so cannot tell. You would get it through any secondhand bookseller.

Artist.—*The Month* is worth £1; the first edition of "The Book of Snobs" £5.

Beverlac.—A good book on practical telephony is "The Telephone," by Preece and Maier (Bell and Sons, 12s. 6d.).

Cicestria.—The original cloth copy of "Oliver Twist" would fetch £4 10s.; a bound copy £3.

Regular Reader.—It is not worth more than thirty shillings if imperfect, and I am afraid you will have some little difficulty in disposing of it for that. You can only inquire among second-hand booksellers, or advertise. J. P.—"Pictorial History of the Thames" (Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d.). W. (Lewes).—About five shillings.

Gregor.—Your two autograph letters of Charles Reade are worth about five shillings each. You might possibly be able to dispose of them to Mr. Davey, autograph dealer, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

E. R.—"Chatterton's Poems" (Bell and Sons, 2 vols, 5s.). The play is not published.

D. D.—The only information you could possibly obtain would be found in Burke's "Landed Gentry." Inquirer.—"Rousselet's "India" is very common, and is worth about ten shillings. I know of no bookseller who would care for the others you name. They would not realise more than a shilling each.

A. R. W. (Southampton).—I know of no society advocating the adoption of the Gothenburg system in England, nor do I know of any articles on the subject other than those which have appeared in the *Contemporary* or *Fortnightly*. H. P. B. (Glasgow). Anyone wanting a set would give you ten shillings for it. The others are not worth more than their published prices.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

III.—THE FOREHEAD.

Physiognomy is a science which can be easily learned and studied by any individual who possesses the capacity to comprehend and the power to concentrate the mental faculties on whatever he or she is doing at the time. Some are quicker at learning, and also more talented in certain respects than others; music, languages, painting, etc., are all natural gifts, but they nevertheless require cultivation and instruction. Scientific knowledge of the value and characteristic of each individual feature will guide us so well that character reading from the face will become as easy as reading phrases from a book. It would be as well for us not to judge one another at first, but simply to study and read. Compare the heads and faces of all those with whom you come in contact, and then your eye will quickly become accustomed to the ordinary individual, and spot the extraordinary in an instant. Now, a hint as to the manner you look at people when delineating them for your own purpose, so that they should not be cognisant that you are taking mental notes. Never stare at anyone straight in the face, and if, whilst looking, you should catch your subject's eye quickly avert your gaze without moving your head to something about them that they may be wearing, or to the next person; you may for the moment appear to be looking into vacancy, or making a mental calculation, without staring at anything in particular. In reading character from the face you must first study the size and shape of the head, whether it be long sideways from back to front, or high in the crown. Let the ears be your starting-point, and take all your measurements from them. These measurements are not taken by size so much as by comparison. For instance, divide your subject's head mentally into three equal parts, and notice the position of the ear, whether there be more head forward or backward of it. For an evenly-balanced brain the head ought to be two-thirds forward of the ears and one-third at the back, making the animal propensities located in that region slightly ruled by the reasoning faculties, which lie in the forehead (Fig. 1). If the ear were central, as much brain at the back as at the front (Fig. 2), the animal propensities would over rule intellect. That their power may be equalised there should be two parts intellect to one of animal. According to the shape of the head so is the mind of the individual. If the cranium be high and conical then the mind is in the skies, the brain soars, and the individual is poetical, imaginative, and ideal.

Fig 1.
EVENLY-BALANCED BRAIN.

Fig 2.
[illegible] ANIMAL PROPENSITIES.

All poets heads are high in the crown, as are the heads of [illegible] and musicians (Fig 3). The head that [illegible] and is not particularly high above the [illegible] is the far seeing man—he who plans for the future, and whose brain and mind go in advance of his body. The forehead is divided into three distinct parts: the perceptive, or seeing; the reflective, or reasoning; and the comparative, or critical. The lowest part of the forehead, near the eyes, is the perceptive; in the centre of the forehead dwell the organs of memory and comparison; and the upper part of the forehead, wherein lie the organs of causality, etc., form the reflective or reasoning. Now, in looking at your subject, you have to study and see which of the qualities predominates. If the forehead be largest and fullest directly over the eyes, the latter being set deep in the head, we have the shrewd and observant individual; but if with this strong perception the upper part of the forehead slopes backwards, there is a lack of reflection or thought (Fig. 4). This individual would be impulsive and act mostly on the spur of the moment; his impulses would undoubtedly be correct, but the lack of reasoning power would render him unable to give a just explanation of the cause of his actions. The forehead in opposition to this is the one that bulges out at the top and runs under near the eyes (Fig. 5). The individual with this forehead would see nothing except in his own imagination, and would dwell on ideas until he imagined them to be realities. Such natures are, as a rule, quick to jump to a conclusion, seeing half and fancying the rest, and often imagine wrongs and insults where none are meant. A person with a large bulging forehead is frequently given to fits of melancholy and despair, and generally meets troubles halfway, making mountains out of molehills. When the forehead is square, perception and reflection being evenly balanced, we have the practical, common-sense individual, who bases his judgment on facts as they are (Fig. 6).

Fig 3.
INTELLECTUAL.

To understand the shape of the forehead you must be conversant with the positions of the phrenological organs, and for this you cannot do better than procure one of L. N. Fowler's phrenological china busts. Then any protuberance or particular development observable to the eye can be accounted for by seeking its locality on the bust, provided the protuberance is of normal growth and not the effect of a contusion or disease. At a lecture I was giving on this particular subject I was called to task by a lady in the audience, a B.A., and propounder of mathematics. She asked me on what basis I could verify my assertions, and how did I know that an individual with a certain shaped head had one capacity, and another with a different shaped head some other? I replied by asking her how, if she saw two horses in a stable she would be able to distinguish a racehorse from a dray-horse. She quickly answered that their form and shape would show the difference. I then informed her that it was on the form and shape of head that I was giving my address. There is a great deal of character in the bony parts, as well as in the brain and nervous system. Size means power, all other things being equal, but we must value brain capacity, more by the size of its locations then by its entirety; and a physiognomical examination should take into account the thickness or the thinness of the bones of the cranium. All the intellectual faculties lie forward of the ears; thus, the greater the length from the opening of the ear to the outer corner of the eye the more intellectual your subject; whilst the moral capacities being at the top of the head, we value the individual's

Fig 4.
PERCEPTIVE.

spiritual and poetical qualifications by the height of the head from the opening of the ear to the apex or crown (Fig. 3). The only way to become proficient in reading character from the head and face is to abide persistently by these rules, and to study and compare the heads and faces of all those with whom you come in contact. I previously mentioned that to be a scientific physiognomist you must learn the values of the various anatomical ingredients which compose the human being, and know what part of the character they represent. The brain alone takes mentality or mind, and the other ingredients, being physical, have a share in pointing out by their various developments whether the individual possesses the power to perform actions equal to his mental capacities. Next to brain comes bones, and bone means intensity and executiveness. A person may have an enormous brain, but unless he has high and well-developed facial bones, his head is like a balloon without ballast to keep it steady or a ship with no rudder to guide it. The character of bone is seen in the height of the bridge of the nose, in the prominence of the cheek-bones, in the length of the jaw from the ear downward, before it turns in an angle to form the chin, and in the breadth of the chin itself. The angle gives will and determination, and to this end it must be well-defined. Height means intensity and breadth permanency; consequently people with height of bone are more intense for the moment, but not so permanent or reliable in their actions as those with broad and wide heads and faces.

FIG 5.
REFLECTIVE.

The next ingredient is the nerves, which are the interpreters of the senses; as without nerves we should not be cognisant of things happening around us or even of our own physical emotions. All the cranial nerves have their deep origin in the base of the brain, and every action of the nervous system comprises in its performance three essentially distinct phases: the transmission of sensitive or sensorial impressions, their perception, and transformation into motor excitations.

Muscles mean strength, but simply as regards physique. There is no mentality in muscle, and it must not be confounded with the value of bone, though as a rule, large bones are generally accompanied by strong muscles. The latter are simply the servants or agents of the brain, and in no way balance it as brain does. The blood is the life or vitality, and its value and properties are seen in the complexion or colouring of the skin. The hair, by its shade and texture, will help to define temperament; so, to sum up the character of the subject you have under examination, you must ascertain the precise value of those parts of anatomy, which taken together, form the sum total of a human being.

FIG. 6.
PERCEPTIVE AND REFLECTIVE.

(*To be continued.*)

THE UNWOMANLY WOMAN IN FICTION.

For the last two or three years the whole English-speaking world has witnessed with pained amazement the vagaries and blind burrowings of the Unwomanly Woman in her attempt to detrone man from his place as woman's god. That this attempt should have degenerated into license was inevitable. The members of the shrieking sisterhood each endeavoured to shriek louder than the other; every member of it, in the effort to draw attention to her own individuality, threw aside the ordinary conventionalities of sex, uncovered every social ulcer, just to show that she knew all about it, and proudly revelled in its putridity. Men—the honest, clean-living men—felt in some mysterious way that they were blots on the earth's surface; impure men—the men of filthy lives and unchaste conversation—revelled in this movement, backed up as it was by suggestive literature, concerning the quality of which the less said the better. The ordinary French novel became stale and insipid when the salacious muck-rake of the Unwomanly Woman revealed the inexpressible nastiness of a world she had entered only to make nastier. The Unwomanly Woman's method of endeavouring to dethrone man from his godhead was to write a novel, mix two or three plots into one, season it with *risque* situations, serve up a fictitious person, whom she fondly imagined to be the ordinary British husband, and depict an utterly impossible woman—a morbid, hysterical being, thinking only of her own importance—as a long-suffering saint, who should be emancipated from her ignoble thraldom. Sometimes the husband had a past, whereupon the Unwomanly Woman promptly decided that he should never by any possibility have a future. The Old-World delusion of marrying a husband in order to love and look up to him, to rest on his strength, to gain support for her own weakness, does not seem to have occurred to the Unwomanly Woman. She ignores the fact that the union of any two people in this work-a-day world must be one of give and take. And the mischief of this attempt to dethrone man has not ended here. The girl fresh from the school-room has the whole of her ideals polluted at the source; her curiosity is stimulated with regard to topics the very mention of which a few years ago would have turned her pink with confusion; she embraces the Unwomanly Woman—the Unwomanly Woman who has done her best to destroy true womanliness—looks down upon every possible husband with prurient contempt, and generally despises her own father because he is a man.—*From "The Idler" for September.*

A LONG PRAYER.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the Protector, "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner, and, before giving him any, prayed for three hours.

But the whim we have of happiness is somewhat thus: By certain valuations, and average of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simply payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks or complaint; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account happiness; any *deficit* again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a blockhead cry: "See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used!" I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE AMERICAN GIRL FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a curious society that elbows you on board of one of the great Transatlantic liners. It is a microcosm, a microscopic world, a city looked at through the wrong end of an opera-glass: busy promoters, millionaire bankers, tourists in search of adventures, cavaliers of industry, emigrants rich in hope, but poor in money, sacrificing their last coins to make a show by taking first-cabin passage, and wondering how they will dine when they get ashore.

The women are more interesting than the men. Among them you will notice young American girls, still intoxicated with the heavy air of Paris, dreaming over their "social success" and of the as yet unworn toilettes with which they will eclipse their feminine friends in Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco; young ladies' boarding-school teachers who have been making tours of Europe, and are about to impart to the Far West the manners and customs of Paris and London; young brides, who are just finishing their honeymoon trip, and are economising on the last quarter of the honeymoon, owing to the first three-quarters having been made excessively expensive by the tips and tricks of Europe; here and there some daughters of the financial aristocracy of the New World, still dazzled with the artistic riches of Italy, the beauty of Greece, and the strange bazaars of Egypt and Constantinople, but preferring to them Paris, where all is gay and brilliant, and repeating to themselves the familiar saying, "Paris is the paradise where every good American goes when he dies."

When the steamers are going east, instead of west, the scene is different. Curiosity is the dominant note. The travellers are going either to see for the first time or to revisit that Old World where they look forward to so much. It is interesting to draw out the travellers whom you meet and to exchange ideas. The ideas, by the way, which American mothers and daughters hold of their respective rights and duties are very different from those of European mothers and daughters. Take, for example, the ideas which prevail in France. The rule which public opinion lays down for a young girl in the United States differs to such an extent from that which custom demands of a young lady in France that the conditions of life are modified by it. This is shown in the fact that the family budget of expenses is modified to a great extent by the *rôle* played by the daughter. This is partially explained, perhaps, by the absence of *dots* in America. It is supposed that the pecuniary and other advantages which are lavished upon the American girl should compensate for the absence of a dower. Nevertheless, upon this point the usages are changing, and the day is undoubtedly coming when American girls will claim the same dowry right that their European sisters enjoy, without abandoning those pre-matrimonial privileges which they already possess. By a minute comparison it is seen that the normal budget of expense of a young American girl far exceeds that of a young French girl, taking into consideration, of course, their relative social positions. It costs much more to bring the American girl to the threshold of matrimony. These facts were made plain to me by conversations with a most intelligent American lady and practical woman, who was familiar with figures, and also familiar with the modes of life of France and America.

"Yes, our American girls are certainly charming," she said, with legitimate pride, "and my travelling companion is one of the most charming types that our civilisation can produce. She is the third daughter of a rich New York merchant. The two elder daughters are married, one of them to the son of a banker. She had no *dot*, but her father gave her on her wedding-day five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of her honeymoon trip. The second daughter married a lieutenant in the navy, a young man with a promising future, but without any fortune. The father makes to this young couple an allowance of three thousand dollars a year, which he can stop at his own pleasure. The third daughter, Daisy, who has been accompanying me in my European trip, is considered the beauty of the family. They have dreams of a brilliant match for her with an English peer, or Roman prince, or Austrian count. That will all depend, of course, upon fate. Daisy has everything done for her which could fit her for pleasing and maintaining her position in any station, no matter how high. Neither money nor care has been spared to make her a woman of good breeding and distinction, and to cultivate and develop, with her natural advantages, her intellectual gifts. By her birth and by the influences that have surrounded her she personifies the type of a young American girl of the upper class.

"In New York I kept a select academy for young ladies. I have thus gained a competency and a profound knowledge of the circle to which Daisy belongs. She was one of my favourite pupils, and during the course of six years that she passed with me I had nothing but praise to report of her to her family. And so, when I retired and decided to come to Europe, Daisy's father, who is a widower and absorbed in his business, begged me to take charge of his daughter and to take her around Europe, a preliminary to marriage which is indispensable in the United States for every young girl of her position. Do not think, however, that it enters into my duties to find her a husband. That is Daisy's affair and not mine. If she finds one to her liking, I shall not know it until the day that they are betrothed. She will not ask my advice about the matter any more than she will that of her father. Daisy is twenty-one years old. She will choose in her own way, with discernment and discretion. She knows what she wants, and is perfectly aware that the responsibility of her choice depends upon herself. I know what you are going to say to me, that at that age the flatteries of man may dazzle her, but don't believe it. Daisy has no imagination. Daisy is *blasé* with flattery. Daisy is surfeited with adoration. She has perfectly clear and well-defined ideas of how to live, and, without asserting that no one could deceive her, I should be much surprised if any one did. When I was keeping my academy my pupils were all warned against this danger. The parents knew it, and from that comes their confidence in me. That is why I am returning from a European tour at the expense of Mr. Newell Morton, with his charming daughter, of whom I am nominally the chaperon, but who might just as well be my chaperon. You smile; you think that I exaggerate. You are mistaken. Daisy is the finished type of modern American education. Her father has spared no money, and I have spared no pains. Daisy is worth her weight in gold, according to the common saying, but you would never dream, you benevolent and disinterested admirer, what it has cost to bring this young American girl to such a point.

"Foreigners often wonder at the ardour for work which Americans show, their apparent thirst for gain, and the easy way in which they spend their money. To understand it, one must know what their family life is, the incessant demands for money of their wives and daughters, the burdensome expense with which they are confronted. Woman in the United States is a luxury; daughters most of all. Both come high. Take Daisy, if you will, for an example and see what the figure for her budget is. First of all, in America we believe in the principle that perfect physical health is the basis of beauty; that it is an indispensable possession; and that our young women must be robust, and that husbands do not care for delicate wives. Frail and sickly beauties are not to the taste of our young men. Daisy can walk ten hours without fatigue. She rides like an Amazon; she knows how to row; she knows how to fence; she knows how to swim; she is an accomplished gymnast; she knows how to dress herself; her toilettes and costumes are in the most perfect taste. This charming envelope covers muscles of steel, over which

she is unquestionably mistress, and a body akin to Atalanta's.

"Now let us figure up what all this represents. Lessons in horsemanship, horses and groom, boats and canoes, fencing-masters, gymnastic teachers, swimming teachers, milliners, dressmakers, summers at Newport, operas, balls, dinners, and receptions. Add for her toilette £600 a year, without counting special costumes, such as those for horseback-riding, bathing, fencing, and gymnastics. Add to these what so many girls who have taken up sporting slang call 'grooming,' to wit, Turkish baths, massage, pedicuring, manicuring, hair-dressing, and perfuming. 'Grooming' costs much in America. We shall have to put it down at £100 at least. Education, strictly speaking, costs about £300 a year. I did not receive pupils for less. At these rates they learn English and French, history and geography, the rules of etiquette, and good manners. Every evening they dress for dinner. Once a week I held a reception. There was music and occasionally dancing. Music, painting, and dancing, and foreign languages were extra—£5 a month for dancing-lessons, 8s. a lesson for singing, and as much for languages, fencing, and gymnastics. For the young ladies who wished to take all these courses I charged £120 over and above the regular price. I could not place at less than £10 a month the amount that a young American girl of the richer classes spends in flowers, bon-bons, charities, and lunches. They have a weakness for orchids, and orchids come high. Now, let us make up the total. Dress, £600; education, £300; other educational charges, £120; grooming, £100; pocket money, £120; say, £1,400 in all. Estimate at what price you like her summers at Newport, her trips to Saratoga, her excursions by carriage, and her yachting cruises and horseback parties, and you will have a total that will make even a well-to-do bachelor shake in his shoes."

My American friend told the truth. The result is charming, that cannot be gainsaid. But the cost is high, and it is not to be wondered at that the heads of families are somewhat refractory when it comes to the question of a dower. Their daughters, fortunately for them, agree with the papas. They think that their future husbands should content themselves with their persons, without demanding money to boot. But, nevertheless, America and Europe rub elbows to such an extent that the rich heiresses of New York and Chicago are becoming tinged with Old World ideas. They have become used to exchanging their millions for the title of princess or duchess in Europe. When they marry with Europeans a dower is necessary. It is gradually becoming the fashion.

HOW TO JUDGE AN OPERA.

It happened in a large hotel; the table d'hôte had reached coffee and cognac when I ventured to inquire what opera was announced for that evening. A zealous waiter volunteered at once the information. "It is the *Barber of Seville*" "That is no kind of an opera!" growled my *vis-á-vis*, a well-nourished gentleman with a very red face. "But I beg of you," I asked modestly, "you will surely give credit to Rossini?" "No!" he cried furiously. "Anyone who writes two-act operas is no composer at all!" "What! then Mozart with his *Don Juan*, and also Beethoven do not count with you as composers?" I asked, surprised. "That they are not! I assure you an opera with only one entr'acte is simply a monstrosity!" answered the fat one, as he halved with furious cut an apple, looking at the pieces as if they represented to him two acts of *Fidelio*.

"My dear sir," he continued, "I am a judge on that point; I myself am of the theatre. Look you; Meyerbeer and Richard Wagner; these I call composers! You must know that I have the lease of the theatre restaurant these twenty years past, and know all the operas and their worth. For instance, the *Africaine* is one of the best operas. The public staring constantly at the scenery of tropical countries are beset by a sharp thirst. The entr'acte in which they build the ship is a long one; everybody rushes for the restaurant, and streams of beer and hundreds of sandwiches are consumed. I must say that I have experienced *Gotterdammerung* and *Huguenot* representations when we had to cut six hams, 400 sausages and five Swiss cheeses; with these go, if you please, six barrels of beer and uncounted seltzers. Yes; this is what I call operas!

"One evening I will never forget; it was a *Meistersinger* performance, with the tenor celebrating the hundredth repetition of his *rôle*, when eight hundred and seventy-five sandwiches found their Sedan. Now, this is what I call classic music!" "Of course," I found just enough voice to say, "Of course, you are right! Only one more question: Allow me to ask of your undeniable competence of judgment how many sandwiches are in *Parsifal*?" "This I cannot unfortunately answer, as we have not had this opera so far." Then the opera connoisseur rose and said "Prosit."

Cholly: "Miss Mabel doesn't like me. She says I tell everything I know."

Mabel: "That should not be so serious an offence."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

A publisher in London once made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors whatever. He had his proofs corrected by his own proof-readers, until they all assured him that there were no longer any errors in the text. Then he sent proofs to the universities and to other publishing-houses, offering a prize of several pounds sterling in cash for every typographical mistake that could be found. Hundreds of proofs were sent out in this way, and many skilled proof-readers examined the pages in the hope of earning a prize. A few errors were discovered. Then, all the proof sheets having been heard from, the publisher felt assured that his book would appear before the public an absolutely perfect piece of composition. He had the plates cast, the edition printed, and bound between expensive covers—because, as a perfect specimen of the printer's art, it was, of course, unique in literature and exceedingly valuable to bibliophiles. The edition sold well and was spread all over the country. The publisher was very much pleased with himself for having done something that had hitherto been considered an impossibility. Then his pride had a fall, for six or eight months later he received a letter calling his attention to an error in a certain line on a certain page. Then came another letter announcing the discovery of a second in this perfect book. Before the year was up four or five mistakes were found.

After the passage in Georgia of the severe laws against gambling Judge Dooly was very rigid in their enforcement. At the close of a session of the Superior Court the judge had retired to rest; but the noise of a faro-table in the adjoining room disturbed him so much that he got up, dressed, and went in and told them that he had tried all legal methods to break them up, and had failed; and now he was determined to adopt another plan. Before the night had closed he broke the bank, and told the parties to clear out, and be more careful in the future how they interfered with the court.

"I suppose you feel honoured by having a nobleman for a son-in-law."

"No, I think I have done most of the honouring."

"How is that?"

"I have honoured five of his drafts in ten days."

BARBER-SURGEONS.

BY

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

The calling of the barber is of great antiquity. We find in the prophet Ezekiel (v: i) allusions to the Jewish custom of the barber shaving the head as a sign of mourning.

In the remote past the art of surgery and the trade of barber were combined. It is clear that in all parts of the civilised world in bygone times the barber acted as a kind of surgeon, or, to state his position more precisely, he practised phlebotomy.

Barbers appear to have gained their experience from the monks whom they assisted in surgical operations. The clergy up to about the twelfth century had the care of men's bodies as well as their souls, and practised surgery and medicine. The operations of surgery involved the shedding of blood, and it was felt that this was incompatible with the functions of the clergy. After much consideration and discussion, in 1163 the Council of Tours, under Pope Alexander III., forbade the clergy acting as surgeons, but they were permitted to dispense medicine.

The edict of Tours must have given satisfaction to the barbers, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities the change afforded them. In London, and we presume in other places, the barbers advertised their blood letting in a most objectionable manner. It was customary to put blood in their windows to attract the attention of the public. An ordinance was passed in 1307 directing the barbers to have the blood "privily carried into the Thames under pain of paying two shillings to the use of the sheriffs."

At an early period in London the barbers were banded together, and a guild was formed. In the first instance it seems that the chief object was the bringing together of the members at religious observances. They attended the funerals and obits of deceased members and their wives. Eventually it was transformed into a semi-social and religious guild, and subsequently became a trade guild.

In 1308 Richard le Barber, the first master of the Barbers' Company, was sworn at the Guildhall, London. As time progressed the London Company of Barbers increased in importance. In the first year of the reign of Edward IV. (1462) the barbers were incorporated by a royal charter, and it was confirmed by succeeding monarchs.

A change of title occurred in 1540, and it was then named the Company of Barber-Surgeons. Holbein painted a picture of Henry VIII. granting a charter to the barber-surgeons. The painting is still preserved, and may be seen at the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, Monkwell Street, London. Here the king is represented wearing his robes, and is seated in a chair of state, holding erect his sword of state, and about him are the leading members of the fraternity. In this reign an enactment as follows was in force: "No person using any shaving or barbery in London shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood, or other matter except of drawing teeth." Laws were made, but they could not be, or, at all events, were not enforced. Disputes were frequent. The barbers acted often as surgeons, and the surgeons increased their income by the use of the razor and shears. At this period vigorous attempts were made to confine each to his legitimate work.

The barber's pole, it is said, owes its origin to the barber-surgeons. Much has been written on this topic, but we believe that the following are the facts of the matter: We know that in the days of old bleeding was a frequent occurrence, and during the operation the patient used to grasp a staff, stick, or pole which the barber-surgeon kept ready for use, and round it was bound a supply of bandages for tying the arm of the patient. The pole, when not in use, was hung at the door as a sign. In course of time a painted pole was displayed instead of that used in the operations.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH RECEIVING THE BARBER-SURGEONS.

Lord Thurlow, addressing the House of Lords, July 17th, 1797, stated "by a statute, still in force, barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole (as a sign). The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', which was to be the same in other respects, was likewise to have a

gally-pot and a red rag, to denote the particular nature of their vocations."

The Rev. J. L. Saywell has a note on bleeding in his "History and Annals of Northallerton" (1885). "Towards the early part of this century," observes Mr. Saywell, "a singular custom prevailed in the town and neighbourhood of Northallerton (Yorkshire). In the spring of the year nearly all the robust male adults, and occasionally females, repaired to a surgeon to be bled, a process which they considered essentially conduced to vigorous health." The charge for the operation was a shilling.

Parliament was petitioned in 1542, praying the surgeons might be exempt from bearing arms and serving on juries, and thus be enabled without hindrance to attend to their professional duties. The request was granted, and to the present time medical men enjoy the privileges granted so long ago.

In 1745 the surgeons and the barbers separated by Act of Parliament. The barber-surgeons lingered for a long time, the last in London, named Middleditch, of Great Suffolk Street, in the Borough, died in 1821. Mr. John Timbs, the popular writer, left on record that he had a vivid recollection of his dentistry.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

Mr. William Tallack, a member of the Society of Friends, is an authority on all questions of prison discipline and reform. As secretary of the Howard Association his experience is also very great. His book on "Penalogical and Preventive Principles" attracted universal attention on its appearance some years ago. In person he strongly resembles the late Earl of Beaconsfield, a distinction he shares with Sir John A. Macdonald, formerly Premier of Canada. Mr. Tallack is so accustomed to being interviewed that he was at once ready to give me all the information he could on the subject. "What is your point of view?" he asked. "What do you want to find out?"

"Well, I want to know if there isn't a good deal of rosewater sentiment in connection with the treatment of habitual criminals. Isn't there a danger of overdoing it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Tallack; "that is a point I have often wished to bring forward. Owing to the misrepresentations of certain ill-informed writers in the English Press there is some danger that, unless intelligent public opinion keeps on its guard, attempts may be made to take mischievously retrogressive steps in the direction of British prison discipline. Not only is this the case in England but in America also."

"The present treatment of criminals there varies from that of a former time then?"

"A good deal. Suppose we take the case of an honest workman, say in New York or San Francisco, toiling from morning to night, just able to get a living. He may have for a neighbour on one side a loafer and thief who never works, and on the other side a violent bully, guilty of cruel assaults on man and beast, and of indecent outrages on women and children. Yet if the loafer or bully is sent to an American prison he will find comforts of dietary, recreation, music, newspapers, novels, gymnastics, and professional teaching—chances which the honest workman can never obtain. And also the bully and thief, if put to prison labour, will have lighter work and shorter hours than the honest man, and perhaps be trained to some fancy trade or profitable art, which the honest man would gladly learn if he could only get the chance. In fact, I have no hesitation in saying that some American prisons are a direct inducement to crime."

"And you feel that we are in danger of falling into the same error here?"

"Well, many writers in the recent discussions on prison questions have recommended undue relaxations of the separate treatment of offenders such as would prove most injurious from a moral point of view. They also fail to distinguish between the two classes of casual offenders and habitual criminals. Leniency, which may be justly accorded to certain unfortunate delinquents, may be most mischievous and actually cruel, especially to women and children of the community, if extended to the perpetrators of outrage and violence."

"We have heard a good deal about prison warders What is your experience of them, Mr. Tallack?"

"There is still a great need for increasing the regular warders in some English prisons, and for discontinuing the services of temporary warders. But an improvement has been made in the matter by the Prison Commissioners, who have augmented the permanent staff of warders in certain prisons. There is need for a greater increase, owing to the objectionable and increasing practice of employing prisoners in associated labour, which demands much more oversight than separate or cell labour. Warders also very often have to sleep in prison several times a week, though nominally off duty, when they are liable to be called up for special duty."

"Don't you think, Mr. Tallack, that there ought to be less secrecy about prisons in general? That people should have the opportunity of seeing what really goes on in them?"

"Certainly. Throw open the prisons to popular representatives by all means, if only for the sake of the officers employed therein. Nothing but a free access to prisons will ever disabuse the public mind of the impression that they are places of torture."

"And about this bugbear of prison labour?"

"It is practically impossible for prison labour to compete with outside industries. You have only to remember that all the prisoners and convicts in England and Wales at one time never, or rarely, exceed 18,000, and this, to a population of twenty-eight millions, gives one prisoner to every 1,500."

"Does the system of separate confinement for short-term prisoners act beneficially?"

"Very; for our ordinary short terms tend to improve rather than injure their mental health. Coming to gaol prevents many offenders from going mad, for it is drink which chiefly makes them insane, and in gaol they get no alcohol. Of course I am speaking of habitual drunkards. There is no danger whatever of ordinary cellular separation for short terms injuring prisoners' minds."

"In a short interview like this, Mr. Tallack, can we get down to the sources of crime?"

"The sources are various. To a certain extent whipping may be a humane and efficacious deterrent of crime for the cruel and ruffians; but whipping does not go to the root of the matter. Very many of the youths and ordinary offenders who go to gaol are either orphans or homeless; their daily life from infancy has constituted in itself an impulse to crime. They should be (as, indeed, some of them now are) sent to industrial homes, and their punishment for evil-doing qualified by a merciful consideration of their temptations. But, inasmuch as the chief sources of crime are neglected or irreligious training, intemperance, and overcrowded dwellings, so the chief methods of preventing crime do not consist in prison discipline, except in a very subordinate degree, but rather in efforts to diminish these particular causes of evil. And, happily, many excellent Englishmen have long been labouring in this direction, and with considerable success."

CURIOSITIES OF LITERARY WORSHIP.

THE most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well-known Englishman, who constantly wears in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck a portion of the charred skull of Shelley. Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, at Vienden, in the gardens attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic-monger of London, and was purchased by an English nobleman for seven hundred and sixty pounds. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favourite ring and the tooth set in its place. The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favourite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

VI.—THE DEVICE OF GIRALDO THE PAINTER.

WHEN the twenty-first birthday of the Princess Osra approached, her brother, King Rudolf, desiring to make her a present, summoned from his home at Verona, in Italy, a painter of very high fame, by name Giraldo, and commanded him to paint a portrait of the Princess, to be her brother's gift to her. This command Giraldo carried out, the Princess giving him every opportunity of studying her features, and grudging no time that was spent by her in front of his easel; and, the picture, when finished, being pronounced to be as faithful as beautiful the reputation of Giraldo was greatly enhanced by the painting of it. Thus it followed that in many cases, when foreign Princes had heard the widespread praises of Osra's beauty, they sent orders to Giraldo to execute for them, and despatch with all speed, miniatures or other portraits of the Princess, that they might judge for themselves whether she were in truth as lovely as report said; and they sent Giraldo large sums of money in recompense, adding not seldom some further donation on the express term and condition that Giraldo should observe absolute fidelity in his representation, and not permit himself the least flattery. For some desired themselves to court her, and others intended their sons to ask her hand, if the evidence of Giraldo's portraits satisfied their hopes. Thus Giraldo, although but two or three years above thirty, grew in both fame and wealth, and was very often indebted to the Princess for the favour of a visit to his house, that he might again correct his memory of her face.

Now what several Princes had done before, it chanced that the King of Glottenburg also did; and Giraldo, to all appearance much pleased, accepted the command, and prayed the Princess to visit him; for, he said, this picture was to be larger and more elaborate than the rest, and therefore needed more study of her. So the Princess went many times, and the portrait destined for the King of Glottenburg (who was said to be seeking a suitable alliance for his eldest son) grew before her eyes into the most perfect and beautiful presentment of her which the skill of Giraldo had ever accomplished, and surpassed even that first picture which he had painted by King Rudolf's command. And the King had no doubt that, so soon as the picture had reached the Court of Glottenburg, an embassy would come from there to demand the hand of his sister for the Crown Prince, a proposal which he would have received with much pleasure and gratification.

"I do not think," said Osra, tossing her head, "that any such embassy will come, sire. For four or five pictures have been already painted by Signor Giraldo in like manner, but no embassies have come. It seems that my poor features do not find approval in the Courts of Europe."

And her tone, it must be confessed, was full of contempt. For the Princess Osra knew that she was beautiful, as indeed all beautiful ladies are, by the benevolence of Heaven, permitted to know. How much greater mischief might they work, if such knowledge were denied them!

"That's true enough," cried Rudolf. "And I do not understand the meaning of it. But it will not be so at Glottenburg, for my good brother the King has eyes in his head, and his son sees no less well. I met them in my travels, and I can speak to it. Most certainly an embassy will come from Glottenburg before we are a month older!"

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Yet, strange to say, the same thing followed on the despatch of the portrait (which Giraldo sent by a certain trusty messenger, whom he was accustomed to employ) as had happened before; no embassy came, and the King of Glottenburg excused himself from paying a visit to Strelsau, which he and his son had promised on the invitation of King Rudolf. Therefore Rudolf was very vexed, and Osra also, thinking herself scorned, was very sore at heart, although she bore herself more proudly than before. But, being very greatly disturbed in her mind concerning her beauty, she went herself again to Giraldo and charged him to paint her once more.

"And this picture," she said, "is for my own eyes, and mine alone. Therefore, Signor, paint it faithfully, and spare me not. For if a woman be ugly, it is well she should know it, and it seems that nobody in the kingdom will tell me the truth, although I get hints enough of it from abroad." And she frowned, and flushed, and was very greatly out of temper, as any beautiful lady would in such a case most naturally be.

Giraldo bowed very low, seeking to hide the sudden red that dyed his cheek, and to conceal the great joy which the command of the Princess gave him. For by reason of having painted the Princess so often, of having studied her face so curiously, and of having spent so much time in her company, listening to her conversation, and enjoying her wit and grace, this hopeless young man had become so hopelessly and desperately her lover, that he no longer cared to use his brush in the service of any other lady or lord, and stayed at Strelsau solely that he might again and again depict the face that he loved; and, save when she sat before him, he seemed now unable to ply his art at all, and had he not received so many commands for pictures of her, he would have sat all day long idle, thinking of her, which, indeed, was what he did in the intervals between his labour on her portraits. But she, not imagining such presumption and folly on his part, thought that he was glad merely because she would pay him well; so she promised him more and more, if he would but paint her faithfully. And he gave her his word that he would paint her in every respect most faithfully.

"For I desire to know," said she, "what I am in truth like; for my mirror says one thing, and the King of Glottenburg——"

But here she stopped, remembering that such matters were not fit for Giraldo's ears. Yet he must have understood for a strange, cunning, exultant smile came on his lips as he turned away and set himself to mix the colours on his palette. Thus he began this last picture and the Princess came every day and stayed long, so that Giraldo might be able to render her likeness in every most minute respect with perfect fidelity.

"For," she thought resentfully, "either I have no eyes, or they have none in Glottenburg."

But when she had been visiting Giraldo thus, for hard upon a month, and the picture was nearly finished, and was at once the most lovely and the most faithful of all that Giraldo had painted, it chanced that letters came to the King from a nobleman of France who was well known to him, and had known the Princess well also, the Marquis de Mérosailles. And the Marquis wrote to the King in the greatest indignation and scorn, upbraiding the King, and saying,

"What is this, sire? Do you keep a madman at your Court, and call him a painter? I have been at Glottenburg; and when I spoke there, as it is my humble duty and true delight to speak everywhere, of the incomparable beauty of your Majesty's sister, the Princess Osra, the King, his son, and all the company, did nothing but laugh. And I fought three duels with gentlemen of the Court on this account, and two of them I, Heaven helping me, wounded, and one, by some devil's trick, wounded me. And after this, the matter coming to the King's ear, he sent for me, and excused the laughter by showing me a picture done by a rascal called Giraldo at your Court; and the picture was named after your Majesty's most matchless sister, but, as I am a true son of the Church, it was more like a gutter-wench, and, on my honour and conscience, it squinted most perceptibly. I pray you, sire, find out the meaning of this thing; and receive most humble duty and homage from your devoted servant, and, since your graciousness so wills it, most obliged and obedient friend, Henri, Marquis de Mérosailles. I kiss the hand of the Princess."

When King Rudolf had read this letter, he grew very thoughtful, and, unknown to Giraldo, he sent and caught the messenger whom Giraldo was wont to entrust with the pictures, and who carried the picture of which M. de Mérosailles wrote to Glottenburg; and the King interrogated the messenger most closely, but got nothing from him, save that he himself never beheld the pictures which he carried, but received them most carefully packed from Giraldo, and so delivered them without undoing the coverings, and then by Giraldo's strict orders returned at once, and did not wait until the recipient had inspected the picture. So that the fellow did not know anything about the picture that had gone to Glottenburg, except that it was certainly the same as Giraldo had entrusted to his hands. But the King was not satisfied, and, learning that his sister was at that moment at Giraldo's house, being painted afresh by him, he called half-a-dozen of his gentlemen, and set out on horseback for the place where Giraldo lived in the street that runs from the Cathedral towards the western gate of Strelsau. To this day the house stands there.

The Princess sat, and Giraldo painted. Behind the Princess was a window, looking on to the street, and behind Giraldo was a second door, which led into an inner room. On Giraldo's easel stood the nearly-finished picture, and Giraldo's eyes were alight both with love and with triumph, as he turned from the Princess to the picture, and from the picture to the Princess again; and she, seeing something of his admiration, said with a blush,

"Is it indeed faithful, Signor?" For it seemed even to herself a marvellously lovely picture.

"No, madame," answered he. "For my imperfect hand cannot be faithful to perfection."

"I pray you, do not flatter me. Have you indeed shown every fault of my face?"

"If there be a fault in your face, madame, there it is also in my picture," said Giraldo.

The Princess was silent for a moment, and then she said,

"It is better, is it not, than the picture you painted for the King of Glottenburg?"

Giraldo painted a stroke or two before he answered, carelessly.

"Indeed, madame, it is more faithful than that which the King of Glottenburg has."

"Then less beautiful?" asked Osra, with a petulant smile.

THE PRINCESS SAT AND GIRALDO PAINTED.

"Nay, I do not say that; not less beautiful," he answered.

"Perhaps he would like this one better, and give me his in exchange; for I never saw his after it was finished. I think I will ask the King to write to him."

Giraldo had turned suddenly round as the Princess made this suggestion, which she spoke half in sport, half in continuing chagrin at the blindness shown by the Court of Glottenburg. Now he stood staring at her with wide-open alarmed eyes; and he dropped his brushes on to the floor.

"What ails you, Signor?" she cried. "I did but suggest exchanging the pictures."

He tried to regain his composure, as he stooped to pick up his brushes.

"The King of Glottenburg's picture is the best for him to have," said he sullenly. "This one, madame, I painted for you yourself, and for you alone."

"I pay the price, and can do what I will with the picture," returned the Princess haughtily. "And if I desire, I will give it to the King of Glottenburg."

Giraldo had now turned very pale, and, forgetful of the picture, stood gazing fixedly at the Princess. For he could no longer hold down in secrecy and silence the passion that possessed him, but it was declared in his eyes and in the trembling of his limbs; so that the Princess rose from her chair and shrank away from him in alarm, regretting that she had dismissed her ladies, in order to be less restrained in talk with the painter; and she tried to cry out, that they might hear her where they were in an adjoining room, but her cry froze on her lips at the sight of Giraldo's passion. And he cried in a hoarse whisper,

"He shall not have the picture, he shall not have it!" And as he spoke he moved nearer to the Princess, who still shrank away from him, being now in very great alarm, and thinking that surely he had run mad. Yet she looked at him and, looking, saw whence his madness came; and she felt pity for him, and held out her clasped hands towards him, saying in a very soft voice, and with eyes that grew sad and tender,

"Ah, Signor, Signor, am I always to have lovers, and never a friend?"

At this the unfortunate painter was overcome and, dropping his head between his hands, he gave a deep half-stifled sob, and then he cried,

"God's curse on me, for having slandered the beauty that I loved!" And then he sobbed again.

But the Princess wondered greatly what he meant by his strange cry, and turned her eyes again on him in bewildered questioning; saying, as she pointed to the picture,

"There is no slander here, Signor, unless too much praise be slander."

Giraldo made her no answer in words, but, springing towards her, caught her by the wrist, and drew her across the room to the door behind his easel. With feverish haste he unlocked it and passed through. The Princess, although now free from his grip, followed him in a strange fascination. Giraldo drew the door close behind him; and at that moment the Princess gave a cry, half a scream, half laughter. For facing her, she saw, each on its easel, three, four, five, six pictures of herself, each beautiful and painted most lovingly; and the last of the six was the picture that had been painted by order of the King of Glottenburg. For she knew it by the attire, although the face had not been finished when she had last seen it. And a sudden enlightenment pierced her mind, and she knew that Giraldo had not sent the pictures for which she had sat to him, but kept them himself, and sent others to his patrons. This strange conviction found its sure confirmation in a seventh easel which stood apart from the rest, on the other side of the room; for it supported what was in all respects a copy of the portrait on which Giraldo was now engaged, save that by cunning touches he had imparted to the face an alien and fearful aspect; for here, although the features had their shape and perfect grace, yet it was the face of a devil that looked out of the canvas, a face that a man would not have gazing at him from the wall on to the bed where he sought to sleep.

But when Giraldo saw her eyes fixed on this picture, [illegible],

"That is for you—the other is mine. Are they not your features? The King of Glottenburg should not have even your features. But you shall have them, and if a devil looks out through such a fair mask, is it not so with all fair women, that lead men to destruction? There is your true picture, Princess Osra!" And he flung himself on a couch with a mad cry of rage, and then a groan of despair.

The Princess Osra looked at him, and at the beautiful pictures, and then at the picture that was like her and yet like a devil. First she pitied the painter, and then marvelled at his wonderful mad skill, that so transformed her without drawing a line that could be called untrue. Thus thinking, she stood for a while, grave and puzzled. But then the humour struck her, as it struck her House always in great things and in small; and it seemed to her most ludicrous that the pictures should all be resting here in Giraldo's house, while the Princes who had commanded portraits of her, had received nothing but distorted parodies of her face, to the end that they might be disgusted and, abandoning the alliance they had projected, leave her still at Strelsau, to be painted times out of number, and most fruitlessly by this mad painter. And these thoughts gaining the mastery over the others, in spite of the sad plight of unhappy Signor Giraldo, her lips curved into a bow, her eyes gleamed in dancing merriment, and a moment later she broke into a glad gleeful laugh, that rose and rippled, and fell to soft delighted murmurings. And she looked again at the picture that was like her, and also like a devil, and her mirth grew and grew at the ingenuity of the work and the mocking devilry so cunningly made out of her face. Small wonder was it to her now that the embassies had not come!

The Princess Osra thus stood laughing, and presently Signor Giraldo looked up; and when he had listened and looked for a few moments, his wild mood caught the infection from her, so that, springing to his feet, he also began to laugh loudly, like a man who cannot restrain his amusement, but is carried away by it beyond all bounds and restraints. Thus Giraldo laughed loudly, long, and fiercely, for there was madness in his laugh. And the Princess heard the madness, and even while she still laughed, her eyes opened in wonder; alarm came on her face, her merry laugh quivered, trembled, choked in her throat, and at last died away into dumbness; yet her lips hung apart frozen in the shape of laughter, while no laughter came. And as her laugh thus ended in mute horror, his grew louder yet and wilder, and its peal rang through the room, as he gasped between his spasms of horrid mirth; "You, you, you!" and pointed at the picture which he had touched to devilishness. But she shrank away, and stood crouched against the wall; for she knew now that he was mad, but did not know to what his fury might next lead him. Then he caught up a knife that lay on the sill of the window, and, now smiling as though in grim, quiet amusement, strode across to the row of pictures, and reached up to them, knife in hand. But Osra suddenly sprang forward, crying,

"Do not hurt them."

"These?" he asked, turning to her with a sneer "These? I'll destroy them all, for they are no longer beautiful to me, but that one only is beautiful, because it is true." And he wrenched his arm away from the detaining hand she had laid upon it. Falling back in

terror, she watched him cutting and slashing each of the pictures, until the face was utterly destroyed. And she feared that when he had finished with the pictures, he would turn upon her; therefore she flung herself upon the couch, hiding her face for fear of some horrible fate; and she murmured low to herself, "Not my face, O God, not my face!" and she pressed her face down into the cushions of the couch, while he, muttering and grumbling to himself, cut the pictures into strips and ribbons, and strewed the fragments at his feet on the floor. And, this done, he turned to the face that he now loved, and poured out to it, as though it had been the idol he worshipped, a flood of wild passionate reproachful words, that Osra shivered to hear, and the purport of which she dared tell none, though for all her prayers she could not herself forget one of them.

At last he came to her again, and plucked her roughly and rudely from the couch where she lay, and dragged her behind him back to the door again and through it; and they stood together in front of the last picture, whose paint was still wet from his hand. The painted face smiled down on the trembling pale girl, with its smile of careless serene dignity, so that now even to herself it seemed hardly to be her picture. For it was the true presentment of a King's daughter, and she no better than a helpless frightened girl. It seemed to reproach her; and suddenly she drew herself to her height, and turned on Giraldo, saying, "You shall not touch it."

And she stepped forward, so that she stood between him and the picture, raising her hand, and forbidding him to approach it with his knife. And now the picture seemed more to be hers, although while it smiled she frowned.

SHE KNELT BY HIS HEAD.

But at this moment there came through the window that opened on the street the clatter of horses' hoofs. At the sound Giraldo arrested the motion that he had already made to fling himself at the Princess—whether to kill her, or only to thrust her away from the front of the picture she did not know. Running to the window, he looked out, and called in seeming glee, "It is the King come to see my pictures!" And he looked proud and happy. Going to the door of the room, he flung it open, and stood there waiting for the King and the gentlemen who attended the King. They were not long in coming, for Rudolf was full of anger, impatience, and anxiety, and ran swiftly up the staircase. His gentlemen pressed into the room behind him, and Giraldo drew back, keeping his face to the King, and bowing again and again. But the King and the rest saw the knife in his hand; and ragged strips of painted canvas hung here and there on his clothes, while the Princess, pale and proud, stood guarding the picture on the easel. The King, in spite of his wonder, was not turned from the purpose which had brought him to the painter's house, but with a quick step darted up to Giraldo and thrust the letter of the Marquis de Mérosailles into his hand, bidding him in a sharp peremptory tone to read it, and give what explanation he could of the contents. Giraldo fell to reading it, while the King turned to his sister in order to ask her why she seemed agitated, and stood so obstinately in front of her own picture; but at that instant one of the gentlemen, whose name was Ladislas, gave a cry of surprise; for he had looked through the door into the inner room, and seen the havoc and destruction that Giraldo had made, and also the strange and terrible picture that alone had escaped the knife.

The King, wondering, followed Ladislas to the threshold of the inner room and passed it, while his gentlemen, full of curiosity, crowded close on his heels after him.

The Princess Osra, thinking herself safe, found her anger and terror pass away as her mirth had passed before. Now she felt in her heart that pity which borders on tenderness, and which she could never refuse to a man that loved her, let the folly of his love and of the extravagances into which it drove him be as great as it would. Turning towards Giraldo, she saw him fretting his puckered brow with his hand, and vainly seeking to compel his disordered brain to understand M. de Mérosailles' letter. So she was very sorry for him, and, knowing the sudden hot temper to which the careless King was subject, she glided swiftly across to the painter, and whispered, "Escape and hide. Hide for a few days. He will be furious now, but he will soon forget. Don't wait now, but escape, Signor. Some harm will happen to you here;" and in her eager pleading with him, she laid her hand on his arm, and looked up in his face with imploring eyes. But he looked at her with dazed vacant stare muttering, "I cannot read the letter;" then a wistful smile came on his face, and he thrust the letter towards her, saying, "Madame, will you read it for me?" And at that moment they heard the King swear an angry oath; for he had seen the mad picture of his sister.

"No, no, not now," whispered Osra, beseeching Giraldo. "Not now, Signor. Listen, the king is angry! Escape now, and we will read the letter afterwards." And she was as earnest as though she had loved him and were praying him to save himself for the sake of her love. And he looked into her softened eyes, and suddenly giving a little cry, as if a great joy had come to him unexpectedly and contrary to all likelihood, he dropped M. de Mérosailles' letter, and sprang to where his brushes lay on the floor; and seizing them and his palette, he gave another swift glance at the Princess, and then, turning to the picture, began to paint with marvellous dexterity and deftness, and with the sudden confidence of a man inspired to the work. As he worked, his brow grew smoother, the tension of his strained face relaxed, happiness dawned in his eyes, and a smile broke on his lips; and Osra watched him with a tender sorrowful gaze. Still he painted, and he was painting when the King burst in from the other room in a great rage, and carrying his sword drawn in his hand; for he had sworn by Our Lady and St. Peter to kill the rogue who had done the Princess such wrong, and so slandered her beauty. And his gentlemen came in with him, all very ready to see Giraldo killed, but each eager that the King should leave the task to him. Yet when they entered and saw Giraldo painting as though he were wrapt by some ecstacy, and had forgotten all that had passed, nay, even their very presence, they paused in unwilling and constrained hesitation. And Osra raised her hand to bid them stay still where they were, and not interfere with Giraldo's painting. For now she desired above all things on earth that he should be left to finish his task. For he thought that he had read more than pity and more than tenderness in Osra's eyes; he had seemed to see love there, and thus he had cried out in joy, and thus he was now painting as never had even he, for all his skill, painted before. His unerring hand, moving lightly to and fro, imparted the sweetness of his delusive vision to the canvas, so that the eyes of the portrait glowed with wonderful and beautiful love and gentleness. Presently Giraldo began to sing very softly to himself a sweet happy old song, that peasants sang to peasant girls in the fields outside his native Verona on summer evenings. His head was thrown back in triumph and exultation as he sang and worked, tasting the luxury of love, and glorying in the tribute that his genius paid to her whom he loved. Thus came a moment of great joy to the soul of Giraldo the painter; for a man's love and a man's work are, when they seem to prosper, of all things the sweetest; and their union in one, his life's consummation.

It was done. He laid down the brush, and drew back a step, looking on what he had done. The Princess came softly and slowly, as though attracted against her will, and she stood by him; for she saw that this picture was now, beyond all compare, the most perfect and beautiful of all that he or any other man had painted of her; and she loved him for thus glorifying her. But, before many moments had gone by, a sudden start and shiver ran through Giraldo's body. The spell of his entranced ecstacy broke; his eyes fell from the masterpiece that he had made, and wandered to those who stood about him—to the gentlemen who did not know whether to wonder or to laugh, to the angry face of the King and the naked sword in his hand, at last to Osra, whose eyes were still on the picture. And his exultation vanished, and with it went, as it seemed to them, his madness. Reason dawned for a moment in his eyes, but was quenched in an instant by shame and despair. For he knew that all there had seen that other picture, and they knew now what he had done; and suddenly, with a stifled cry, he flung himself full-length on the floor at Osra's feet.

"Let us wait," said she gently. "He will be himself again soon."

But the King was too angry to listen.

"He has made us fools before half Europe," he cried angrily, "and he shall not live to talk of it. And you—have you seen the picture yonder?"

"Yes, I have seen it," said she. "But he does not now think that picture like me, but this one." And she turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to raise Giraldo and lay him on a couch, and they obeyed. Then she knelt by his head; and, after a while, he opened his eyes, seeming sound of sense in everything except that he believed she loved him, so that he began to whisper to her as lovers whisper to their loves, very tenderly and low. And the King, with his gentlemen, stood a little way off. But the Princess said nothing to Giraldo, neither refusing his love, nor yet saying what was false; yet she suffered him to talk to her, and to reach up his hand and gently touch a lock of hair that strayed on her forehead. And he, sighing in utter happiness and contentment, closed his eyes again, and lay back very quietly on the couch.

"Let us go," said she, rising. "I will send a physician." And she bade one of the gentlemen lock the inner room, and give her the key, and she and the King and they all then departed, and sent his servants to tend Giraldo; and Osra caused the King's physician also to be summoned. But Giraldo did no more than linger some few days alive; and for the most of them he was in a high fever, his brain being wild; and he

raved about the Princess, sometimes railing at her, sometimes praising her; yet once or twice he woke, calm and happy as he had been when she knelt by him, and having for his only delusion the thought that she still knelt there and was breathing words of love into his ear. And in this last merciful error, in respect of which the physicians humoured him, he, one day a week later, passed away and was at peace.

Then the Princess came, attended by one gentleman in whom she placed confidence, and she destroyed the evil picture that Giraldo had painted, and having caused a fire to be made, burnt up the pieces of it, and all the ruins of the pictures that Giraldo had destroyed. But that on which he had last worked so happily, and with such a triumph of art, she carried with her to the Palace; and presently she caused copies to be made of it, and sent one to each of the Princes by whom Giraldo had been commanded to paint her picture, and with it the money he had received, the whole of which was found untouched in a cabinet in his house. But the picture itself she hung in her own chamber, and would often look at it, feeling great sorrow for the fate of Giraldo the painter.

Yet King Rudolf could not be prevailed upon to pity the young man, saying that for his part he should have to be mad before the love of a woman should drive him mad; and he cursed Giraldo for an insolent knave declaring that he did well to die of his own accord. And because M. de Mérosailles had gallantly defended his sister's beauty in three duels, he sent him by the hands of a great officer his Order of the Red Rose, which M. de Mérosailles wore with great pride at the Court of Versailles.

But when the copies of the last picture reached the Courts to which they were addressed, together with the money and a brief history of Giraldo's mad doings, the Princes turned their thoughts again to the matter of the alliance, and several embassies set out for Strelsau, so that Princess Osra said, with a smile that was half-sad, half-amused, and very whimsical,

"I am much troubled by reason of the loss of Signor Giraldo, my painter."

NAPOLEON AND THE ASSASSIN.

When the Emperor was reviewing his troops at Schœnbrunn after the capitulation of Vienna a young man appeared at the extremity of one of the columns just as the troops were about to defile. He approached Napoleon so closely as to make the aide-de-camp think he wished to present a petition, and he asked him to give it to him. He refused, saying he wished to speak with the Emperor himself. As he persisted after several repulses, Rapp, who was a very hasty-tempered man, gave him a box on the ear which staggered him, and at the same moment the General perceived something bulging under the breast of his coat; he instantly ordered the guards to seize him, and discovered, wrapped in a newspaper, a knife a foot and a half long, pointed, and sharpened on each side. "I trembled when I saw it," said Napoleon. Generals Savary and Rapp brought the assassin to the Emperor's cabinet. He had refused to believe in the attempt until he was shown the weapon. On the young man's entrance he exclaimed with compassion, "Oh, the thing is impossible, this is but a lad," and addressing him, he said, "How old are you?" "Eighteen," replied Staps. "What did you intend to do with that knife?" "To kill you." "You are mad, young man," said Napoleon. "I am not mad." "You are ill, then." "I am not, I am very well." "What harm had I done you? Who made you my judge here below?" "You have harmed me and all Germans; I wished to terminate the war." "Why did you not address yourself to the Emperor of Austria?" "He is a blockhead; if he were killed, someone else would succeed, but if you were dead it would not be easy to find such another." "I tell you, young man, you are either mad or in bad health," replied the Emperor. "Send Covisart," he added to one of the suite. On his arrival Napoleon ordered him to feel the young man's pulse. "Am I ill, monsieur?" he inquired very coolly. Covisart told his Majesty that nothing ailed him. "I told you so," said Staps with an air of triumph. Rapp said he never saw Napoleon look so confounded. After a pause he resumed, "Your brain is disordered. I will grant you your life if you ask pardon for the crime you meditated, and for which you ought to be sorry?" "I want no pardon. I am only sorry I failed." "A crime, then, is nothing to you?" "To kill you is no crime; it is a duty." "Whose portrait is that which was found on you?" "It is the portrait of a girl to whom I am attached." "She will be much distressed at your venture." "She will only be sorry that I have failed. She hates you as much as I do." "But if I were to pardon you would you be grateful for my mercy?" "I would, nevertheless, kill you if I could." "I then," says Napoleon, "desired him to be taken away and locked up, to have no sort of food for twenty-four hours, but as much cold water as he liked." I wished to give him time to cool and reflect. After the twenty-four hours had expired I sent for him, and asked, "If I were to pardon you, would you make another attempt on my life?" He hesitated for a long time, and at last but with great difficulty said he would not, as then it would appear to be the will of God that I should live. It was my intention to have pardoned him, but it was represented to me that his hesitation after twenty-four hours' fasting was a certain sign that his intentions were bad, and that he intended to assassinate. He was left to his fate.

WILLING TO DO HIS PART.

"And now will somebody in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a cavalry sword?" asked the professor of magic, stepping to the front of the stage and rubbing his hands in pleasant anticipation.

There was no response.

The professor repeated his request.

Same result.

"I am sorry," he said at last, after waiting several minutes, "that I shall be unable to perform my advertised feat of swallowing a sword; but you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not my fault. I will now proceed with the wonderful performance of the magic egg-bag."

A steamer running on rails is a curious sight to be seen near Copenhagen. Two lakes are separated by a narrow strip of land on which rails are laid, running into the water on either side. The steamer, which is forty-four feet long and carries seventy passengers, is guided to the rails by piles like a ferry-slip. It has wheels on either side which fit the rails, and it is driven full speed up one side of the incline and down the other into the water on the other side.

Mr. Shortrybbe—Would you marry again if I should die?

Mrs. Shortrybbe—Oh, yes. I wouldn't let a little thing like that keep me from it.

Miss Gaskett—Miss Flipp says she will marry Mr. Dolyers to reform him.

Miss Fossick—What is his vice?

Miss Gaskett—He is something of a miser.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Emmeline has just got back from the North-Countree, and is full of the delights of moor and mountain, big bags, and shooting-costume. Hers is a very pretty one, though it would have sent our grandmothers into fits. It is a greenish-brown tweed made with knickerbockers and gaiters, a short skirt reaching about four inches below the knees, and a short coat that is chiefly pockets. I made her put it on for me, and, mannish though the dress is, she looked remarkably pretty in it, with her white shirt front and a rather dark tie, a brown bowler hat set on her brown hair, which she arranges with the old inimitable carelessness that is really the result of much care.

Before coming South she and Edward attended the races at Stockton, and saw some good gowns there, which I record for your benefit. One was a shot grey-and-green glacé silk lined with pink, and worn with a pink bodice covered with grey braiding. The sleeves were made of the shot silk. Nothing very new about that, you will say. No. The novelty lay in the fact that the long domino dust-cloak was made of the same silk as the dress, and, like it, was lined with pink silk throughout. The hood was pink silk, and appeared to be practicable, so that it could be drawn over the head if needed, as it might be in evening wear. Emmeline and I calculated that for such a double-barrelled dress some thirty-five yards of the shot silk would be necessary, and about the same quantity of the pink.

SHOOTING COSTUME.

Another striking dress was a baize-green canvas made over sky-blue silk which showed through, a very good effect of colour being the result. There was a very full cape to match, finished at the throat with a ruffle of the pale blue silk. With this was worn a black straw sailor hat with beefeater crown, round which was a twist of pale blue velvet, a tall sheaf of green leaves rising aigrette fashion at one side.

The nicest grasslawn that Emmeline noticed was made with skirt and coat, both lined with silk of the same colour as the lawn. The coat had a full basque at the back, but none in front or at the sides, the skirt fitting most beautifully on the hips. The fronts of the bodice part were turned back with white silk, which also formed a deep collar, and the large puffed sleeves ended in cuffs of white silk. The bodice, showing between the white silk revers, was pleated black chiffon, and as the hat was black chip, trimmed with black and white satin ribbons, the whole was a very good exemplification of a cool half-mourning costume.

There were many alpaca gowns, chiefly white, though some of the smartest were of dark blue. One of these was made with an Eton coat, and worn over a grape-green chiffon front. I have no doubt that there was some green in the hat, but Emmeline did not notice, though she remarked that the skirt was lined with the same blue as the alpaca, and that the petticoat was grape-green silk with several frills round the hem.

A dress composed of barège in a pretty tone of heliotrope had the skirt covered with three flounces of equal width over a white silk foundation, veiled with the barège. The bodice had a full front of the barège, and full sleeves of the same to the elbows, where they were met by long suède gloves. An over-bodice of cream-coloured bengaline served as a support for a very fully-pleated collar, arranged as a revers, and hanging partly over the top of the sleeves. There was a full basque to this sleeveless coatee, which was bound in at the waist by a suède belt, fastened by handsome pearl buckles set in gold.

Twine-coloured lace seemed to be the principal material of another pretty gown, arranged in flounces over cream satin, the skirt edged with a very thick ruche of cream and twine-coloured silk mixed. It was all softness. The sleeves were made of accordeon-pleated cream chiffon, a lace fichu covering the silk bodice. The suède gloves were exactly matched to the tone of the string-coloured lace. The collar was covered with folds of chiffon and the orthodox rosettes trimmed it at either side. A becoming cornflower hat was worn with this, and the waist ribbon matched it, also the

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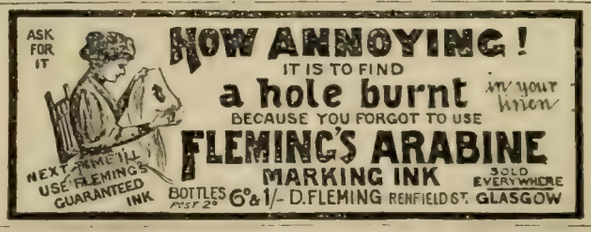

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H. M. CALFMAN, Market Place, Newbury.

satin ribbons which finished off the sleeves at the elbows.

The shooting costume, of which I send you sketch, is of checked tweed, with knickerbockers and gaiters to match. The square collar, cuffs, and basque are outlined with a bias band of tartan, and the same appears as trimming round the crown of the tweed hat. Bands of the tartan hold the fronts of the coat together over a waistcoat of tan suède, to which the tint of the shoes and gloves is matched.

I heard of such an excellent plan for making a table-d'hôte dress into one suitable for the promenade that I must at once tell you about it. The neck was cut away for dinner wear, though not very much. The material was crêpon, the colour black. All that was necessary for outdoor wear was to add a square collar made of puffings of muslin over white silk, and edged with a frill to match, rather deep, and with edges button-holed. Narrow black velvet was laid along between the muslin puffings, and each row ended in a knot of the velvet. The collar was finished with folds of the muslin. The elbow sleeves were all right with long gloves. Good plan, wasn't it? Your affectionate,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss H.—Paper patterns of the costumes illustrated are not supplied by To-Day.

Match.—Quite correct. Many persons now adopt a teagown for evenings on other occasions than for home wear. Yours sound very pretty. You will find a black one very pleasant later on. It will be more effectual for your purpose than any light colour could be. Yes, do write again.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Minnie.—To cook rather old dry peas, parboil them in one water, strain the water off and drain, add a teacupful of milk to the peas, in which has been thoroughly mixed a *soupçon* of flour, not enough to thicken it, but just sufficient to add a dainty consistency to the milk, and stew therein the peas until tender. Just before removing from the fire add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and then dish with a dust of pepper.

Dolly's Dinner.—*The Caterer* gives a capital recipe for ham steaks: Cut slices half an inch thick from a raw ham, which are placed in a frying-pan with a cupful of water. They are cooked slowly till all the water has boiled away. Dredge the steaks lightly with flour, and put them in front of the fire to brown slightly: pour a cup of milk, a lump of butter rolled in flour, a teaspoonful of mustard, and a few grains of cayenne into the frying-pan; stir smoothly till very hot, pour over the steaks, and serve. A nice addition is to scramble a few eggs, put them in little heaps on the ham, and pour the sauce round, not over.

Donna Elvira.—You can cook tomatoes with macaroni with or without cheese. In either case, throw the macaroni into boiling water in which sufficient salt has been put to flavour the macaroni—say a teaspoonful to every half pound. A pint of water or stock would be sufficient for this quantity. When the macaroni is soft, strain away the water, and put the macaroni in a colander. Pour cold water on it, and throw it back, when again drained dry, into the empty saucepan, adding two large or three small tomatoes, an ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Gently stir the whole and when the tomatoes are done, the dish is ready to serve. If they are put in boiling water for a minute they can easily be skinned before being put in the stew-pan. If you like the cheese with it, add to the above two heaped tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan. In this case, be careful not to put in too much salt, cheese being such salt stuff. The above dish is excellent when cooked in milk, which supplies the fatty matter in which both tomatoes and macaroni are deficient.

Plums can easily be bottled in this way:—To every fourteen pounds of egg plums (half ripe) allow a gallon and a half of water and three scruples of salicylic acid. Boil the water and acid for five minutes, and then cover the plums (which have previously been measured into glass bottles) with it. Allow it to grow cool, and then tie it down with parchment, slips of which are sold in the shops cut in squares all ready for use at a penny the dozen.

Aubergine Chutney.—Boil two or three aubergines, let them get cold; scrape out the whole of the inside of the pods, pass this through a sieve to get rid of the seeds; rub a soup-plate with a clove of garlic, empty the aubergine pulp therein. Dress it with a teaspoonful of minced green onion, one of green chilli, one of vinegar, and one of grated green ginger, season with salt and black pepper, put the chutney into a little mould, and serve in a saucer.

HE DIDN'T THINK IT FUNNY.

Catalini was placed next to Goethe at dinner during her visit to the Court of Wiemar. She asked who her neighbour was. "The celebrated Goethe," was the reply. "What instrument does he play?" inquired the singer. "He is the author of Werther." Catalini turned to the poet. "Oh, monsieur, how I admire Werther, I never read anything so funny!" She was thinking of an absurd parody of the work. Goethe didn't get over it all the evening.

AN OPTIMIST.

Two men were about to be hanged, and an immense number of people assembled to see the sight. Suddenly a bull broke its rope and rushed in among the terrified multitude. One criminal turned to the other and remarked, "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd."

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

When Shelley was at Eton he had a fight with Sir Thomas Styles, a much smaller boy. Sir Thomas started cautiously, and Shelley knocked him down. The poet was delighted with his blow, and stood in a noble attitude quoting Homer, until the small boy jumped up and landed him one in the bread-basket. This took all the poetry out of Shelley and all the pluck too. He burst into tears and ran away.

During the last legislative session at Tallahassee, a Bill was introduced providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose, and with great gravity and dignity, said: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that Bill. I am opposed to it, because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom-sedge, and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter an' fainter, till, by-and-bye, you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and see a little, bench-legged, yeller rascal barkin, his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin' tree, jes' you get a long pole, and meat is your'n for dinner." There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the "rabbit" dog. When it had been concluded, others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned. The Bill was killed by a large majority.

Robinson—Did your boy do well at college?

Hawkins—Oh, yes; he got through without disgracing us all.

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THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Parliament has risen, so we can all sit down and enjoy ourselves. We certainly ought to be able to do so, for there was never a theatrical season fuller of promise.

The event of this week has been postponed, so we shall not see Mrs. Campbell's Juliet until the 21st, a date previously taken by Sir Augustus Harris for the new Drury Lane drama, *Cheer Boys Cheer*. This looked like an uncomfortable deadlock, but Sir Augustus generously gave way, and moved his production to the 19th.

The incidental circumstances of the case are rather interesting. For months past the 14th has been announced as the opening night of the Lyceum. For weeks past the 21st has been claimed by Drury Lane. Forbes Robertson, however, at the latest minute found that he would have to postpone. Very well. He never sent an emissary of any sort to the Lane to see if some arrangements could be come to, he never said with your leave or by your leave. He had all the rest of the year to choose from, but nothing would please him but to advertise suddenly that he meant to produce on the 21st. A mutual friend pointed out that this was hardly courteous, to say the least of it. *Then* he sat down and wrote letters of explanation, and I am sure his brethren in the profession will appreciate his consideration for them when I tell you that his excuse for taking the Lane Saturday was that he "must take advantage of Sunday to give that rest needful for those playing the leading characters" at his own show. Of course a few poor outsiders like Henry Neville, George Giddens, Lionel Rignold, Eleanor Calhoun, and Fanny Brough could slave through a four-act melodrama on any other day and get on without the Sunday rest as best they might. That was of no concern to the superior persons at the Lyceum. They had their eye on the main chance, however, for Forbes goes on to say, "to put off till the 28th would incur, as you may imagine in a theatre like this, a very great expense." What about the expense that would have been entailed by a postponement till the 28th in a theatre like Drury Lane?

You will be sorry to hear that rehearsals at the Comedy have been temporarily suspended owing to Pinero's ill-health. Not long after the first act was read to the company he began to get dissatisfied with the third act. This he proceeded to re-write, but a bad attack of insomnia interrupted him, and now he can't work at all. After a few days' rest at the seaside he will probably be all right again. Meantime the Comedy is at a standstill, and the comic opera ordered by Carte waits. The lyrics are finished, and I hear them highly spoken of. The difficulty is with the book. It is not likely to last long with a man of Pinero's masterly ability.

I have not yet seen the Gaiety balance-sheet, so cannot express any very definite opinion about it. Everybody connected with the show must feel gratified, however, at the dividend of fifteen per cent. The declaration does not seem to have convulsed the Stock Exchange, for the shares stand where they did some weeks ago. But more of this anon.

The most weird, wild, and wonderful agitation I ever remember has been started by the Anti-Something Society with reference to the Empire license. The Antis declare that unless the County Council will give back to the Empire its promenade, they, the Antis, will oppose the license altogether. Good heavens! What has the Empire done that it should be persecuted by fools after such a manner as this? Have they never heard about that half loaf that is better than no bread? Surely if the Council stands to its guns the Empire need not be robbed of its license by a pack of infatuated fanatics? Mind, as I told you months ago, I don't grudge the Empire its promenade in the least. But I did, I do, and I always shall maintain that what's sauce for the Empire gander is sauce for the Palace goose The County Council ought to discuss the question of promenades apart from any particular hall, and settle it one way or the other. It ought in common fairness and common justice to be promenades everywhere or promenades nowhere.

The monopolists of the Empire ought not to have the power to interfere with the Palace having the same freedom and privileges that themselves enjoy. This was really at the root of the agitation last year. The Palace wanted a promenade. The Empire opposed it and won. Then the Empire wanted a promenade. Mrs. Chant opposed it and won. But it ought not to be a question of wants and opposition. A promenade cannot be good in Leicester Square and bad in Cambridge Circus. The Moderate Party on the County Council are strong enough to compel a logical decision. They will earn the gratitude of every music-hall proprietor and shareholder if they establish something like a fixed law, a permanent regulation, an equitable, just, and honest rule, behind which neither Puritan crank nor dividend-seeking monopolist can go. Let them give us straight dealing and common-sense. Then we shall bless them. If they vacillate, and listen to outside persuasions and inducements, we shall primarily curse them, and ultimately kick them out.

I was awfully sorry to see that poor little Rose Norreys nad "come home" to Colney Hatch at last. I have known her for years. I knew her before she went on the stage, when she was being brought up by her aunt, a modest and reputable dressmaker. Rose was delightful in the curious elf-like characters that Pinero wrote for her. But I always thought that she was ruined by appearing in *L'Arlesienne* at the Prince of Wales. After that she went on tour with Benson and played Lady Macbeth. She developed views, and became entangled with the great Ibsen twaddle. She rehearsed the part so admirably played by Miss Boucicault in the *Case of Rebellious Susan*. But she threw it up suddenly, went to Paris, and wrote back saying that for the future she intended to devote herself to play-writing. It is hardly remarkable, therefore, to learn that she is now without resources, and in need of medical supervision and restraint. She was always a very generous and amiable girl, but inclined to imagine that her best friends, if they were women, wished to compass her undoing. For long since Miss May Scarlett did more for her than most of us do for our sisters. It was an act, or rather a series of acts of sympathy and womanly kindness, such as we rarely hear of. Only a few did know. Mr. Charles Wyndham was amongst the few, and he engaged the rescued Rose with the result I have named. What *can* be done in such a case? It is charitable to say very little. It is only honest to say also that the least said the better. Miss Scarlett was not thanked for what she did—quite the reverse. Mr. Wyndham for his generosity got left at the eleventh hour with a hole in his cast. It is, perhaps, just as well that the asylum doors should charitably close on a very mournful and deplorable chapter in theatrical history.

Your affectionate Cousin,

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A THEATRICAL CHAT.

Present:
Mr. Snarl—A Critic.
Mr. Soaper—A Peacemaker.
Mr. Wiseman—A Man of the World.

Snarl.—Exactly what I predicted has happened, now that they have produced in Manchester the Potter American version of *Trilby*, written by the Anglicised and adopted Frenchman George Du Maurier.

Soaper.—Then I conclude you predicted a great success for Beerbohm Tree and a triumph for Trilby.

Snarl.—What I said was precisely this, that the most undramatic and indefensibly personal book ever written would turn out on the stage undramatic as a whole, but personally interesting on account of the art of Beerbohm Tree and the beauty of Dorothea Baird.

Soaper.—I don't really think that the public is much concerned with the personality of the book, although Jimmy Whistler had something to say on that subject, and spoke his mind pretty freely to his old friend, the author of the novel. The question is simply this. Is the book interesting to the average reader? Is the play attractive to the average playgoer?

Wiseman.—Very fairly put. Some of us who are behind the scenes know that when George Du Maurier was a student in Paris in the early fifties, his old mother (Mrs. Bagot), and sister (Miss Bagot), were in England, Antwerp, or Germany. All his friends know that his fellow-students in the Quartier Latin, were Calderon, the Academician, Tom Armstrong, of South Kensington, Lamont, the Scotchman, and water-colour artist, Jimmy Whistler, and others, to say nothing of his brother, who was a private soldier in a French Zouave regiment, nay, more, that all these men, as characters in the book, can be conveniently labelled. But though this matter may be discussed as a question of taste, it does not interfere with the fact that the book, personal or no, was an immense success in America and I think a well deserved success.

Snarl.—Take this from me. The book was popular in America on account of its beautiful illustrations; the play was popular in America because those illustrations were reproduced on the stage and all the world wondered. In England the book is not so popular as in America, nor are the illustrations nearly so well-known, therefore, I predict the verdict will be, when *Trilby* comes to London, an uninteresting story on the whole, a brilliant Svengali from Beerbohm Tree, and a photographer's shop triumph on the part of the lovely Dorothea Baird. They will go as cracked over her as over Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson.

Wiseman.—There is just one other point I should like to mention. The danger of dramatising a book is that the people who have read it invariably get angry when their favourite bits or characters are omitted. When Little Billee, the Laird, Taffy, and all the rest of them are reduced to lay figures, the novel reader will get his claws out when he goes to see the stage *Trilby*.

Soaper.—How delightful to get Tree once more as a fashionable and attractive villain, a new kind of Macari, a perfect demon of a hypnotist. They say his death across the table is marvellous, and when he pops his head through the canvas *à la* Peg Woffington, all the people shudder and turn pale.

Snarl.—Oh, yes, we know all about that! You may be sure that Trilby will be preciously well boomed before she comes to London. She will be paragraphed to death, and when she arrives at the Haymarket, in all probability the public will be sick of her in advance, and disappointed when she makes her bow.

Wiseman.—We shall see. Meanwhile, young Arthur Bourchier and his pretty wife, Violet Vanbrugh, have made an immense success in the *Chili Widow* (a bad title, by the way), at the little Royalty, which has been turned into one of the very prettiest theatres in London or anywhere else.

Snarl.—Yes, is it not sickening the nonsense that people talk about a theatre being unpopular because it it is in a certain district or because it is unlucky. No theatre, wherever situated, is unpopular, when it gets hold of a good play. The Royalty was not unpopular in the days of Miss Kelly, known only to our ancestors; it was not unpopular when Mrs. Selby, another dramatic instructress, took it for her pupils, and brought out Burnand's *Ixion*. It was not unpopular when Patty Oliver took it over and produced *Black-Eyed Susan*, with Fred Dewar as Captain Crosstree. It was not unpopular when Penley took it to produce *Charley's Aunt*, and yet some lunatic writes to say that Hope Booth, with a one-night show, killed for everlasting what might have been made, and has been made, a charming bonbon box of a playhouse. If all theatres were killed with a failure, we should not have one standing in London.

Wiseman.—Talking of the bright and well-lighted little Royalty, I am glad that someone has protested at last against the funereal style of theatre, which is depressing to audiences and art as well. There is scarcely a fashionable theatre in London in which I can read a programme, whether the curtain is up or down. Arthur Bourchier has instituted a very excellent and desirable reform. He is sensible enough to see that the "kind friends in front" want to be exhilarated, not depressed.

Snarl.—That reminds me of a very popular error. I am sometimes told that the new theatre, the new art, the new method of production, and so on were due to Henry Irving. Nothing of the kind. They were due to the Bancrofts, who were managers of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre years before Henry Irving dreamed of going into management. Do people know who talk of the "teacup and saucer" school that the *Merchant of Venice* was superbly staged, as well mounted as any Lyceum production, by the Bancrofts, and it would have drawn all London on account of the exquisite stage pictures and Ellen Terry's Portia, if Charles Coghlan had not unfortunately missed his mark as Shylock. Let us give credit where it is due. The Bancrofts invented the bright, gay, well-dressed theatre. Henry Irving invented the sepulchral theatre, and unfortunately his lead has been followed by Beerbohm Tree and others. I don't wonder that people go to bright and attractive music halls instead of these tombs. Arthur Bourchier deserves the thanks of the theatrical public.

Soaper.—And is not the *Chili Widow* delightful? Is not that scene splendid where Arthur Bourchier is making love to Violet Vanbrugh, and she accidentally sits down on the electric bells, and summons every clerk in the department? And did you ever see three better little sketches than the Scotch Government office messenger of Mark Kinghorne, the Irish mayor of Ernest Handree, or the weeping cook of Kate Phillips?

Wiseman.—I saw the play in Paris, and enjoyed it immensely, but I honestly own that I had no idea the famous *M. le Directeur* would turn out so well in its English dress. The critics who are so confident that an adaptor makes a mistake when he changes the scene to England, often forget what would be the consequence if he kept it in France.

Soaper.—What consequence, my dear friend?

Wiseman.—Why, all the characters would be Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, and I do not think that the Royalty company, from Bourchier downwards, would be better as typical Parisians than as typical Londoners.

Snarl.—There are one or two slight mistakes in the casting. Kate Phillips, admirable as she is as the cook, should be promoted to the fortune-telling mother-in-law, a delightfully comic character, if properly understood. Next to Mrs. Bancroft, I think Kate Phillips to be the most genuinely comic and artistic actress on the stage. She is not sufficiently appreciated by the managers. Then, again, the right actors have not been chosen for the swell private secretary or for the virtuously conscientious husband. I should have cast Laurence D'Orsay for the man who follows the girls in

the streets, and Willie Herbert for the earnest young husband. The husband should have less fury. He is not the kind of man to smash chair legs when he sits down, as the young gentleman did at the Royalty, and saved himself from crashing down by a miracle. Had that chair leg given way, and its occupant been rolled on the floor, there would have been such a roar that the whole play would have been in jeopardy. For it was a very nasty Saturday night audience. They came to guy, but they remained to cheer. Lastly, Sophie Larkin should take off that dreadful divided skirt. It spoils the last act.

WISEMAN.—Having seen, as I said, the play both in Paris and London, I am decidedly of opinion that both Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh have considerably advanced their reputation by their acting in the *Chili Widow*. They are both excellent comedians. No more difficult or risky scene was ever written than the one between the amorous official and the flirting widow. One mistake would have ruined it. All the time they were skating on thin ice, but luckily the ice never broke.

SOAPER.—I saw a most unfair remark in one of the papers to the effect that the critics had pitched into *Alabama* because they do not like America. So far as I could see it was chiffed because it was dull, and so it was.

SNARL.—They must always have some far-fetched excuse for an adverse criticism. They talk about the poetry and the sentiment of the story. For the life of me I cannot detect either anywhere, and I do not think I have ever listened to more commonplace dialogue—it is absolute bathos.

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PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes named in its Memorandum of Association, including the exploring for, acquiring, developing, and re-selling to subsidiary companies or otherwise dealing with mining and other properties in South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere.

It is also proposed to acquire interests in carefully selected mining and other *bona fide* enterprises by undertaking or assisting in the formation of companies, by underwriting, and also by purchase.

The Company will also undertake to lend shares and make advances upon scrip in connection with the Stock Exchange, and as the Company has already provisionally acquired a large amount of scrip in various undertakings, it will be in a favourable position for the transaction of this description of business.

Representatives have been appointed in South Africa and Western Australia, and others will be appointed from time to time as the necessities of the Company require, with the view of pegging out claims, securing options, and obtaining direct and reliable advice. Several properties are at present offered to the Company, and it is proposed to acquire one or more of such properties forthwith and to develop and/or re-sell same to companies to be formed, but all such offers are subject to the approval of the Directors after the first general allotment.

It is well known that a most profitable business has been and can be done by parent companies such as this. The Shares of nearly all such companies stand at a premium, and some of them at a very high premium. The public have now an opportunity of coming into a parent company at par value.

As a consequence of the extraordinary discoveries of gold in South Africa and Western Australia, a large number of companies have within the past few months been placed on the market and the Directors consider that an opportunity now exists, such as seldom occurs, for acquiring shares at prices which in many cases are, it is believed, much below their intrinsic value. A company such as this will enjoy many advantages over the individual investor. Its investments will be spread over a much wider area, and the element of speculation which is present where few undertakings are invested in disappears when a large number of varied investments are grouped together, as will be done in the case of this Company. The Company will further enjoy the advantage of private and reliable reports from its representatives on the spot, which will prove a material aid in the selection of its investments.

The Company has provisionally acquired on very favourable terms shares in the following;—Afrikander Gold Mining Company, Balmoral, Bardoc, Barnato's Bank, Bendigo District, Big Blow Gold Mines, Bonnie Dundee Gold Mines, Brilliant Extended Block Gold Mining Company, Brown Hill Extended (Hannan's), Burbank's Birthday Gift Gold Mines, Consuello Gold Mines, Clyde Gold Mines, British South Africa Company, Day Dawn Block and Wyndham Gold Mining Company, Eagle Nest, Geldenhuis Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Gem of Cue Gold Mines, Gilpin Gold, Gympie, Graskop, Golden Cement Claims, Great Boulder, Great Fingal, Great Eastern and Orient, No. 2, Great Eastern, Great Fingall Reefs, Hampton Plains Estate, John Bull Gold Mining Company, Lady Isabella, Lydenburg Estates, Murchison United Gold Mining Company, Mozambique Reefs, Montrose Exploration, Mines Exploration Syndicate, Mysore, Nundydroog, New Queen Gold Mining Company, New Reitfontein Estate Gold Mines, North Smithfield, Northern Wealth of Nations, Phœnix Golden Pile, Premier Concessions of Mozambique, Piggs Peak Development Company, Randfontein Estates Gold Mining Company, Rhodesian Claims, Salisbury Reefs Gold Mining Company, No. 1 South Phœnix, Talisman Gold Mining Company, Vaughan Williams, Sam's Wealth of Nations, West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, White Feather Main Reef Gold Mining Company.

Since the above were put under offer to the Company, there has been an appreciable increase in the value of several of the same. A large number of the Shares are on the upward grade, and the Directors believe that the profits to be realised will be such as will very soon permit of the Company declaring an interim dividend from this department of its operations. The Company has also entered into arrangements to acquire long options on considerable blocks of Shares in several of the above companies, which, in the present condition of the mining market, are likely to prove extremely advantageous.

The Company has secured close and friendly relations with contract companies established in London, Liverpool and Cardiff, and arrangements will be made for extending the sphere of operations to Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dublin and other principal business centres in the United Kingdom. Agencies will also be arranged for in Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam.

The various options above alluded to confer upon the Company the right to purchase certain shares at prices considerably below present quotations, the right to purchase valuable properties at bed-rock prices, and also the right to issue certain companies. These options are consolidated in a contract dated 7th September, 1895, made between George William Brockelsby of the one part and the Company of the other part, whereby the Company agrees to pay for such options and rights £10,000 in cash or shares at the option of the Directors. Out of this sum all the expenses attending the issue of the Company's capital will be paid. The whole of the interest which the Directors have in the above contract is revealed therein.

There is no other contract affecting the Company, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to ask intending subscribers to accept a waiver cause.

The contract above alluded to and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be seen at the Office of the Company.

A Stock Exchange settlement and quotation will be applied for in due course.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers Solicitor, Brokers, Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company

IN THE CITY.

THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY GUARANTEE.

IT seems to us that some injustice has been done to Mr. Dalziel and the other Parliamentary opponents of the Guarantee Bill. When it became known at Fort William on Tuesday that owing to the opposition of these members the Bill had been dropped for the Session they were burnt in effigy amid the howls of a crowd of infuriated labourers, and throughout the Highlands the successful opposition has caused intense irritation. Nor is it strange that this feeling should be abroad. The guarantee had the recommendation of three successive Governments, a Commission and a Committee had reported favourably upon the line, hundreds of labourers were expecting it to give them work during the winter months who must now have difficulty in finding employment. The people of the West of Scotland had been solemnly assured that the guarantee should be given this year, and all that was wanted was that Mr. Dalziel and his handful of supporters should abstain from active opposition in order to insure the passing of the Bill. Naturally, therefore, its supporters and the labourers, who would have got good wages throughout the winter, are bitter in their comments upon the Radical obstructives; but the case against these gentlemen does not seem to us to be as complete as their opponents assume it to be.

It must not be forgotten that the Government might have passed the Bill had they determined to do so. Mr. Balfour says they were estopped because they had promised not to take any contentious measures; but that was an undertaking given on their own responsibility, and which had no binding force whatever upon Mr. Dalziel and his friends. Opinion is pretty well agreed that the guarantee should be given, but it is a sharp departure from precedent, and it is eminently undesirable to sanction such departure without discussion. Mr. Dalziel is charged with opposing the Bill because it would benefit the North British Railway Company, which works the West Highland line. Well, Mr. Dalziel represents a constituency which has no cause to love the North British, and though that may be no excuse for opposing the Guarantee Bill, the following extract from a speech of the chairman of the company to shareholders upon the Guarantee Bill may be recalled with advantage:—

> It was felt, he said, to be of the utmost importance that that company should be connected with the coast, and the directors of the North British Company, believing it to be *of paramount importance in their interest* that this extension should be made, had agreed to work the line—that if the Government carried out their promise the company as a matter of fact would *obtain the railway of forty miles in length for the moderate sum of* £100,000; in any case we thought this was a *gift* we should not *look askance* at, but rather was an opportunity to take full advantage of the *generosity* of the Treasury.

Surely with these admissions before them, Mr. Dalziel and his friends were justified in insisting that the Bill ought to be discussed, and not hurried through Parliament without discussion of any kind.

AN INTERESTING SYNDICATE.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a prospectus of the Marza Syndicate, and we have found it interesting reading. It seems that there is a wine named "Marza," and a composition known as "Neigeline," supposed to be of service to the complexion, another, or for ought we know the same, said to be a good soap, and a "Silk Hat Renovator," known to fame as "Taklis." These various proprietary articles belong to The Marz Syndicate, and Mr. Aspinall wishes to sell them to the public, by means of the Marza Syndicate, for £12,243.

In suggesting that the public should purchase, the prospectus makes the following interesting reference to Mr. Aspinall:—

> As an instance of the rapidity with which large profits are made by the sale of well advertised specialities, it may be mentioned that Mr. Aspinall started his world-famous enamel with only a few hundred pounds, and after five years working sold the same to a limited company for over £100,000.

Happy Mr. Aspinall! And to think that having got "over £100,000," apparently with much ease, for his enamel Mr. Aspinall should now be willing to sell his Marza, and his Neigeline, and his Taklis—his wine, and his soap, and his renovator, for £12,243, and to take half payment in shares!

But it is not for us to expostulate with Mr. Aspinall upon his seeming generosity, and, indeed, we have to point out that the prospectus, for which we must assume him to be responsible, is very misleading. It is headed in three lines of large type, as below:—

> The shareholders have for the two years ended September 1894 received in dividend a cash return of 125 per cent. on the capital subscribed, or equal to sixty-two and a half per cent. per annum.

Very possibly. But what was the capital? This statement is intended to persuade the simple—it certainly seems to us to be so intended—that shareholders in a company with a capital of £25,000, may expect a return of something like sixty per cent. per annum. Is there any ground for that expectation We can find none in the prospectus. There is, indeed, a certificate which says that the sales of the proprietary articles to be taken over by the company are increasing rapidly, but it is framed in a way that makes it absolutely worthless.

We cannot congratulute Mr. Aspinall upon his latest appeal to the public.

A SILVERSMITH'S GRIEVANCE.

WE have received the following letter from a country silversmith. Perhaps others will give us their opinion upon it:—

> I believe your columns are ever open to those who have a legitimate grievance.
>
> I should like to ask you if you can explain why silversmiths are not protected better from infringements of their trade rights, for which they have to pay a license of 50s. to £5 per annum. The law, which is honoured more in the breach than observance, allows no one to sell more than 5 dwts. of silver at one time who does not pay the license. This, however, is constantly done in all towns. Here in Lowestoft, grocers, drapers, hairdressers, and others deal in silver-mounted goods. The local Excise officer has been approached on the matter time after time as to the prosecution of those defying the law, but nothing has come of it.
>
> Contrast this with the severity with which the law deals with the infringement of the rights of publicans and auctioneers. Why tax us if we are not to be protected?—In these days of keen competition it is hard enough to live, but it add to one's annoyance to find that the competition is increased by those who have no right to do so.

As our correspondent says, there seems to be a real grievance.

A CORRECTION.—The City of Chester Gold Mines, Limited.—Our attention has been drawn to a printer's error in our last issue, whereby the shares offered for subscription in the above company were stated to be 5,000, instead of 15,000, as printed in prospectus.

NEW ISSUES.

The Federated Mines Prospecting and Finance Company Limited.—This company has been formed to explore, acquire, develop and resell to subsidiary companies, mining and other properties in South Africa, Australia and elsewhere; and also to acquire interests in carefully selected mining and other enterprises, by undertaking or assisting in forming companies or by underwriting. The capital is £250,000, divided into 250,000 shares of £1 each; and £150,000 is now offered for subscription; the remaining 100,000 shares are reserved for later issue at a premium, with a proviso that subscribers to this issue have the right to subscribe for any future issue at one half the premium. The company has acquired (provisionally) on very favourable terms, shares in a number of successful companies, of which may be mentioned the Africander, Balmoral, Barnato's Bank, Big Blow, Brown Hill Extended, British South Africa, Day Dawn Block, Geldenhuis, Gympie, Graskop, Great Boulder, Great Fingal, Hampton Plains, Lydenburg Estates, Murchison United, New Reitfontein, Randfontein, West Australian Exploring, White Feather and many others, of which prospectus gives details. An unusual point in the prospectus of this Company is the offering to the public at par the shares in a parent company. Allotment will take place immediately, as the necessary working capital has already been subscribed. One point of special interest in the prospectus is the absence of any waiver clause, the whole of the contracts, options, and directors' interests being disclosed.

The Finance Corporation of Western Australia, Limited. Capital, £50,000, in shares of £10 each, of which 4,000 are now offered for subscription. The prospectus states that the Corporation has many projects in view, but as it is very reticent as to what the properties are, and no particulars are given, we think our readers would be very foolish to apply for any shares.

The V.V. (Gwanda) Syndicate, Limited. This Company has been formed with a capital of £75,000 in £1 shares, to acquire 215 gold mining claims (or rather more than six miles of reef), in the Gwanda District of Matabeleland; 35,000 shares are offered for subscription, the remainder being taken by vendors in part payment of purchase money. There is no objectionable waiver clause.

The Bamboo Creek Gold Mining Company, Limited.—Pilbarra Goldfield, Western Australia, has been formed with a capital of £100,000, with power to increase, divided into 100,000 shares of £1 each, to purchase and carry on five properties situate at Bamboo Creek, the longitudinal extent of which is about four miles. The purchase price of the properties has been fixed by the vendor at £75,000, payable in cash or fully paid shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully paid shares, at the option of the Directors. The vendor pays preliminary and all other expenses, excepting registration and transfer charges.

The Walworth Gold Mine, Limited. Capital £80,000 in £1 shares, of which 21,500 shares are offered for subscription.—The whole of the capital necessary for cash payment to vendors, leaving £15,000 working capital, has been guaranteed. The company has been formed to acquire and work a gold mining lease of about 15 acres (No. 659) about five miles to the north of the township of Coolgardie, Western Australia.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Chartered's. AJAX (Templemore).—(1) We have little doubt that they will go higher. If you can afford it, put the scrip away and leave it for a time. (2) They are very speculative, but it is likely enough they will all go higher. (3) We have no reason to believe that the people in question do not deal fairly. **Trustworthy Brokers.** BETA (Maidstone).—We do not recommend brokers. Employ a member of the Stock Exchange. **Jumpers Extension.** A. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—No. **Canada's.** MAC (Glasgow).—(1) Yes, but you will need patience. (2) We have no information that warrants us in advising you to buy the other shares. **Ebb Steel.** F. W. R. (Sheffield).—We are disposed to think so. **The Emma Company.** J. F. S. (Dunblane).—We do not advise you to risk more money in the miserable concern. **Aurora West United Gold Mining Company.** E. P. (Beeston).—We know of nothing to suggest the likelihood of early improvement in the price of this share, or the other you mention. **Rhodesian Claims, Limited.** H. G. J. (Highgate).—(1) No; you had better hold in the present temper of the market. (2) Better have nothing to do with the concern you name. **Marza Wine Shares.** W. P. C. (Redhill).—You will gather our opinion from what we say in another column. **John Noble, Limited.** H. L. (Stratford-on-Avon).—Certainly not. **Moore and Burgess.** LINDUM. (South Shields.—(1) Our information is that the company has been doing excellent business lately, but, as you know, it has heavy lee-way to make up. (2) If good business continues it may be expected that the quotations for the shares will improve, but much and early improvement is not to be looked for. It is impossible for us to give you an opinion worth having as to when, if ever, "shareholders may expect shares to reach 10s." (3) There may be some dealings in the shares, but if so they must be few. (4) The show is now under capital management, and it is quite possible that the company may prosper. Having regard to the rubbish price you would have to take for your shares we strongly advise you to hold. **Chaffers.** W. R. J. (Cardiff).—It would be a simple gamble. **Brighton Stock.** Q. H. B. (Glasgow).—You must know—can there be any one in Glasgow who does not know—that a first-class railway stock, bought at present value, gives but a very small return to the investor. As to whether you should sell and invest in something giving better interest upon your money, that is a matter upon which you must decide for yourself. There are scores of securities giving much better returns that for all practical purposes are as safe as the Stock you hold. **Anglo-American Savings and Loan Association.** J. A. C. (Belfast).—What is it you want to know? We understand the Association to be very respectable and sound. **The Electric Construction Corporation.** S. A. B. (Blackpool). — Nothing much to boast about. **The Pandora Folding Box Company, Limited.** C. M. (Bradwell).—(1) Not necessarily, though probably they would be glad enough to do so. As to the certificate, you should send on your banker's receipts; but is it worth while? (2) What is the particular matter upon which you wish to be informed with respect to Broken Hill Proprietory? **London and West Australian Exploration Company.** C. L. R. (Croydon).—We think it unlikely. **Rights of Shareholder.** A. T. B. (Higham Ferrers).—Yes, we think you are legally entitled to do what you suggest, but only upon the assumption that your visits are not very frequent, that you insist upon seeing no more than outsiders see, and that you make no offensive criticisms. **Safe Investment.** A. W. B. (Benburb).—No trouble at all. We do not agree with your agents—that the security in question is as suitable as others for an investment of the kind you necessarily require. But in saying this we must not be understood as implying that the debentures are not a safe investment.

INSURANCE.

An American Insurance Company. C. S. M. (Didsbury).—We have no belief in the stability of the company to which you refer. **An old Insurance Company.** W. A. (Kew).—It is quite safe, but it has allowed more vigorous rivals to get ahead of it. What is the particular point upon which you wish to be informed? **Best Insurance Company.** GOLFER (Lindley).—Why not stick to the one you are in. It is in the front rank. —— **Life Office.** STUPID (Warkworth).—It is an office of high standing.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

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Cheap Excursions wiil be run from London (Euston), Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, &c., as follows :—

On FRIDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 13th, to CARLISLE, Moffat, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Wigtown, Whithorn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, and Gourock, for Eleven days.

To ABERDEEN, Stonehaven, Montrose, Brechin, Arbroath, Forfar, Kirriemuir, Blairgowrie, Coupar Angus, Dundee, Perth, Crieff, Oban, Loch Awe, Dalmally, Tyndrum, Crianlarich, Killin, Fort William, Callander, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Stirling and Inverness for Five and Eleven days.

NOTE.—By these trips Cheap Third Class Tickets will be issued at a Single Fare for the Double Journey, available for return on any day within Sixteen days from the date of issue.

On FRIDAY (midnight), SEPTEMBER 13th, to LANCASTER, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, and the English Lake District for Three and Six days.

On SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, to DOUGLAS, Isle of Man, for Ten Days, and to Blackpool, Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Southport, Wigan, Preston, Crewe, Whitchurch, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Wellington, Stafford, the North Stafford Line, Ashton, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, Rochdale, Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Walsall, WOLVERHAMPTON, etc., for Three and Six Days.

On EVERY SATURDAY during SEPTEMBER to SHREWSBURY, Rhyl, Abergele, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and other stations in NORTH WALES for 3, 8, 10, 15 and 17 days.

For times, fares, and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, September, 1895.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

LAWST Sunday, it bein' fine and 'ot, I allard 'Ankin ter perswide me inter a dye in the country agin. Very bewtiful it do look too. Happles? Why the orchards as we seed was feerly bustin' and breakin' with apples, and the growers a-settin' on gites swearing because they couldn't get no price fur 'em. Thet's alwise the wye if yer goes in fur fruit-growin'. Either you 'as 'caps to sell and cawnt git no price fur it, or else theer's a spankin' price and you ain't got nutthink ter sell. I knowed a man by the nime o' Johnson, bein' a sort of 'alf-cousin, and 'e went inter fruit-growin'. 'E understood it, and wukked 'awd at it, and it furly wore out 'is mind. One dye, in jest sich a seasing as this, 'e came back from mawkit 'aving' mide ninepence a bushel fur apples, an' picked 'em 'isself, an' pide kerridge. Thet broke 'is 'awt, thet did. 'E jest took a clothes-line and strung 'isself up on one of 'is own trees, leavin' a note ter sye as the trees was barnd ter kill 'im and 'e'd sooner they killed 'im quick nor stawved 'im slow. They brought it in insannerty, o' course, though ter my mind it didn't seen so onreas'nable. Mind yer, I ain't defendin' of sooicide not as a practise. Life mye be 'awd, but it don't lawst, and death do. And afore yer tikes on a permmanency it's jest as well ter know sutthink abart it. Well, any'ow, whort's bad fur one man is good fur another; fur the price of 'arf-a-pint me and 'Ankin gort as many apples as we'd room inside fur. Theer was some talk abart climmin' over a wall and 'elpin' arselves thet wye. But it ain't the strite thing altergither, and then folks in the country 'as a 'abit of leavin' nawsty-tempered dorgs abart keerless an' promiscus. I enj'yed myself very feerly, but I wouldn't live in the country not if the nyshun 'ud pye me ter do it. The country's a good plice ter go to, but it ain't no sort o' plice ter live in. They ain't got no 'alls wheer yer can tun in and amoose yerself of a Sat'dy night. Theer ain't nobody abart, and theer ain't no gaslight, nor cheerfulness, nor nutthink, and 'ow they gets abart is a puzzle ter me. In course them as 'as their kerridges—well—they 'as their kerridges, but theer ain't a lot o' thet sort. The rest of 'em, if they wornts ter go anywheer, 'as ter walk. But then they never does go anywheer as fur as I kin mike art. They just sets an' does nutthink.

* * * *

'Ankin ain't settled in 'is mind yet abart emigritin', and in the meantime 'e's took ter a bike. 'E's a beginner, yer know, on'y 'avin' stawtid the other dye. 'E practises hup and darn a back street very early in the mornin', and, my word, it's wuth while gittin' up an 'ar sooner just ter look at 'im. Tork abart an animited cork-scroo! Then theer's the unegspectidness of 'im, once on thet bike, and 'e's alwise doin' things sudden, and they mostly is the things 'e don't wornt ter do. 'E'll be goin' along the street feerly steady an' strite, until 'e sees sutthink comin', a cawt myebe, a 'undrid yawds awye. Then 'Ankin's nerves sim ter go. The next yer see of 'im, 'e's a settin' on the pivement sortin' of 'isself 'art from fifty parnd o' mixed bike. As fur dorgs—why, you'd sye as 'awf the dorgs in Lunnun come ter thet street just fur the pleasure o' spillin' 'Ankin and then bawkin' at him. 'E's a pussyverin' man, is 'Ankin, and 'e mye get inter it. But I 'as my dowts, and I shouldn't wonder if the Demmycritic pawty suffered a nawsty loss owin' ter 'Ankin 'avin' broke is neck throo tumblin' darn an airey with the bike on the top. But, 'arrever, we shall see.

TERRY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor Mr. EDWARD TERRY. Every Evening at 8.30.
THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.
By Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. "Delightful and wholesome." —*Daily Telegraph.* Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Doris Templeton, Miss Alice Mansfield, and Miss Ettie Williams, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Ernest Leicester, and Edward Righton. Doors open at 8.0. Box office, 10.0 to 10.0. Matinee every Saturday at 2.30.

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ROYAL AQUARIUM.—WONDERFUL SIGHTS.—11.0 a.m. to 11.40 p.m. Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.20 and 7.30. Over 100 Artistes. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine—Palestine—Doge of Venice—Angling Contests, Rod v. Man and Woman, 3.45 and 8.45—Swimming Entertainments, 5.0 and 10.0. Seaside Reminiscences, 5.55 to 7.10, &c., &c.—The Exhibition of Old and Modern China, Glass, Pottery, and Curios now open.

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"THE IDLER."

CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER, 1895.

FRONTISPIECE ... ... THE POPPY AND THE LILY
Drawn by MAX COWPER, Engraved by the ARTISTIC SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD
103 SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY
104 TALES OF OUR COAST. V.—THE SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE ... ...S. R. CROCKETT
Five Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN.
The Free-Traders rolling the Barrels ashore.—Black Taggart was in with his Lugger.—I laid a Pistol to his Ear.—Here we kept him all Day.—"These are the Five Guineas ye gied to me."
113 A CHAT WITH SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN—G. B. BURGIN
Three Illustrations by GEORGE HUTCHINSON. Photographs by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG.
Sara Jeannette Duncan—The Drawing Room—The Pink House by the Tank.—Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes).
119 OUT OF BOUNDS ... ... BENNETT COLL
Six Illustrations by R. JACK.
"The day was oppressively hot."—"Can we have a word with you?" "Finding myself in his office."—"'Never get drunk—it's bad form.'" —"A card was brought."—"Man overboard?"
125 HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS—L. RAVEN-HILL .. .. GLEESON WHITE
Eight Drawings by L. RAVEN-HILL.
133 WAIFS ... ... H. T. JOHNSON
Three Illustrations by HAL HURST
The Champion Boy Siffleur.—"You won't get drunk agin, will yer!" "'Midge! Midge!' he sobbed."
138 IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY
Photographs by WILLIAM DAY.
150 WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?
152 A WOMAN INTERVENES. CHAPTERS XII., XIII., XIV. ... ... ROBERT BARR
Illustrations by HAL HURST.
"You have a prodigious head for business, Susie!"
166 THE CHAPERONE
Drawn by YORICK.
167 THE ENGLISHWOMAN ABROAD MRS. HUMPHRY
Four Illustrations by YORICK.
171 TOBACCO MONEY ... ... J. A. TYSON
176 HOW TO BECOME A CORDON-BLEU M. A. BELLOC
Four Illustrations by PENRYN STANLEY.
180 THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL—J. F. NISBET
The Ethics of the Petticoat.—Marriage as an Occupation.—The Future of Money.
184 THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. CHAPTERS XIV., XV. ... ... A. CONAN DOYLE
188 THE IDLER'S CLUB:—SHOULD MAN BE WOMAN'S GOD. MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, COULSON KERNAHAN, MISS BULAU, BENNETT COLL, MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE, W. L. ALDEN, and G. B. BURGIN

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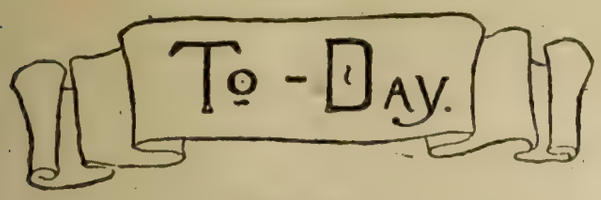

CONTENTS.

PAGE
The Heart of Princess Osra. VI. The Device of Giraldo the Painter. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by H. R. Millar 161
Feminine Affairs 168
The Ruminations of Randolph 171
A Theatrical Chat 172
In the City 174
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 175
To-Day. By J. K. J. 177
A Chat with Mr. Beerbohm Tree 180
Club Chatter 181
The Diary of a Bookseller 185
A Holiday on the Sea. By A. S. Forrest. Illustrated by the Author 186
A Famous Penwoman. An Hour with Severine 189
Character-Reading from the Face. IV. The Eyebrows. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. 190

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Of course Mr. Chamberlain never dreamt of suggesting conscription. He knows that the idea would be scouted and ridiculed from one end of England to the other, that every hack journalist from Land's End to John o' Groats would denounce in eloquent journalese the infringement upon the right of Englishmen to shirk their duties, and would descant upon the right of every free-born Briton to skulk under the bed-clothes when the country was in danger. England has always preferred to hire men to do her fighting for her, whilst her blustering talkers denounce them as gilded popinjays, and her pot-bellied public-house loafers demand that Tommy Atkins shall not drink a glass of beer in the same bar with themselves. Conscription is really exactly what is wanted for the country. Look at the mooning yokel squatting open-mouthed upon a gate, and then turn to the same material under a grenadier's bearskin! Mr. Alpheus C. Morton himself would be bound to confess what magnificent machinery military training is for the making of men. Look at the dirty-faced street arab yelling obscene blasphemy from the gutter, and look at the same boy two years afterwards manning the yardarm of the *Dreadnought*. Take your narrow-chested slave of the workshop; your pale-faced clerk; give him three years' training in the open air at the very age when his muscles and sinews are forming, and you have made him a vigorous, healthy man.

In England, I know, we are bound to regard every matter from a shopkeeping point of view; but how are our merchants and traders, whining under the strain of German competition, going to argue that conscription hampers the trading instincts and abilities of a nation? Is Germany, where every youngster is taught to hold himself as a man, where every able-bodied boy learns to feel himself a part of the bulwark of the country, and made to share the responsibilities and duties for its advancement and maintenance, so very far behind us in business enterprise and commercial energy? Is not the universal complaint among us that Germany is steadily pushing us out of every market in the world? And is not the man who has been taught discipline and self control, courage, and endurance likely to make a better workman, a better clerk, a better shopkeeper, a better Lord Mayor, if need be, than the narrow-chested, undeveloped lad who has never learned any higher ideal than that of successful trickery, who has never been taught any other duty to his country than that of casting a vote every five or six years for one or the other of two rival tub-thumpers?

Looked at squarely, it is a contemptible piece of cowardice this hiring of men to fight for us and protect us. The native courage and manhood of the Saxon race have enabled us to survive the ordeal, but a long period of peace, such as England has enjoyed—if that be the correct word for it—weakens the military spirit of a nation. The little shopkeeper, reading his Sunday paper, the Stock Exchange magnate smoking his Havana, and the artisan in his workshop forget that they owe the very possibility of their existence to the willingness of Tommy Atkins to die in their service for fourpence a day. He is the man hired to oil this great trading machinery of ours from time to time with his blood, and without him it would fall to pieces in a few months. A man who cannot take care of himself is useless lumber in this world, and a nation that cannot fight its own battles has no legitimate place in civilisation. The military spirit can be carried to excess and make a people ridiculous, but confined within the bound of sense it is absolutely necessary to the continued growth of any country. Conscription would create a comradeship among us, of which we are sadly in need. It would confer an inestimable physical boon upon our young men. It would instil into us as a nation those ideals without which a people is a mere herd of feeding and sleeping animals.

The disadvantage arising from women forcing their way into the management of public affairs, instead of looking after their own homes, was exemplified the other day at a meeting of the Penzance Board of Guardians. The question arose as to the granting or non-granting of outdoor relief to an elderly man who had just married a young wife. One of the guardians, Major Richard White, asked whether there was a likelihood of the couple having any children, a quite proper and reasonable question in connection with the subject. Then the row began. Mrs. Borlase and Mrs. Bolitho, two lady guardians, who appear to be unacquainted with the fact that married couples do occasionally have children, left the meeting in deep disgust.

The Rev. G. Bogges was also shocked at the mention of the word "children." He respectfully protested against a question like that being asked in the presence of lady guardians. Had he protested against the presence of lady guardians being allowed to hamper the business of the Board it would have been more reasonable. He remarked that all the gentlemen of the Board ought to remember when addressing the Board that there were ladies present. A Mr. Bennetts concurred. A third lady guardian, a Mrs. Dale, who seems gallantly to have stuck to her post in spite of the shame and confusion that must have overwhelmed her—a married lady—at the mention of such disgraceful things as babies, hotly observed that the question ought never to have been put, and then

also left the Board. (The incident seems to suggest an easy way of getting rid of lady guardians, and as such should not be lost sight of.) The Chairman thought that the question was very indiscreet.

Now, there are many sanitary and social questions that have to be discussed by Boards of Guardians—questions that there would be no need to argue before the young person. But because women, not content with the province of their own homes and children, insist upon sitting side by side with men in the management of public affairs, is the business of the country to be conducted upon the lines of a five o'clock tea party? Such unpleasant things as drains will, I presume, never be discussed again at vestry meetings for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of some silly lady guardian, who likes to pretend that a home is all drawing-room and lace curtains. Babies will evidently be a subject never to be mooted, possibly they may occasionally be mentioned under the heading of "youthful scions" or "olive branches." But such an unpleasant word as "children" must not be allowed to shock the ears of our Mrs. Borlases and our Rev. Mr. Boggeses. Would it not be simpler at meetings where lady guardians attend that Mrs. Hemans' poetry should be read aloud and a few hymns sung so long as lady guardians were present? The proper business of the Boards could then be conducted without injury to anybody when they had withdrawn.

Quite recently a child was found apparently dead in Regent's Park, and taken off to a mortuary. At this point the luminous idea that it might after all be as well to fetch a doctor seems to have dawned on the official intelligence. It dawned a little late, but still it did dawn. The child was not dead, but only in a fit from which it recovered. The incident has naturally excited a good deal of comment. It may have been that in this particular case the child was not in any immediate danger of being buried alive; the fit passed off and the appearance of death with it. But at least it had been taken for dead when it was really alive. The same mistake is, I believe, made far more frequently than most people suppose, and is carried further to a fatal and horrible result. And, most people would think, the most awful thing that can happen to any human being would be to be buried alive. One would like to believe it impossible; one cannot.

Some time ago I touched on the subject in these columns, and asked my readers who had personal knowledge of any such case to write to me. Very many did write to me. Not all of the letters could have been taken as absolute evidence—less, I believe, from any want of good faith on the part of my correspondents than because they neglected to give all the names and dates, and a sufficient guarantee of the facts. Few people understand the nature of conclusive evidence. But there were cases recorded there which impressed me, and there have been many others recorded since then in the daily Press. How many, I wonder, have been left unrecorded—known only to those who died after burial, stifled alive! There is but one certain sign of death, and it is a sign for which we do not usually wait. There is unfortunately a general belief, erroneous, that various other signs are equally certain. These two facts alone make me fear that the number of cases of being buried is much larger than most people suppose.

It will be objected that, as a rule, a doctor examines the person apparently dead. True; but then doctors are fallible. Some of them have lived the greater part of their lives in small towns, taking no care to keep their knowledge up-to-date, and forgetting much of the little they ever knew. A doctor of this description, especially if he happens to be in a hurry, may very possibly make a mistake. Especially is such a mistake likely to be made when cholera has broken out—medical men are overworked, and but a very short time elapses between death and burial. I do not propose to discuss the benefits of cremation now, but I would point out one thing—it removes the possibility of the most horrible end which could befall any man. If we cannot guard absolutely against the mistake, we can at any rate deprive it to some extent of its awful results.

I wish that the learned people would leave me alone. I have a choice collection of facts, laboriously acquired during my youth. I did not love them when I acquired them, by reason of the laboriousness; but, for old associations' sake, I love them now. It turns out that they are not facts; they are not history; they are lies. The learned people have been there and made inquiries, and found out that my facts are all erroneous. Take the case of William Tell, of the Duke of Wellington, of Queen Eleanor. They never said, and never did, anything, apparently, that has been ascribed to them. There was Cataline. He was the boy's ideal of a bad man; and there are many boys who used to cherish a secret ambition to grow up like him. That has been quite knocked on the head now. Cataline was a very decent fellow, and Cicero was a vile traducer.

This kind of thing makes me nervous. One by one I see my historical possessions slipping away from me, and nothing seems secure. I shall be told to-morrow that William the Conqueror was not crowned in 1066. I shall even be asked to believe that George Washington *could* tell a lie, or that he did *not* do it with his little hatchet. It destroys the whole of one's confidence. One becomes positively reluctant to acquire any fresh facts. As soon as one has them well in hand, learned them by heart, and got to like them, down swoops scientific criticism and destroys them. There is the sad case of the atmosphere, for instance. It is not an easy thing for a youth to learn the component parts of the atmosphere, but I as a youth did it—under pressure. Now science has found out argon, and spoiled the whole thing.

Of course, I recognise the value of truth. But even truth must have its limits. It does me good to believe that the Duke of Wellington exclaimed, "Up guards, and at 'em!" The sentence is in itself an exhilarating moral tonic. Why should I have it taken from me on the paltry ground of accuracy, merely because—as it happened—the Duke of Wellington never said anything of the kind? This sort of thing can do no good to the late Duke, and it does me positive harm—it takes some of the glow off my patriotism. The learned people have plenty of other subjects in which they may take their intellectual exercise, but let them keep off these old traditions. They are slowly forcing me into a cynical belief that nothing which is interesting can possibly be true.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

J. S. informs me that there is a difference between an innkeeper and a publican. A publican has the right to refuse to serve any customer, but an innkeeper has not the right to refuse a traveller lodging and refreshment provided that there is room in his house.

J. J.—I thank you for your letter and enclosure. G. G. H.—I am glad to find an M.D. so cordially in agreement with me on this subject. As he sensibly observes, the wife's health might be considered a little. I thank you sincerely for your kindly remarks. H. G. D.—I thank you for your letter, the contents of which interested me a good deal.

G. W. T.—You know the old proverb: "Where there's a will there's a way." To learn singing while earning your living at business or some other way would entail terrible hard labour, but then you would secure for yourself a very comfortable position for the rest of your life if your voice is all that you say it is. No man ever rose a step in this world without being willing to sacrifice his youth to strenuous effort.

C. G. calls my attention to the following quotation from Dickens:—"If temperance societies could suggest an antidote against hunger, filth, and foul air, gin-palaces would be numbered among the things that were."

VIAJERO.—I have often answered this question. The Cape Mounted Police is in no need of recruits, and those that are accepted are Cape men. You would have to go over on the chance of getting in.

EXTRA ANXIOUS.—Your prescription No. 2 is the one usually followed, and one that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred can be relied upon. E. I. C.—The bringing of the woman into court seems to have been a good thing for her. The other case you mention comes to us in rather an incomplete form, and I should like to hear both sides of the affair. M. D.—Another correspondent sends me a copy of the same letter. It is evidently going round. The whole thing is undoubtedly a silly hoax. J. C.—When one correspondent finds himself referred to the answer given to another correspondent, he might surely guess himself that the question was exactly similar. SOLDAT.—I thank you for your kind letter and enclosure, but the latter is not quite in journalistic form. J. G. tells me that, being out of work, and having to limit his tobacco expenses to fourpence a week, he occasionally makes half an ounce suffice him, spending the other twopence on To-Day. As an old smoker myself, I can appreciate the genuineness of his liking.

OVER-POPULATION.—I am oppressed with correspondence on this subject. The position of a newspaper in such a matter is an extremely difficult one. I cannot publish details for every boy and girl to read. I cannot pass on my correspondence to a medical man; I should lay myself open to the suspicion of making a commission or something of that sort, for your British public is a suspicious public, and one rarely gets the credit of doing anything from any other motive than that of gain; nor do medical men themselves care to give advice to any but their personal patients. It is contrary to etiquette, and doctors have been struck off the rolls before now for sending advice by letter. I am considering the matter to see if there is anything I can do. The whole thing is an admirable specimen of English hypocrisy. Your well-to-do man controls the size of his family; the poor man is left to be crushed by a small army of bread-crying mouths, and well-fed journalists, preachers, and doctors, with one or two children of their own, lecture him about providence and nature. It is so thoroughly English.

S.A.B.—I thank you for your kindly letter, which I am handing on to the City Editor. OGGI.—Anyone signing the application form would want to know the applicant personally. E. W. B.—You can play cards for money in your own private room at an hotel. Very probably should the Puritans ever obtain a strong position in Parliament a law prohibiting cards will be passed. B. W. H.—I thank you for your letter and enclosure, which I shall keep by me for future reference. A. C.—I wish correspondents would think a little; surely you do not want me to tell you that Mr. D'Oyley Carte's address is the Savoy Theatre, London. BRUM.—Cook and Gaze both issue cheap guides to Paris, and they would give you all information concerning hotels.

DOWNSHIRE writes me a pleasant letter, from which I do myself the pleasure of quoting the following:—"I admire you for speaking out where others have been silent; you trust your readers: you teach them rightly that ignorance is not innocence. I leave off perusing each number of your journal feeling more manly, more dignified, more patriotic, and more opposed to namby-pambyisms than before."

FELIX.—Five per cent. is the usual interest charged on mortgages. Occasionally you can get money for four, but this is exceptional.

A. (London).—It would be curious to know where this absurd dea originated that the collection of a million used stamps would secure the admission of a hospital patient originated. CONNIE.—The *Leeds Daily News* evidently considers me a very industrious person. J. O. B.—The suggestion contained in your letter has been with me all along. See paragraph relating to over-population. C. A. B.—If you use a crest on your notepaper somebody has got to pay the Revenue authorities a guinea—your father if you are a minor? I [illegible] pe is amusing, but hardly sufficiently so to publish.

S. J. C.—The case of the "Peculiar People" is a difficult one for a professedly Christian Government to deal with. If Christianity is to be accepted as preached, these fanatics, as we call them, are in the right—prayer should be as efficacious in saving human life as medicine is. I am not saying whether their argument is right or wrong; I am merely pointing out that according to all preaching the "Peculiar People" are better Christians than the magistrates who commit them to prison for not calling in human aid when prayer has failed.

EX-OX.—I enjoyed reading such a sensible, broad-minded letter from a priest. I have considered the subject of such an article as you suggest, but I am convinced that it would do more harm than good. W. E. C. M.—Your letter being so practical interested me very much. The Allotment question I consider a most important one. In a part of Gloucester, so I am told, some admirable results have been obtained by lending capital to men of character, enabling them to start tiny farms, upon which they work themselves. K. T. M.—Your experience, I fear, is that of many thousand other women. It seems to me wicked for people to bring unhealthy children into the world. A. P. B.—You will find all the shilling magazines and all the eighteen-penny ones wired also. There is no objection to wiring where the magazine is sufficiently large. E. E. N.—See answer to H. M. D. in last week's issue.

M. C. H.—I am not thinking of anything that can be in the least degree injurious to anybody.

YOUNG BLOOD.—I agree with a good deal of your letter, but one cannot write in public as one might speak in private. In journalism one speaks to a wide audience, and one has to think of the possibility of one's words doing harm. You may rely upon it that an editor of any experience does not make changes without careful consideration. W. H.—It is easier to work in theory than in practice. Many offenders are not open to reformation, unfortunately. ALPHA.—There are plenty of genuine matrimonial agencies. They are supported by fools.

W. W. S.—I thank you for sending the paragraph, but the matter is unimportant. Every writer has a good many enemies in the Press, and he learns after a while not to trouble himself much concerning them. As for the other matter you mention, I have no recollection concerning it. I presume you asked me for my candid opinion. Candid opinions are always unpleasant. A foolish person generally asks for these opinions, and he is a still more foolish person who gives them. I am glad that you seem to have found, however, that my remarks, if unpleasant, were useful.

J. L.—I read your letter with much interest. Population should always be in proportion to the supporting power of the land. In new countries men and women are needed. In England it is a matter beyond argument that the population exceeds the needs of the nation. Advancing science checks the mortality by means of which Nature used to draw off the overplus; war and devastation no longer perform their part of the scheme. The tendency of civilised nations to use the knowledge of science for the check of the birth rate is, in itself, a proof that nature is in need of a fresh preventive. The instincts of every man and woman may be relied upon to provide a State with all the new life that is absolutely necessary. Every couple desire to have one or two children, more if they can afford it. As new countries are conquered, and openings occur for fresh armies of humanity, the surplus population will drift into them. Employment will then be easier to obtain in the Old-Country, and people will see no objection to having large families again. At present we tend towards the result desired by a still more inhuman process. Our young men and women, fearful of the burden of children, do not marry at all—a much more unhealthy state of affairs. Many would be the happy unions could a young man and woman feel sure that for the first few years of their married life, while they were struggling to obtain a position, they would not be hampered and crushed down by the burden of children. It is sad to me to see the number of useless, unneeded children brought into the world. They are not wanted; there is no room for them. Their lives are a burden to others, and a curse to themselves.

SELF-CONTROL.—You are going into deep subjects, and your argument is too wide to be discussed in a newspaper column. Sensuality is merely a word. The whole scheme of the Universe is built up upon sensual passion. The human race itself is a mere embodiment of a primary sensual idea. To treat the matter from a narrower circle, self-control is a quality that can only be considered in proportion—the self-control of an oyster, and the self-control of a tiger cannot be judged by the same standard. You must remember that our talk about propagation of the species is only a form of words, with which we seek to excuse and cover the unreasoning instincts implanted in us by the Creator. When you will bring me a young man who will tell me that he fell in love with a young girl in order that he might enjoy the divine privilege of rearing up a future generation to bless the world, I will attach more importance to some of the talk I hear around me than I do at present.

W. J. S. points out how in the case of war England, dependent as she is for food supplies on other countries, could be starved to death in a fortnight. Agriculture in England has been utterly neglected in order that we may enjoy the somewhat doubtful reputation of being the workshop of the world. The unemployed question would be half solved were English land not wasted.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

A CHAT WITH MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

It was Saturday night in the Royal, Manchester, *Trilby* was over. Trilby, the maligned "model," the peerless singer, had sung her swan song and was dead. *Trilby* the play had entered gloriously upon its English career. Mr. Tree, in a storm of cheers, had introduced the grey-haired gentleman who had done the deed of dramatisation, Mr. Potter—not of Texas. To be exact, two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight persons had borne the burden and heat of the night to see Trilby transformed from flat "black and white" into a piece of living loveliness. As many tongues were wagging in adoration of Miss Dorothea Baird, her beauty, grace, and virginal charm, and in wonderment at the weird uncanny power of the ghoulish Svengali of Mr. Tree. And it seemed a happy thought to get directly at the famous actor while the mesmeric spell was still upon him.

He stood at his dressing-room door, externally Svengali still, a diabolic blend of Dumas's—Alexandre the Great's—Cagliostro, Paganini, and our own unkempt shaggy General Booth. He was radiant—and with reason. "How far have I been author?" Mr. Tree mused a moment at my question. "Oh, to no considerable extent. A touch of humour here and there: just a hint of melodic devilry, to lift a flagging instant at the close of the first act: the preparation in the second for Svengali's ultimate collapse and death, by that scene of impious defiance of God, of failing strength, and frenzied Hebrew prayer: and the substitution of a life-sized picture—'composed' of myself!—for the photograph which Mr. Du Maurier utilised as the means to Trilby's end. I think that is about my share."

"And you really think that everyone would be happier if Trilby lived and married Little Billee?" continued Mr. Tree. "Well, we must see what Mr. Du Maurier has to say to that. I do see that one almost insuperable 'objection' in the novel has, in the play, been removed. On the stage, at any rate, you noticed that there was no blot on Miss Trilby O'Ferrall's escutcheon! And apart from her instructive experience of sitting for 'the altogether,' nothing can be urged even by the Reverend M'Bagot against her reputation. That brings the play, you see, within the province of our exacting young friend of fifteen. And that's *such* a relief!" and Mr. Tree heaved a weary sigh.

"Svengali interests me greatly, profoundly. He has so many facets. He really is the book as well as the play—though each is called 'Trilby.' ('Trilby,' I should say, trickles seductively from Mr. Tree's tongue, so that one catches a significent hint of the divine music associated with her name.) "He is the man who suffers; the man who influences others; the man with the genius of 'getting there'; and that's the figure to make a story or a play. Besides he has humour, cynicism, passion. His Jewish creed, too, has a vague fitful hold upon him. Oh, there's no end to the fellow, though I shall hope to get to the bottom of him before we open again at the Haymarket, on the 30th of October." And then followed an animated talk upon "the true inwardness" of this hypnotic gentleman—whether he was so varied and bitter a creature as Mr. Tree conceived him—or a great Hebrew, music-mad, ominous as fate, ruthlessly crushing his way to victory with the splendid pitilessness of a Napoleon.

"The play has dangerous moments, perhaps, but only one that I feared."

"A laugh when I first began the hypnotising would have just——" And Mr. Tree, with a characteristic gesture and his favourite "fwhi-i-t," indicated hideous possibilities!

"The difficulty there is that with the hypnotising of Trilby you must simultaneously hypnotise your audience. Once that's done, all that follows is safe enough. Establish your premises, and what can't you build upon them. Perhaps there was another rather dangerous moment when I have to catalogue the contents of Trilby's mouth! Item, one roof, arched like the dome of Omar's Mosque: item, thirty-two English teeth, all white and sound: and so on. But a little judicious lightening of his tone, and a quaint reference to a 'Zdomach voice' removed the danger. But I'm letting you into too many secrets."

And Mr. Tree went off at a tangent in the direction of Miss Baird.

"I was delighted to see her make such a hit, and I think she will go far. Lovableness is the peculiar quality of her peformance, don't you think; and that, you may take it from me, is worth almost everything. I had very little to suggest to her. Genteel—that was my chief missile. 'Avoid being genteel,' I preached and preached, till 'genteel' must have stunk in her nostrils. We had to make forced marches, you know, to get through the rehearsals in time—working up till five and six o'clock every evening, and sometimes after the play of the night was done. Charles Allan goes about, I believe, accusing me of indulging in sixty-four hours' consecutive work, and then playing *Hamlet*—for a rest! But he's our chartered orator. However, we really have had a hard time to get ready to-night. No time to eat, no time to sleep. And *Trilby* has practically been evolved out of sandwich and chaos.

"No, don't ask me how I study. I don't study. The gentlemen who live their lives in the characters they play, are possessed by them, can't get away from them, have no angle of resemblance in me. I never think of my parts—away from the stage. All *my* "study" is done at rehearsal. Then ideas come to me. I consider them, accept them, reject them then and there. Even my words are got at rehearsal. When I leave the stage-door my mind is filled with other things. My stage dress never worries me either. No doubt I see pretty clearly the figure I want to present, but the actual choice of clothes and so on comes only at the very last. You liked the make-up to-night? It was odd. I saw Svengali all along with a self-revealing neck-tie.

The flowing foreign necktie asserted itself in my mind up to almost the last hour. Then suddenly I saw him with a bit of naked chest—just a hint of dusky pallor and dark fell—and I think that was the man. As for the shabby coat, it *is* a good one! that's done yeoman's service in the past. It adorned a Glass of Fashion, if it didn't confine a mould of form. I first used it as Prince Borowski. Then Macari had the reversion of it. And finally Baron Hartfeld wore it. It's quite identified with scoundrels, isn't it? and yet I entertain a feeling of regard for it."

"What is arranged for our London season? Why *Trilby!* After *Trilby?* Let us hope that question may be long deferred." And Mr. Tree wears an abstracted look, and reflectively passes a long nervous hand across his forehead. He is evidently reverting to a Svengali-lean mood, and resolving to run *Trilby* "for all she is worth." "Will it take London by storm then, do you think?" I inquire. Mr. Tree takes a slip of paper from his manager's hand and puts it into mine, saying "if this is prophetic, it should." I look. It is the 'Treasury minute'—the official statement of the receipts of the night. And I read with amazement and envy that the English stage *Trilby* has been born with a big golden spoon in her mouth; a spoon worth nearer four hundred pounds than three.

"TALES OF OUR COAST,"

BY

S. R. CROCKETT.

See "THE IDLER" for September.

FOOTBALL IN 1895.

"Now then, gents, who says another ten bob a week for the finest football player in the three countries, and a safe draw, gents? Has played for England against Scotland; has played for Scotland against England. Just the man for a Welsh or Irish International team—won't a Welsh or an Irish secretary make a bid? He goes to the highest bidder, gents, so look sharp and show your love of sport!"

CLUB CHATTER.

The long-looked-for weights have been issued, and every sportsman is picking holes in Major Egerton's handicaps. The first, and perhaps the greatest surprise, was the harsh treatment of Victor Wild. Certainly, the rapid improvement of the ex-selling plater was little short of marvellous, but that he was entitled to such burdens as Major Egerton apportioned him I cannot admit. Mr. Worton, the owner of Victor Wild, is a very sanguine man, but he was astounded on seeing the official broadsheet, and did not hesitate one moment about putting the pen through his horse's name.

That Ravensbury, as head of the Cesarewitch, is in his proper place is the general opinion, for the son of the defunct Isonomy has proved himself a stayer of the first water. Endeavours, no doubt, will be made to secure the services of M. Cannon, for Morny thoroughly understands the peculiarities of the horse. Many jockeys have ridden Ravensbury, but with the exception of Cannon, only one, Harry Barker, has done much good with him.

Mention of Barker reminds me that he has nearly shaken off the ill effects of the accident he met with at Liverpool last March. Barker is the holder of an unique record, for, in the same year, he rode the second in the Grand National, Two Thousand Guineas, and Derby, and third in the Oaks.

Of the heavy weights in the Cambridgeshire one cannot but help being favourably impressed with the chance of Best Man, and should Fred Webb ride Mr. Johnstone's horse the combination will be bad to beat. No jockey, except Webb, appears capable of managing Best Man, and if sportsmen will turn to the race for the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park last season they will see what sort of horse the son of Ormonde is when at his best.

A glance at the training reports will show that the cross-country trainers are getting their charges ready for the National Hunt season. Swatton, at Alresford, has a huge string, and Mr. J. Miller is the owner of a very useful stud of jumpers. Escott, the Nightingalls, Lakie, and others are all well prepared for the coming fray.

There is perhaps no more enthusiastic lover of steeple-

chasing than Mr. J. Miller. Mr. Miller's horses are trained at Michel Grove by Halsey, and the training establishment is, I think, the most complete in the country. Mr. Miller is a brother of Sir James Miller, who won the Derby at his first attempt. This was with Sainfoin, who afterwards turned out a most disappointing animal.

The cricket season dies hard, the attendances at the last few matches making it apparent that the public could do with a few more important games in September. At the Oval last week the scene must have surprised the Hampshire team, who had probably never played before such a great crowd of spectators. In that game there was, of course, additional attraction from the fact that had Surrey been defeated they would have lost the county championship, as their proportionate score would have been below that of Lancashire. However, Surrey's supporters never had any cause for alarm, the metropolitan team having the best of the game from the start, and winning in a single innings.

The Surrey men have earned in most genuine fashion their right to retain the title of Champion County, and though their reputation received a decided check through the defeats sustained at the hands of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Somerset, they can boast a splendid record for their long and arduous season.

So far the Hastings Festival has been attended with quite its usual good luck in the matter of weather, and it has now become a regular recognised institution to wind up the first-class season. Every year more and more people go down to have their last look at important cricket and they never come away disappointed, for the sun always shines during the festival, the Hastings authorities having apparently come to a thorough understanding with the Meteorological Department.

No one would grudge the Hastings committee the success they have achieved, for they have struggled untiringly to get together the best available players, and have taken every care to provide proper accommodation for the public. This year it was a splendid notion to arrange for the appearance of Mr. Stoddart's famous team, who so distinguished themselves in Australia, and for them to oppose another strong Eleven of England. This gave the public an opportunity of judging for themselves whether or not we had a better eleven left behind than that which so brilliantly upheld the honour of English cricket in the Colonies last winter.

It was the game that everyone had been wishing to see earlier in the season at Lord's or the Oval, and there was the certainty that a keen struggle would take place, a good deal depending upon the result. The North and South match drew together large crowds of spectators, but there was nothing like the same interest in the actual result as in that between Mr. Stoddart's eleven and the Rest of England. It was the first time that Mr. Stoddart's men had appeared together as a team since their return, and the Hastings public were enabled to see precisely the same eleven that represented England in four of five test matches against combined Australia.

On special nights the first part of the Moore and Burgess entertainment at the St. James' Hall is now devoted to plantation songs, the second part consisting of miscellanies, as heretofore. The first night of this new arrangement proved a great success and there was every indication that the experiment would catch on.

A few weeks ago I remarked on the costly mounting of some cigarette-holders. I have just been inspecting one that is absolutelx plain, and yet is beyond the purse of the ordinary smoker. It is about ten inches long, is cut out of well-marked block amber, and the price is twenty-six pounds.

Why do not the Villar cigar people put the colour of their cigars on the outside of the boxes? For myself, I smoke anything, but I have friends who enjoy a Claro, but to whom a Maduro means death, and accidents will happen. Besides, it is a nuisance to wait at a tobacconist's shop while the man is going over his own cabalistic blue chalk marks to find the colour you have ordered.

Talking of cigars, it may not be generally known that there is a right and a wrong way of smoking a weed. Now and then I notice a man holding his cigar with the lighted end downward. This is a mistake. When the cigar is held in this way the smoke passes up through the mouthpiece and fouls it. Some fastidious smokers make a small notch in the end of their cigars instead of cutting off the tip. They say that by this means any moisture drains into the tip of the cigar, and is so prevented from entering the mouth. A plain bite, however, generally answers my purpose.

A year or so ago snuff manufacturers tried hard to make snuff-taking a fashionable habit for young men. I am afraid by this time they have given the thing up as a bad job, for the custom has almost died out as far as youngsters are concerned. Fashions in snuff are at a standstill of course, but the favourite blend is that usually known as "Prince's Mixture."

I came across a novelty in shirt studs the other day. The material was plain mother-o'-pearl, and the front of the stud, which was about the size of a sixpence, resembled an ordinary button. The back of the stud was made very small to permit of its being slipped through the buttonhole from the front instead of in the usual way from the back. It is too early, of course, to say whether they will ever be fashionable, but I have noticed one or two about.

Few women are logical regardless of extenuating circumstances. Such an one got into a crowded railway-carriage in the recent hot weather and was accommodated with a seat by a gentleman, who was thereby obliged to stand by the window, which he naturally enough pulled up. "Pardon me," smiled the lady, but do you mind having the window down a little?" "It makes a fearful draught here," said the other, complying nevertheless. "Yes," she admitted, sympathisingly, "I'm afraid you'll have a very stiff neck to-morrow, but don't you think that better than a whole carriage full of people being asphyxiated?"

Hyde Park orators are not particular what faults they attribute to their opponents; but the speaker who used these words did not really mean quite what he said: "Yer supports the capitalists," he shouted, "an' what does they do in return for yer? Why, they forces one out of every five of yer to die in a pauper's grave!"

Americans are always fond of going one better than we poor Englishmen. The other day I met a man—evidently, from his speech, an American—wearing a waistcoat with an enormous collar faced with silk. The garment had a clumsy appearance, and is probably the only one of its kind in existence. I should say that an order for six similar waistcoats would give an appreciable impetus to the silk trade.

Croquet has become fashionable once more. It is one of those games which need not be taken too seriously; at least, I have never met anyone yet who professed to play croquet scientifically. There are many ways of playing, but the old-fashioned nine-hoop game is the

best, especially if you disregard the rules about the distance of the hoops from each other. When played on a large, flat lawn, with the hoops well apart, croquet is almost as good as golf.

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing. The other day a friend of mine, a doctor, received an informal invitation to dinner. The letter finished with, "And mind you don't forget it, doctor, next Tuesday. There'll only be just us four men, but we'll have the nicest little *réchauffé* dinner in town"!

TALKING of my friend, the doctor, reminds me of a story he told me last week. A poor woman came to him late at night to have a wound on her face dressed. My friend looked at her, and suggested quietly that her husband was probably a brute. "'Usband!" she said, "'Usband! My 'usband never done this! Good lor! 'E ain't that sort of man, 'e ain't! You don't know 'im; why, 'e's more like a friend than a 'usband, 'e is!"

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "Canis," wishes to know how to get a fox-terrier into condition for the show bench. My correspondent suggests galloping the dog two or three times a day behind a horse. I hope "Canis" has not been doing anything of the sort. A fox-terrier that is galloped very much soon gets wide in front, and lumpy on the shoulders—two very bad faults in a show dog. The animal should have gentle walking exercise—just about enough to keep him in good health, and a liberal diet. The latter will depend very much on the dog's constitution, but it should be varied as much as possible. Fish is very useful when a change is wanted. If the dog is at all "cheeky" he should not be allowed to have any bones to gnaw, or his defect will increase daily.

THE MAJOR.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

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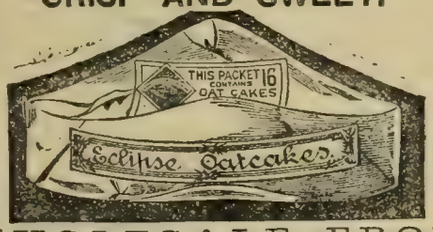

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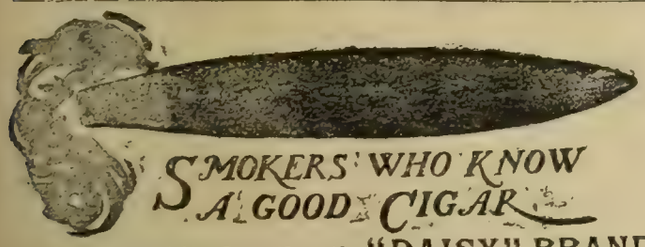

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say there is nothing finer than the "DAISY" BRAND.

IT'S VERY TRYING!!!

So enormous has been the demand from readers of "To-Day" for these Cigars that my stock is being rapidly cleared out.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED. If YOU want some you had better write at once. I am expecting shortly a large consignment of the CHOICEST KINDS from MANILA, when I will be in a position to supply to any extent.

Prices range from 12s. to 24s. per 100 (carriage paid). Boxes of 12 Samples 2s. 6d., post free, from

Importer:—W. H. ELLIS, 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

MR. E. EVERETT, 85, Great Portland Street, W., has for some time taken up this department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN

and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or delapidated.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

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This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

"THREE BELLS"

CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

LORD NORTHWICK'S OPINION OF LADY HAMILTON.

LORD NORTHWICK always believed in Lady Hamilton. She prevailed on King Ferdinand to victual the English Fleet. If it had not been for her the battle of the Nile could not have been fought. "Last time I saw poor dear Lady Hamilton," he would say, "was at Frascati's gaming rooms in Paris. She was playing furiously. Nelson sat next to her. He was fast asleep, with his head on her shoulder."—*Frith's Autobiography.*

TELLING ARGUMENTS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S father was in the habit of kicking the shins of those who differed from him in argument. One day he asked a courtier if he agreed with him on some discussed point. "Sire," he returned, "it is impossible to hold a different opinion to a King who has such strong convictions and wears such thick boots."

A LIFE INSURANCE.

CHARLES II. was walking one day with very few attendants. His brother James remonstrated with him. "There is no danger," said Charles, "I am sure no man in England will take my life to make you King."

ACTRESS (to Editor)—See here! In this article you say that I am about to start out on a "starving tour," when I distinctly told your reporter that it was to be a "starring tour."

Editor—Well, you see, he was an actor himself before he went into this business, and naturally he knows how it is himself.

"I SAY, Mr. Clerk, how much do you charge a day at this hotel?"

"I don't know."

"How's that?"

"Well, to tell the truth, nobody every stayed here a day."

HE—Shall I come again to-morrow night?

She—No. You had better stay home and get some sleep.

"HAVE you read 'Hell up to Date?'"

"I don't have to; I am a married man with three children."

TIME is but the shadow of the world upon the background of eternity.

A POSSIBILITY.

I ONLY kissed her hand;
Is that why Lisette dislikes me?
I cannot understand—
I *only* kissed her hand,
I deserve a reprimand—
But another notion strikes me,
I only kissed her *hand;*
Is *that* why Lisette dislikes me?

GLADSTONE IN 1843.

FROM the *Morning Chronicle*:—"By the way, there is the rising hope of the Conservatives and Peel's right arm, William Ewart Gladstone, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In person, he is of a good stature, and, like Stanley, has a pretty good-natured, rather pouting mouth, while the upper part of the face, like Stanley's, has a knitted if not a frowning aspect. But what disappoints me most is the smallness of the head. Under Stanley's careless locks you can see hidden a good solid mass of forehead, but this noted young man, this philosophic worker-out of Church principles—I want for him a more capacious skull and greater breadth of face. Can such a small head carry all he knows? His voice is sweet and plaintive, he has amazing clearness of speech and volubility of utterance."—*From "Forty Years Recollections" by Charles Mackay.*

AN ARTIST'S SIGNATURE.

FANCELLI the tenor was ignorant and conceited, he could not write his own name. He held zealously to the designation "Primo Tenore Assoluto." Seeing it displayed at a railway station after Campanini's name he angrily tried to rub it off. He valued the phrase so much at last he tried to learn to write it, and on being asked to sign his name at the Liverpool Philharmonic he achieved—"Faneli Primo Tenore Ass."

PAUL: "I fear I shall have to break the engagement."

Virginia: "Why, darling?"

"I'm in debt."

"Oh, don't worry about that. So is father."

THE young man had asked for a horse that was gentle and safe.

As he drove out of the stable the liveryman said, "The spring on the right side of the buggy is the stronger;" and the young man blushed until his ears looked like a sunset in a chromo.

HIGHEST AWARD FOR SCIENTIFIC SHIRT-CUTTING.

BAIKIE & HOGG, 10, Renfield Street, and 52, Gordon Street, GLASGOW,

SHIRT TAILORS AND PYJAMA SPECIALISTS.

PRIVATE COLOURS WOVEN IN REAL CASHMERE AND PURE SILK.

Range of Materials and Measurement Forms sent on request.

CANCER

IS NOT INCURABLE.

Of the many cases treated by the "Hudson" process only one has proved fatal while under treatment. In External Cancer the whole growth is completely extracted. The following is from a letter received in 1872: "*The cancer which was on my Father's eye is almost well now; the roots came away nicely, and it is skinned over.*" A son of this gentleman wrote the other day that his father died twenty-two years after and never had any return of the disease. Correspondence from those interested is invited.

Mr. HUDSON, 12, York Bdgs., John St., Adelphi, W.C.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

IS AT ITS BEST IN

SEPTEMBER.

Most equable climate in the British Isles; yachting, golf, cricket, tennis, bowls, [illegible], cycling and mountaineering. Guides, map, hotel and boarding house lists, etc., sent free by Mr. T. KEIG, 5, Athol Street, Douglas, Man; or 27, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

"SASKATOON"

CHOICE SMOKING **TOBACCOS.**

Composed only of the Finest imported Tobaccos, manufactured in three Blends (mild, medium, and full).

Obtainable from, or may be ordered through, any high-class Cigar and Tobacco Dealer.

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LONDON: J. BRUMFIT, 13, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. and 84, Cannon Street.

MANCHESTER: S. & T. MARFELL, Market Street.

OXFORD: W. HEDDERLEY, Turl St. and High St.

CAMBRIDGE: T. HAMILTON, Petty Cury & Trinity Street.

SHEFFIELD: KINGDON & SON, High Street.

LEEDS: TETLEY & SON, Boar Lane.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

Dear Bookseller,—I have just been reading the "Yellow Book," and all about the courage it takes for a man to wear his hair long. I want to know if that delightful Mr. Le Gallienne wears corsets. Do find out for me, there's an old dear. I think he's just too brave for anything.—Yours affectionately, Lydia Gale.

Well, of course, I didn't like to do it, but I had to write to Mr. Le Gallienne and find out. When a young lady calls me an "old dear," I don't see what else I can do. Here is Mr. Le Gallienne's reply :—

My Dear Bookseller,—Of course I don't wear corsets; though I am willing to admit your lady correspondent's inference that I am one of "the bravest men that have ever trod the planet."—Yours ever, Richard Le Gallienne.

Proctor the astronomer wore corsets; I am told that the author of "Zanoni" did also. I should like to know whether any other literary man ever did. After all, in the gradual reversal of the sexes it is what we must expect to come to at no very distant date. I cannot fancy myself in them; but then, I don't move with the times.

* * * *

Am selling dozens of copies of Messrs. Jerome and Phillpott's three-act comedy, *The Prude's Progress* (1s. 6d., published by Chatto and Windus). The play, which is beautifully printed by the Artistic Supply Company, Limited, reverses the usual order of things dramatic, and reads even better than it acts. Ben Dixon's letter in the last act, "My Dear Children,—Before leaving England, under circumstances needless to be stated here, my thoughts naturally revert to my beloved ones —Mr. Cherry, I consider you to be a damned scoundrel," etc.—is excruciatingly funny.

* * * *

The other day an old clergyman friend of mine waddled into the shop; and some subtle (but mistaken) association of ideas caused me to inquire if he had read "In Deacon's Orders." "Yes," said he, "I have. I wanted to find out if Sir Walter Besant—for once in his life—had managed to draw a real live parson. How is it, my friend, that the large majority of novelists agree with one consent that a man necessarily becomes a born fool as soon as he dons a stock and a long coat? Look, for instance, at that parson in 'Children of Gibeon.' A grotesque and patent caricature which——." He is a choleric old gentleman and discursive, so I stopped him by asking, "What is the matter with 'Paul Leighan'?"

* * * *

"Everything's the matter," he replied. "As a choir-boy he turns up his eyes to the roof of the church. Now, in real life a choir-boy who forgot to keep his eyes on his anthem-score would experience a warm time with the precentor afterwards. And how in the world did he contrive to get deacon's orders? The head of his college knew him to be a human being apparently without a soul, and yet that head would have to sign the letters testimonial which every bishop requires. More, he must present other testimonials as to probity, trustworthiness, and kindred qualities. Again, his *si quis* must be read in the face of the congregation and signed by the churchwardens. No; the meshes of the episcopal net are so fine that it would be almost impossible for a 'Paul Leighan' to slip through."

* * * *

"There are a few other matters about which I should like to set that really talented author right," he continued. "For instance?" said I, just to humour him. "Well, you see, he makes the dean sit in the left-hand stall as you go in—that being the stall of the canon in residence. The canons are 'venerable,' while the minor canons are only 'tolerably venerable'—which is odd! He calls the choir of the cathedral the chancel, and the lantern the central tower. He allows the culprit to take off his canonicals, fold them up, and deposit them upon the floor; dramatic, no doubt, but impossible. The whole story is so——." But here another customer claimed my attention.

* * * *

Apropos of Mrs. Corbet's attack on Mr. Zangwill in a recent number of the *Literary World*, with reference to his alleged dislike for women's books, Mr. Zangwill writes to me as follows :—

My Dear Bookseller, There is nothing to be said except that the lady hasn't read my "Cosmopolitan" article (only an extract from it), nor has she seemingly ever read my "P. M. M." causerie, in which I am constantly praising women's books; this month in particular selecting a woman's book of short stories as the best of the year.—Yours ever, I. Zangwill.

* * * *

I had a chat the other day with the pleasant author of "The Heart and Songs of the Spanish Sierras" (Fisher Unwin), who gave me some interesting descriptions of "coplas," taken down from the lips of muleteers and peasants in the Serrania. Some of these "coplas" are quaint:

When I pass along your street
I buy bread and go munching along,
Lest your mother should say
I am nourished by seeing you.

The grace of loving
Is neither bought nor inherited;
For 'tis God who gives it,
And you be left without.

When we knock at a door
And no voice replies,
It is a sign that in that house
They are very rich or very poor.

In the dimple of your chin
They say that I'll be buried;
What bliss, my own,
Were I dead already.

* * * *

Martin Anderson, the caricaturist and writer of satirical verse (he is better known as "Cynicus"), has set up a caravan (after the manner of Dr. Gordon Stables), in which he is about to take his leisurely way North. The caravan is furnished as a studio, and "Cynicus" will break the journey with a long list of friends whom he is pledged to look up. His London studio is in Drury Lane. Hence, the brutal realism of some of his sketches; he lives among his models. During the winter, "Cynicus" is always at home on Wednesday nights to his literary and artistic friends, who flock to what Mark Lemon called "Fried-fish Land."

* * * *

I remember once going to call on my old friend F. W. Robinson at Brixton. There was a very handsome van at the door, surrounded by a crowd of small boys. "What's up?" I asked one small boy. "Oh, it's a bloomin' cove as goes about selling mats and things," said my informant. "'Ere 'e comes!" "The bloomin' cove" in question was Dr. Gordon Stables, who certainly looked in full flower.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. (Nottingham).—I cannot fix a price for your book. If the autograph is genuine a dealer would give you from seven to ten pounds for it.

H. H. C.—You mean, I think, "The Bible of To-day," by J. W. Chadwick (4s. 6d.). F. W. B.—I don't know any book called "A Sussex Farmer," but you might apply to Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. J. C. B. (Ireland).—There is nothing of any value in your list. D. D.—Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" is worth about 10s.; Diodatti's "Annotations upon the Holy Bible," 2s. R. J. R.—The books you name are practically valueless. Educational books must be the last edition to be worth anything.

A. M. C. wants to know if "a book is sent to a good firm of publishers, say next October, how long are they likely to keep the authoress waiting before they say whether they accept the book or not? Having accepted it, how long will the lady have to wait before receiving remuneration? If the lady publishes at her own risk, will it not cost her about £100?" Please refer to Authors' Association, 4, Portugal Street, W. C.

A HOLIDAY ON THE SEA.

BY

A. S. FORREST.

Illustrated by The Author.

I had often heard of the beauties of the Hebrides, and had read with interest Dr. Johnson's account of his travels there, so that when my brother asked me to join him on a short tour among these islands I was delighted at the prospect and readily consented.

We were to be away from London for a fortnight, and his suggestion was that we should travel as much by water as possible. I pride myself somewhat on my sea-going qualities, though they have never been severely tried, and did not object at all to such an arrangement. Accordingly we left St. Katherine's Locks one Friday at mid-day on board the Clyde Shipping Company's s.s. *Portland*, which was to carry us as far as Glasgow.

There was a goodly number of holiday-makers on board, and as we steamed down the river the steward (to whom for his untiring energy in providing amusement for us we were all greatly indebted) started such games amongst us as quoits and deck billiards. This proved a very good way of making the passengers acquainted with each other, and by the time we reached Southampton on Saturday morning the whole company was on friendly terms. We had a few hours ashore at that port, and after strolling through the town got on board again and steamed down the Solent past numbers of yachts which had begun to arrive for the regatta.

In the evening, the weather still continuing very fine, a concert was arranged, and we had a varied entertainment both in kind and quality, the latter being of no mean order.

Early on Sunday morning we found ourselves at Plymouth. From here we had a very enjoyable drive with a number of our fellow-passengers to Ivybridge, and in the evening six of us rowed round the ironclads at anchor in the harbour.

Next morning we were off again, and going round Land's End; encountered what we were told was an Atlantic swell. I am not eager to meet such a swell again, and, judging by appearances, most of the passengers shared the feeling with me. During convalescence I made some notes in my sketch-book. I had heard that by sitting still, with your eyes fixed on the horizon, you may escape any unpleasant effects from the

motion of a ship; and it seemed to me that I was not the only one who had heard of this safeguard.

The first sketch shows two of our party who persevered in this experiment. Those who had occupied the vacant camp-stools had left before I could include them in my sketch.

Our troubles were all forgotten next morning when we found ourselves alongside the quay at Waterford. A few hours were spent in driving on jaunting-cars to Tramore, a seaside village about ten miles from the town. After leaving Waterford, and whilst going up the Irish Sea, we had it much rougher than when off Land's End, but whether we were case-hardened or the motion was less affecting we were all in good spirits and had another concert on deck. All feeling of shyness having completely gone by this time new and unexpected talent revealed itself. The next day we were steaming along the Ayrshire coast towards Ailsa Craig and the Firth of Clyde. We arrived at Greenock about two o'clock, and resolved to land there and spend a day at one of the many watering-places which lie round that coast.

On the evening of the following day we embarked again at Greenock, this time on board the *Dunara Castle*, a small steamer which trades amongst the Western Isles. It being Glasgow Fair week there were on board a large number of islanders returning home from a holiday. It had been raining, and the fore-deck presented a wretched appearance. Huddled together in groups in every sheltered part of it were men, women, and children patiently waiting their journey's end. There was a strong breeze blowing as we steamed down the Clyde, and we had a rough night going round the Mull of Kintyre, so that many of them gladly left the steamer next morning at Colonsay, our first stopping-place. Here, as at many of the places at which we called, there was no quay, passengers and goods being landed in large open boats about the size of a Thames barge.

Horses, cattle, and sheep are treated with scant ceremony, the horses being lowered into the water and left to swim ashore, whilst the cattle and sheep are either slung or flung into these barge-like boats. Some hours after leaving Colonsay we anchored off Iona. It was a lovely day, and we were close enough to the

shore to command a good view of the greater part of the island. Iona is only three miles long by one across, but for its size it is perhaps the most interesting and romantic spot in Great Britain. Every yard of its soil is associated with legend and fable, dating right back to its earliest history, when the Irish Christian missionary, St. Columba, established himself there. From the deck we had an excellent view of all that now remains of the cathedral and the twelfth-century nunnery, and also

of the enclosure—nothing is left of the actual mound called the Graves of the Kings—that marks the resting place of sixty kings of Scotland, of whom Shakespeare's Macbeth was the last.

After leaving Iona and calling at Bunessan, a smart run brought us to Tiree. Here we had scarcely dropped anchor before a large boat was alongside full of natives. Our first fear was that these were all to be passengers, and we were greatly relieved to learn that they only came on board for a drink, as the sale of intoxicants is prohibited in the island! A party of us went ashore, landing at a small creek which formed the entrance to a natural harbour. The tide being out the harbour itself was dry, and we walked across its shining white sand. It is a very picturesque place in spite of its being destitute of trees. The inhabitants appear to be a strong, hardy, and long-lived race. In the afternoon we left Tiree, and passing round the adjacent island of Coll ran through between Canna and Rum, and then made straight across to Skye. It is impossible to describe the wildness and grandeur of the islands and mountains amongst which our route lay.

The variety of effect in colour and line dazzles one, and the charm and novelty of the primitive ways of life of the inhabitants are fascinating. The number of passengers had now decreased till only about

a dozen were left, which somewhat restricted our *repertoire* of entertainment. The favourite amusements were deck-quoits and, whenever the opportunity offered, fishing. Cards and concerts filled up our evenings, if one can speak of evening in latitudes where it is light enough at any time of the night to read on deck. There is always a bright glow in the sky, which travels round from north-west to north-east until the sun rises again. We got to Shuan in Skye at midnight, and then went on to Carbost at the head of the loch, and back again past the rocks known as "Macleod's Maidens," and round to Dunvegan. Here is the castle of Macleod of Macleod, and opposite are two peculiar flat-topped mountains, from the summit of one of which in olden times, so it is said, a herald announced daily that the Great Macleod had dined and the world might go to dinner. Near Uig, on the north-east of Skye, is the spot where Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie landed during the latter's flight. We had time at Uig to visit the glen and waterfall, and also to climb the hill for a view of the bay. Once again on board our course was steered in a north-westerly direction across the Minch to Harris, and in a few hours we passed the Glass Island Lighthouse on our way to Tarbert, where we arrived about seven o'clock on Saturday evening. This village is the principal one in Harris, the inhabitants being mostly shopkeepers and fishermen. The majority of the shopkeepers are tweed merchants, buying up the pieces of tweed woven by the natives of this part of the island and shipping them to all parts of Europe and America. The whole place has a thriving appearance, and many of its inhabitants are fairly well to do. The bleak hills and shores are dotted with the holdings of the crofters, who seem to pass their lives in a state always bordering upon actual destitution. Their cornfields are nothing but mounds of earth, laboriously

scraped together from the barren rocks and crevices around. In the church here a Gaelic service followed one in the ordinary English tongue, and to judge from the number of people attending, many even

coming in fishing-boats, the Gaelic was decidedly the more popular of the two.

The whole scenery round about here presents a very strange appearance to the townsman. The absence of trees is very noticeable. The colour is striking and almost weird, the small green patches of corn or grass contrasting strongly with the purple-tinted rocks of which the hills are composed. The whole time spent here was most enjoyable, and we left next morning with a feeling of regret that we had not had time to do more walking and hill-climbing amidst such grand scenery. We touched at several places in North and South Uist on our way south again. The people of this latter island are all Roman Catholics, owing to the fact of the Clan Ronald having been always closely allied to the Stuart cause. It was here that Prince Charlie first landed from France with the chief of the clan, and he then proceeded to Moidart on the mainland, where he raised the standard of rebellion. After the battle of Culloden Moor the Prince

again landed in South Uist at a spot called Corradale. Here he was in hiding for about a month, living in a spacious cave which was used by Clan Ronald when hunting deer, which were then numerous on these hills, while the country was patrolled by the English soldiers, and English ships scoured the Minch. It was from here that indomitable Flora Macdonald, who was living at Milton in South Uist, conveyed the Prince disguised as an English maid, under the name of Betty Burke, in a small boat to Monstadt, near Uig, in Skye. In the same boat was the father of Marshal Macdonald, the famous general of Napoleon. At Lochboisdale in this island we had time to land, and took a sail round the bay in a small fishing-boat, and at this place we also had good sport fishing with lines from the deck

of the steamer. The next stoppage was at Castle Bay, where on a small island in the centre of the bay stand the ruins of the castle which gave the place its name. From here we steamed back to Tiree, and then returned by the same route as we had followed in coming, *via* Bunessan, Iona, and Colonsay, and through between Islay and Jura, round the Mull of Cantire, back to Greenock and Glasgow and thence to London.

Nowadays when the craving for originality finds vent in holidays spent in caravans, canal-boats, and other unconventional places that would have suggested penance rather than pleasure fifty years ago, there may be nothing particularly novel in a fortnight's coasting,

but it is an admirable restorative and a real change, which is not always the case with the seaside or country holiday. Furthermore, it enables one to visit at a moderate expenditure a variety of places that are even yet a little out of the tourist's beaten track.

A FAMOUS PENWOMAN.

AN HOUR WITH SEVERINE.

No modern Frenchwoman's personality fills a greater place in the literary and political France of to-day than Madame Severine, the redoubtable lady journalist, whose work ranks with that of the most famous of her confrères Rochefort, Clemenceau, and Cassagnac, being perhaps only really rivalled by the first-named of these three, notably where the power to move and thrill her readers is concerned.

Severine has been nicknamed "Our Lady of Pity," for she always listens to a tale of distress or suffering, and by her efforts large sums of money have been gathered in from the charitable Parisian public, who are easily swayed by a pitiful tale, especially when told them in an article signed by her curious *nom-de-plume*.

The pretty flat in which the great lady-journalist gets through her long daily task, and receives literally hundreds of visitors each week, is "in its way, as striking and original as is the hostess," writes a representative of To-Day. "Her manners are simple and cordial, and she talks as eloquently as she writes, which is saying not a little. "I suppose, Madame, that bull-fighting is the *actualité* of the moment? No doubt the Government's firm action in the matter has given you great satisfaction?" As every French reader knows, Severine has for some years waged an untiring war against this form of "sport."

"Yes," she answered, her face lighting up, "but I am not one of those who blame the populace. As you know," and she smiled with a touch of malice in her large grey eyes, "my friends style me a Socialist, for my heart is always on the side of the people. Had it not been that the Government allowed this infamous and cruel form of amusement to exist in Paris during the Exhibition, it would have been comparatively easy to check the spread of this evil in Southern France; now, as you probably know, national sympathies and antipathies have been aroused, and the question is becoming one of North and South."

"Englishmen travelling abroad, Madame, are often struck by the cruel and heartless way in which horses are treated, not only in Italy, where the evil is great, but also in France."

"Alas! I have done my best to remedy this state of things, not only in the sacred cause of justice, but from my love of animals. It is fortunate for us that those poor brutes ignore the power they possess. What should we all do," and my hostess smiled grimly, "if there occurred a revolution among the beasts? But that day will never come."

"I need hardly ask you, Madame, if you have ever been at a bull-fight?"

"Well, once I assisted at what might be called a sham bull-fight, that is, where no blood was spilt, and only a kind of circus performance took place. Still I did not enjoy it, I felt that those round me thought the spectacle tame. People who make out that any interference with bull-fighting is a direct attack on the liberty of the individual should remember that a citizen is what he is according to circumstances. Many honest fellows who first visit the arena from curiosity and love of excitement, have awakened in them that thirst for blood and that love of cruelty which seem inherent in human nature. It was noticed that the same public that go to executions filled the cheap galleries at the Paris arena, where the bull-fights were held in 1889. You remember the Roman Emperor's saying, 'If the people have no bread, we will give them games.' I fear to see the same idea carried out in my country. By the way, I have always respected England for putting an end to many forms of brutal sport, such as cock-fighting and so on. I only wish someone would take action in the matter of pigeon-shooting. To cause suffering in the pursuit of pleasure is horribly inhuman and hateful from every point of view. Living things have a right to life, and if we consider it necessary to deprive them of their existence, let it be done as quickly and painlessly as possible.

"Will you tell me, Madame, something of your life and work?"

"I have had a strange existence," she answered, thoughtfully, "and seem to have led many more lives than fall to the lot of most women. Till fifteen years ago I led the strict and simple life of an ordinary French girl, then I made the acquaintance of the well-known Socialist writer Vallès, and by his advice adopted literature as a profession. My family violently objected to this course, and I became so unstrung and unhappy that in a moment of exaltation I shot myself! This convinced my friends that I was in earnest: I became Vallès' secretary, and, indeed, that great-hearted man may be said to have been my literary father. After his death I took over the editorship of his paper, the *People's Cry*, and I began to write for the *Gil Blas* and other papers, in order to earn money with which to continue my master's political work. My articles seized the public fancy, and you know the rest. I now write regularly for many daily papers; my editors are very good to me, and I am allowed a fairly free hand, both in the choice of my subject and my method of dealing with it. What do I write about?" she continued. "Anything and everything. I do not allow my political principles to interfere with my feelings of pity or justice. People were astonished that I should take the part of the Duke of Orleans, the Conscript Prince," and with a smile she pointed to a large panelled portrait, inscribed in a neat, flowing hand, "To Madame Severine, the generous friend of all those in trouble.—Philippe D'Orleans." Close to it, in strange contrast, is a black marble slab in which is encrusted the first bullet fired in the great Decaszeville Strike. This bullet was presented to Severine by a number of miners as a small return for the efforts she made on behalf of their starving wives and children.

"And when and how do you get through your work, Madame?" I inquired, for Severine is hospitality itself, and all those who knock at her door, be they prince or pauper, are sure of a welcome and hearing.

"I get up about eight, and glance through all the daily papers in about half an hour, marking anything I think of interest, for I have a true journalist's love of cuttings. Then I go through my correspondence, with the aid of one or more of my secretaries. I never get less than fifty, and often, of course, over a hundred letters a day, but of these a large percentage, in one form or another, are applications for relief or assistance; the sorting of my correspondence is no light matter. I lunch at 12.30, generally with a few friends; in the afternoon I see callers, ride on my bicycle, and walk. My actual writing does not begin till seven o'clock. I work steadily till eleven, then comes dinner; by the time that is over, the proof of my article has come back from the printers; I correct it carefully, and then read for an hour before composing myself to sleep."

"Is it true, Madame, that you undertake to distribute your readers' alms for them?"

"Yes. Last year the generous readers of *L'Eclair* subscribed something like £600 in small sums. I need not tell you that I do not dole out this money without the strictest investigation; but, as you probably know, sometimes a small sum will often save an honest man or woman from sinking into irretrievable poverty and even crime. I rarely give less than twenty, or more than two hundred francs to any one person. I need hardly tell you that a very strict account is kept of all the moneys I receive, everything is acknowledged in the paper through whose agency the money has come to me, and as there are absolutely no expenses connected with this informal charity bureau, many people like to distribute their alms through me. But I may tell you in confidence," concluded Severine, sighing somewhat wearily, "that I feel the responsibility to be a heavy one; and were it not for the many who generously give their unrequited service in the sacred cause, I could not do a tenth part of what I do."

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

IV.—THE EYEBROWS.

The brilliancy or lustre of the eyes depends upon their supply of humours within and lubrication with lachrymal fluid without. The intimate sympathy between the condition of the mind and the humours is a physiognomical fact. How under mental depression the eye becomes lax and dim, but how it starts into keenness and brilliancy the moment the mind enters upon any intellectual occupation. Eyes that are much employed in the keen examination of objects are bright and glistening, whereas the eyes of the scientific and literary, being almost purely intellectual, and not requiring much ocular discernment are somewhat dull. The eyes are not indebted for brilliancy to the abstract thinking of the brain, within the skull, but to that mental exercise in which a man faces the world and plays his part among his fellows, chiefly through the medium of the eyes. The lachrymal gland from a physiognomical point of view is an organ of sympathy; but the eyes must not be viewed as the seat of sympathy, as that is centred in the brain, and comprises the organ known to phrenologists as *Benevolence*. The features are simply the servants or agents of the brain, and will show to an observer how the mental capacities and emotions are brought into action. You cannot read a face without taking in the value of the intellectual faculties located in the brain forward of the ears, forming the forehead of the individual, which organs are averaged according to their various developments. The eyelids play a most important part in reading character from the face, as do also the eyebrows. All the extreme sensitiveness of a nature is shown in the transparency of the eyelids, also in the blueness of the veins apparent on their surface. The eyelashes of sensitive people are fine in texture and light in colour. People with red or golden eyelashes are sensitive to tetchiness, and at the least harshness or word of reprimand their eyes will well up with tears, whereas a coarse, dark eyelashed individual may feel quite as deeply, but as their temperament is stronger and fiercer they can flash back scorn for insult, and return an injury with interest. Sensuality is observed in the eyes, but it is the mental and not the physical. The epicure who delights to imagine his pleasure has the sensual eye, but the gourmand who indulges his physical senses has his sense of enjoyment depicted in the full, loose, upper lips, hanging jaw, and thick-set throat. The sensual eye is full and prominent, it takes in imagination and conveys its senses to the brain. It delights to look on beauty and pleasure. The musical genius has generally the sensual eye, it conveys the gratification of sound to his mental senses. All artistic temperaments are not sensual, but they are most sensitive and highly strung. The character-reader must be very careful to particularly notice whether the eyes look you straight in the face or not; but then it requires experience and deduction to be able to judge correctly, as bold, bad people have a way of defiantly casting their eyes straight at you. You must not attempt to read a character by seeing only one feature, as every part of the face, however insignificant, has its share in forming the disposition of the individual. We never see two faces exactly alike, any more than we can find two people with the same character. The eyebrows are formed of short hairs and mark out the top of the eye-sockets, and frontal sinus. To the ordinary observer, they may appear of small importance, and yet they play their full part in assisting one to read a face correctly. These hairs are charged with a pigment which is more or less electric, according to their coarseness or fineness of texture. When these hairs are fine, and all turn one way in an even straight manner (Fig. 1), it indicates a remarkably calm and placid temper, but when they are bushy and stick out in all directions (Fig. 2), then the temper is irritable, hasty, and irascible. This difference of temper is proved thus: The workings of an agitated mind will charge the hairs with electricity, which stiffens them, and makes them stick out; this vitality is caused by the movements of the muscles of the face when worked by the nerves, which emanate from the brain. Here, again, we must bring the mouth into requisition, because if this last-named feature be set firm and tight you will then know that, notwithstanding the unevenness of the eyebrows, the temper of irritability is kept well under control. Eyebrows that are greatly elevated, indicate a lack of perception and practicality. Straight eyebrows denote the masculine element of character (Fig. 3), whilst arched eyebrows show a softer and more feminine temperament (Fig. 4). When there is a great depth in the corner of the eye the organ of form is well-developed, and the long eyebrow indicates mathematical abilities — as it takes in the organs of order, calculation, size, time and tune. When there is a point in the centre of the eyebrow (Fig. 5), it indicates that the organ of colour is well marked, and also the capacity to blend shades, etc.; this is generally called the *Rubens' point*, after the great painter of that name. When there is a great space between the eyebrow and the eye at the outer corner it denotes a great love of pleasure. When the eyebrow sinks in the centre (Fig. 6), it indicates the faculty of jealousy, resentment, and, if very marked, revenge. When the eyebrow descends at the outer corner, nearly meeting the eye (Fig. 7), it suggests contest and the ambition to excel, and if the eye is full underneath, then your subject is fond of argument and discussion. I have but one more eyebrow to mention, and that is the Mephistophelian one, which juts down into the nose at its inner corner (Fig. 8). The Chinese as a nation are noted for this particular-shaped eyebrow, which means subterfuge and the capacity to deceive. To call it by its real name, it is the Lying Eyebrow, and when you come across it beware; I do not mean to suggest that people with these eyebrows are always telling lies, but they have the capacity, and would find no difficulty whatever in deceiving anyone, should they choose to do so. A person with an evenly-balanced mind and a fair amount of conscientiousness would not descend to telling a lie, but if he possess the Mephistophelian eyebrow, he would not be at a loss to know how to get out of a scrape. A moderation of this eyebrow is called *substitution*, and means, I suppose, "a white lie." Never consider that because an individual blushes and hesitates, that he is habitually untruthful, because that is only caused by nervousness, and is a manner pertaining generally to those who, through fear, are trying to evade the truth. A barefaced liar is calm and persistent. Real vice is mostly cool and unblushing: it is only the novice, mostly the catspaw of the hardened criminal, who is convicted by means of his hesitation and moral nervousness.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

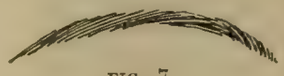
FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

THE DEATH-STONE.

One of the most recently discovered inexplicable phenomena is an immense electrical stone which crops out above ground in an almost inaccessible mountain pass some fifty or sixty miles north of The Needles, in Arizona. In pursuing a conscientious investigation into a subject of this kind one finds it necessary to call into requisition such an immense number of grains of salt that the real truth of the matter becomes frequently lost in a briny deep, as it were; but in spite of this, the existence of the electrical stone has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt. In a multitude of witnesses there is safety, and it appears that the natives were for many years acquainted with the stone and its peculiar properties long before its discovery by a party of hunters recently. Among the Indians the stone goes by the name of the "Death Trap," and the peak whereon it is located is called Death Trap Mountain.

The stone itself is described as being a rough, jagged outcropping, bursting up through the shale of its surroundings, reaching up the mountain side to the height of about seven feet, when a sharp projection shelves over again, making a three-sided tunnel, perhaps nine feet long and five feet wide. Ordinarily the rock is of a blue metallic lustre, and shows traces of volcanic action, being seamed and ribbed as if by melted lava. In the heat of the day, when the sun shines squarely upon it, the stone assumes a faded pale blue hue, at which time the Indians declare it to be perfectly harmless. As the sun leaves the gorge, however, the stone begins gradually to deepen in colour, and when night comes and there is no moon, it glows with all the brilliancy of a molten mass. This lumination may be distinctly seen for a great distance where there are no intervening mountains to obstruct the view. Now, as to the peculiar death-giving power of the stone. It is said that nothing great or small can set foot upon it and live. So powerful are the volts which it gives out at even the slightest contact, that it is impossible for even the largest animals to withstand their strength. Recently the party of hunters referred to ventured without a guide into some of the more dangerous mountain passes in the up-country, and by chance found their way into a narrow gorge, having come in hot pursuit after a little, fleet-limbed mountain goat which they managed to start from the rocks below. Suddenly, while they were all some seventy or eighty feet away, they were astonished beyond measure to see the goat fall dead in his tracks, although not a shot had been fired. They were making ready to climb up the ledge and secure the little creature, when an old Indian high up on the cliff behind called to them to stop. So frantic was his manner and so persistent his admonitions that they waited till he scrambled down to them, and then for the first time came to light the story of the electrical wonder.

The goat had fallen within the death-trap, the Indian explained, and had the hunters followed after him they, too, would have shared his fate. There was ample evidence at hand to prove to the hunters the truth of the old man's statement, for the little gorge surrounding the stone had been turned into a perfect charnel-house, full of the whitening bones of its many victims. The hunters expressed the deepest gratitude to the old Indian for saving their lives, but regretted no little the loss of the goat, whose species is almost extinct now, whereupon the old man unwound a riata from his waist and flung it up under the rock. His aim was unerring, and presently the goat was dragged down into a place of safety, whence the hunters removed him. The sun was almost down, and had quite left the gorge, so at the request of the Indian the hunters accompanied him to his mountain-perched cabin, and from there beheld the lighting up of the stone when the moon was gone. As they all sat about the fire watching the phenomenon, their old host told them marvellous stories of the wonder, among others the legend of its discovery by the tribe hundreds of years ago. The legend runs about as follows:—

Once upon a time there came into the midst of the tribe asking food and shelter a stranger, with a marvellously beautiful face. His body was little and mean and puny, and his back was humped, but his face was fair beyond all description and strangely beautiful. His eyes were large and luminous, like twin stars, and although he seemed to know nothing of herbs or their properties, he possessed the marvellous faculty of healing the sick by laying his hands upon them, or even by looking fixedly at them with his great eyes.

Even dumb animals would flock around him if he chose to have them do so, and the chief held him in such reverence that by-and-bye he adopted the stranger into the tribe and made him a medicine man. Many years passed, during which the stranger still lingered, and in the meantime the chief's son had grown to manhood, and it became time for him to take a wife. The comeliest maiden of the tribe was selected as his bride, and preparations were made for the nuptials. When the wedding-day arrived, however, the maiden was missing, and an old woman declared that the medicine man had spirited her away. A diligent search failed to disclose her whereabouts, and the chief reluctantly consented to believe the friend of his adoption guilty. A company of twelve of the bravest warriors were ordered to drive the medicine man out of the tribe, for no one would consent to see him killed outright, so great was the love of the people for him.

Early in the morning the warriors set out to chase him beyond the mountains, the medicine man running swiftly on before, so that they could scarcely keep him in sight. Finally it became evident that he was leading them on after him instead of fleeing before them, and at last, though the chief sent messengers to order the men to return, it was impossible to get them to heed the command. On and on they followed, climbing the mountain side, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping their eyes fixed desperately on the medicine man before them. The chief's messengers followed as close as they dared, and at last beheld with consternation the warriors fall one by one dead between the parted lips of a great blue stone. Thus was the death-trap discovered many hundreds of years ago, and the Indians believe it to have been set by the medicine man to ward off all pursuit after him and the stolen bride of the chief's son.

TO A CHAPERON.

To-morrow night, when three of us
  Are sitting at the play,
  If I should chance to hold May's hand,
  Please look the other way.

Later, as in the carriage, we
  Are speeding homeward, say
Dear chaperon, don't see my arm—
  Pray look the other way.

But when at last we're in the hall,
  My friend, I beg, I pray,
When I begin to say good-night
  Don't look—don't even stay!

A queer trade is followed by half a dozen sidewalk merchants outside the Philadelphia House of Correction. Every person discharged from the institution receives on leaving a new pair of shoes. Traders lie in wait for the discharged prisoners and offer them a pair of old and comfortable shoes and twenty-five or fifty cents for their new pair. In a great majority of cases the trade is made. The House of Correction shoes are well made and strong, and the traders get a good price for them from working-men.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

McCORKLE—Jaysmith calls himself a self-made man.

McCrackle—Well, no one who knows him will dispute the assertion.

A self-made man never gets tired of bragging on his job.

Among the witty sayings of the late W. R. Travers, of New York, is his stuttering reply to the statement of a very bald broker that he was a self-made man: "Then why-why-why the d-d-dickens didn't you p-p-p-put more hair on?"

Self-made men are very prone to usurp the prerogative of the Almighty and overwork themselves. They are not satisfied with the position of division superintendent of creation, but they want to be most worthy high grand masters of the entire ranch, or their lives are gloomy fizzles.

A drunken member of Parliament said to the Attorney-General one day, "I'm a self-made man, I am." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Attorney-General, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply the product of a good wife.

Self-made men are most always apt tew be a leetle too proud of the job.

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

VII.—THE INDIFFERENCE OF THE MILLER OF HOFBAU.

THERE is a swift little river running by the village of Hofbau, and on the river is a mill, kept in the days of King Rudolf III. by a sturdy fellow who lived there all alone; the King knew him, having alighted at his house for a draught of beer as he rode hunting, and it was of him the King spoke when he said to the Queen, "There is, I believe, but one man in the country whom Osra could not move, and he is the Miller of Hofbau." But although he addressed the Queen, it was his sister at whom he aimed the speech. The Princess herself was sitting by, and when she heard the King she said,

"In truth I do not desire to move any man. What but trouble comes of it? Yet who is this miller?"

The King told her where the miller might be found, and he added, "If you convert him to the love of women you shall have the finest bracelet in Strelsau."

"There is nothing, sire, so remote from my thoughts or desire as to convert your miller," said Osra scornfully.

And in this, at the moment, she spoke truthfully; but being left alone for some days at the Castle of Zenda, which is but a few miles from Hofbau, she found the time hang very heavy on her hands; indeed she did not know what to do with herself for weariness; and for this reason, and none other at all, one day she ordered her horse and rode off with a single groom into the forest. Coming, as the morning went on, to a wide road she asked the groom where it led. "To Hofbau, madame," he answered. "It is not more than a mile further on." Osra waited a few moments, then she said,

"I will ride on and see the village, for I have been told that it is pretty. Wait here till I return," and she rode on, smiling a little, and with a delicate tint of colour in her cheeks.

Before long she saw the river, and the mill on the river; and, coming to the mill, she saw the miller sitting before his door, smoking a long pipe, and she called out to him, asking him to sell her a glass of milk.

"You can have it for the asking," said the miller. He was a good-looking fair fellow, and wore a scarlet cap. "There is a pail of it just inside the door behind me." Yet he did not rise, but lay there, lolling luxuriously in the sun. For he did not know Osra, never having been to Strelsau in his life, and to Zenda three or four times only, and that when the Princess was not there. Moreover—though this, as must be allowed, is not to the purpose—he had sworn never again to go so far afield.

Being answered in this manner, and at the same time desiring the milk, the Princess had no choice but to dismount.

This she did, and passed by the miller, pausing a moment to look at him with bright curious eyes, that flashed from under the brim of her wide-rimmed feathered hat, but the miller blinked lazily up at the sun and took no heed of her.

Osra passed on, found the pail, poured out a cup of

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milk, and drank it. Then, refilling the cup, she carried it to the miller.

"Will you not have some?" said she, with a smile.

"I was too lazy to get it," said the miller; and he held out his hand, but did not otherwise change his position.

Osra's brow puckered and her cheek flushed as she knelt down, holding the cup of milk so that the miller could reach it. He took and drained it, gave it back to her, and put his pipe in his mouth again. Osra sat down by him and watched him. He puffed and blinked away, never so much as looking at her.

"What have you for dinner?" asked she, presently,

"A piece of cold pie," said he. "There's enough for two, if you're hungry."

"Would you not like it better hot?"

"Oh, aye; but I cannot weary myself with heating it."

"I will heat it," said the Princess, and, rising, she went into the house, and made up the fire, which was almost burnt out; then she heated the pie, and set the room in order, and laid the table, and drew a large jug of beer from the cask. Next she placed an armchair ready for the miller, and put the jug by it; then she filled the pipe from the bowl of tobacco and set a cushion in the chair. And all this while she hummed a tune, and from time to time smiled gaily. Lastly she arranged a chair by the elbow of the miller's chair, then she went out and told him that his dinner was ready; and he stumbled to his feet with a sigh of laziness, and walked before her into the house.

"May I come?" cried she.

"Aye, there is enough for two," said the Miller of Hofbau, without looking round.

So she followed him in. He sank into the armchair and sat there, for a moment surveying the room, which was so neat, and the table so daintily laid, and the pie so steaming hot. And he sighed, saying,

"It was like this before poor mother died." And he fell to on a great portion of pie with which Osra piled his plate.

When he had finished eating—which thing did not happen for some time—she held the jug while he took a long draught; then she brought a coal in the tongs and held it while he lit his pipe from it; then she sat down by him. For several moments he puffed, and then at last he turned his head and looked at Princess Osra; she drooped her long lashes, and cast down her eyes; and next she lifted her eyes and glanced for an instant at the miller; and, finally, she dropped her eyes again and murmured, shyly, "What is it, sir? Why do you look at me?"

"You seem to be a handy wench," observed the miller. "The pie was steaming hot, and yet not burnt, the beer was well frothed, but not shaken nor thickened, and the pipe draws well. Where does your father dwell?"

"He is dead, sir," said Princess Osra very demurely.

"And your mother?" pursued the miller.

"She also is dead."

"There is small harm in that," said the miller thoughtfully; and Osra turned away her head to hide her smile.

"Are you not very lonely, living here all by yourself?" she asked a moment later.

"Indeed, I have to do everything for myself," said the miller sadly,

"And there is nobody to—to care for you?"

"No—nor to look after my comfort," said the miller. "Have you any kindred?"

"I have two brothers, sir; but they are married now, and have no need of me."

The miller laid down his pipe, and setting his elbow on the table, faced Princess Osra.

"H'm!" said he. "And is it likely you will ride this way again?"

"I may chance to do so," said Osra, and now there was a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, and she was thinking already how the bracelet would look on her arm.

"Ah!" said the miller. And after a pause, he added, "If you do, come half an hour before dinner, and you can lend a hand in making it ready. Where did you get those fine clothes?"

"My mistress gave them to me," answered Osra. "She has cast them off."

"And that horse you rode?"

"It is my master's; I have it to ride when I do my mistress's errands."

"And will your master and mistress do anything for you if you leave your service?"

"I have been promised a present if——" said Osra, and she paused in apparent confusion.

"Aye," said the miller, nodding sagaciously, and he rose slowly from the armchair. "Will you be this way again in a week or so?" he asked.

"I think it is very likely," answered the Princess Osra.

"Then look in," said the miller. "About half an hour before dinner." And he nodded his head again very significantly at Osra, and, turning away, went to his work, as a man goes who would far rather sit still in the sun. But just as he reached the door he turned his head and asked, "Are you sturdy?"

"I am strong enough, I think," said she.

"A sack of flour is a heavy thing for a man to lift by himself," remarked the miller, and with that he passed through the door and left her alone.

Then she cleared the table, put the pie—or what was left—in the larder, set the room in order, refilled the pipe, stood the jug handy by the cask, and, with a look of great satisfaction on her face, tripped out to where her horse was, mounted, and rode away.

The next week—and the interval had seemed long to her, and no less long to the Miller of Hofbau—she came again, and so the week after; and in the week following she came twice; and on the second of these two days, after dinner, the miller did not go off to his sacks, but he followed her out of the house, pipe in hand, when she went to mount her horse, and as she was about to mount he said,

"Indeed, you are a handy wench!"

"You say much of my hands, but nothing of my face," remarked Princess Osra.

"Of your face?" repeated the miller in some surprise. "What should I say of your face?"

"Well, is it not a comely face?" asked Osra, turning towards him that he might be better able to answer her question.

The miller regarded her for some minutes, then a slow smile spread on his lips.

"Oh, aye, it is well enough," said he. Then he laid a floury finger on her arm and he continued, "If you come next week—why, it is but half a mile to church! I'll have the cart ready and bid the priest be there. What

is your name?" For he had not hitherto asked Osra's name.

"Rosa Schwartz," said she, and her face was all alight with triumph and amusement.

"Yes, I shall be very comfortable with you," said the miller. "We will be at the church an hour before noon, so that there may be time afterwards for the preparation of dinner."

"That will be on Thursday in next week?" asked Osra.

"Aye, on Thursday," said the miller, and he turned on his heel. But in a minute he turned again, saying, "Give me a kiss then, since we are to be man and wife," and he came slowly towards her, holding his arms open.

"Nay, the kiss will wait till Thursday. May be there will be less flour on your face then." And with a laugh she dived under his outstretched arms and made her escape.

And, the day being warm, the miller did not put himself out by pursuing her, but stood where he was, with a broad comfortable smile on his lips; and so he watched her ride away.

Now, as she rode, the Princess was much occupied in thinking of the Miller of Hofbau. Elated and triumphant as she was at having won from him a promise of marriage, she was yet somewhat vexed that he had not shown a more passionate affection, and this thought clouded her brow for full half an hour. But then her face cleared. "Still waters run deep," she said to herself. "He is not like these Court gallants who have learnt to make love as soon as they learn to walk, and cannot talk to a woman without bowing and grimacing, and sighing at every word. The miller has a deep nature, and surely I have won his heart, or he would not take me for his wife. Poor miller! I pray that he may not grieve very bitterly when I make the truth known to him!" And then, at the thought of the grief of the miller, her face was again clouded; but it again cleared when she considered of the great triumph that she had won, and how she would enjoy a victory over the King, and would have the finest bracelet in all Strelsau as a gift from him. Thus she arrived at the Castle in the height of merriment and exultation.

SHE BROUGHT A COAL IN THE TONGS.

It chanced that the King also came to Zenda that night, to spend a week hunting the boar in the forest; and when Osra, all blushing and laughing, told him of her success with the Miller of Hofbau he was greatly amused, and swore that no such girl ever lived, and applauded her, renewing his promise of the bracelet; and he declared that he would himself ride with her to Hofbau on the wedding day, and see how the poor miller bore his disappointment.

"Indeed, I do not see how you are going to excuse yourself to him," he laughed.

"A purse of five hundred crowns must do that office for me," said she.

"What, will crowns patch a broken heart?"

"His broken heart must heal itself, as men's broken hearts do, brother!"

"In truth, sister, I have known them cure themselves. Let us hope it may be so with the Miller of Hofbau."

"At the worst I have revenged the wrongs of women on him. It is unendurable that any man should scorn us, be he King or miller."

"It is indeed very proper that he should suffer great pangs," said the King, "in spite of his plaster of crowns. I shall love to see the stolid fellow sighing and moaning like a love-sick courtier."

So they agreed to ride together to the miller's at Hofbau on the day appointed for the wedding, and both

of them waited with impatience for it. But, with the bad luck that pursues mortals (even though they be princes), in this poor world, it happened that early in the morning of the Thursday, a great officer came riding post-haste from Strelsau to take the King's commands on high matters of State, and, although Rudolf was sorely put out of temper by this untoward interruption, yet he had no alternative but to transact the business before he rode to the Miller at Hofbau. So he sat fretting and fuming, while long papers were read to him, and the Princess walked up and down the length of the drawbridge, fretting also; for before the King could escape from his affairs, the hour of the wedding was already come, and doubtless the Miller of Hofbau was waiting with the priest in the Church. And indeed it was one o'clock or more before Osra and the King set out from Zenda, and they had then a ride of an hour and a half; and all this when Osra should have been at the miller's at eleven o'clock!

"Poor man, he will be half-mad with waiting and with anxiety for me!" cried Osra. "I must give him another hundred crowns on account of it." And she added, after a pause, "I pray he may not take it too much to heart, Rudolf."

"We must try to prevent him doing himself any mischief in his despair," smiled the King.

"Indeed it is a serious matter," pouted the Princess, who thought the King's smile out of place.

"It was not so when you began it," said her brother; and Osra was silent.

Then about half-past two they came in sight of the mill. Now the King dismounted, while they were still several hundred yards away, and tied his horse to a tree in a clump by the wayside; and when they came near to the mill he made a circuit and approached from the side, and, creeping along to the house, hid himself behind a large water-butt, which stood just under the window. And from that point he could hear what passed inside the house, although he could not see. But Osra rode up to the front of the mill, as she had been accustomed to do, and, getting down from her horse, walked up to the door. The miller's cart stood in the yard of the mill, but the horse was not in the shafts, and neither the miller, nor anybody else was to be seen about; and the door of the house was shut.

"He must be waiting at the church," said she. "But I will look in and make sure. Indeed I feel half afraid to meet him!" And her heart was beating rapidly and her face was rather pale as she walked up to the door, for she feared what the miller might do in the passion of his disappointment, on learning who she was, and that she could not be his wife. "I hope the six hundred crowns will comfort him," she said, as she laid her hand on the latch of the door; and she sighed, her heart being heavy for the miller, and, maybe, a little heavy also for the guilt that lay on her conscience for having deceived him.

Now when she lifted the latch and opened the door the sight that met her eyes was this. The table was strewn with the remains of a brave dinner, two burnt-out pipes lay beside the plates, a smaller table was in front of the fire, on it stood a very large jug, entirely empty, but bearing signs of having been full not so long ago; and on either side of it, each in an armchair, sat the priest of the village and the Miller of Hofbau, and both of them were sleeping very contentedly, and snoring somewhat as they slept. The Princess, smitten by remorse at this spectacle, said softly,

"Poor fellow, he grew weary of waiting, and hungry, and was compelled to take his dinner; and, like the kind man he is, he has entertained the priest, and kept him here, so that no time should be lost when I arrived. Indeed I am afraid the poor man loves me very much! Well, miller, or lord, or prince—they are all the same! Heigh-ho, why did I deceive him?" And she walked up to the miller's chair, and leant over the back of it, and lightly touched his red cap with her fingers. And he put up his hand and brushed with it, as though he brushed away a fly, but gave no other sign of awakening.

Then the King called softly from behind the water-butt under the window.

"Is he there, Osra? Is he there?"

"The poor man has fallen asleep in weariness," she answered. "But the priest is here, ready to marry me. Oh, Rudolf, I am so sorry for what I have done!"

"Girls are always mighty sorry, after it is done," remarked the King. "Wake him up, Osra."

At this moment the Miller of Hofbau sat up in his chair and gave a great sneeze; and by this sound the priest also was awakened. Osra came forward and stood between them. The miller looked at her, and tilted his red cap forward, in order that he might scratch his head. Then he looked across to the priest, and said,

"It is she, Father. She has come."

The priest rubbed his hands together and smiled uncomfortably.

"We waited two hours," said he, glancing at the clock. "See, it is three o'clock now."

"I am sorry you waited so long," said Osra, "but I could not come before. And—and now that I am come, I cannot——" But here she paused in great distress and confusion, not knowing how to break her sad tidings to the Miller of Hofbau.

The miller drew his legs up under his chair, and regarded Osra with a grave air.

"You should have been here at eleven," said he. "I went to the church at eleven and the priest was there—and my cousin Hans to act as my groom, and my Cousin Gertrude to be your maid. And there we waited hard on two hours. And you did not come."

"I am very sorry," pleaded Princess Osra; and the King laughed low to himself behind the water-butt, being much amused at her distress and her humility.

"And now that you are come," pursued the miller, scratching his head again, "I do not know what we are to do." And he looked again at the priest, seeking counsel.

At this the Princess Osra, thinking that an opportunity had come, took the purse of six hundred crowns from under her cloak, and laid it on the table.

"What is this?" said the miller, for the first time showing some eagerness.

"They are for you," said Osra, as she watched him while he unfastened the purse. Then he poured the crowns out on the table, and counted them one by one, till he had told all the six hundred. Then he raised his hands above his head, let them fall again, sighed slightly, and looked across at the priest.

"I warned you not to be in such a hurry, friend miller," remarked the priest.

OSRA CAME FORWARD.

"I waited two hours," said the miller plaintively, "and you know that she is a handy wench, and very fond of me."

And he began to gather up the crowns and return them to the purse.

"I trust I am a handy wench," said Osra, smiling, yet still very nervous, "and, indeed, I have a great regard for the miller, but——"

"Nay, he does not mean you," interrupted the priest.

"Six hundred," sighed the miller, "and Gertrude has but two hundred! Still, she is a handy wench and very sturdy. I doubt if you could lift a sack by yourself, as she can." And he looked doubtfully at Osra's slender figure.

"I do not know why you talk of Gertrude," said the Princess, petulantly. "What is Gertrude to me?"

"Why, I take it that she is nothing at all to you," answered the priest, folding his hands on his lap, and smiling placidly. "Still, for my part, I bade him wait a little longer."

"I waited two hours," said the miller. "And Gertrude urged me, saying that you would not come, and that she would look after me better than you, being one of the family. And she said that it was hard that she should have no husband, while her own cousin married a stranger. And since it was all the same to me, provided I got a handy and sturdy wench——"

"What!" cried the Princess Osra, and the King was so interested that he rose up from behind the water-butt, and, leaning his elbows on the window-sill, looked in and saw all that happened.

"It being," pursued the Miller of Hofbau, "all the same to me, so that I got what I wanted, why, when you did not come——"

"He married his cousin," said the priest.

A sudden roar of laughter came from the window; all three turned round, but the King ducked his head and crouched again behind the water-butt before they saw him.

"Who was that?" cried the priest.

"A lad that came to hold my horse," answered Osra hastily, and then she turned fiercely on the miller.

"And that," she said, "was all you wanted! I thought you loved me."

"Aye, I liked you very well," said the miller. "You are a handy——" A stamp of her foot drowned the rest.

"But you should have come in time," he went on.

"And this Gertrude—is she pretty?" demanded Osra.

"Gertrude is well enough," said the miller. "But she has only two hundred crowns." And he put the purse, now full again, on the table with a resigned sigh.

"And you shall have no more," cried Osra, snatching up her purse in great rage. "And you and Gertrude may——"

"What of Gertrude?" came at this moment from the door of the room where the sacks were. The Princess turned round swift as the wind, and she saw in the doorway a short and very broad girl, with a very wide face and straggling hair; the girl's nose was very flat and her eyes were small; but her great mouth smiled good-humouredly and, as the Princess looked, she let slip to the ground a sack of flour that she had been carrying on her sturdy back.

"Aye, Gertrude, is well enough," said the miller, looking at her contentedly. "She is very strong and willing."

Then, while Gertrude stood wondering and staring with wide eyes in the doorway, the Princess swept up to the miller, and leant over him, and cried,

"Look at my face, look at my face! What manner of face is it?"

"It is well enough," said the miller. "But Gertrude is——"

There was a crash upon the floor, and the six hundred crowns rolled out of the purse, and scattered, spinning and rolling hither and thither, all over the floor and into every corner of the room. And Princess Osra cried,

"Have you no eyes?" And then she turned away; for her lip was quivering, and she would not have the miller see it. But she turned from the miller only to face Gertrude, his wife; and Gertrude's small eyes brightened with sudden intelligence.

"Ah, you are the other girl!" said Gertrude, with much amusement. "And was that your dowry? It is large! I am glad ~~you did~~ not come in time. But see, I'll pick it up for you. Nay, don't take on. I daresay you'll find another husband."

And she passed by Osra, patting her on the shoulder kindly as she went, and then fell on her knees and began to pick up the crowns, crawling after them all over the floor, and holding up her apron to receive the recovered treasure. And Princess Osra stood looking at her.

"Aye, you'll find another husband," nodded the priest, encouragingly.

"Aye, you'll find another husband," assented the miller, placidly. "And just as one girl is pretty nearly as good as another—if she is handy and sturdy—so one husband is as good as another, if he can keep a house over you."

Princess Osra said nothing. But Gertrude, having picked up the crowns, came to her with a full apron, and said,

"Hold up your lap, and I'll pour them in. They'll get you a good husband."

Then Princess Osra suddenly bent and kissed Gertrude's cheek, and she said gently,

"I hope you have got a good husband, my dear; but let him do some work for himself. And keep the six hundred crowns as a present from me, for he will value you more with eight hundred than with two."

The eyes of all three were fixed on her in wonder and almost in fear, for her tone and manner now were different. Then she turned to the miller, and she bit her lip and dashed her hand across her eyes, and she said,

"And you, miller, are the only sensible man I have found in all the kingdom. Therefore good-luck and a good wife to you." And she gave a little short laugh, and turned, and walked out of the cottage, leaving them all spellbound in wonder. But the miller rose from his chair and ran to the door, and when he reached it the King was just lifting Osra on to her horse; and the miller knew the King, and stood there with eyes wide and cheeks bulged in wonder, and he could gasp out no more than, "The King, the King!" before Rudolf and Osra had ridden away. And they could, none of them, neither the miller, nor Gertrude, nor the priest, tell what the matter meant, until one day King Rudolf rode again to the mill at Hofbau, and, having sent for the priest, told the three enough of the truth, saying that the affair was the outcome of a jest at Court; and he made each of them a handsome present, and vowed them to secrecy by their fealty and attachment to his person and his honour.

"Then she would not have married me, anyhow?" asked the miller.

"I think not, friend," answered Rudolf, with a laugh.

"Then we are but quits and all is well. Gertrude, the jug, my lass!"

And so, indeed, it seemed to the King that they were but quits, and so he said to the Princess Osra. But he declared that she had so far prevailed with the miller as to make him desire marriage as a wholesome and useful thing in itself, although she had not persuaded him that it was of great moment whom a man married. Therefore he was very anxious to give her the bracelet which he had promised, and more than once prayed her to accept it. But Osra saw the laugh that lurked in the King's eye, and would not consent to have the bracelet, and for a long while she did not love to speak of the

Miller of Hofbau. Yet once, when the King on some occasion cried out very impatiently that all men were fools, she said,

"Sire, you forget the Miller of Hofbau." And she blushed, and laughed, and turned her eyes away.

And one other thing she did which puzzled very greatly Queen Margaret, and all the ladies of the Court, and all the waiting-women, and all the serving-maids, and, in fine, every person high or low, who saw or heard of it, except the King only. For in the winter evenings she took her scissors and her needle, and she cut strips of ribbon, each a foot long and a couple of inches broad; and she embroidered on each of them a motto or legend, and she affixed the ribbons bearing the legend to each and every one of the mirrors in each of her chambers at Strelsau, at Zenda, and at the other Royal residences. And her waiting-women noticed that, whenever she had looked in the mirror and smiled at her own image or shown other signs of pleasure in it, she would then cast her eyes up to the legend, and seem to read it and blush a little and laugh a little, and sigh a little; the reason for which things they could by no means understand.

For the legend was but this,

"Remember the Miller of Hofbau."

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

But the life of the touring actor is not always a happy one. There are occasions when the treasury ghost fails in his accustomed stroll, and bad business, or a levanting manager, often brings a tour to an abrupt and eminently unsatisfactory conclusion.

I know two actors who were left, as the term goes, "on their uppers," in a town in the heart of the Midlands. Their manager had skipped away with whatever funds may have been lying at the bottom of the company's chest, and the disconsolate twain had drawn very little salary for some weeks. Their landscape was a bleak and wintry one, but Johnson had plenty of the stuff that is alleged to spring eternal in the human breast.

"If we can only reach Blankhampton," he said, "I am pretty sure of an engagement for us; anyhow, we shall be able to rub along for a week or two until an opening occurs, for I have some good chums there."

Jackson, the other mummer, devoutly trusted that the future might be as rosy as his friend opined. They formed themselves into a committee of supply, and "uncle" was visited and offered certain detachable articles in lieu of his contribution towards railway fares. They managed to rake up sufficient for that important item, but they had very few coppers to spare after they had paid for their tickets. "Never mind," said Johnson, "it will be all right when we get to Blankhampton."

They had no luggage. It was hypothecated, but they cared little. Their long railway journey was a blissful one, for were they not journeying to a harbour of refuge? Hope, however, assuages no appetite, and they began to get very hungry. But food is out of the question when cash is out of reach.

At a little countrified junction, where they were awaiting a train, a man of distinctly rural aspect approached them. He sported a smock, and a red, smiling face. And he carried a wicker-basket.

"Beg pardon, gents, for troubling ye, but be ye passing through Dashminster?" he asked.

"Yes," said Johnson. "We're going through to Blankhampton."

"Mought I ask ye to dew me a favour, gents, if ye would be so kind? I ha' got yere a couple o' homin' pigeons, and I wants to try 'em. Would ye let 'em out of the train at Dashminster for me?"

"Certainly," said Johnson, "we shall be very pleased to oblige you. Here's the train."

The wicker basket with the pigeons was carefully deposited on the hat-rack, and with renewed assurances as to their willingness to oblige the farmer by letting his birds loose at the proper point, Johnson and Jackson went speeding on the way. "It's forty mile from here," were the farmer's last words, "but the birds 'll find their ways home aright."

On the train went, and the two friends nodded off to sleep. Dashminster was passed, but the pigeons were forgotten. Johnson awoke soon afterwards, and aroused Jackson. "There's only one worry for us, now," he remarked. "That is, lodgings. Landladies are suspicious persons, and, seeing no luggage, may ask for a deposit. Then we're up a tree."

Jackson looked blank. "Can't we face it out? Let us say our luggage is coming on. Don't dash my hopes, now, just as I am dwelling on the delights of a dinner!"

"Dinner!" ejaculated Johnson. "Yes, we shall have to spring the landlady for that at once. That's where she will want a bit of the ready money on account!"

"Unless we can dazzle her!"

"Ah! but how is that to be done?"

At that crucial moment one of those poor pigeons cooed, or, rather, gave utterance to whatever sound naturally emanates from a pigeon. It was an unfortunate thing for the pigeon to do, looked at from his point of view.

"By Jove!" cried Jackson. "We've forgotten to let the pigeons loose! And we're a long way past Dashminster!"

He reached up for the wicker basket, and opened the carriage window.

Johnson was a man of ready wit. He laid a restraining hand upon his friend's shoulder, and said—

"Jim, do you like pigeon pie?"

Jim dropped back in his seat. He was startled, thunderstruck. But thoughts of savoury things fomented in his brain.

"Rather!" he said.

"We'll have those pigeons for dinner," remarked the other.

"But—but—the farmer——"

"Can't help his troubles at present. We must eat. And don't you see what an effect it will have upon the mind of the lady who lets lodgings, when we throw down a brace of birds, and say, 'Make a pie of those'?"

"She'll think we're millionaires! But shall we take them to her as they are, or——"

"You wring the neck of one, and I'll despatch the other."

The fell deed was soon accomplished. There was a small piece of paper attached under the wing of each bird, bearing the owner's name and address. This was carefully saved by Johnson, but the wicker basket was dropped out of the window. The pigeons were tied together by the feet, and, when Blankhampton was reached, they were an effective argument in favour of the actors respectability when they sought for "diggings." The landlady dreamed not of requesting any deposit, and really made quite an appetising dish of the birds.

Brighter days dawned for Johnson and Jackson. They struck oil in Blankhampton, and they forwarded the farmer full value for the birds. Their explanation is worth recording:—

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that I incautiously let loose the pigeons entrusted to me at the very moment that an express train was passing. Unfortunately, the birds were both caught by the engine, and I saw them struck to the ground. Recognising that it was my clumsiness that led to this mishap, I ask you, as some recompense, to accept the enclosed post-office order."—From *The Adventures of Arthur Roberts.*

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

DEAR NELL,—Here we are at last by the sea, and enjoying perfect weather. It is lovely after the heat and closeness of Town, and we find ourselves in very good company, many nice people being here. I appreciate the society of my equals—do not you? The butcher's wife, from whom we get our supplies, drew a subtile distinction this morning. I asked if it had been a good season at this health resort, and she replied: "It depends on the weather during the rest of this month, madam. The holiday-makers are all gone home; and now that the quality are come there is plenty of money in circulation."

But, however that may be, there are lots of pretty dresses to be seen here, both morning and afternoon. Navy blue alpaca is a favourite fabric for seaside wear. One of these is lined with grass-green silk, a combination that would have horrified us a few years ago. The short, open-fronted coat to match is lined with the green silk, and worn with a green-and-blue shot silk blouse, the hat showing the same union of tints. Another blue alpaca, of a cornflower shade, is lined with white silk, and worn with a white frilled muslin blouse, the frills being fine white embroidery. With this is worn an Eton coat of the alpaca, lined with white-and-blue striped silk, and faced with white satin.

The most novel alpaca we have yet seen is in claret colour—when the wine catches the light. The skirt is more than usually full, falling in wide pleats all the way round, but quite close-fitting on the hips. It is lined with rose-pink silk, and so is the cape, cut just long enough to reach the waist. Both skirt and cape are edged with a pinked-out ruche of the alpaca. An Oriental blouse is worn with it, the dominant tint being cream, with many others interwoven, but so cleverly intermingled that none of them is intrusive. A toque, with a variety of flowers, feathers, and fabrics in it, is the accompanying headgear. Who could attempt to describe the toque of the moment, overladen as it is, like a well-to-do peasant woman's market-basket?

White seems the favourite wear, and in the hot weather no other colour seems so suitable. A pretty fair woman wears a white-embroidered muslin dress of the finest and softest sort, the kind to which the very mention of starch would seem an insult.

VISITING COSTUME.

The bodice is made with no sleeves, simply epaulettes, but under these are inserted long, tight sleeves made of white gauze, over which the long white suède gloves are drawn up to the elbows. A fichu with embroidery frills is loosely tied in a large bow on the chest, and always a bunch of shaded roses is caught in with it. The large straw hat, worn well forward over the eyes, as is now the smart mode, is trimmed with a white silk scarf and a few pink roses. Shoes *and stockings* white. Yes, really! But then, you see, the whole costume is white.

Another white girl wears serge lined with scarlet, and has poppies in her sunburned straw beefeater sailor hat. Her bathing-dress is scarlet silk, lined with something substantial, and she wears a large hat in the water to save her complexion. When a large wave came unexpectedly and wet this hat the other morning its wearer was in sorry plight, for she never intentionally wets her head, and the straw became quite heavy with the water, and the red lining streaked her face in lively fashion.

One of the prettiest women here wears a black-and-white striped dress, with the bodice partly covered with white embroidered lawn, held in at the waist with a black satin belt, about four inches wide. What was noticeable about the skirt was the way in which the fulness was arranged in two flat pleats at the back, mounted into the bodice or the band at the waist.

The skirts that touch the ground anywhere are quite out of it, all the smart ones clearing it well all round. Those that have the ordinary dressmaker's favourite little dip in the centre of the back are made to look at once like last year's gowns. A very trim, neat, smart look is the result of the well-made short skirts.

White veils are to be seen on every third head feminine, some of them thick lace, others thin net, but all very becoming. I even saw a girl playing golf in one. Some of the golf costumes, by the way, are very neat. One is a greenish brown tweed, made with short skirt and gaiters. A red silk blouse showed in front under a zouave of the tweed, edged with brown cord and made with large sleeves. The hat was brown felt, trimmed with a couple of eagle's wings and a band of fancy galloon. A very pretty golf gown is in sea blue Harris tweed, the short skirt hemmed narrowly with leather, and the coat-bodice faced with the same over a

leather vest, the brown and the blue making a pleasant contrast, continued in the Tyrolean tweed hat with a pair of brown wings for trimming. This, by the way, would make a capital bicycling dress. Would it not?

The illustration over leaf shows a smart and seasonable visiting dress of biscuit-coloured Louis velveteen, the skirt plain and full, the bodice made with a plain yoke and full basque. The pointed collar and the waist-belt are trimmed with sequined galloon. A white satin ribbon is tied round the neck. The hat worn with this is tan-coloured straw with creamy roses, and black ostrich feathers for trimming.

Your affectionate,

Susie.

Our Cookery Column.

Braised Chicken.—Bone the bird, and immediately after removing the bones put them on with all the giblets in a pint of cold water, with one onion, three or four carrots, a stick of celery and three big mushrooms, also salt and pepper and a little ginger. Let it stew for an hour, and, meanwhile, prepare the fowl by stuffing it with a good veal and beef and truffle forcemeat, seasoned rather highly. Directly the gravy is done, remove all the solids and dissolve one dessertspoonful of "Liebig" in it, also an ounce of butter and one of carefully-mixed flour. Put in the chicken, cover very closely, set it on a slow hob for an hour or a little more. To glaze it, when it is half done, take three ladles of the gravy, put them in a little pipkin with a teaspoonful of isinglass, which should boil till of a proper consistency, and pour it over the bird after having coloured it a nice light brown before the fire, or with the salamander. Garnish the bird with fried mushrooms and serve it as hot as possible.

Cold Vegetables Réchauffés.—Mash into as smooth a paste as possible six cold boiled potatoes, six cold boiled turnips, six cold boiled artichokes, and season them plentifully, with salt, white pepper and powdered saffron; also a little grated parsley. Mix them well, adding a teacupful of milk. Press the mixture down firmly in a deep-dish, put a good many little lumps of butter all over the top, and set it before a nice clear fire, until the whole of the surface has become golden brown.

Capon à la Mansion House.—Boil until quite tender a small well-smoked reindeer tongue. Remove the skin entirely and mince it finely in the machine along with four ounces of veal suet, four of breadcrumbs, four of truffle, one of parsley and some white pepper, and sufficient eggs to bind it firmly. Have ready to receive it a large fat capon boned. Fill the bird with it in a very substantial way, so that it can be cut in solid slices. Roast it before a particularly clear fire, baste it diligently with a little butter, and dredge it occasionally with flour, in which a little salt has been mingled. Fried mushrooms may garnish the dish, and a rich brown gravy should accompany it; served, however, in a sauceboat.

Some little time ago an enterprising firm of manufacturers brought out a "bachelor's button." It was so constructed that it could be fastened to the trousers without using a needle and thread. Another firm has just capped this by manufacturing a brace, at the ends of which there is a contrivance for gripping the material of the trousers, thus doing away with the necessity of buttons altogether. The arrangement is quite simple, but effective. A stout spring, in the inside of which are some small teeth, opens with a slight pressure, but grips the garment firmly when closed. The teeth of the spring are so made that they do not wear out or tear the clothes in any way. I have seen several of these braces in use, and they certainly possess all the advantages claimed for them.

MY LILY.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
Neither does she spin.

Heaven only means a wider sphere of thought and action, a clearer vision, a nobler life, nearer to God.

It is not the body that is the man—it is the heart, the brain, the soul.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

INDIAN SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS.—WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE

ALL THE APPEARANCE OF STERLING SILVER AT ONE-FOURTH THE COST!

NOTE! Indian Silver always retains its brilliancy if cleaned regularly, and if in any instance a Fork or Spoon does not wear white and brilliant as represented, a new one will be given in its place—OR THE MONEY RETURNED.

Subjoined we give an Abridged LIST OF PRICES:

Indian Silver Table Spoons...	11d. each or	5s. 3d. per half dozen.		Carriage Paid
Indian Silver Table Forks ...	11d.	„	5s. 3d.	„
Indian Silver Dessert Spoons	9d.	„	4s. 3d.	„
Indian Silver Dessert Forks...	9d.	„	4s. 3d.	„
Indian Silver Teaspoons	5d.	„	2s. 3d.	„

Sample Tablespoon or Fork sent to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 13 Stamps.

☞ None genuine unless Stamped "Indian Silver—C. L. Reis & Co., Glasgow."

Sole Manufacturers—C. L. REIS & CO., 37, JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW.

Rowlands' Odonto

An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome tooth powder for smokers. Known for 60 years to be the best Dentifrice.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, 2s. 9d. per box.

ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! 6D. PER BOTTLE

NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED.

Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the

Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Produced by "CALFMAN'S ROSE AND JESSAMINE." Genuinely marvellous. Clears off all imperfections in a few days. One of the most delightful and harmless preparations ever made. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Warts, Redness, Roughness, Irritation; unsurpassed for driving away Impurities, also healing, cleansing, beautifying, leaving a Spotless, Soft, Fair, Velvety Skin. **Bottles, 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d.,** *post free, under cover, and of Chemists and Perfumers.*

H. M. CALFMAN, Market Place, Newbury.

HUGON'S

INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

It supersedes Raw Suet, Lard, and Cooking Butter, for Puddings, Cakes Pie-Crust, Frying and Cooking.

It is made from Best Fresh English Beef Suet only! Saves trouble of Chopping! Always ready for use! One pound goes as far as two pounds of Raw Suet! It is always Sweet!

It is particularly Digestible and Wholesome. Dr. G. Bowman. **REFINED** *It is Absolutely Pure.* P. A. Estcourt, Analyst.

OF ALL GROCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS.

On receipt of 6d. (stamps) a sample 1-lb. box will be forwarded, or address of nearest retailer will be sent on application to the Sole Manufacturers—

HUGON & CO., LTD., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.

BEEF SUET

"ATORA" BRAND.

HOW A COMIC ILLUSTRATOR WORKS.

A CHAT WITH L. RAVEN-HILL.

SEE "THE IDLER" FOR SEPTEMBER.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

ANKIN 'as give up is bike. Hev'rythink considered, it's a wunner as 'e didn't give it up afore. One dye, fur instance, 'e run over a cat. It didn't 'urt the cat, but it did 'urt 'Ankin, and three-an'-four was whort he 'ad ter pye fur repairs. And they'd 'ave bin more, too, if they 'adn't 'appened to be done by 'is own cousing whort on'y chawges cost to the fam'ly. Well, thet didn't storp 'Ankin. I thought it might, but it didn't. 'E said as'e didn't grudge the artlye of a trifle nar and agin, seein' the 'ealthiness o' the egsercise. Next mornin', all of a sudden-like, 'e come skew-wise inter a coster's barrer, and adn't the yoose of 'is right 'and fur two dyes awterwuds. Whenever 'Ankin run inter a thing—and 'e run inter a sight o' things while 'e were on thet bike—'e alwise 'urt' isself more nor 'e did the thing. But, arrever, thet didn't discurridge 'im. As soon as ever 'is 'and were right theer 'e was a-wobblin' abart agin as yooshal. In fac', it worn't a axerdunt at all as finished 'im hoff. One dye 'e come in and told me as 'e'd chucked 'is bike. "'Ave yer?" says I. "Well, chynge is hev'rythink, and it's chucked you times enough. Whort 'ave yer done it fur?" "I 'ave done it," says 'e, "as a matter o' principul. There were a time when the bike were the pore man's 'orse. It's come nar ter be the fash'nable amoosement of a lizy and bloatered errystorcracy. Honly the other dye I seed in a piper as suthin members o' the Ryle fam'ly was in the 'abit of ridin' a bike. With my hown heyes I've seed a barrinet on one. That's enough fur me. I renarnces it. The bike ain't demmycritic—it ain't progressive."

"As fur it's bein' progressive," I remarks, "it sims ter me thet depends on 'oo's a ridin' of it. But 'ave it yer own wye."

* * * *

The burglars is a gettin' ter wuk agin. Blimey, if it don't sim all the sime whether yer tries fur ter shut 'em art or whether yer don't. If you've gort the stuff and they warnts it, hin they comes. Abart the shawpest o' the lot ter my mind is them as walked off with a 'eap of ready money art of a sife at Kimebridge. Thet sife stood in a front room, with the blind up, and the gas burnin', so thet the copper when 'e went by cud alwise see if thet sife were in its right plice. But them burglars is awtful. They mide a dummy sife, art o' wood pineted ter look like the real thing, and they stuck thet up instead o' tother. The copper comes pawst, gives 'is look in, sees whort 'e tikes ter be the sife stannin' their jest as yooshal, and hoff 'e goes quite 'appy. And hall the time them burglars was openin' o' the real sife in the assidge, art o' the wye. Cunnin' blokes they is and no mistike. I've 'eard people sye as they cawnt unnerstand why a man as clever as most o' them burglars is don't tike ter honist wuk, seein' as 'is abilerties 'ud be barnd ter find a plice fur 'im. I know them sort o' people—they alwise talks as if they was so bloomin' wise. No dart, if a burglar could find a 'onest jorb as 'ud bring 'im in a tharsand parnds fur a night's wuk, 'e wouldn't let the 'onesty of it stand in 'is wye. It's the money as 'e 's awter, 'e ain't bein' dishonest jest fur the fun of it. Find 'im a plice with no more wuk nor 'e 'as ter do in 'is profershing, the sime profits, and no risks, and see if 'e don't jump at it. Why, ter 'ear some folks talk, yur'd think as the smawtest thief in London didn't know enuff ter come in when it rined. No, 'e myen't be moral—not ter put too fine a pint on it 'e ain't moral, but as fur as wits is concerned 'e's no byeby.

The BRITISH EXPLORATION COMPANY (Limited) OFFER for SUBSCRIPTION the SHARES of the undermentioned issue.

A Subscription of £17,000 of this issue has been guaranteed.

THE MINER'S DREAM GOLD MINES (Limited), Coolgardie Goldfields, W. Australia.—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893. Capital £125,000, divided into 125,000 Shares of £1 each. Shares available for providing working capital, £20,000. ISSUE of £30,000 SHARES of £1 each, payable as follows: 2s. 6d. on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and the remainder in calls not exceeding 5s. each, at intervals of not less than one month.

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PERCIVAL TIBBS, Esq., 2, Granville-place, Portman-square, W. (Chairman of the Consuello Gold Mines, Limited).

Sir JAMES D. LINTON, 5, Cromwell-place, S.W. (Director of Menzies' Gold Estates, Limited).

A. PINTO LEITE, Esq., 68, Avonmore-road, West Kensington, S.W.

A. E. RITCHIE, Esq., Broad-street House, E.C., and Coolgardie, W.A. (Director of the Consuello Gold Mines, Limited).

*J. STONEMAN LANE, Esq., 2, Fenchurch-buildings, E.C., Merchant (Sydney and London).

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS IN LONDON.—The Commercial Bank of Scotland (Limited), 62, Lombard-street, E.C.

BANKERS IN THE COLONY.—The Bank of Australasia (Limited).

BROKERS.—Messrs. G. H. and A. M. Jay, 17, Old Broad-street, E.C., and Stock Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITOR.—S. E. Preston, Esq., 54, Coleman-street, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. W. B. Keen and Co., Chartered Accountants, 3, Church-court, Old Jewry, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS.—Messrs. Cooper and Woodhouse, M.I.M. and M. 110, Cannon-street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Patrick Campbell, Esq.

OFFICES (pro tem.)—5, Copthall-buildings, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire five Gold-bearing Leases, situated at the "25-Mile" Coolgardie Goldfield, on the famous Premier and Lone Hand lines of reef, numbered 711, 1,341, 660, 637, 661, and known respectively as the "Miner's Dream," the "Brevier, 1 and 2," the "Gladstone," and the "Gladstone Extended," and having an aggregate area of about 46½ acres.

The properties have been examined and reported upon by Mr. H. B. Kerr, M.E., and Mr. John Buntine, M.E., whose opinions as to their value have been confirmed by Messrs. Cooper and Woodhouse, the Consulting Engineers to the Company, of 110, Cannon-street, E.C., both of whom have personally inspected the leases.

The leases have a total length on the main reef of about 3,950 ft. from north to south, and, in addition, the "Gladstone" lease has a run of about 700 ft. on the Ironstone Lode, and about 200 ft. on the Eastern Reef, both being rich gold-bearing lodes, while there are also innumerable quartz leaders carrying good gold which run into the main lodes.

The developments are five shafts sunk on the lode, having an aggregate depth of 340 ft., which prove the lode from one end of the property to the other, the main shaft on the "Gladstone" lease being about 90 ft. deep.

On the "Gladstone Extended" lease the shaft has reached a depth of 90 ft., the reef, as cut at 75 ft., carrying fine gold.

On the "Miner's Dream" lease the shaft has reached a depth of 70 ft., at which point the reef is stated to show a well-defined body of stone still carrying fine gold.

The following extracts are from the report of Mr. H. B. Kerr, dated June 12th last.

"There are three distinct lines of reef traversing the properties, one of the westward, known as the Gladstone and the Brevier, traversing nearly the whole length of the properties, showing fine and rough gold where trenched or sunk upon; to the east of this reef about 20 yards there is an ironstone lode, most defined in the Gladstone lease, and cut in the other two leases going north. . . . I saw rough and fine gold in this lode plentifully distributed wherever cut.

Brevier lease, No. 660.

I estimated that the stone on this lease would average not less than 4 oz. to the ton."

Miner's Dream lease, No. 711.

"Reef distinctly traced from one end of the lease to the other; opened up north and south ends, also centre of lease, lode 6 to 8 ft. wide; nice coarse gold obtained all along where opened up, and gold has been obtained along the surface by napping stones—I did it myself and found it so; this stone should average 7 to 8 oz. to the ton."

"In short, there is really good payable gold in almost every shaft or trench throughout this lease."

The leases acquired have, as above mentioned, also been examined and reported upon by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Woodhouse. Extracts from these reports accompany the Prospectus:—

110, Cannon-street, E.C., 27th August, 1895.

To the Directors of the MINER'S DREAM GOLD MINES (Limited).

Gentlemen,—We visited the Miner's Dream, Brevier, Gladstone, and Gladstone Extended blocks situate at the 25-Mile Coolgardie Mining District in March last, and can certify as to the large amount of work done by sinking and trenching. We can also confirm Reports of Messrs. H. B. Kerr and John Buntine as to size of the Gladstone Reef, viz., 2½ ft. to 6 ft. wide, and traversing nearly the whole of the blocks.

The quartz shows gold freely at all the points where the reef has been opened out. After a certain amount of exploratory work has been done ample quartz can be obtained for 50-stamp mill.

We are convinced you have a most valuable and promising property.

Yours faithfully

(Signed) COOPER and WOODHOUSE.

We may mention that both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Woodhouse went over the above mines and personally inspected them in anticipation of purchasing an adjoining property, which has since fully realised their expectations.

(Signed) C. and W.

It is believed that the gold-bearing lodes in the various leases acquired will average as high as 4 oz. to the ton, but exceptionally rich stone is met with in places, sometimes in considerable quantities, a series of samples assayed for the owners by Mr. Arthur C. Claudet having yielded results as high as 29 oz., 41 oz., and even 563 oz. to the ton, the average of six assays amounting to over 107 oz. per ton, as per Mr. Claudet's certificate.

Having regard to the extent of the properties and the number of reefs upon them, the extensive developments and the richness of the ores, it is not unreasonable to estimate a net return of 2 oz. per ton, and the treatment of a minimum of 150 tons per week.

Thus—150 tons per week at 2 oz. net per ton=300 oz.

300 oz. per week at £3 10s. per oz.=£1,050 profit per week.

£1,050, profit per week for 50 weeks=£52,500 profit per annum.

It is the intention of the Company to erect its own battery, with a view to adopting such process as may save the values of the ores up to the highest percentage possible.

AN ACTRESS TO AN ACTOR.

Dear old Eric,—Don't you think that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or her interviewer, M. Griffith, who, I take to be one of my own adorable sex, has made rather a mess of it in this month's "Strand Magazine"? Harry How's interview with Forbes Robertson, the expectant Roméo, is admirable, and in the best possible taste. I wish I could say the same for the remarks on the life and career of the famous "Mrs. Pat."

Oh! these women, they mean so well, but they are so apt to overdo and exaggerate! After a sly and covert comparison between the career of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and "the great Siddons," which is rather a tall order—is it not, my dear friend?—we are treated to the reason why the much-talked-of actress failed as Dulcie Larondie in *The Masqueraders*, when she had succeeded so admirably as Paula Tanqueray. This is Mrs. Campbell's excuse: "It does seem difficult to disentangle oneself at once from a part that has become second nature, and to take up another totally different." This is surely a new view of art, and the capability of a great artist. It means, if it means anything, that a great actress is to be a kind of "Single Speech Hamilton," and that in the case of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* this is to be all and all of the existence of an actress. I don't think that this view of art would be endorsed by the "Great Siddons," or by the great Sarah Bernhardt, who can play two parts of an entirely opposite character in one day; or by Henry Irving, who can play Hamlet for 200 nights at a stretch, and then rush gladly for relief to such a part as Jingle or Dubosc in the *Lyons Mail*. I always thought that "change" was "second nature" to any artist.

But, according to Mrs. Campbell's interviewer, it is all the fault of "the critics."

She says artlessly, no doubt intending to flatter the actress who had propounded a monstrous artistic heresy,

"The Critics ought to have thought of that when you played Dulcie Larondie in *The Masqueraders*."

Any allusion to "the critics" seems to act on the popular actress like a red rag to a bull, for she follows up with one of the most delicious "non sequiturs" (that's the word, isn't it, Eric?) I ever heard.

"Talking about critics," says Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "one of my tradesmen the other day, when my *lady secretary* went to his shop to purchase something, inquired very kindly after my health, and said, 'Tell Mrs. Campbell not to mind the critics, *the tradesmen all like her*. He also sent me a bottle of tonic, which he said might do me good!"

Isn't this delicious? I wonder how much the tradespeople would like the great actress if she did not deal at their shops, or did not pay her bills? But as a *non sequitur*, it is almost as good as the famous one of the journalist who woke up at Stony Stratford, when he thought he was at Stratford-on-Avon on duty.

"What's this place?"

"Stony Stratford, sir."

"Ah, you well call it *stony* Stratford, for I was never so bitten by fleas before in all my life!"

But it puzzles me why Mrs. Patrick Campbell should be so down on "the critics," who have written more in praise of her than of any living actress. It was a critic who, according to Mrs. Campbell's own showing, discovered her in Mr. Ben Greet's company, and brought her to London. It was the criticism of the critics that induced her to play Rosalind. It was the voice of the critics that gave her Paula Tanqueray. It was the overwhelming and sometimes fulsome praise of the critics that lifted her into her present exalted position. Without the critics Mrs. Patrick Campbell's picture would never have been on the line in the Academy; she would never have been interviewed in the "Strand Magazine," and she would not be playing Juliet at the Lyceum next Saturday. She would have been wandering about the country with Ben Greet, playing seconds to Miss Laura Johnson, who has recently migrated to the music-halls! But they all abuse their critics, from Mrs. Kendal downwards. Every actress made by criticism and publicity is down upon her best friends.

"Who's 'im, Bill?"

"A stranger!"

"'Eave arf a brick at 'im."

This is one of John Leach's bits from the mining districts. Insert "critic" for "stranger," and there you have Mrs. Campbell's definition of the situation.

But this is not the only instance of questionable taste in the article. There was no necessity to allude to the unfortunate accident in the *Trumpet Call* when Mrs. Campbell, whilst acting the part of Astria, had her rags torn literally off her back, and she nearly had to retire from the stage "in the altogether," as Trilby has it. It was a distressing scene, and I myself witnessed it, pitying the unfortunate lady, with all my woman's heart. But I never knew an audience behave more admirably. There was not a sound, or a murmur, or a gesture in the house but of compassion. Miss Griffith, however, does not think so. She is "never likely to forget the dignity and calm self-possession which Mrs. Campbell displayed in so trying a moment, nor the withering scorn of the glance she directed at one or two ill-bred persons who seemed to regard this mishap as an occasion for mirth." All this is ridiculously exaggerated, and it is unjust to a singularly courteous audience. There was no look of scorn, or occasion for it whatever. The actress was naturally paralysed with fear and shame, and she gathered up her gipsy rags and left the "doss-house" like a frightened fawn. When she returned, she secured a tempest of cheers.

There was no need, in my humble opinion, to allude to the incident at all. But if alluded to, it is just as well to tell it accurately.

Mr. John Hare has been making some true and pregnant remarks on the want of training of actors and actresses, and the impossibility of the tyro obtaining the training necessary for the complete study of his art. We have often discussed this matter together, have we not, Eric? But the young actor and actress are powerless in the matter. We have no Conservatoire, no school, no provinces to fall back upon, no stock companies to join, nothing but Miss Sarah Thorne and Margate!

Mr. Hare very justly says, "But the uninitiated of to-day, unable to walk properly, ignorant how to bear themselves properly, and utterly unable to manage their voices, must learn this rudimentary lore of the craft in the full blaze of the theatre. On the stage alone do people challenge criticism in their art before they have grasped its elements. A violinist who dared to appear on the platform before he had mastered the "positions" would be hissed into grateful obscurity."

Quite so. So would the pianist, so would the painter, so would the singer. But never the actor or actress.

I was very much reminded of all this the other day when young Esmond, that delightfully clever boy, attempted to play, and failed in realising his own creation in a hypnotic and spiritualistic jumble, called "Bogey." You know what a brilliant and promising young fellow this Esmond is, and how we both delighted in his acting the "little brother" in *The Masqueraders*, and how we pointed him out as the coming man when he was playing in Pinero's pieces at Terry's. And now he must needs imitate the tactics of Richard Mansfield, and try to play Jekylls and Hydes, old men and young men, sane men and mad men, all in one breath. To me the performance was simply painful, because I felt that at every step the young actor was getting further and further out of his depth. A man or woman who can swim a hundred yards should not be persuaded to swim a couple of miles. Without experience and strength they will assuredly drown and sink before our very eyes. The senility of an old maniac is not wholly and solely expressed by cracking and snapping the finger joints. We want something more than that. We want the man.

not the shell of a man. My father was delighted with a criticism in the stalls, when someone said, "it is like Righton imitating Robson." And the worst of it is that injudicious critics praised it, in that contradicting and perverse spirit that governs most modern criticism, and doubtless Mr. Esmond will consider himself very harshly treated by his best friends, who implored him not "to challenge criticism in his art before he had grasped its elements." Already on the strength of this hopeless play, I hear Mr. Esmond compared to Pinero, because they both started young. Well, what with Mr. Esmond bracketed with Pinero and Mrs. Patrick Campbell bracketed with Mrs. Siddons, we shall get on in London, shall we not? I wonder, Eric, when you will be compared to Edmund Kean, and I to Mrs. Bancroft? Instead of hating these critics, I think I ought to kiss them. I am sure Mrs. Campbell ought to do so after her notices on her Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith, and doubtless she will graciously forgive her supposed enemies when she reads about her Juliet.—Your sincere and attached friend, Grace Harkaway.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—You will be glad to hear that rehearsals have recommenced at the Comedy. Pinero has delivered his third act, and Carr hopes to get the show going by the end of the month. The play, as its title might lead you to suspect, deals with the relations of the sexes. An abortive divorce case has been tried before the curtain rises, and it is of the things that consequently ensue that the story tells. Miss Winifred Emery plays the part of the wife, to whom a sympathetic jury give the benefit of the doubt. I am not surprised. If I had to try Miss Emery I should sternly refuse to believe that she could ever be guilty of anything. Leonard Boyne plays the married man she is accused of "carrying on" with.

Now that Pinero is better, I am wondering whether he will return to his comic opera. His lyrics, as I told you, are done, but a little time back he was sticking over the book. Anyway, nothing definite seems settled concerning the future at the Savoy, and the health of D'Oyley Carte I regret to hear improves very slowly. This is hard lines on a man who in a comparatively short period has contrived to make a fortune of more than a quarter of a million.

The performances of an *Artist's Model* have been suspended temporarily, and when they are resumed it will be at Daly's, where they will continue until Owen Hall's Japanese musical comedy is ready. *The Shop Girl* and *Gentleman Joe* are doing excellent business, and quite sufficient patronage is flowing in the direction of the Royalty to fill the heart of beautiful bountiful Bourchier with hope. His next play, to which we shall all look forward with interest, will be by Zangwill.

Despite a variety of rumours, it is, I believe, settled that Waller and Morrell will take the Shaftesbury for a year, and will open it in October with Carton's *Home Secretary*. Talking of rumours, do not credit too readily the most circumstantial accounts of new theatres to be built in the Haymarket on the site of Her Majesty's Opera House. More than one syndicate would like to carry through this scheme, I know, but the "pitch" is so valuable that I don't believe a paying theatre can ever be erected on the spot. And I do believe that great difficulty would be experienced in getting the County Council to allow a theatre to be boxed in amidst a pile of chambers, shops, and hotels. Without these additions the rent for the site would crush any ordinary theatre. "Then why not build an opera house?" you will say. My answer is that an opera house is useless half the year, to begin with, and also fashion has a good deal to do with opera. Ask yourself why Sir Augustus Harris runs opera in Covent Garden instead of at Drury Lane. If you don't know I will tell you. Simply because fashion will flock to opera at Covent Garden, and it will not do so elsewhere. Sir Augustus has not announced any programme for next year. He has not even named his artists, yet his subscription list for next opera season is larger than it has ever been before, and he practically stands on velvet. To create such a condition of things at another house would take years of enterprise, and the expenditure of vast capital. It is exactly the same with pantomime. Sir Augustus could take more money at Covent Garden than at Drury Lane, but he doesn't attempt to do so, because the fashion amongst children prohibits the endeavour. During their holidays they want to see "the pantomime." You may take them to "a" pantomime anywhere, and they may like it; but they won't believe that they have seen *the* pantomime until they have been to Old Drury. Fashion in connection with theatres is a strange and curious thing. When he was managing the Gaiety John Hollingshead maintained that between £20 and £30 a night was taken at the doors from people who came blindly to the theatre, not knowing what on earth they were going to see. As some go to "the opera" and others to "the pantomime," these people went to "the Gaiety." They liked the theatre; they had confidence in the management, and they stuck to it accordingly. They expected one class of entertainment, however, and if you had put up *Hamlet* with an ideal cast they would have felt aggrieved, and they would have never come near the Gaiety. I take the Gaiety as an especial example, because the particular fashion to which I allude prevails more strongly in connection with light entertainments than with heavier ones. You can, to some extent, chop and change about at the Haymarket or the St. James's, but at the Gaiety, the Lyric, or the Prince of Wales's you can't.

Talking of fashion, a new fashion is coming along in dramatic criticism. William Archer and Edward Rose are the first two critics who have openly adopted it. In some of their recent notices they have deliberately said that certain plays did or did not please them individually, but that many other people were, or were not, of a similar opinion. This looks like a drift back from the unsigned article to the personal statement. Whether this is good or bad I am not prepared to say. It is a point on which I could never quite make up my mind. The solemn "we" of a great journal certainly carries considerable weight behind it. But the signed article involves greater responsibility. In a sense also it may involve greater weight. When you find at the foot of an article the name of Scott, Knight, Watson, Bendall, Shaw, or Archer, you are impressed with the respect due to the known ability of the writer. On the other hand if you find an entirely unknown signature you may say, "Who the deuce is this chap that he should lecture me?" The man would then criticise and not the newspaper. Editors, naturally perhaps, object to this system. It gives importance to the individual and possibly puts up his price. The "we" of the *Daily Something* may express the opinions of an expert or of a beginner. But the public quotes it as "the *Daily Something* says." Persons most keenly interested generally believe that they know exactly those who write. But they are sometimes mistaken, and a lot of unpleasantness has sometimes ensued. I cannot help thinking that signed criticism would induce at once bolder and yet more carefully-worded criticism. A man having once had the courage of his opinions would not like to go back on himself, and at the time, feeling all the weight of personal responsibility, he would only take up a given position with a certain reservation and caution. The views of our leading theatrical critics are so widely divergent that plays do not labour under the same disadvantages as books. The play gets very exhaustively noticed from every conceivable point

of view. For the novelist and the poet the log is often unblushingly rolled. Not many days ago a friend of mine drew my attention to a small volume of poetry recently published. It had been properly ignored in several quarters, but half a dozen fulsome notices of it, apparently written by the same or a very similar pen, had been put forth elsewhere. The book was, in my opinion, more wantonly disgusting than *The Chameleon*. Had the laudatory notices of it been signed the public would have known what value to put on articles over the same name in the future.

Whether yet another innovation has come to stay is a matter also for consideration. I allude to cheap prices at the Princess's. Beyond all question it has succeeded so far, and an undoubted profit has been got out of *Saved from the Sea*. The experiment has so far only been tried during a very favourable period. Nearly all the leading theatres in the West End are closed. A run was coming to its conclusion at the Adelphi, which is the other side of the town, and the Princess's had the pull of a strong company. But now there is a new melodrama at the Adelphi, another bursts out this week at Drury Lane, and in a few weeks more all the big shows will be in full blast. If the Princess's can make a fair living profit up to Christmas it can go on for any time. The pinch will come with competition. The experiment, however, is very interesting. If it ultimately succeeds actors' salaries will have to come down, and incidentally it will be demonstrated that the public does not worship over elaborate accessories so much as we sometimes believe. Because the public admired and appreciated the real teapots and real teacups at the Prince of Wales's years ago, it does not follow that they want real diamond dictionaries on the stage of Covent Garden. I have been strongly impressed with the notion that in the matter of productions we have been going too far of late years. George Alexander is of the same opinion. That lovely first act set in *Liberty Hall* was merely a nice combination of simple paint and canvas, and very excellent taste. If it had been built solid a dozen times over it could not have been made better to look upon.

Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

Mining speculators have a way of enhancing the attractiveness of a property by laying down a plump nugget or two to catch the buyer's eye. The process is known as "salting." Now it is ridiculous to suppose that Dr. Conan Doyle need ever employ such tactics as these to make a story run. But the fact remains, that in these "Letters," one character stands out in such startling relief, that the big nugget in its bed of clay suggests itself in illustration.

This is the second great find that Dr. Doyle has made. Sherlock Holmes was one. The other, utterly dissimilar, the reverse of suave, and smooth, and polished, but equally attractive and "magnetic," is Dr. Cullingworth. He is not essential to the tale of the struggles of Stark Munro, M.D. Across the rather gloomy path that friendless young doctor treads he darts fitful blinding rays of an electric personality. But, though by no means indispensable—or in the literary slang of the hour "inevitable"—Cullingworth becomes the real hero of the book, and with his dazzling flashes of invention, his riotous fancy, his berserk fury, and Napoleonic indifference to others' fate he casts over one a spell that there is no resisting.

Dr. Doyle's description of the external man is detailed enough, but the picture of the inner man is more comprehensive still. It is difficult to light upon the exact phrase in which to compass him. But one feels him to be brutally true, horribly alive; and for any description, fascinating though he is, one is driven back upon offensive terms. There is only one figure in fiction which gives a hint of Cullingworth. That is Pinkerton, the sympathetic nimble-wit, the charming "adventurer of commerce," in Louis Stevenson's enthralling "Wrecker." But Cullingworth, gifted with equally amazing resource, and dash and audacity, is strengthened with a savagery, a volcanic force, which Stevenson withheld from the pioneer of the "Dromedary Picnics." Cullingworth's brain is a steam-hammer under perilously incomplete control. Bring beneath it the very toughest nut in nature, and smash! crash!—it is shivered into atoms. He breaks up and through everything, even the ice-bound, double-concreted, triple-barred and bolted laws of Medical Etiquette—and every layman knows what impenetrable, infrangible stuff they are made of. His practice is run upon lines of quackery:—

> There are one or two elementary rules to be observed in the way of handling patients. The most obvious is that you must never let them see that you want them. Break them in early, and keep them well to heel. Never make the fatal mistake of being polite to them. Now this is my form. He sprang to the door, and putting his two hands to his mouth, he bellowed: "Stop your confounded jabbering down there; I might as well be living above a poultry show." There, you see, they will think ever so much more of me for that. I have a name for this sort of thing now, and they have come to expect it. A thoroughly insulted patient is the finest advertisement in the world. I quarrelled with one man about the state of his gall-duct, and it ended by my throwing him down the stairs. He talked so much about it that the whole village from which he came, sick and well, trooped to see me. The little country practitioner who had been buttering them up for a quarter of a century found he might as well put up his shutters. It's human nature, my boy, and you can't alter it. Eh, what? You make yourself cheap and you become cheap. You put a high price on yourself, and they rate you at that price. Suppose I set up in Harley Street to-morrow, and made it all nice and easy, with hours from ten to three, do you think I should get a patient? I might starve first. How would I work it? I should let it be known that I only saw patients from midnight until two in the morning, and that bald-headed people must pay double. That would set people talking, and in four months the street would be blocked all night. That's my principle here. I often come in of a morning and send them all about their business; tell them I'm going off to the country for a day. I turn away forty pounds, and its worth four hundred as an advertisement.

But building up a huge practice in Bradfield provides only one outlet for his superhuman energy and cleverness. He invents a substitute for armour on our men-of-war, writes a novel, starts a paper, and when his theory, "that the whole art of medicine lies in judicious poisoning," fails to commend itself to sleepy, pig-headed coroners, and his inflated practice collapses like a pricked balloon, he whirls round like the wind and "takes to the eye":—

> There's a fortune in the eye. A man grudges half a crown to cure his chest or his throat, but he'd spend his last dollar over his eye. There's money in ears, but the eye is a gold mine. Particularly in South America! Look here, laddie! There's a great continent from the equator to the icebergs, and not a man in it who could correct an astigmatism. Man, if you could only see it, there's a fringe of squinting millionaires sitting ten deep round the whole continent with their money in their hands waiting for an oculist. Eh, Munro, what? By Crums, I'll come back and I'll buy Bradfield, and I'll give it away as a tip to a waiter.

This gives a glimpse of the man. To know him as he is, the king of eccentrics, the emperor of the insanely sane, he must be sought in the Letters of Stark Munro. These, like most doctor's letters, have their unattractive side, and possibly the athletic reader will indulge in skipping, when vague speculations upon Catholicism, Atheism, Deism, "whence we came and whither tending," fill Mr. Munro's mind. But there can be none when Cullingworth is on the scene. Here the high vitality of the character drawing is remarkable, and the colouring quite masterly. And the bull-dog grip, the spontaneity, the absolute originality of this dramatic and novel conception make the book one to read and read and read yet again.

* "The Stark Munro Letters." By A. Conan Doyle. (Longmans & Co.)

IN THE CITY.

SIR JOSEPH RENALS.

SIR JOSEPH RENALS has been galivanting in France, and demonstrating in his own person how easily a Lord Mayor of London may play the fool. No one questions his good intention, for no one who knows Sir Joseph believes him to be other than a well-meaning, if not very wise, individual. But his ingenuousness—if that be the proper word—gets him into sad scrapes. It was over-readiness in listening to the insidious advice of doubtful friends that made his company record one which seemed to TO-DAY—as to most men who gave the matter independent consideration—to disqualify him for the great civic position to which he was elected. And now a sanguine temperament and serene ignorance have sent him to France to satisfy Frenchmen that a Lord Mayor of London can make himself as ridiculous as any Merry Andrew among them.

The Lord Mayor seems to have persuaded himself that our relations with France are of the worst possible kind, and that if only he could get the President of the French Republic to visit London all danger of war would disappear, and Joseph Renals would be hailed as a benefactor of his country. Full of this great idea Sir Joseph goes to France, and asks M. Faure to come over on a formal and official visit to England. He was told in reply that "the question of a visit to England could not be opened between the President of the Republic and the Lord Mayor." Of course, not, and the Lord Mayor of London must be about the only citizen of London who did not know it. Sir Joseph met the President's snub by taking an early occasion to make a speech in which he covered M. Faure with flattery of the crudest, most fulsome, and ridiculous kind. To listen to Sir Joseph Renals you would imagine that M. Faure could give Prince Bismarck a point or two, and stands head and shoulders above any other public man of his day. There was no harm meant, and Sir Joseph may leave behind all he said, but the record of his doings during the trip, now happily ended, is not pleasant reading to steady-going Englishmen. After all, the Lord Mayor of London is a personage abroad, and especially in France, and it is not pleasant to see representative Englishmen laughed at.

THE "STAR" AND MR. BARNEY BARNATO.

WE observe that the *Star* has secured the services of Mr. —, or is it Dr. ?—Gilbert D. Sutherland, for the purpose of giving an interested public the true story of Mr. Barney Barnato's career. Certain evil-minded journalists have, it seems, maligned Mr. Barney Barnato. Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland refers to these misguided men rather in sorrow than in anger. He does not allow himself to speak harshly of them. For the present he is silent, but some day maybe he may tell the truth, and shame these gutter bloods. Not indeed that he will be moved to this labour of love by consideration for Mr. Barney Barnato. No. That great man, strong in the strength of lofty purpose, will not stoop to answer the slanderer. It is for Mr. Barnato's "darlings" that Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland will write. As he puts it:—

> Perhaps at some future date I may try for the sake of his (Mr. Barnato's) darlings in the nursery, to collect the work of some of my brother journalists, and, it may be, to endeavour to illustrate their extraordinary tales of imagination, which already completely eclipse the lies and legends of Baron Munchausen himself.

Meanwhile the *Star*, by the help of Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland, gives us many interesting facts about the early years of Mr. Barney Barnato, and we are assured by Mr. Sutherland that he is indebted to Mr. Barney Barnato himself for "everything" he may chronicle about that worthy. We can well believe it, and indeed Mr. Barney Barnato makes a long statement, interesting from beginning to end, and from which we allow ourselves to cull the following delicious passage:—

> Of course I was unanimously liked in South Africa, but I began to see that London gave me a better opportunity for the ability I possessed, and a wider scope for my imagination.

Take it all in all that would be hard to beat. But there are many other delightful passages in Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland's article, and we are glad to know we are to have more of them. There is to be one next Monday on "Barnato in the City—the one under comment is on "Barnato in Africa"—and the week after we are to have "Barnato at Home." That should be the best of the lot. But it is a queer world. To think that the *Star*, of all papers, should want us to take Sir Joseph Renal's view of Mr. Barney Barnato!

ADLERS' CONSOLS.

A CONCERN known at present as the Adlers' Consolidated Mining and Land Corporation, but which will probably be registered under some other name, will soon be put before the public. We understand that it has various and valuable assets. Among them are undivided interests in the assets of the Barnato Consols, and, being undivided, the latter will have to reckon with Adlers'. These Adler assets, taken at to-day's market price of Barnato Consols, amount to about £700,000. Apart from them Adlers' have many other valuable assets, such as interests with Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co., in some farms, etc., mining claims of proved value on the Rand and elsewhere, a one three-fifth interest in the Orion Belt, Limited; a big slice in Gray's Mynpacht, on which about a month ago a rich strike was made at a depth of 600 feet; and several other valuable rights, interests, etc.

The nominal capital of Adlers' will be £500,000, but only £250,000 will be dealt in. This £250,000 will be apportioned as to 142,500 £1 shares in payment for all the assets, whilst £107,500 is cash-working capital. Thus Adlers' will have considerably over a million in assets for 142,500 shares, and under these circumstances it is not surprising that the capital has been privately subscribed very many times over. On the scheme getting wind last week the brokers of the concern were besieged, and subscriptions to the amount of £600,000 were lodged with them in one afternoon alone, without their having gone to a single individual outside their own circle of clients.

AN INTERESTING SYNDICATE.

IN our last issue we had some observations upon an attempt then being made to induce the public to pay £12,243 for certain proprietary articles, the vendor, or one of them, being Mr. Aspinall. We pointed out that the prospectus was grossly misleading, inasmuch as it was worded so as to make it appear that the business to be sold was a highly profitable one, from which large dividends might be expected upon a capital of £25,000, and we warned our readers to have nothing to do with the venture. We have since received the following letter from one of Mr. Aspinall's creditors:—

> I note your comments on Mr. Aspinall in TO-DAY, and trust you will still further give the readers of your paper a word of advice in this matter. I, on behalf of my firm, attended a private meeting of creditors at Guildhall Tavern on Monday last. Mr. Aspinall's solicitor presented to us a very sad statement of affairs. He owes £6,500, and assets £80, made up of book debts and stock—a very poor look out for the company who buys.
>
> An offer was made of 5s. in the £, the cash to be found by a friend, who is to take the shares allotted to Mr. Aspinall as security. We were told the Marza Syndicate had issued the prospectus, and £1,000 had been received, upon which they had gone to allotment. There was a strong desire to take the 5s., but Messrs. Allen and Hanbury wished to make the debtor a bankrupt, and had given their solicitors instructions to take the necessary steps. As these gentlemen were present at the meeting they were urged to advise their clients to fall in with the rest and take the 5s., as to wind Aspinall up meant getting nothing. It was further suggested that some of the shares should also be given with the 5s., and the meeting was adjourned for a fortnight for Mr. Aspinall to think that over, Messrs. Allen and Hanbury's petition to be withdrawn (that is if they will).
>
> And yet such men as these are sought for as directors. Only a fortnight ago his name appears on the enclosed, for which I learned from his solicitor he gets £200 per annum. Just a few more jobs like this, and he will still be able to——

It seems to us that Mr. Aspinall's colleagues on the board owe it to the public to explain how, under the circumstances disclosed, they were able to persuade themselves that they were justified in associating themselves with the issue of the prospectus.

THE SOUTH LARCOMBE SLATE QUARRIES, LIMITED.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us if we think he would be safe in applying for debentures in this company. These debentures—of £20 each—are offered at par, bear interest at the rate of 10 per cent., and are redeemable at a premium of 15 per cent. by twenty half-yearly drawings, the first to take place twelve months after allotment.

Here the investor is promised a very handsome rate of interest for his money, but then the promise of high interest does not carry us very far. Anybody can promise that, and many are quite ready to promise it if only they can get the capital. And when we come to look at the security, which to the framers of the prospectus before us seems so ample, we are not as satisfied that it is adequate as we should like to be, for the security is a first charge on the quarries. But what are the quarries worth? As to that we are told the "Mr. George

Drake, Slate Merchant, Torquay, and Mr. Richard Griffiths, of Harberton, Devon," have reported favourably on the quarries, but their reports are not to be found in the prospectus. All we can learn as to value is that :—

> The property upon which the debenture holders have a first charge until their debentures have been paid off at a premium is held on lease for a term of twenty-one years at a rental of £50 per annum, free from royalty, and contains an inexhaustible quantity of very valuable slate of fine colour, easily quarried, and commanding high prices.

But if there is this inexhaustible supply of very valuable slate how comes it that the quarries have been leased at the modest rental of £50 per annum? There must be a screw loose somewhere.

HENRY DEFFETT AND CO., LIMITED.

WE have received a letter from a Bristol correspondent, in which he makes complaint of the action of persons trading as above, who, he says, are in reality money-lenders; a part of their business being to purchase tradesmen's debts. Our correspondent says that he owed twelve shillings, "small balance due to a firm of tailors." Some short time ago he received a notice from Deffett and Co. that they had purchased this debt. They were seen on the subject, and told that the debt "should be settled in a few weeks," but, without warning, as our correspondent says, he received a Tolzey Court writ, which demanded payment of the twelve shillings within eight days, together with seven shillings costs. The writ is dated August 24th. Our correspondent does not say when it was served, but he sends us receipt showing that debt and costs were paid on September 7th. Yet on September 11th he receives the following letter from Deffett and Co. :—

> Unless the amount with costs is paid by one o'clock to-morrow, we shall sign judgment and issue execution in this action, and you will only have yourself to blame through any annoyance incurred by the distress.

Seeing that the receipt for the 19s. is signed on behalf of W. S. M. Knight, the man who issued the writ, and that the receipt as we have said, is dated the 7th, and the letter threatening execution the 10th, our correspondent may well think that an explanation is required. Any way, it seems little short of monstrous that it should be possible to sue a man owing a debt of 10s. in such a way that the preliminary court charge for the mere issue of the writ is almost two-thirds of the amount of the debt.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The Middelburg Competition Company.—Many readers have sent to us respecting this competition. They ask us if we think the competitions are conducted fairly, and complain that they have invariably lost. It does not, of course, necessarily follow that the thing is not run straight. Nevertheless, the public will do well to steer clear of this concern. The names of the winners are never published. Why? And who is Mr. A. H. Stone, to whom "all postal orders should be crossed and made payable?" The curious need not have much difficulty in satisfying themselves on that point, and those who are not curious had better have nothing to do with Mr. A. H. Stone.

NEW ISSUES.

The Miner's Dream Gold Mines, Limited.—Capital, £125,000, in shares of £1 each. This company has been formed to acquire five gold-bearing leases in the Coolgardie district of W. Australia, which has been favourably reported upon by Mr. H. B. Kerr, M.E., and Mr. John Buntine, M.E., and also by Messrs. Cooper and Woodhouse. The purchase price is £105,000, payable as to £90,000 in fully-paid shares, and £15,000 in cash or shares, provided by contract mentioned in prospectus. This leaves £20,000 for working capital.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Standing of Brokers. H. J. R. (Cardiff).—The persons to whom you refer are outside brokers. Practically, the firm is one man, and he is a person of large means. We have no reason to suppose that you would not be fairly treated by them. **Londonderry Extended.** G. S. (Bristol).—(1) Very speculative. (2) Yes, distinct. (3) The prospectus should give you what you want. We know of no book that would do so. (4) You should write to the broker, and no doubt he will explain the delay. If not, write to us again. **Safe Investment.** G. K. G. (Conon Bridge).—The three concerns you name are "banks" only in name, and the last-mentioned is in a very shaky condition. We never recommend readers to deposit money with concerns of this kind. **Speculative Investments.** H. S. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We think it probable that there will be improvement in all three, but nothing very startling. You would do better, if you want a gamble, with some of the mining shares. **Buluwayo Consolidated Gold Fields, Limited.** J. W. W. (Kilmarnock).—You might do worse. **Broken Hill Proprietary.** C. M. (Bradwell).—There is the danger, a real one, you mention. Much depends upon whether certain processes for treating the ore can do what is claimed for them. The dividends have averaged a good deal higher than your figure. **Anglo-American Savings and Loan Association.** J. A. C. (Belfast).—You must remember that it is an American Association, and sound concerns have been in the habit of paying higher interest than we are accustomed to from similar institutions over here. **Four Companies.** R. K. (Cathcart).—Yes, the second, anyway is a promising speculative investment. **Buffelsdoorn Consolidated.** STUPOR (Warkworth).—No. **Buluwayo Consolidated Gold Fields.** M. K. A. (Castlecaulfield).—(1) Fairly so. (2) We do not give opinions about other journals. (3) We do not think so. **Safe Investment.** INGOMAR (Ramsgate).—At their present price the shares of T. Wallis, Limited, will give you about four per cent., and the security is excellent. **Charters Towers Consolidated.** F. B. B. (Bristol).—Get out when ever you can at the price at which you bought. We do not think improvement in the quotation likely, but just now anything may happen. **"Two More Profits."** T. R. (Yarrow-on-Tyne).—You want our opinion of the circulars you send us from Messrs. J. Edwards and Co. The circular is more carefully written than many of the kind that come to us, that is to say, it avoids glaring absurdities in descanting upon possible profits, but we never recommend our readers to have anything to do with "special operations" engineered by outside brokers, or anybody else, for the matter of that. **The Romance of Bankruptcy.** A NOVOCASTRIAN (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are much obliged to you. **The American Waste Company, Limited, Shares** (Aston).—We know nothing about it. **Two Mining Shares.** R. W. G. (Edinburgh).—We are inclined to advise you to sell out G's at present price, and average the others. We are confident the latter will go better again, and before very long. **Chartereds.** N. G. S. (Belfast).—If you sold the shares before the allotment you cannot have any interest in the allotment. (2) We do not expect to see much and early improvement in these shares. (3) Very speculative. Better not touch them. **Hammond's Matabele.** F. L. (Dudley).—(1) No. (2) Quite high enough. (3) Very speculative. If you hold shares in these companies you would be well advised to clear out of them all at present prices. **Murchison Goldfields.** J. M. S. (Glasgow).—It would be the better way. **Chartered.** F. K. (Brighton).—We have little doubt they will go higher by-and-bye, but as it is they are at a tremendous premium. **Two Mining Shares.** CAUTION (Edinburgh).—We cannot recommend you to invest in either. **Sala's Journal, Limited.** CLERK (Forres).—You should apply to the Liquidator. We have not heard of any dividend, but there may have been one. From what we remember of this matter it is unlikely. **Safe Investment.** R. H. S. (Leith).—Buy good industrial shares. **Four Mining Shares.** MIDLANDS (Leicester).—Rubbish, mostly. **Trustworthy Brokers.** BETA (Maidstone).—We do not recommend brokers. **Chartereds.** A. H. (Leeds).—(1) Yes, certainly hold. If you are "not under the necessity of realising immediately" you will find it to your advantage to hold. (2) Have nothing to do with Caratals. **Balkis Lands.** R. B. (Burmantofts).—We know of nothing likely to put them up.

THE BUTTER CURATE.

A CURATE lately wrote to the papers to complain that his vicar's wife had sent him out for butter. He resigned his curacy in consequence :—

The Archdeacon was coming to luncheon at two:
Mrs. Vicar was all in a flutter,
And thinking the Curate had nothing to do,
She askéd him to go for some butter.

The Curate indignantly went off to find
The grocer, next door to the draper's:
The butter he fetched, then his cure he resigned,
And finally wrote to the papers.

Oh, hasty young clergyman! Was it quite wise
Such a passionate protest to utter?
In every profession the chance of a rise
Depends very much upon butter.

G. P. H.

A CONTRACTOR was charged before the Revolutionary tribunal with putting poison in the patriots' brandy. Berthollet, the savant, tested it and passed it. "Drink some," said Robespierre. The chemist did so. "You have plenty of courage," remarked Robespierre. "I had more when I signed the report," said Berthollet.

WHAT *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and tumbling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death! Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

SPA, BELGIUM, twelve hours from London. Cercle des Etrangers, with Roulette and all Monte Carlo attractions. For details address Secretary. Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, and Lawn Tennis, Concerts and Theatre. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia, &c. Resident English Physician.

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ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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LOVELY NEW ART LINENS for Yachting Costumes. Artistic and striking. J. HARRIS AND SONS, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, London, and Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.

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ROYAL AQUARIUM.—WONDERFUL SIGHTS.—11.0 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.30 and 7.30. Over 100 Artistes. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine—Palestine—Doge of Venice—Angling Contests, Rod v. Man and Woman, 3.45 and 8.45—Swimming Entertainments, 5.0 and 10.0—Seaside Reminiscences, 5.55 to 7.10, &c., &c.—The Exhibition of Old and Modern China, Glass, Pottery, and Curios now open.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—PLANTATION NIGHTS EVERY FRIDAY.—"A happy idea and most successful."—*Dispatch.* "An unqualified success. Always dear to the hearts of the people."—*Weekly Sun.*

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—PLANTATION MATINEES, by desire. Saturdays, Sept. 21 and 28. Full Programme as on Fridays. "Admirably sung."—*Globe.* "A great success."—*Lloyd's.* "Attracted a large audience, hearty in applause."—*Daily News.*

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—"Rounds of applause. Gave great satisfaction. A happy selection."—*Advertiser.* "Welcomed by a large audience. Heartily appreciated. Well-trained voices."—*Daily Graphic.*

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—TABLEAUX VIVANTS of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, Musical and Vocal, by Sims and Caryll. New Features. "Vivid and touching. Strikingly effective."—*Daily Telegraph.* Bookings at Tree's.

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"THE TIMES" December 29, 1894, asks in a Leader on

"OUR DAUGHTERS,"

"WHAT will the little stock of accumulations which paterfamilias can hope "to leave behind him, after he has paid for his son's education, provided "for his widow, and been aggregated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "yield his girls to live on, and what other sources have they got?"

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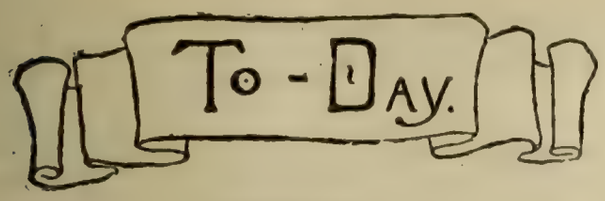

CONTENTS.

PAGE
THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA. VII. THE INDIFFERENCE OF THE MILLER OF HOFBAU. BY ANTHONY HOPE. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR 193
CREATING AN IMPRESSION 199
FEMININE AFFAIRS 200
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 202
AN ACTRESS TO AN ACTOR 203
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 204
THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS 205
IN THE CITY 206
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 209
CLUB CHATTER 213
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 217
CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE. V. THE NOSE. BY PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A. 218
A MUSIC-HALL STAR. A CHAT WITH MR. R. G. KNOWLES 219
A TRUTHFUL TRAGEDY. BY W. L. ALDEN. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN 220

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

I AM glad to see that the *Daily Chronicle* is taking up my "burying alive" argument, and is inviting correspondence on the question. The subject is a much more important one than the medical profession will confess. If at any time you suggest to a doctor the possibility of a man or woman being buried in a trance, he smiles in a most superior manner, and tells you it is utterly absurd. Nothing irritates me more than this air of infallibility adopted by doctors, because, as a matter of fact, there is no profession under the sun in which more glaring errors are committed. If engineers or lawyers made one tithe of the mistakes perpetrated every year by the medical fraternity civilisation would come to a standstill. Anecdotes of the gravest and most absurd errors form the gossip of every hospital; but a doctor when talking to a layman poses as if medicine were one of the exact sciences, though all the time he must know in his own mind that it consists of nothing but more or less clever guesswork—guesswork in which every decade corrects the wild mistakes of the previous one. The treatment which in the fifties was an infallible cure becomes in the sixties a doubtful remedy, and in the seventies an exploded fallacy.

Now, the fear of being buried alive is a haunting terror from which few of us are free. Death most of us can face philosophically, but the compressed agony of the living tomb is a fate none of us dare dwell upon. That it does occasionally happen there cannot be the slightest doubt. Some dozen or so cases a year come under our notice; but how many happen that do not become newspaper paragraphs? I shall never forget listening to a sweet old lady as she told me how, in India, she lay paralysed beneath the white sheet overhearing all the preparations being made for her encoffinment. When she was supposed to have died from cholera she was a young woman; when, a few hours later, a grating, saw-like cry rang from under the death-clothes, sending the nurses shrieking into the night, an old, haggard woman was discovered on the bed. Cremation would save much agony to our minds. The coffins might be left open till the last moment. A fiery death has not the horrors for us of a living entombment.

THE East London Waterworks Company continues gaily on its way. First it was the frost that made it impossible for them to supply their customers with water, but they charged those customers for water notwithstanding, and bullied and threatened the money out of the poor creatures, though they had never moved a finger to earn the profits that they pocketed. Then it was the drought that rendered it impossible for them to supply the water; but still they charged for that water that they had never supplied, and the law upheld them, and forced the struggling East-end shopkeeper and citizen to pay for a thing that they had never had. The district became unhealthy; men, women, and children died for want of water. Public opinion grew strong. Mr. Crockenden, the able secretary to a Board of thieves, wrote columns of whining excuses to the papers. I was the County Council, it was Providence, it was the customers themselves that would not let him supply the water, but still he went on charging for it. The County Council and Providence do not seem to have interfered with him on that head.

Now the East-end of London is again without water, and the East-end of London is still charged for water. People who never get any water at all in their houses are charged twenty-five per cent. in excess of the usual rate for high pressure if they have a cistern twenty-five feet above the ground. These terrible laws were passed years ago, when Parliament was entirely composed of capitalists. Governments that by a few practical measures might have removed such monstrous pieces of injustice have spent their time spinning programmes, talking theoretical socialism, and making windy promises. The power still exists with these monopolists, and is used to the utmost by directors actuated by all the instincts of professional thieves. Now we have a Government with a minister at the Board of Trade who is evidently in active sympathy with principles of business suitable only for pimps and welshers, and the water companies can continue to rob and cheat the public for another six years at least with impunity.

"Is the horse doomed!" asks the *Westminster Gazette*, speaking of the subject of mechanical carriages. "Is the doom of the horse likely to be revoked?" would be a more apt question in connection with the matter. At present, the horse is doomed—doomed to a life of wretched torture from which it is released only by an untimely death from exhaustion. The 'bus and cab horse of civilisation is made to do the work of a machine while possessed of the nerves of a living creature, and anything that could relieve him from his martyrdom would be welcome to all humane people. Mechanical carriages might have been an accomplished fact years ago had it not been for the stupidity of English officialdom. There is a beautiful Act of Parliament to the effect that no vehicle shall be driven along the public roads by mechanical motive power beyond a walking pace, and it will most likely take another ten years before this

piece of folly can be successfully combated. Mechanical carriages would cost much less than horse-drawn vehicles. The thoughtless woman and selfish man could stop them as often as they liked without injury to anybody. They could carry a hundred people where twenty-six are carried now. They could go at double the pace. They would be more commodious, more comfortable, more cleanly; and cruelty would not be daily inflicted upon a noble, patient animal.

I have been favoured with an earnest appeal addressed to all enemies of the liquor traffic. A hundred pounds only is needed to start a paper to be called *The New Idea* which is to make for national and total prohibition. It is to be "the straightest, truest, and hottest publication that the traffickers in drink have ever seen." It will also be occasionally illustrated in attractive covers. Incidentally, while urging on its prohibitive career, it will find time for such minor matters as the abolition of the House of Lords, nationalisation of the land, and the prohibition of gambling. A strict account is to be kept of all M.P. brewers, and special attention is to be paid to liquor dealers generally. The paper is to be managed and published entirely by ladies, and it is be full of facts and figures, likewise, I presume, managed by ladies. *The New Idea* promises to be amusing, and I shall be pleased to see it started, for things are rather slow in the teetotal world just at present. Subscriptions towards that hundred pounds should be sent to Miss Emma Bull, corner East Road, City Road, N.

I shall watch with some interest the forthcoming trial at the Manchester Sessions of William Gentle Huckle. He is accused of criminally libelling a Mrs. Mather, by seeking to insinuate that she was responsible for a burglary which he alleges took place on his own premises. Mrs. Mather's counsel suggests that there was no burglary whatever, and that the whole thing was a pure fiction invented by Mr. Huckle for the purpose of getting Mrs. Mather into trouble. The police had heard nothing about this burglary; they had examined the place and had found no signs of any burglary having taken place. I have for long been interested in the career of the man Huckle. He is a gentleman employed by certain Vigilance Associations to get up cases against public-houses. At the last licensing sessions he was very busy travelling all over the country, and some of the evidence he gave against licensed victuallers was quite startling. I have had occasion to comment once or twice upon his proceedings at Exeter and elsewhere. I have noticed a strange ignorance on the part of teetotal saints concerning the doings of their own friends, so I will make it my business to keep them informed on this matter.

Is there any lawful means of getting at the owners who work horses in an unfit state? One is continually hearing of drivers being summoned and fined. Of course the owner pays the money cheerfully. The system works very well for him, and the horse is sent out again a week later. At Manchester the other day a very bad case came before the magistrates. The driver, Wrigley, was fined £5, and the bench said that had they had the owner in the dock they would have sent him to gaol without the option of a fine. I am glad to hear such a sentiment from the bench, for magistrates are too prone to let off horse torturers with a friendly pat on the back. But in this case could not they have seen to it that they had the owner before them? He is probably some sleek, chapel-going philanthropist. What has the unfortunate driver to do with the matter? As likely as not he is ashamed of being seen out with the horse, but any expostulation would cost him his place. Surely the arm of the law should be long enough to reach the real criminal in these cases.

The milk business is becoming aristocratic. I am in receipt of a circular from the Earl of Egmont, who is anxious to supply myself and family with that nourishing and necessary liquid. If I require it he will also supply me with asses' milk. Indeed, His Grace seems to make a speciality of asses' milk, for I notice that the registered telegraphic address is "Asses' Milk, London." To encourage me the Earl mentions a few of the customers already belonging to his walk. Among them I find two Royal Highnesses, nine Marquesses, eighteen of his brother Earls, eleven Lords, thirty-nine Ladies, all the Rothschilds, a Field-Marshal or two, a couple of Admirals —one is glad to see the Navy patronising so innocent a drink, I trust they take it neat and not with rum— a few Generals, and a humble Knight. Really it seems quite an easy way of getting into society. The Belgravia Dairy Company could give one of the most swagger "At Homes" of the season. I am going to write to Baron Rothschild and Lady Tichborne, asking them how they like their milk. If they speak well of His Grace I am going to deal with the Belgravia Dairy Company, and if I do not get my fair allowance of cream the Earl of Egmont will hear from me. Seriously, the Belgravia Dairy Company's circular is a fine stroke of business. It is snobbery—"Imperial cement," as I once heard it wittily called—that holds a people together. Nine out of ten middle-class housewives would feel a glow of pride at the reflection that an Earl was, practically speaking, their milkman, and that they and the dear Duchess and the sweet Countess all dealt at the same dairy. The aristocracy are taking to trade slowly but steadily. When they make up their minds to go in for it head and shoulders it will be a bad day for your Perkin Middlewick. The British people will love to deal with a lord.

It is a little startling to find as the heading of a column in a daily paper: "British Association. Excursions and Cannibalism." It does, at first sight, lead one to expect a horrible story of how, at one of those picnics for the enjoyment of which the British Association is so Britishly associated sandwiches failed, and men of science were driven to eat each other—a proceeding reciprocal but barbarous. But it was not so —the title would only imply that there were some who went on excursions and some who remained behind for the business of the anthropological section. These latter had the advantage of hearing some very interesting information from Captain Hinde. He described cannibalism as it is practised in the Congo basin. Many of his facts are distinctly inspiriting and encouraging to the thoughtful reader. They show how much hope there is for the Congo basin, and how generally we misjudge the simple savage.

We are liable to think of cannibalism as the product of a wild and impulsive ferocity. Sometimes it may be so, but not in the Congo basin. There slaves are kept and sold as an article of food—decent and orderly preparation taking the place of the untameable impulse that might have been expected, and the equitable spirit of commerce prevailing instead of the barbarous ferocity of the untutored savage. Then again we might—in our hurried estimate of the defects of the race—have supposed them to be wanting in the niceties of the cuisine. Here, too, we should be wrong. The question of how to prepare a man for the table seems to have been thoroughly gone into by them. The results have been various, for epicures—like doctors—differ. Certain tribes of the Bengala race have rather an elaborate receipt for making their food more palatable. It takes three days for the process to be accomplished, but these tribes wait patiently, and I have heard a Christian Englishman in a restaurant swear because he had to wait twenty minutes for a chump chop.

I will not give the receipt for preparing man *à la Bengala*. Partly, because it is ghastly, partly because there would be so little opportunity to test it in this country, partly because many of my readers may have already seen it in the daily papers, and partly—though more especially—because I happen to have forgotten it. As far as I remembered it, it was certainly cruel—though much less cruel than some of the methods which we ourselves employ for preparing our food for the table. On the whole, so far as I can judge from the reports of the British Association, we stand in grave danger of doing a variety of small injustices to the inhabitants of the Congo basin. At the same time—in case any unduly serious person should light upon these paragraphs—I may add that I do not habitually practice cannibalism myself, and would not even go so far as to defend the practice in others.

I read the other day in a morning paper a warning which struck me as well-intentioned. It informed us that a man was in the habit of calling at the houses of clergymen and saying that he was the son of Canon Knox-Little and had lost his purse. The man, we were told, was an imposter, and if found should be handed over to the police. This is all very well from our point of view. If the pseudo son of Canon Knox-Little calls on us and commences his usual story we shall know exactly what to do, and we shall not lose our money to him. But these public warnings against any particular form of imposture cut both ways—they warn the imposter every bit as much as they warn the public.

If it were my custom—which, at the moment of going to Press, it is not, nor ever has been—to ask people to lend me half-crowns on the strength of a lost purse and a close relationship to Canon Knox-Little, I should be quite pleased to see any warning against me appear in the Press. I should know that my little fraud had now begun to be slightly frayed at the edges, and that I must invent a new one. Why, the paragraph of warning against fraud is a practical insurance of immunity to the fraudulent. It is much as if a cat should purr with delight when within springing distance, instead of lying low in the long grass and saying nothing. The paragraph of warning is as clumsy as it is well intentioned—it protects the householder against one particular kind of fraud, and at the same time makes it probable that that particular kind of fraud will not be the one against which he will need protection.

These frauds practised at the street-door of houses succeed so often, not because the frauds are very clever, but because the householder is generally very careless. Would it not be possible for the police to circulate privately among householders in big towns a list of the different frauds of this class which anyone is likely to try with them? The public would be warned, and the thief would not. It would, of course, be much more expensive than the present practice of sending a paragraph to the daily papers, but it would also be more effective. The pseudo son of Canon Knox-Little would go on devoting his attention to the losing of purses and borrowing half-crowns, instead of seeking fresh ground in the confidence-trick, or any other of the tricks in his repertoire. The present method of warning is cheap enough, but it does not catch the thief. It is time that something else was tried.

I have to acknowledge two subscriptions of one guinea each towards our Pluck Fund from Mr. E. W. Bastard and Mr. H. O. Crowther. I have received a numerously-signed request from Stockton-on-Tees fer the award of a medal to Michael Devine for his brave conduct in saving the life of one of his fellow-workmen. Devine is employed at the Thornaby Ironworks. On July 4th Devine and five other men were engaged in clearing the contents of a blast-furnace which had been "blown out," when, without any warning, a huge mass of burning coke fell, completely surrounding one unfortunate man in such a manner as to render him helpless. Devine escaped without injury to himself, but on hearing the cry from his comrade he at once rushed back to the burning furnace. Before he could extricate the man some more burning coke fell, the fumes from which completely blinded Devine, so he was compelled to retire for a few seconds. As soon, however, as he had recovered his sight he rushed back to the furnace, and in the second attempt he succeeded in saving his comrade's life, though not without serious injury to himself.

I quite agree with my Stockton-on-Tees friends that gallant Devine is well worthy of a medal, and I am having one prepared for him in silver. Many other requests for medals have reached me, but until the Fund assumes larger proportions than it does at present I am reluctantly compelled to confine my attention only to those cases where exceptional bravery is displayed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Colonel Coulson draws my attention to his humane cattle-killer, which instrument he claims would do butcher's work without inflicting unnecessary pain on the slaughtered animals. The instrument is described as simple and effective. It consists of an ordinary rifle barrel eight or nine inches long, one end of which is fixed into a brass, bell-shaped combustion-chamber; at the other end a cartridge is inserted, and over this is screwed a cover with a movable button. The operator approaches the fastened animal and places the under surface of the bell-shaped part upon its forehead; he then strikes the button with a mallet, the cartridge is fired, and the animal drops to the ground.

C. K. The sentence seemed to me fairly just.

Ted writes me a charming letter, from which I quote the follow-

ing:—"I look forward to my afternoon with To-Day and a cigar, etc., with a large amount of pleasure. There is always such a deal of real good reading and common-sense, and I really think it improves week by week, or else I get more attached to it; anyway I would not like to be without my To-Day on Sunday." After reading To-Day he sends it to his brother, and wishes to know whether the insurance would hold good (in case of accident) if before sending it he fills in his name and address. The answer is—No. A reader may leave his paper at home with his name and address written in, but the paper being at someone else's house at the time of the accident would invalidate the insurance.

W. B.—I thank you for your letter, but I find it necessary to confine my attention to cases occurring in the United Kingdom.

Workman.—I thank you for your letter, but I expect I should be too prejudiced in favour of Professor Huxley to make the reading of the pamphlet of any practical use to me.

M. H.—Were you to read your Bible carefully you would find that in many passages you were told that you were all the better for not marrying at all. The admonition to increase and multiply was given to certain persons; never to anyone connected with the Anglo-Saxon race.

J. R. kindly sends me a tin of bad condensed milk. He says he paid sixpence for it. I have just paid twopence to have it thrown into the Thames, and am now wondering what the Conservators will have to say to it. J. R. should have communicated with the County Council of his district, and have had the milk analysed, when the seller might have been dealt with under the Adulteration Act.

J. T. S. thinks I ought in fairness to give publicity to a paragraph in the *Draper's Record*, from which it appears that Messrs. Jolly and Sons, of Bath, are ideal employers. It seems that Messrs. Jolly's shop assistants "are wishful to express their best, heartfelt, and respectful thanks to Messrs. Jolly for many kindnesses and benefits." This expression of opinion from Messrs. Jolly's employées seems to have come at a very opportune moment. I wonder who first thought of it?

A. W., who has just returned from a tour in Brittany, writes to thank "A. M. C." for valuable hints and directions. He adds:—"You may be interested to know that both at Rennes and Morlaix I met parties of tourists who told me that they had come to Brittany owing to the description of the province which they had read in your journal." Tourists' centres become, year by year, so overstocked that I sincerely thank my correspondent "A. M. C." for having been the means of making more popular a hitherto neglected district.

C. W. (Sheffield) tells me that the Literary Committee of the Sheffield Social Questions League are greatly disturbed in their minds at the exhibition in the shop windows of a copy of one of Mr. Frank Dicksie's pictures. It is a pity that a society connected with literature should place itself in such a position, but I think I can see what the committee are driving at. The picture of a nude woman is merely a thing of beauty to the educated mind, but I daresay to the gamins of Sheffield the print suggests other ideas. They would find Shakespeare's plays and some of the finest passages in the Bible grossly suggestive of lewd thoughts, and this being the case I would keep such from them until the School Board and the University Extension lectures have performed some useful work upon their minds. Where the Secretary of the Sheffield Social Questions League exposes his ignorance and stupidity is in talking of the picture as an "objectionable and suggestive one." The suggestiveness lies in the eyes of the looker, not in the careful representation of one of the finest works of God. But, notwithstanding the narrow-mindedness of the Sheffield Social Questions League, I am inclined to think that ignorance in these matters of art is, on the whole, decreasing throughout England. You must remember it was not so many years ago that the nude was condemned in the Royal Academy itself. For years no visitor to Burlington House has dared to write himself down such a blithering ass as to complain of it. Puritanism dies hard, but it is dying, thank Heaven, before the advancing forces of Thought.

B.—The case was a hard one for the returning passengers, and I should say that you could obtain redress from the Steamship Company. Your husband's letter does not suggest that there was any lack of care for the returning soldiers.

R. S.—Autograph collecting is an exceedingly silly pursuit. Why not abandon it?

G. A. McQ. doubts whether the country is over-populated. He also doubts whether the limitation of families would facilitate the unemployed question. He thinks that poor people like large families. He also thinks that the French nation will soon become extinct.

A. F.—Your letter gave me great pleasure—more than I should care to express in this column. I was much interested in what you told me about the over-population question in the East-end. I knew already that checks, both dangerous and illegal, were resorted to. It is a pity that people cannot be properly informed upon a question so pertinent to health and civilisation.

T. D. E.—See reply to C. W. (Sheffield).

J. B.—You are quite correct. I do substantially agree with Schopenhauer where he states that sexual instinct is the basis of all love. Carlyle paraphrases the same idea in a passage where he refers to the fair flowers and graceful foliage surrounding the marriage bower, and then speaks of the foul earth in which this graceful foliage has its roots. It is necessary at times to turn one's mind to the essentials of things, but it is unwise to dwell only upon the roots. Because we know that the flower was planted in mud and reared in manure that is no reason why we should not love the beauty and grace of the petals. Life is a many-sided thing. Our deepest thinkers can never see more than a small section of it, because the whole scheme is hidden from our eyes. It is best to be content with the corner in which we are put to dwell.

Anchored.—The necessity for a literary career would have urged itself more strongly upon you than seems to be the case did your talents lie in that direction. You could work your way out to South Africa by hanging about the docks waiting to be taken on, but I should advise you to consult the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, S.W.

T. B. H.—I have not the slightest doubt that the "World's Great Marriage Association, Limited," of 103, New Oxford Street, is a perfectly *bona fide* concern. I should also have no hesitation in describing anyone who sought marriage by its aid as an unmitigated ass.

Staunch Friend.—I hardly see that comment is of any use in the case. I presume that by now the Sanitary Inspector has been communicated with and has acted.

I. de B.—I shall probably refer to the matter next week.

W. R. G. writes me a letter which some would laugh at, but which I can see the pathos of. He says (his English is weak):—"I have no conversation, especially with the fair sex. It is the greatest torture on earth for me to be introduced to a lady. I am passionately fond of dancing, yet I have never been to a ball, because I would never speak a word. What can you say to a strange lady—is there any book on the subject?" W. R. G. must go through with it as many another shy young man has had to do before him. He must make up his mind not to care whether he is shy or not. He will then find it wear away. What is to be said to a strange lady is a question that appeals not only to W. R. G. Many of us at many an "at home" and at many a dinner-party have asked ourselves the same weird query, and no doubt the strange lady has been in like predicament. A little talk about the weather is generally safe. Often, when the lady is very strange, the conversation never progresses beyond that point. But if the stranger herself has any tact she comes to our aid. Personally, I find it simpler to leave the whole matter in her hands. Women are much quicker at conversation than are our slower sex. In a year or two W. R. G. will be whirling round amid a flow of animated conversation. He must work and wait.

Medicus is a young student, aged twenty, living in London. He writes me: "Passion is very strong in me, and at times so overpowering that I am thankful that I am out of the way of temptation. I have grown fond of music halls—I ought to say music halls as an idea—for I have only been to two during my lifetime. What I mean is, that I desire to go but do not, for I know that were I to go I should not enjoy the performance, I should simply—in my present state of mind—be on the look-out for sensual suggestions. My brain would be filled with lewd thoughts. My conscience and reason tell me that such thoughts are wrong and unhealthy, but can one will away a thought? Do not thoughts come unbidden? Is one responsible for a thought? One does not will a thought to come—and yet it comes. Can you give me a recipe to chase away undesirable thoughts?" My young friend is in the heat of a battle that every young man has to pass through. There is nothing for him but to fight to the best of his strength, and here I would say a word that I hope will not be misunderstood—Do not let him despair because of an occasional failure. A young man's life is more or less a long struggle against sin. I very much doubt if anyone comes out of the strife scathless. The greatest failures I have known have been men who, because they had fallen, had come to despair. Man is not perfect, and man is not strong. The only thing for him after a fall is to get up again and have another hard try. Thoughts do come unbidden. They come to the young man sitting in Exeter Hall as much as they come to the man sitting in a music hall. They come to one in the desert, they come to one in the street. In a natural state when a young man arrives at puberty he would take to himself a wife. Civilisation has rendered it impossible for him to marry till he has passed the age when passion is at its strongest. No one is to blame for this state of things, and there is no royal remedy. All that a young man can do is to crowd into his life all the work and all the interest that he can. The more full a young man's brain is of healthy thoughts the less room for evil thoughts. Sitting still and struggling against them ends more often than not in strengthening them. That is where athletics and exercise are so necessary. If a man is keen on bicycling, keen on cricket, golf, or football, and if he is studying and working hard, he will have less time and less thought for more undesirable matters. All I can say to "Medicus" is fight for all you are worth; fight for your self-respect and your manhood. If by chance you fall, cry out, "God help me a sinner," and fight again harder than before. The old Adam is in you, but you are none the less of a man for that. All you can do is to fight your hardest; it will be a hard battle, but you are moulding your own character for the rest of your life, and the struggle is not wasted.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

CLUB CHATTER.

But for its racecourse Doncaster would be a place unknown to the majority of people. Its attractions are few. Even during the race week I make a point of coming over from Leeds daily. The inns at Doncaster are, I admit, pleasant looking places, although rather old-fashioned, but the cost of living is too expensive, and fabulous prices are charged for apartments. I can remember when a clergyman, who heard what a fine thing the innkeepers made of the race-week, advertised for a tenant for his house.

Lord Rosebery's ancestors never made their mark in the world of sport, but the ex-Premier seems anxious to make up for their lack of enterprise. Handicaps, cups, rich two-year-old stakes, Two Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes, Derby—all these had fallen to his share prior to September 11th, and now his name will occupy a prominent place in the history of the St. Leger, for Sir Visto's race was, after all, not devoid of a sensation.

Lord Rosebery must be a man of iron nerves. He strolled to the sale ring as unconcernedly as though there were no such events as general elections and St. Legers. He betrayed no excitement whatever when informing one of his greatest friends that Sir Visto had sustained an injury to his leg. The effect the announcement had upon others was something sensational, and the various dodges resorted to by the touts to get at the bottom of the mishap were strange and peculiar. There has been no such scare since Apology's year.

Mat Dawson, the doyen of trainers, never leaves anything to chance. When he was able to travel with his horses he always saw that they were well-guarded, and those who were at Epsom in Merry Hampton's year may recall the fact that a small posse of armed detectives watched that champion flat catcher, The Baron, who—then owned by a mysterious "Mr. Fern," said to be a well-known lady of fashion—started favourite for the race. Mat is now practically a cripple, and a journey to Doncaster was out of the question. Had he made the trip Sir Visto would never have been given the opportunity of getting cast in his box.

There is a chance of a unique record being made this year in connection with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The two favourites at the time of writing are Florizel II. and Best Man, and both are top weight in their respective races. I referred last week to the lenient treatment of Best Man, and should Fred Webb be commissioned to get down to the weight, then we shall know "business only is meant."

I hear of several gangs of sharpers who have of late been backing winners in the full sense of the word. They appear to have a system as near perfection as one could wish. Of course, they do not work every meeting but confine themselves to those where there is generally a delay in telegraphing. The expense must be enormous, but they are well repaid for their efforts, for despite repeated warnings, fresh victims are always to be found.

The bookmakers are prone to place too much reliance on the tapes. Certainly the promptitude with which the two agencies send out the results is most commendable; but still, the telephone can beat them, and if any clubman wants to see this statement verified, let him watch the two machines during the progress of a Liverpool meeting. He will notice that one instrument frequently ticks the winner before the other has notified the "off." This is due to the fact that the telephone is available at Liverpool, and at little cost.

More than one fashion of a noticeable character in men's clothes is being introduced into Paris, with the opening of the autumn season. The President is himself indirectly responsible for the most daring. On one occasion during his official tour, M. Faure turned up in evening dress, wearing white gaiters. The function was held early in the day, and the only reason why he should have worn evening dress at all was because the French regard it as indispensable if you have to bury anyone, marry anyone, or appear very respectful to people that are more interested in you than you are in them. Still, he wore the gaiters, and a horn-rimmed eyeglass. The innovation was much talked about, and the men wrote letters to the papers on the subject, which were printed, side by side, with a discussion among the ladies as to whether they looked better in the ordinary skirt or when attired in cycling breeches.

Among a very large percentage of well-dressed men, it has been decided that white gaiters are an improvement with evening dress, and the strange mixture is to be met with in all directions. Another innovation is the use of coloured ties with evening-dress. Delicate heliotrope, light red, and even pronounced colours are to be seen in the most fashionable resorts, and there is also a movement in favour of introducing the clerical collar.

I am also by no means sorry to hear that our neighbours have ceased to make the silk hat *de rigueur*, and that a full-crowned, soft felt hat is accepted as being perfectly correct with the frock-coat or for evening dress. This is only in keeping with Monte Carlo and the Riviera generally, where the silk hat has long been the exception and not the rule. As soon as the Faubourg St Germaine opens its doors for the season, we shall know the fate of the long projected, and often baffled, crusade in favour of coloured evening dress. This year, if it again fails, it will not be for the want of trying.

I hear that after all the young millionaire, Max Lebaudy, who is so well-known on the English racecourse, is not likely to be freed from his military training. If he had only kept quiet, nothing would have been said about the matter, when he was quietly released from the arduous but patriotic duty of cleaning out stables and polishing pots and pans But it was a little too much for the authorities when, a week after being certified as unfit for service, he rode over that heavy steeplechase course at Auteille, and finally finished up by getting mixed up in the scandal at Deauville, for which two jockeys were warned off the course. As soon as he was sent back to his regiment, he started the doctors once more, and twenty-two of them have examined him, and twenty-two reports have been sent in. I have more than once met young Lebaudy He is a sound sportsman and a good fellow all round, but he is unfortunately in the hands of much the same gang as looked too well after the late Mr. Abington.

I see that a Lambeth jury has asked the coroner to petition the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital to make better provision for the comfort of juries when they are called upon to go through that absurd formula of "viewing the body." In the case in question these twelve men, in the exercise of an always unpleasant duty, had been obliged to formally look at what had once been a dead body, but which, according to the newspaper report, would by that time be better described by the last two words in one of Edgar Allan Poe's most ghastly tales. What possible good effect this ceremony could produce, except that of shortening the subsequent proceedings through a unanimous disinclination to go into detail, it is difficult to see. Presumably it was originated as a safeguard against fraud and crime, but as not one

in a thousand men can discriminate between the outward symptoms of heart disease and strychnine poisoning, it is worse than useless. Medical evidence is given, and that should be enough for all ordinary purposes.

There are other matters connected with inquests that would better repay punctilious observance than this empty form. Some years ago I served on a coroner's jury myself. I never quite understood how the selections were made in these cases; I believe they were left entirely to the discretion of the local policeman. The case was that of a child who, while playing alone, had fallen into a pit, and was found drowned some time later. The pit was a fairly deep one, with precipitous sides, and it lay by the roadside quite unfenced, so that any passer-by might walk into it on a dark night. The evidence went to show that school children had often fallen into it before, but had always been got out in time. The coroner, on this occasion, was the brother of the land agent who was responsible for the property, and half of the jury were his tenants. Someone casually suggested that perhaps it would be as well to have the pit fenced round, and the coroner kindly promised to mention the matter to the land agent. When I passed the spot some time later it was still untouched, and for all I know it may be unfenced to this day.

The enterprising directors of the Royal Aquarium, to whom no class of novel exhibition comes amiss, are following up their annual Dahlia Show with an exhibition of modern and antique china. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit to the general public will be the vases which were taken from the Royal Palace at Pekin, and which were at one time in the possession of General Gordon. The exhibition will remain open till the 5th of October.

Mr. H. S. Marks once hit upon a happy way of getting over a small difficulty that I commend to the attention of publishers of alphabet books. It was owing to his position as grandfather rather than that of Royal Academician that Mr. Marks was designing a picture alphabet, when he was pulled up by the difficulty of getting anything for his X that would convey any impression to the youthful mind. Xerxes and Xenophon are empty words at the age of five, so the artist dropped the initial idea altogether, and made the letter X reminiscent by the sign of the familiar hot-cross bun.

Two correspondents, "Esau' and "Viator," are in the same trouble; neither can by any means induce the growth of a satisfactory moustache. "Viator's" case is perhaps the more pathetic, and I cannot refrain from quoting from his letter: "Of late years," he says, "my business has caused me to make periodical visits to the Sunny South. Last winter I spent in Spain. Being of a very susceptible nature, I need hardly say how fascinated I was by the beauty of the *senoritas* I met there. But, strange to say, not one of them would even look at me. I am not an Adonis, but I am neither halt, maimed, nor blind. The reason, however, was explained. There is an old Spanish proverb which says that 'a kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt.' I have, therefore, abstained from shaving my upper lip for the past two months. But while my hair and eyebrows are of a dark brown colour, my complexion is pale, and my moustache—my only chance of happiness—is a pale, sickly yellow. This, in conjunction with my pale face, suggests cold boiled veal, or something equally uninteresting. I tried a widely advertised dye. I found that this had the effect of changing my disappointing hirsute appendage first to a bright orange and then, after the lapse of some hours, to a rich carnation hue!"

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"Esau," apparently, cannot grow a moustache of any kind; but then he has the advantage of not being thrown into the society of the expectant and disconsolate Spanish ladies. (By-the-way, "Esau's" *nom-de-plume* is not a satire on the part of my correspondent himself, but of nature, who has been lavish to him in many ways.) I wish I could help these two unfortunate men, especially as they both say that they write to me as a last resource, but difficulties like these can only be overcome in Gilbertian opera. After all, surely the future holds something for both of them; there are other aims in life worthy of them beyond the growing of moustaches. "Viator," is, as he says, "neither halt, maimed, nor blind," and, presumably, he is still young. The world—with the exception of Spain—is still before him. Let him remember that his is only half the burden, and be brave. If a weak Spanish woman can uncomplainingly bear her share of the loss, I am sure that "Viator" will remember that he is a Briton, and not disgrace the Union Jack.

I have never known a cricket season die harder than that of which we have just seen the last, the interest of the public being well sustained right up to the end, and the game leaving off just when people were sighing for a little more. No better match to wind up the first-class season could have been wished for than that at Hastings between Mr. Stoddart's team and the Rest of England. The game was keenly followed in all parts of the country, and raised the festival at Hastings to a pitch of importance it had never before attained. Despite the lateness of the year, an extremely good team had been got together to represent the Rest of England, and the game was fought out with as much zest and determination on both sides as if it had been set for decision at Lord's or the Oval in the height of the summer.

The spectators seemed to feel this additional keenness, and the match ought to be a lesson to promoters of cricket weeks at the end of the season. The public have now grown to be such severe critics that they like to see the game played in its entirety, with time kept rigorously and both sides struggling their hardest to win. While this is done crowds will continue to flock to matches late in the summer, especially that we now get such fine weather in September; but when once matters are allowed to be relaxed there is a tendency to fall back on the old evil way of taking nearly half an hour between the innings, and perhaps an hour for luncheon, so surely will the interest of the public begin to decline.

The Hastings week was even more than usually fortunate in the matter of weather, not a drop of rain falling to interrupt the play from the first day to the last, and from a financial point of view the affair was an enormous success, the takings at the gates, I understand, being more than £300 in excess of anything known in the eight preceding seasons. Years ago, when the affair was started, there was a guarantee fund organised, but matters have gone so steadily and well that there has never been the least need to call upon the guarantors. Up to the end of 1894 there was a balance in hand of over £550, and it is quite likely, when the accounts of this last week come to be settled up, that three or four hundred pounds more may be added to the reserve fund. Therefore the Hastings Festival may be fairly said to have justified its existence, and to have now taken its place among the regular events of the season.

Next year there will be an effort made to get a match between the Australians and the South of England, and the present idea is to have a Gentleman and Players match to start the week, instead of the old fixture, North v. South. There is perhaps no need to look very far ahead, but it seems to me that the good people at

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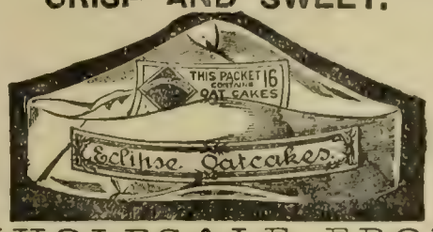

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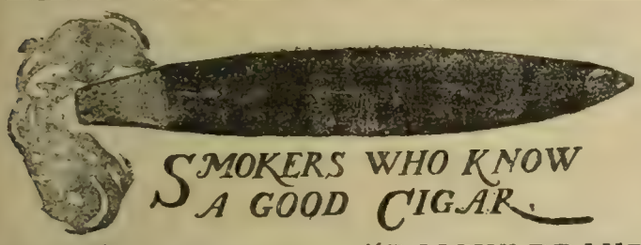

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Hastings will, in some future years, find a difficulty in getting attractive matches to sustain the high standard they have reached.

I am not one of those who wish to interfere unnecessarily with the existing rules of the game; but there is one point on which I think the Marylebone Club would be wise to take some action, and that is that a game should end when a side in the last innings have made exactly the number of runs set them to win. As things are at present, if only one run is wanted to win and a batsman sends the ball for three, the three are counted on the score, and, of course, reckoned in his average, though he could not well be out after the game had been won. A very good simile could be instanced at billiards, for there a man, if he only wants one to go out, would only be credited with one point, even though he finished the game with a ten stroke. It seems illogical that a man should be allowed to make runs while there is no possibility of the other side putting him out.

Some time ago I invited correspondents to send me novel suggestions for summer drinks. A correspondent who signs himself "An Ardent Cyclist," writes to say that the ideal drink on a hot summer's day is half a pint of bitter and a small soda. My correspondent claims that this drink will not parch the throat or palate. The mixture usually known by the name of "Shandy-gaff"—beer and ginger-beer—is, he says, far too sweet to quench the thirst for any length of time, whereas the combination of bitter beer and soda makes a "clean" drink. I have tried this myself on a long bicycle ride, and quite agree with my correspondent. Though scarcely so palptable, perhaps, as the ordinary "gaff," it is certainly the best thirst-quencher I know.

Any London reader desiring dress shirts cut on scientific principles should see Mr. Hogg (of Baikie and Hogg, Glasgow), who will be at the Charing Cross Hotel on Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 24th and 25th September

The Major.

Men are deceived curiously in such matters. When they add a new wing to their house they do not call the action virtue, but if they give to a fellow-creature for their own gratification they demand of God a good mark for it.

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THE DAIRY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Actually kept a customer waiting the other day whilst I was dipping into John Hollingshead's "My Lifetime," the most delightful "life" I have opened for a long time. The bits which interested me particularly were those in which Hollingshead describes having actually seen "The Gentle Elia" (Charles Lamb), of whom he has a hazy recollection as a little Bob Cratchitt kind of man, who might have been a tutor at a school, with a neat, frail body carrying a large head that looked somewhat top-heavy :—

> Lamb's solitary habits were well known, and when he lived at Islington (in the little house in front of the old New River, that had a street-door but no passage), and was not home at a reasonable hour, Miss Sarah James put on her bonnet and went out to find him. When found, he was piloted home like an unruly child, and his sense of humour sometimes found vent in picking up stones or brickbats and pretending to throw them at the passers-by. No one resented this; he looked such a harmless mannikin.

* * * *

I wonder how many lovers of "Elia" have undertaken the pilgrimage to Edmonton, which I made not many days ago? His grave is in the old churchyard, not easily found, modest like himself; and his last home above ground stands hard by the church. This also speaks of the man's humility of soul. It is but a cottage, retired between two larger houses, which shoulder above and before it with a protecting air. A narrow strip of garden runs up to its modest front from the high road, and in one corner stands a bay tree, flourishing like his fame. The owner of the house assured me that it contained no relic of Lamb, and my entrance was not encouraged.

* * * *

In the populous churchyard his grave is inconspicuous. There are no flowers upon it, and the grass grows rank and long, only some trails of ivy from the more pretentious tomb of a banker (who, curiously enough, died at the same age as Lamb) have crept over the mound, as though to supply those graces which no man's hand has conferred. The inscription on the stone runs as follows :—

> Farewell, dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth,
> No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
> That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
> Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
> That hand outstretched, from small, but well-earned store,
> Yield succour to the destitute no more.
> Yet art thou not all lost: thro' many an age,
> With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
> Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
> That old and happier vein revived in thee.
> This for our earth; and, if with friends we share
> Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet him there.

* * * *

The lines were written by Cary, the translator of Dante, whose love for Lamb was great, but could not make him a poet or even quite grammatical. Within the church there is a mural monument, erected in 1888 to commemorate a visit of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, in honour of Charles Lamb and of Cowper, of each of whom it bears a well-executed medallion portrait. Under Cowper's are inscribed three stanzas from "John Gilpin," referring to "the Bell at Edmonton" (of the original inn nothing is left but the name), and under Lamb's, three lines of Wordsworth :

> At the centre of his being lodged
> A soul by resignation sanctified.
> Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived.

* * * *

The poem in which these occur (not consecutively) "written after the death of Charles Lamb," is hardly worthy of its subject, though better than the lines of Cary. It begins well :—

> To a good man of most dear memory
> This stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
> From the great city where he first drew breath.

Less known are Landor's lines :—

> Cordial old man! What youth was in thy years,
> What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
> In every utterance of that purest soul!

Wordsworth speaks of Lamb's "humour and wild instinctive wit," but was not the man to appreciate his "levity," which, indeed, had come near on at least one occasion to breaking their friendship. For when Lamb seized his illustrious friend by the nose at one of their literary gatherings with the greeting, "Well, how are you, old Lakey poet?" Wordsworth failed to see the joke.

* * * *

Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing "Kafir Stories" by Mr. Scully. The book forms one of a series dealing with races (such as Mr. Becke's "By Reef and Palm," and Mrs. Chantoon's "Told on the Pagoda"), which the publisher is gradually forming without the restrictions usually applying to a series in a special *format*.

* * * *

Mr. Alan Oscar writes :—

> Your remarks about Grant Allen's statement *in re* "Is It a Revolution," are pertinent. He is mistaken; of that there is no doubt. Already we are tired of introspection and hints of "dirt." I am a member of a magazine club which has given up *Scribner's* because not one of our members can be bothered with "The Amazing Marriage." You may say "Bad taste!" But is it? Surely in these days we can to some extent define "Good taste."
>
> The neurotics, of course, hanker after strange flesh; but they do not represent our country, thank God! The people to whom the weekly remarks of our Editor appeal—strong, healthy words, better than a thousand mawkish sermons—will not appreciate the writings of the modern advanced school. Already we see the tide turning, and healthy reading asked for. And again "Thank God!" say I; for I love my country and race, and I hate these writers who would wrest our purity and manhood from us.

* * * *

One of my old customers takes great offence at the disparaging mention made by Mr. Sherard in a recent number of *The Idler* of the quaint little London street in which Mr. Anthony Hope's workroom is situated. Granted that the apartment in which so many delightful pages are penned is a dull one, my customer protests against the condemnation of the street. He says he has at times spent pleasant hours in three of the old houses, and has seen floods of sunshine lighting them up.

* * * *

The chambers which Mr. William Black has rented on the east side of the street for so many years are evidently a favourite haunt of this old customer of mine. There is a low-ceilinged sitting-room, with wide window, at the top of the house, from which a charming view of the river can be obtained on clear days.

* * * *

I hear that "Hans Breitmann" is to the fore again this year, as ever—

> "Always gay,
> A-workin' his vay,
> Gettin' along
> Mit shtories und song,"

as he says of "Johannes der Scholar" in his new book, "Hans Breitmann in Germany," which is to be published immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. By the way, "Hans Breitmann" had a very delightful fairy story in *The Idler* some two or three months ago.

* * * *

Mrs. Lynn Linton has at last decided to turn her back upon London, and the familiar drawing-room at Queen Anne's Mansions, with its wonderful collection of curios and works of art, will know her no more. She has taken a charming house at Malvern, where she will live for several months every year. But where, alas! will literary London spend its Saturday afternoons? The most relentless antagonist of modern times with pen in hand, she possesses an Old World courtesy and grace of manner which endear her even to those who have winced beneath her caustic satire. And she is singularly beloved by women—from Girton girls and upwards.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Whirlwind.—Many correspondents have asked for the value of a complete set of this paper. Ten shillings would be a fair price to ask, and the best method of selling would be to take it to a second-hand bookseller. Complete sets are not rare.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

V.—THE NOSE.

The forehead and eyes having been discursively treated we will now study the nose, which is the most essential feature as regards character. Its composition comprises bone and cartilage, and bone comes next to brain in importance. Bone, as I previously explained, means executiveness and intensity, which characteristics are defined, according to the height of the nasal prominence. The nose has always been recognised as the fighting or pugilistic feature. We generally hear people described as possessing fighting noses, and according to the prominence of the nasal bone you will be able to average the executive power of the individual. Now, executiveness and energy are of two classes—the mental and the physical, and the way to define which is by studying the height of the nose at the bridge, also the manner in which the top of the ears set out from the head. The man with a large nose has more executiveness than the one with a small nose. All those individuals who have made a physical mark have had large noses. I mean those who have gone out into the world and distinguished themselves by their actions. We can name such men as Wellington, Napoleon, Nelson, Cæsar, and many others. A man with a moderately-developed intellect and a large nose can do more than an individual with a large brain and a very small nose. The man with the large imaginative brain and full development of the organ of language could write a fine work, but it would require someone with a large nose to take that work out into the world and dispose of it. Size means power, all other things being equal. You cannot read a character by one feature only, but you will find that the executive or bony parts of the face lend themselves towards forming the chief characteristics outside mentality. As regards the position of the bone, the nose is formed into four distinct classes, which are as follows:—The nose with the bone or ridge at the top of the bridge (Fig. 1), the one with the ridge in the centre (Fig. 2), the nose with the bump at the end or tip (Fig. 3), and the straight or Grecian nose, with no ridge whatever (Fig. 4). Their signification is as follows:—The nose with the ridge at the top is the feature of attack, the highest mark of intensity and executiveness. It is the aggressive nose, and indicates the desire to fight on the least provocation. This height to the nasal bone is mostly seen in army men and great naval commanders; but it is also peculiar to barristers and leading politicians. When the ridge is in the middle of the nose it is a moderation of intensity, and means relative-defence (Fig. 2)—Quixotism, the taking up of other people's cudgels and fighting their battles for them. The man with the relative-defensive nose will not attack; but he has enough executiveness to defend his friends, and will never hear them spoken against in their absence. This Quixotic nose mostly pertains to persons of a high-wrought and rather romantic disposition. When the ridge is at the end of the nose, giving it an upward tendency (Fig. 3), then self-defence comes to the fore. It denotes sensitiveness as regards self-advancement, and, if not counterbalanced by benevolence, great selfishness would reign supreme. It is the pushing nose—that of the individual who generally manages to be first in everything, who is capable of taking care of himself, and is not easily put down. This ridge at the end of the nose is not bone, but flesh. Thus there is no intensity, and flesh is sensitive. The person with the tip-tilted nose is witty, pert, and wanting in reserve. The Grecian nose has no ridge whatever, and is perfectly straight (Fig 4). This nose indicates excessive refinement, and when it comes direct from the forehead, leaving a depth in the corner of the eye, the organ of form is largely developed, giving architectural tastes. The characteristic pertaining to this particular nose is a love of art and inability for exertion in opposition to the tastes. The man with the Grecian nose does not attack, neither does he defend his friends or himself, and to a certain extent he is rather wanting in what is termed strength of character. There is a distinct relation between the cranial nerves and the nose. The fourth, or pathetic nerve, has its apparent origin at the base of the brain; its deep origin may be traced to a nucleus in the floor of the aqueduct of Sylvius, immediately below that of the third nerve. This nerve runs through the organs of combativeness and destructiveness to the sides of the nose, thereby connecting the phrenological indications of executive power and pugilism with the physiognomical signs of attack, relative-defence and self-defence. The prominence of the organ of destructiveness will make the ears set out at the top from the head. By destructiveness is meant energy and the power to overcome obstacles. If the nasal bone be high with large destructiveness the energy is physical, but if the facial bones are spread wide then the energy is mental. There is character in the septum or cartilage which divides the nostrils, and there is great character in the nostrils also. When the septum comes below the nostrils (Fig. 5), it indicates analysis and a love of invention and originality. Now I will just explain this matter. Our first impulse is to smell anything we are desirous to analyse. In smelling the olfactory bulbs descend to gather what effluvia they can from the object that is under examination. This continual descent of the olfactory bulbs has effect on the growth of the muscles which form the septum, causing the latter to grow downwards and descend below the nostrils themselves. This love of analysis must not be confounded with inquisitiveness, which we shall explain further on.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

FROM MANY MINDS.

Our most cherished ideas are usually those which we have never had an opportunity of practising.

It is so difficult to be a good master that, if we really knew ourselves, no one would care to be his own servant.

Liberty is a treasure that can be preserved only by constant use.

The good people who presided at our birth can at no future time think of us as free from leading-strings.

Charlatans end by becoming more or less their own dupes. Men cannot throw dust into the eyes of others without getting a little in their own.

If everyone were but granted the happiness which he deserves, unhappiness would be even more widespread than it is.

Moral littleness thinks all creation as small as itself.

The true philospher may be anyone but a professor of philosophy.

The follies of the wise, the extravagances of the clever, the crimes of the just—these are what make revolutions.

A MUSIC-HALL STAR.

A CHAT WITH MR. R. G. KNOWLES.

"*Tableau Vivant!* There's a Picture for You!" Mr. R. G. Knowles is a typical American, both on and off the stage. Tall, slight, and wiry, he looks the admirable baseball player that he is, and though he expresses a very genuine appreciation of, and affection for, the country which he has now made his own, it is evident that he has a soft corner in his heart for the land of the Stars and Stripes.

"No, I am not a Yankee," he observed quickly, in answer to a question. "I am a Buffalo man; but I made my *début* in Chicago. That was a considerable while ago, and since then I may claim to have been in every branch of the profession, from melodrama to what we call farce-comedy; still I was only once guilty of playing a heavy part; that was in Dion Boucicault's *A Long Strike.* I was killed in the first act; but I guess the author was sorry I ever existed!"

"When did you begin your present kind of work?"

"Some years before I came to Europe. I have been a Londoner since 1891, when I came over just for a visit. I made my *début* at the Trocadero on June 15th, my monologue-entertainment, as I style it, caught on at once, and I am now pledged to the Syndicate Halls till October 1897."

"And do you compose your own monologues, or are they written for you?"

"Both things have occurred," was the unexpected answer. "Take, for instance, the songs which are interpolated in the talk. I generally suggest an idea to a composer, and then often add a verse or set of verses myself. My biggest successes in the song line have been *Tableau* and *Christopher Columbus.* What makes a song catch on? Well, that is a difficult question to answer; any man or woman who could tell that for certain would soon make a very large fortune. Still people when they like a thing grip on to it,and it is awfully hard work to introduce a new song. I know I tried and failed last Whit Monday. All through the ditty the audience were shouting themselves hoarse with 'Tableau! Tableau!' So I said to myself, 'You've paid the money, and have a right to choose the song;' so I sang *Tableau* to them."

"And how long does each of your turns last?"

"From twelve to fifteen minutes, according to the temper of my audience, and the time allowed me by the management," he added, smiling. "I always try to finish with a good story and a hearty laugh. When I am in the provinces, where, by the way, I tour for seven weeks each year, I often hold the stage for fifty minutes; but it's trying work, though the audiences in Glasgow, Liverpool, and such places are simply delightful."

"Do you attach much importance to the part played by your costume?"

"Yes and no. I always wear exactly the same style of dress. I bought the original suit from an Indiana farmer whom I met driving into Indianopolis one morning on a cart full of vegetables. His appearance took my fancy, and I bought his whole 'rig-out,' but no coat was included, and one day, when rummaging out some old things, I came across my grandfather's wedding coat, and it has formed part of my stage costume ever since. I sometimes wonder," said Mr. Knowles, meditatively, "what the old man, who was a strict Scotch Presbyterian, would think if he could see his wedding garment now. One rather important item of my costume is my hat, which is simply an opera gibus with the brim bent about and the spring broken."

"We have all heard a great deal about American versus English humour. Do you find that your countrymen laugh at the same jokes as do the British public?"

"Why, certainly. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' A great deal of nonsense is talked about various forms of national humour. One thing is very noticeable in America—the audiences there are very cosmopolitan, and you will find that they will rise to Lancashire talk just as much as to Lousiania patois. For instance, what most pleased Americans in *The Professor's Love Story* were the two Scotch servants, but you will notice that over here even the most cultured London critics consider *Alabama* too local in feeling. Mind you, each country has its own distinct types, and I doubt if either audience would much care to hear what sometimes delights the other. Even certain of our New York streets have their special sort of inhabitant. The Irishman in America is a very different kind of fellow from the Irishman in England. The Americanised German speaks a lingo all his own, and nothing can be more different than the London coster and his Yankee confrère."

"And how do American music-halls compare with those over here?"

"Well, till lately a kind of suspicion attached to what we style Variety Theatres, but now this is not so, thanks in a great measure to the travelled American who comes to London and sees that the music-hall can be both refined and genuinely amusing as regards the performance. No smoking or drinking is allowed in American halls, and I repeat that till quite lately the whole thing was on a very different and lower level than over here. But then you see there is not the same demand for variety entertainments there as here, and our theatres," continued Mr. Knowles, "are infinitely superior to yours. Mind you, I am not speaking of acting and so on—no nation has a monopoly of brains or dramatic genius—but the American theatres are more comfortable as regards accommodation, and also as regards price. The six-shilling stall is an excellent institution, and then again our farce-comedies attract large audiences. I have done a good deal of this kind of work myself. Each character is written up to suit a particular actor or actress, and, of course, the result is often very excellent. Salaries rule better in what I may style legitimate drama than in variety shows, and that is another reason why the American do not compare with the English music-halls; for here, as you probably know, it is just the other way, and a successful music-hall artiste commands a considerably larger salary than even a good actor or actress, and is more sure of obtaining constant and regular work."

"Still, you must find the life very wearying. Each turn must take a good deal out of you?"

"That is so," he answered, frankly, "especialy when one has to dash off from one hall to another the moment one's turn is over. I tell a new batch of stories every six or eight weeks, and, indeed, often vary what I say from evening to evening, but I thoroughly enjoy my work and feel on the best of good terms with my audiences."

MRS. FASHION: "I've picked out a husband for you, daughter."

Miss Fashion: "Very well; but I want to say right here, mother, when it comes to buying the wedding dress I'm going to select the material myself."

WILLIE: "Did yer hev a good time at the picnic?"

Jimmie: "Great! Sis got into a bee's nest, pa fell out of a tree when he was putting up a swing, and ma burned her fingers making tea on an open fire. It was immense!"

SHE (*coldly*): "I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course."

He (*diplomatically*): "Yes—worth a million other girls."

She (*rapturously*): "Oh, Jack!"

THE SOULFUL GIRL: "What is the true test of poetry?"

The Poet: "Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper he may rest assured that it is a good thing."

A TRUTHFUL TRAGEDY.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

Illustrated by Ernest Goodwin.

It is the invariable habit of the tailor when exhibiting a piece of goods which he remarks "will make up beautiful," to assure his customer that it is "all wool." This assurance is never believed, and the tailor knows that it never will be. Hence he regards it as a mere conventional form of speech, intended to add a gaudy lustre to the dull routine of business, and devoid of any moral bearing. Some of our most profound tailors, who are as truthful as the exigencies of their business will permit, stoutly maintain that no real violation of the truth is involved in this assertion, and that the theory that a tailor is guilty of falsehood in calling cotton "all wool" is a morbid and wholly unjustifiable one.

"ALL WOOL."

No man can violate a long-established custom with impunity. There are instances on record in which the sudden telling of the truth by a reckless and selfish politician has proved the ruin of his party. For a tailor either to abstain from the customary assurance that his goods are "all wool," or actually to sell cloth of which that assurance is literally and completely true, would be to invite a cataclysm of nature, or some equally vigorous calamity. Until recently no tailor has tried the hazardous experiment, but now we are told of an English tailor who sold an exclusively woollen piece of cloth with the usual guaranty that it was "all wool," and thereby struck a blow at the whole fabric of British society, besides seriously damaging the Established Church.

It happened in this wise. The Rev. Mr. Owen was the vicar in charge of a rural parish, and he accepted an invitation to visit a fair parishioner who was devoted to the Church and addicted to dogs. A woman may be known by the dogs she keeps, and the fact that Mrs. Honeywood, the fair parishioner in question, kept a Pyrenean wolf-dog, shows that she had a soul above croquet, worsted work, and the frivolities which characterise the woman who associates with King Charles spaniels and French poodles. When the good vicar visited her she led him forth into the garden, to discuss the condition of the heathen and to inspect a new dog-kennel. He entered that garden a placid, clean, and contented clergyman; but he was destined to emerge from it a demoralised, denuded, and partially disintegrated man.

The Pyrenean wolf-dog was young, and unacquainted with the taste or scent of clergymen. He was an intelligent dog, who had made the most of his educational facilities, and had already learned the difference in flavour between the footman, the "Buttons," and the housemaid. Had clergymen been thrown in his way he would have undoubtedly sampled a few of them, and, having thus satisfied his thirst for knowledge, would have abstained from further ecclesiastical investigations. It certainly was not his fault that when he saw his first clergyman, in the person of Mr. Owen, he mentally remarked, "Here is something new in legs," and promptly proceeded to collect data with a view to the classification of the new legs as a species distinct from the household legs with which he was already familiar.

THE VICAR.

No sooner had this enterprising animal made a few preliminary sniffs at Mr. Owen's legs, and tasted a trifle of coat-tail, than he retired a few paces in order to get a good start, and then sprang upon the vicar with violent and determined yells. For the next few minutes the air was thick with fragments of cloth and clergyman, and a welkin, which happened to be conveniently near, rang like the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Mrs. Honeywood, with great presence of mind, went into the house for a broom and dustpan, being unwilling that the housemaid, who was a Dissenter, should have the privilege of sweeping up the clergyman. By the time she had returned to the scene of the tragedy with her household implements, the greater part of the vicar had escaped over the garden wall, and the infuriated dog was worrying the pieces that had been left behind.

Fearful that the accident might create a coolness between herself and her spiritual guide, Mrs. Honeywood wrote to the vicar a graceful note, apologising for the playfulness of her dog, and expressing the hope that it had not caused the clergyman any inconvenience. She also sent him a partially chewed rag, remarking, "I found the enclosed piece of cloth on the garden walk, and send it to you, as I fancy that it

SHE LED HIM FORTH INTO THE GARDEN.

belongs to your greatcoat, and you may be able to replace it." Strange as it may seem, this cheerful note did not produce the desired effect. The vicar answered

it, briefly and coldly, but he also procured a summons, requiring Mrs. Honeywood to answer to the charge of keeping a dangerous wild beast on her premises.

It is interesting to note the sequence of events that to the careless observer seem to be wholly unconnected. The partial disintegration of the Rev. Mr. Owen was due solely to the remarkable and unprecedented fact that his tailor had told the truth. The reverend gentleman himself proved this fact in an eloquent and learned dissertation upon his calamity which he delivered in court. "My tailor," he remarked, "warrants his goods to be of fine wool, wholly free from any admixture of cotton or other substance. The defendant's dog ascertained this fact first by scent and next by taste, and then jumped at the conclusion that beneath the sheep's clothing lurked the concealed and vicious wolf." The dog, it must be remembered, was a wolf-dog, whose ancestors for centuries had hunted the fierce Pyrenean wolf, and who was well aware that it is the habit of the wolf to dress himself in sheep's skin in order to ply in comparative safety his infamous trade. When the dog found a quantity of "all wool" clothing enclosing something that by no stretch of the imagination could be regarded as a sheep, he naturally thought that he had detected a wolf in illicit practices, and thereupon tore him in pieces to as great an extent as the circumstances permitted.

All this would have been avoided if the excessively and unnecessarily truthful tailor had sold the clergyman the mixture conventionally known as "all wool." Had the clergyman been clothed in this combination of cotton and wool, the suspicions of the dog would not have been aroused, the clergyman would not have been "worried," and the prosecution of one of his best parishioners, with the inevitable scandal which ensued, would have been avoided, Doubtless no such event will ever again occur. The offending tailor has by this time bitterly repented of his rash lapse into truth, and has doubtless registered a vow never again to offend in a similar way, especially as his first and only attempt at telling the exact truth as to the material of which his goods are composed, has been condemned by a clergyman as little better than a murderous outrage. If any other morbidly eccentric tailor should happen to feel an impulse to make his cloth literally answer to the description "all wool," he will, it is to be hoped, remember the tragedy of Mr. Owen, and reconsider his rash purpose before it should be too late.

EPIDEMICS FROM OTHER WORLDS.

That thousands of tons of meteoric matter and cosmic dust are annually precipitated upon the earth and that the amount of such deposit is subject to great variation are generally admitted. That much of this matter is permeated with life-germs has been announced by a few observers. Darwin described a shower of strange organisms covering an area of over a million square miles, proving by its extent an origin probably beyond the limits of our atmosphere. In a fall of yellow snow at Peckeloh, Germany, Weber found myriads of germs. A most remarkable cosmic shower occurred in 1755 in Northern Italy. The precipitation embraced an area of about two hundred square leagues, and was an inch in depth in places, the Alps also being covered with a coloured snow to a depth of nine feet. In October, 1846, a shower of microscopic organisms was observed in France, and over one hundred different forms were described of a character similar to that of no known species. Ehrenberg estimated that forty-five tons of organic germs fell in this shower. In 1803, Italy and all Southern Europe were visited by a similar shower, and ten years later Calabria was the scene of a like phenomenon. Palestine and also Western Kentucky have had such showers. It is hardly reasonable to infer that the immense amount of organic matter in such showers is all of terrestrial origin. Recent investigations have proved coloured snows to be filled with organisms, and the Polar snows are said to have yielded more than three hundred different life-forms. These organisms can hardly be produced in our atmosphere, millions of hundredweights of them, according to Dana, having fallen since the days of Homer, who first described them in the Iliad. I have given but a partial list of such phenomena, and am indebted to Professor I. N. Vail for some of the data presented.

It is regarded as proved that all terrestrial matter, except as influenced by igneous action, contains living germs. Matter is matter throughout the universe, and it requires no stretch of imagination to believe that bacteria exist upon other planetary bodies and in the cosmic clouds in interplanetary space. Countless myriads of the cosmic germs reaching us are dead, presumably because of the intense cold of space, but it is remarkable how tenacious of life are some germs and spores of most bacteria. Certain varieties will thrive in ice. I have not the article at hand, but I remember reading detailed experiments made about 1889, that proved that the ordinary bacterium termo could, in successive generations of its growth, be gradually subjected to greater and greater heat until germs were made to thrive in a temperature fatal to their ancestors. Some of these germs might live for a time and then die out. If they did, any disease they might engender would die with them.

In the fourteenth century the so-called "Black Plague" *suddenly* came upon the world and carried off nearly fifty million victims. It was apparently a specific germ-disease, and spread much faster than the lines of commerce could carry it. It seemed to be everywhere, on sea and land. An old chronicle says: "The impure air was actually visible as it approached with its burden of death, and a dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens." On several occasions peculiar clouds have accompanied plagues. What caused the black plague, and why has it ceased from off the earth? . . . On the theory that the plague was caused by cosmic germs, its widespread character is understood. Its cessations might be ascribed to the earth swinging out of range of the cosmic dust carrying the germs, which, not finding proper environment on the earth, ceased to multiply, and so became extinct. The old type of "spotted fever" could be accounted for on like grounds. It is almost unknown now, and much resembled the "black death" of 1366 and 1367, which is now an extinct disease. Between the years 1861 and 1864 epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis largely prevailed as a practically new form of disease, and was widely spread and very fatal. The epidemic form of this disease has all but disappeared. Here, then, we have a group of epidemic affections coming unannounced and as quickly disappearing. Demonstrated theories do not fully account for this phenomenon.—*Medical News.*

What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting, and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a vulture then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

COUNTERFEIT AND REAL GEMS.

The simplest device for making counterfeit gems is that of the so-called "doublet," which is produced by joining two pieces of quartz-crystal with green, red or blue balsam. Superior imitations are obtained by more complicated methods. Paste diamonds are rendered more effective by depositing silver on the back with electricity. Diamond doublets are sometimes composed of two pieces of crystal with silver foil between. Another process consists in uniting a thin slice of real diamond to a glass base. Emeralds are counterfeited in the same way by joining red garnet with quartz crystal. A blue colour is given to white sapphires by applying a little blue dye to the bottom of the stone. Comparatively few real pearls are worn nowadays. The imitations, which are nearly as pretty, are globules of glass lined with a substance obtained from the scales of a fish called the "bleak." It is this substance which gives the peculiar iridescence to the scales of many fishes. In jewellers' shops are frequently displayed glass reproductions of the most famous diamonds of the world. These are cut at Grünhainchen, in Bohemia. Most interesting of the originals, perhaps, are those of out-of-the-way colours, such as the celebrated blue Hope diamond, and the great red diamond belonging to the Czar of all the Russias. The finest existing green diamond is in the Green Vault at Dresden, in which are preserved the royal treasures of Saxony. Most of these treasures have come down from the Middle Ages. The diamond is pear-shaped. Harvard University possesses the most perfect octahedral diamond known. Though so wonderfully perfect as a crystal, it is a little off colour.

Within the last few years a large part of the business of cutting diamonds has moved from Amsterdam to London, owing to the fact that the greatest existing mines of those gems in South Africa are the property of British capitalists. Workmen in this line have been imported recently into the United States. The first diamond-cutting in that country was done in 1850, in the city of Boston. It is reckoned, by the way, that the diamonds in existence are worth collectively nine times as much as all the other precious stones in the world put together. At the same time, fine rubies are worth very much more per carat than diamonds. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all products of nature. Few great rubies have ever been brought to Europe or to America, because the princes of India, who own the most valuable ones, will not sell them. Runjeet Singh has a ruby that was estimated by him to be worth £12,000,000. Yet this kind of gem is only a bit of crystallised corundum coloured with iron.

Nearly all of the great diamonds of the world have had romantic histories, but none of them approaches in this respect the Koh-i-noor, now among the Royal jewels in England. It is known to have been the property of the rajahs of Malwa nearly a thousand years ago. In 1304 the Sultan Aladdin—himself the actual original of the Arabian Nights hero—overcame the then rajah in battle and captured the gem. Subsequently, however, he restored it to the rajah, in the hands of whose descendants it remained until the rise of the Mogul dynasty. Mohammed Shah of that dynasty was on the throne as Emperor of Hindostan when his country was invaded and his capital city, Delhi, was taken by the Persian Nadir Shah. The conqueror confiscated all the jewels in the Delhi treasury, but the already-famous Koh-i-noor was missing. A woman of Mohammed's harem gave information that the Emperor wore the stone concealed in his turban, and Nadir finally secured it by a clever ruse, offering to exchange turbans with Mohammed. At the death of Nadir the gem became the property of his son and successor, Shah Rokh, who was soon after overthrown by a usurper, Aga Mohammed. Aga Mohammed put Shah Rokh to the torture to make him give up the stone, but Shah Rokh would not, even when his eyes were put out with knives. Finally, Aga Mohammed ordered his victim's head to be shaved and encircled with a diadem of paste, thus making a receptacle into which boiling oil was poured. But even this did not induce Shah Rokh to give up the Koh-i-noor. He died soon after from his injuries, and gave the stone to Ahmed Shah, founder of the Afghan empire, who had come to his assistance.

The Koh-i-noor descended from Ahmed Shah to his grandson, Shah Zaman. The latter was deposed from the throne and had his eyes put out by his brother, Shah Shuja. Shah Zaman was shut up in a solitary prison cell for many years, where he concealed the gem in the plaster of the wall. By an accident an officer of the guard scratched his hand on one of the angles of the diamond, which projected almost imperceptibly, and this led to the discovery. So Shah Shuja got the stone; but pretty soon he himself was deposed, and his eyes were put out by his next brother, Shah Malmud. He withdrew to the court of Runjeet Singh for protection, but Runjeet wanted the Koh-i-noor and persecuted Shuja and starved Shuja's wife until he got it. Runjeet had it set in a bracelet. It was confiscated by the British at the close of the great Indian Mutiny and was sent to England. It weighed 186 carats and was reduced to 106 carats by recutting. Though not of the very finest water, having a slightly greyish tinge, it is valued at £120,000.

The glass or "paste" for artificial diamonds has to be made with the utmost care. About fifty per cent. of raw material is quartz-crystal. To this is added twenty-two per cent. of carbonate of soda and due proportions of calcined borax, saltpetre and redlead. All of these substances are reduced to the finest powder, mixed, fused together by heat in a crucible and cooled slowly. The density, transparency and beauty of the counterfeit "stones" depend upon the pains taken in these processes. When thus made, the paste is all ready to be cut up into diamonds for market. It may be, however, that the manufacturer desires to produce imitation gems of other kinds. If so, he has the means ready at hand. Supposing that he wants rubies, he fuses with the paste a very small quantity of peroxide of manganese and a trace of Cassius purple, which will give the proper colour. For emeralds, he employs in like manner oxide of iron, and for sapphires oxide of cobalt. Topaz is easily formed in the crucible by mixing with one thousand parts of the "paste" forty parts of glass of antimony and one part of Cassius purple. For making other kinds of gems there are methods equally simple.

THE SCIENTIST'S BELIEF IN GOD.

Raoul Pictet, the learned Swiss physicist whose researches in low temperature—in the very domain of sympathetic vibratory physics—have brought him out of the "impenetrable cloud," in which materialistic science has wrapped the mysteries of nature, into the light of religious science, after listening to "a wholesale" condemnation of scientific research from a Roman Catholic bishop, said to him, "Have you ever seen God?" "Of course not," the bishop answered. "Then I have this advantage as a researcher of truth over theologians," replied Prefessor Pictet, "for the longer I study the phenomena of nature, the more distinctly I see God in all of nature's operations."

When Edison was asked, "Do you believe in a personal God?" "Certainly," he answered. "The existence of God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry." "The reason for scepticism and unbelievers is not to be wondered at," writes Thornton, "when men interested in scientific research find no evidence from their experiments of the presence of God in the Universe. How could this be otherwise? God has to man but a subjective existence, which could never be reached by any known mode of experiments. Therefore man must get outside of himself, which means that he must 'die,' to know God and the reality of things."

ROYAL DINNER SERVICES.

One of the oddest fads I ever knew is that of a Washington lady, the wife of a well-known newspaper correspondent and author. She has travelled all over the world, and has endeavoured to bring away from every capital, as a souvenir of her visit, a dinner-plate that once belonged to and bears the crest of some famous man, woman or monarch. Her collection is large, and includes examples of the chinaware of nearly every country. Some of them are old, others commonplace, and some are fine and beautiful. There are many collections of teapots and urns and vases, but this is the only collection of plates that I know. It is the custom in the palaces of the Old World to refurnish the private apartments and provide a new table service whenever a monarch is crowned. It is usually of domestic manufacture, for in every country of Europe are porcelain works, and always of a special pattern designed to suit the taste of that particular sovereign, although the celebrated manufactory at Sèvres, France, has furnished the china of many of the royal families of Europe for two or three centuries. When the new comes in the old is stored away somewhere on the top shelves of the imperial pantry, and this lady reports that in only two or three instances has she failed to persuade the attendants who show visitors about the palaces to overhaul it, and secure for her collection samples of the plates upon which the dead kings and emperors have dined.

The china of Queen Victoria, like that estimable lady herself, is very simple and plain, and it has been furnished for years by a single and famous factory at Worcester. It is heavy, plain white, with a narrow gold band, and the initials V. R.—Victoria Regina—in the centre. The same staid pattern is used at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and at the Queen's private palace at Osborne, and this fact is accounted for by the Queen's well known habits of economy. It is presumed that her castle in the Highlands of Scotland is furnished in a similar manner, although it is never opened to visitors, and the collector has not been able to secure a sample from that place. The china of the Prince of Wales comes from the same factory, but it is of great variety and more ornamental than that of his Imperial mother, and it usually bears the Royal crest. The Princess of Wales has a taste for delicate patterns, and she likes the lightest and thinnest china that can be secured. Her cups are like eggshells, and her plates as thin as wafers. Not long ago a great fuss was made by the English manufacturers because she ordered a full service of several hundred pieces from France.

When the Palace of the Tuileries in Paris was sacked by the Commune the most superb collection of china that was ever gathered under a single roof was scattered among the people. It included several dinner and breakfast services that had belonged to and been used by Louis XVI., Louis XV., Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., and all was of the finest Sèvres, of special patterns designed by famous artists, for the French kings were fastidious and extravagant, and the luxury of the empire has never been surpassed. The palaces at Versailles and St. Cloud were stripped in a similar manner. In time the china was conveyed from the garrets of the plunderers to the pawnbrokers, and the shops of dealers in art and antiquities, and it has been picked up by collectors from all over the world. A New York gentleman has an entire dinner service which belonged to Louis XIV., that was collected for him during the course of two years by a Paris dealer in secondhand goods, and single examples of rare quality can be found upon the walls of thousands of houses. Millions of francs have been made by the dealers in this sort of way by buying and selling the imperial china. Louis XIV. was in the habit of ornamenting his dinner-plates with the portraits of the ladies of his court. Louis Philippe followed his example, and if the biographies of the ladies would accompany their pictures the plates would bring a much higher price. The china of the latter monarch is of the rarest quality and design, but is very common, and samples can be purchased at almost any antique shop in Paris, London, or New York. He almost monopolised the Sèvres factory during his reign and the palaces in Paris, Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau were filled with gems that have lost much of their value, however, because they are so numerous. Louis Philippe was very fond of cupids and garlands, and thousands of pieces bearing those designs are still in existence.

Napoleon the Great adopted the humble bee as his sign-manual, and not only the china, but the furniture and draperies of his palaces, his swords and carriages, and even his note-paper, bore a representation of that useful insect whose name represents the first letter of the name of Bonaparte. In the centre of his plate one usually finds the escutcheon of France, very elaborately and beautifully done in gold. Napoleon III. used china of very delicate pattern, usually white and gold, with an ornamental "N" in the centre, surmounted by a coronet. It was probably designed to please the refined taste of the Empress Eugénie. He had a beautiful set of white with a black enamelled border, upon which were traced in gold the Eagles of France, and in the centre the Imperial escutcheon; a similar set in royal blue, another in pink, and others in bronze-green, canary-yellow, and maroon. These sets were very large, and each was sufficient to serve several hundred people. The lady collector of whom I speak says that, although she has made many attempts, she has never been able to secure a sample of the china of the German Emperors, as the attendants at the Palaces in Berlin, at Potsdam, and Magdeburg were invariably beyond the influence of persuasion or bribes, which speaks well for Teutonic honesty. Nor was she ever able to penetrate the royal pantries at any of these places, even to see the china used, and at the Dresden factories from which the supply comes, no price she was able to offer would induce the sale of a single piece.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, Russia, with the exception of the Vatican at Rome, is the largest residence in the world. It has 700 rooms, many of them of enormous size, and some so large that the White House at Washington could be erected in them, portico and all. It is said that 5,000 soldiers have been sheltered under its roof. The Czar does not occupy it very often, as he prefers the smaller and more comfortable palaces at Peterhoff and Gatschina, but most of the court balls, banquets and other official functions take place there. He has six palaces in and around St. Petersburg, but those are his favourites. The storerooms of the Winter Palace are filled with the china of the Russian Czars as far back as Catherine the Great, and here the lady collector was able to obtain samples by purchasing them of the attendants who brought the pieces to her hotel one at a time for several days afterward, and demanded only moderate prices—not more than such plates would be worth at a shop without considering the value of association. The imperial china is all of Russian manufacture, and does not equal in quality or in lustre the product of Austria or Germany or France. It is plain and coarse, and the decorations are not very artistic, although there is in the Winter Palace a world-famous table service of solid silver, overlaid with gold, that will furnish a banquet of 500 covers. It dates back to the time of the crazy Emperor Paul, who was the son of Catherine the Great.

The plates used by all the Czars are larger than the ordinary size. Those of Catherine were ornamented with conventional designs of blue and gold, and bore

the imperial crest in the centre. Catherine the Great was one of the most luxurious and profligate monarchs in history. She is known as the Cleopatra of modern times. She was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences. She filled a palace that she called the Hermitage with one of the finest collection of pictures and statuary in the world, and called to her capital the most famous poets and artists of Europe. Her taste was exquisite—more to be admired than her morals, and it would be natural to find in her collection the most beautiful of china, but it is commonplace. Nicholas, "The Iron Czar," as he was called, used enormous plates and cups and saucers of the commonest china, heavy and coarse, which were also decorated with blue, and in the centre bore his initial, with a crown and cross. But this would be expected of him, for he was in no sense artistic in his taste, nor luxurious in his surroundings. He was a man of austere life, and the habits of a monk. His bedroom, which remains as he left it, is like a cell in a prison, and the iron bed upon which he slept and upon which he died is narrow and hard.

The china of Alexander II., who was assassinated by the Nihilists, was a little better in quality, but of similar design, only it bore the initial A, and an eagle with outspread wings. That of the late Czar is of the same pattern, and bears the same initial with the distinctive III. under the A. to indicate that it belongs to the third monarch of that name. It is said that the private china in the smaller palaces is very different, and of much better quality.

The royal china of Spain is made at the factory of the Marquis de Pickham, at Seville, which occupies the ancient monastery of Los Cuevas, in which Columbus spent the last few weary years of his life, and in whose chapel his remains lay from his death in 1506 to 1540, when they were removed by his daughter-in-law to the cathedral at Santo Domingo. When the Republicans came into power in Spain, some years ago they destroyed nearly all the china in the palace at Madrid, and much of the furniture, including the throne; but that was only a canopy and a couple of large, French gilt-chairs, and the world sustained no loss. But the contents of the pantry included a wonderful collection of rare old ceramics, such as are now found only in the museums. The Spaniards learned the potter's art from the Moors, and they had it to perfection, as the tiles in the Alhambra will show. The old Spanish tiles are the finest in the world. You find them in the monasteries and the palaces of the hidalgoes everywhere in Spain, and scattered all through Mexico and Central and South America, where they were shipped in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The officials of the Republic had a beautiful lot of china made for the palace, but when the monarchy was restored that also was destroyed, as it bore a crest that was offensive to the King and the Court. Not a piece remains except a few samples which the Marquis de Pickham happened to reserve in his factory, but seldom shows them except to foreigners, for political feeling runs high in Spain, and any vestige of the Republic is odious. The china of Ferdinand and Isabella—not the sovereigns who patronised Columbus, but the rulers of Spain in the middle of the present century—was very beautiful. It was white, with a gold band, arabesques of raised work around the edge, with a monogram of the letters I and F in the centre, surrounded by a crown. That of Alphonso XII., the late king, and the father of the boy who sits on the throne of Spain to-day, was equally pretty. It bears the ancient escutcheon of Spain, the same that was embroidered upon the banners of Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, and other heroes of the conquest of America—the castle, representing Castile; the lion, representing Leon; and the pomegranate, representing the Kingdom of Grenada, which was added when Boabdil, the last of the Moorish monarchs, who had ruled in Southern Spain for 700 years, was driven out of the Alhambra.

One of the most beautiful plates in the collection comes from the palace of the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, the daughter of the King of Belgium, and the widow of the reckless and wayward Rudolph, the heir to the throne of Austria, who was one morning found lying dead in his summer palace beside the body of the most beautiful woman of the Austrian court. It was a tragedy that caused all Europe to shudder, and revealed a scandal that brought shame and humiliation to the proudest and one of the most exemplary families on that continent. The widow, who is still young and a beautiful woman, lives with her children in the palace near Vienna that had been assigned to her husband, and her china bears a monogram made of a double S.—*Current Literature.*

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

VIII.—THE LOVE OF THE PRINCE OF GLOTTENBERG.

IT was the spring of the year when Ludwig, Prince of Glottenberg, came courting the Princess Osra; for his father had sought the most beautiful lady of a Royal House in Europe, and had found none equal to Osra. Therefore the Prince came to Strelsau with a great retinue, and was lodged in the White Palace, which stood on the outskirts of the city, where the public gardens now are (for the Palace itself was sacked and burnt by the people in the rising of 1848). Here Ludwig stayed many days, coming every day to the King's Palace to pay his respects to the King and Queen, and to make his court to the Princess. King Rudolf had received him with the utmost friendship, and was, for reasons of State then of great moment but now of vanished interest, as eager for the match as was the King of Glottenberg himself, and he grew very impatient with his sister when she hesitated to accept Ludwig's hand, alleging that she felt for him no more than a kindly esteem, and, what was as much to the purpose, that he felt no more for her. For although the Prince possessed most courteous and winning manners, and was very accomplished both in learning and in exercises, yet he was a grave and pensive young man, rather stately than jovial, and seemed in the Princess's eyes (accustomed as they were to catch and check ardent glances), to perform his wooing more as a duty of his station than on the impulse of any passion. Finding in herself also no such sweet ashamed emotions as had before now crossed her heart on account of lesser men, she grew grave and troubled, and she said to the King,

"Brother, is this love? For I had as lief he were away as here, and when he is here he kisses my hand as though it were a statue's hand; and—and I feel as though it were. They say you know what love is. Is this love?"

"There are many forms of love," smiled the King. "This is such love as a Prince and a Princess may most properly feel."

"I do not call it love at all," said Osra, with a pout.

When Prince Ludwig came next day to see her and told her with grave courtesy that his pleasure lay in doing her will, she broke out,

"I had rather it lay in watching my face," and then, ashamed, she turned away from him.

He seemed grieved, and hurt at her words, and it was with a sigh that he said,

"My life shall be given to giving you joy."

She turned round on him with flushed cheek and trembling lips,

"Yes, but I had rather it were spent in getting joy from me."

He cast down his eyes a moment, and then, taking her hand, kissed it. But she drew it away sharply, and so that afternoon they parted, he back to his Palace, she to her chamber, where she sat, asking again, "Is this love?" and crying, "He does not know love," and pausing, now and again, before her mirror, to ask her pictured face why it would not unlock the door of love.

On another day she would be merry, or feign merriment, rallying him on his sombre air and formal compliments, professing that for her part she soon grew weary of such wooing, and loved to be easy and merry; for thus she hoped to sting him, so that he would either disclose more warmth or altogether forsake his pursuit. But he made many apologies, blaming nature that had made him grave, but assuring her of his deep affection and respect.

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"Affection and respect!" murmured Osra, with a little toss of her head. "Oh, that I had not been born a Princess!" And yet, though she did not love him, she thought him a very noble gentleman, and trusted to his honour and sincerity in everything. Therefore, when he still persisted, and Rudolf and the Queen urged her, telling her (the King mockingly, the Queen with a touch of sadness) that she must not look to find in the world such love as romantic girls dreamt of, at last she yielded; and she told her brother that she would marry Prince Ludwig; yet for a little while she would not have the news proclaimed. So Rudolf went, alone and privately, to the White Palace, and said to Ludwig,

"Cousin, you have won the fairest lady in the world. Behold her brother says it!"

Prince Ludwig bowed low, and taking the King's hand, pressed it, thanking him for his help and approval, and expressing himself as most grateful for the boon of the Princess's favour.

"And will you not come with me and find her?" cried the King, with a merry look.

"I have urgent business now," answered Ludwig. "Beg the Princess to forgive me. This afternoon I will crave the honour of waiting on her with my humble gratitude."

King Rudolf looked at him, a smile curling on his lips; and he said, in one of his gusts of impatience,

"By heaven, is there another man in the world who would talk about gratitude, and business, and the afternoon, when Osra of Strelsau sat watching for him?"

"I mean no discourtesy," protested Ludwig, taking the King's arm, and glancing at him with most friendly eyes. "Indeed, dear friend, I am rejoiced and honoured. But this business of mine will not wait."

So the King, frowning, and grumbling, and laughing, went back alone and told the Princess that the happy wooer was most grateful, and would come after his business was transacted that afternoon. But Osra, having given her hand, would admit no fault in the man she had chosen, and thanked the King for the message with great dignity. Then the King came to her, and, sitting down by her, stroked her hair, saying softly,

"You have had many lovers, sister Osra—and now comes a husband!"

"Yes, now a husband," she murmured, catching swiftly at his hand; and her voice was half caught in a sudden sob.

"So goes the world—our world," said the King, knitting his brows, and seeming to fall for a moment into a sad reverie.

"I am frightened," she whispered. "Should I be frightened if I loved him?"

"I have been told so," said the King, smiling again. "But the fear has a way of being mastered then." And he drew her to him, and gave her a hearty brother's kiss, telling her to take heart. "You'll thaw the fellow yet," said the King, "though, I grant you, he is icy enough." For the King himself had been by no means what he called an icy man.

But Osra was not satisfied, and sought to assuage the pain of her heart by adorning herself most carefully for the Prince's coming, hoping to fire him to love. For she thought that if he loved, she might, although since he did not she could not. And surely he did not, or all the tales of love were false! Thus she came to receive him very magnificently arrayed. There was a flush on her cheek, and an uncertain expectant fearful look in her eyes, and thus she stood before him, as he fell on his knee and kissed her hand. Then he rose, and declared his thanks, and promised his devotion; but as he spoke, the flush faded and the light died from her eyes; and when at last he drew near to her and offered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered him to touch it. He was content to touch it but once, and seemed not to know how cold it was; and so, after more talk of his father's pleasure and his pride, he took his leave, promising to come again the next day. She ran to the window when the door was closed on him, and thence watched him mount his horse and ride away slowly, with his head bent and his eyes downcast; yet he was a noble gentleman, stately and handsome, kind and true. The tears came suddenly into her eyes and blurred her sight as she leant watching from behind the hanging curtains of the window. Though she dashed them angrily away, they came again, and ran down her pale cold cheeks, mourning the golden vision that seemed gone without fulfilment.

That evening there came a gentleman from the Prince of Glottenberg, carrying most humble excuses from his master, who (so he said) was prevented from waiting on the Princess the next day by a certain very urgent affair that took him from Strelsau, and would keep him absent from the city all day long; and the gentleman delivered to Osra a letter from the Prince, full of graceful and profound apologies, and pleading an engagement that his honour would not let him break; for nothing short of that, said he, should have kept him from her side. There followed some lover's phrases, scantily worded and frigid in an assumed passion. But Osra smiled graciously, and sent back a message, readily accepting all that the Prince urged in excuse, and she told what had passed to the King, with her head high in the air and a careless haughtiness, so that even the King did not rally her, nor yet venture to comfort her, but urged her to spend the day in riding with the Queen and him; for they were setting out for Zenda, where the King was to hunt in the forest, and she could ride some part of the way with them, and return in the evening. And she, wishing that she had sent first to the Prince to bid him not come, agreed to go with her brother; it was better far to go, than to wait at home for a lover who would not come.

Thus the next morning they rode out, the King and Queen with their retinue, the Princess attended by one of her Guard, named Christian Hantz, who was greatly attached to her, and most jealous in praise and admiration of her. This fellow had taken on himself to be very angry with Prince Ludwig's coldness, but dared say nothing of it; yet, impelled by his anger, he had set himself to watch the Prince very closely; and thus he had, as he conceived, discovered something that brought a twinkle into his eye and a triumphant smile to his lips as he rode behind the Princess. Some fifteen miles she accompanied her brother and then, turning with Christian, took another road back to the city. Alone she rode, her mind full of sad thoughts, while Christian behind still wore his malicious smile. But presently, although she had not commanded him, he quickened his pace and came up to her side, relying on the favour which she always showed him for excuse.

"Well, Christian," said she, "have you something to say to me?"

"KILL HIM, MY LORD; KILL HIM!"

For answer he pointed to a small house that stood among the trees, some way from the road, and he said, "If I were Ludwig and not Christian, yet I would be here where Christian is, and not there, where Ludwig is," and he pointed still at the house.

She faced round in anger at his daring to speak to her of the Prince, but he was a bold fellow, and would not be silenced now that he had begun to speak; he knew also that she would bear much from him. So he leant over towards her, saying,

"By your bounty, madame, I have money, and he who has money can get knowledge. So I know that the Prince is there. For fifty crowns I gained a servant of his, and he told me."

"I do not know why you should spy on the Prince," said Osra, "and I do not care to know where the Prince is," and she touched her horse with the spur, and cantered forward fast, leaving the little house behind. But Christian persisted, partly in a foolish grudge against any man who should win what was above his reach, partly in an honest anger that she, whom he worshipped, should be treated lightly by another; and he forced her to hear what he had learnt from the gossip of the Prince's groom, telling it to her in hints and half-spoken sentences, yet so plainly that she could not miss the gist of it.

She rode the faster towards Strelsau, at first answering nothing; but at last she turned upon him fiercely, saying that he told a lie, and that she knew it was a lie, since she knew where the Prince was, and what business had taken him away, and she commanded Christian to be silent and to speak neither to her nor to anyone else of his false suspicions; and she bade him very harshly to fall back and ride behind her again, which he did, sullen, yet satisfied. For he knew that his arrow had gone home. On she rode, with her cheeks aflame and her heart beating, until she came to Strelsau, and having arrived at the Palace, ran to her own bedroom and flung herself on the bed.

Here for an hour she lay; then, it being about six o'clock, she sat up, pushing her disordered hair back from her hot aching brow. For an agony of humiliation came upon her, and a fury of resentment against the Prince, whose coldness seemed now to need no more explanation. Yet she could hardly believe what she had been told of him, for though she had not loved him, she had accorded to him her full trust. Rising, she paced in pain about the room. She could not rest; and she cried out in longing that her brother were there, to aid her and find out the truth for her. But he was away, and she had none to whom she could turn. So she strove to master her anger and endure her suspense till the next day, but they were too strong for her, and she cried,

"I will go myself, I cannot sleep till I know. But I cannot go alone. Who will go with me?" And she knew of none, for she would not take Christian with her, and she shrank from speaking of the matter to any gentlemen of the Court. And yet she must know. But at last she sprang from the chair into which she had sunk despondent, exclaiming,

"He is a gentleman and my friend. He will go with me." And she sent hastily for the Bishop of Modenstein, who was then in Strelsau, bidding him come dressed for riding, and with a sword, and the best horse in his stables. And the Bishop came equipped as she bade him and in very great wonder. But when she told what she wanted and what Christian had made known to her, he grew grave, saying that they must wait and consult the King, when he returned.

"I will not wait an hour," she cried. "I cannot wait an hour."

"Then I will ride and bring you word. You must not go," he urged.

"Nay, if I go alone I will go," said she. "Yes, I will go, and myself fling his falseness in his teeth."

Finding her thus resolved, the Bishop knew that he could not turn her, so, leaving her to prepare herself, he caught Christian Hantz, and charged him to bring three horses to the most private gate of the Palace, that opened in a little bye-street. Here Christian waited for them with the horses, and they came presently, the Bishop wearing a great slouched hat, and swaggering like a roystering trooper, while Osra was closely veiled. The Bishop again imposed secrecy on Christian, and then, they both being mounted, said to Osra, "If you will then, madame, come," and thus they rode secretly out of the city, about seven in the evening, the gate-wardens opening the gate at sight of the Royal Arms on Osra's ring, which she gave to the Bishop, in order that he might show it.

In silence they rode a long way, going at a great speed; Osra's face was set and rigid, for she felt now no shame at herself for going, nor any fear of what she might find, but the injury to her pride swallowed every other feeling; and at last she said, in short sharp words, to the Bishop of Modenstein, having suddenly thrown the veil back from her face,

"He shall not live if it prove true."

The Bishop shook his head. His profession was peace; yet his blood also was hot against the man who had put a slight on Princess Osra.

"The King must know of it," he said.

"The King! The King is not here to-night," said Osra; and she pricked her horse and set him at a gallop. The moon, breaking suddenly in brightness from behind a cloud, showed the Bishop her face. Then she put out her hand and caught him by the arm, whispering, "Are you my friend?"

"Yes, madame," said he. She knew well that he was her friend.

"Kill him for me, then; kill him for me."

"I cannot kill him," said the Bishop. "I pray God it may prove untrue."

"You are not my friend, if you will not kill him," said Osra; and she turned her face away and rode yet more quickly.

At last they came in sight of the little house that stood back from the road; and there was a light in one of the upper windows. The Bishop heard a short gasp break from Osra's lips, and she pointed with her whip to the window. Now his own breath came quick and fast, and he prayed to God that he might remember his sacred character and his vows, and not be led into great and deadly sin, at the bidding of that proud and bitter face; and he clenched his left hand and struck his brow with it.

Thus then they came to the gate of the avenue of trees that led to the house. Here, having dismounted and tied their horses to the gate-post, they stood for an instant, and Osra again veiled her face.

"Let me go alone, madame," he implored.

"Give me your sword, and I will go alone," she answered.

"Here, then, is the path," said the Bishop, and he led the way by the moonlight that broke fitfully here and there through the trees.

"He swore that all his life should be mine," she whispered. "Yet I knew that he did not love me."

The Bishop made her no answer; she looked for none and did not know that she spoke the bitterness of her heart in words that he could hear. He bowed his head and prayed again for her and for himself; for he had found his hand gripping the hilt of his sword. And

thus, side by side now, they came to the door of the house, and saw a gentleman standing in front of the door, still but watchful. And Osra knew that he was the Prince's Chamberlain.

When the Chamberlain saw them, he started violently and clapped a hand to his sword; but Osra flung her veil on to the ground, and the Bishop gripped his arm as with a vice. The Chamberlain looked at Osra and at the Bishop, and half-drew his sword.

"This matter is too great for you, sir," said the Bishop. "It is a quarrel of Princes. Stand aside," and before the Chamberlain could make up his mind what to do Osra had passed by him and the Bishop had followed her.

Finding themselves in a narrow passage, they made out by the dim light of a lamp a flight of stairs that rose from the furthest end of it. The Bishop tried to pass the Princess, but she motioned him back, and walked swiftly to the stairs. In silence they mounted, till they had reached the top of the first stage, and facing them, eight or ten steps further up, was a door. By the door stood a groom; this was the man who had treacherously told Christian of his master's doings; but when he saw suddenly what had come of his disloyal chattering, the fellow went white as a ghost and came tottering in stealthy silence down the stairs, his finger on his lips.

BEFORE HER CLOSED LIDS HE HELD THE SACRED IMAGE.

Neither of them spoke to him, nor he to them. They gave no thought to him, his only thought was to escape as soon as he might; so he passed them, and, going on, passed also the Chamberlain, who stood dazed at the house-door, and so disappeared, intent on saving the life he had justly forfeited. Thus the rogue vanished, and what became of him no one knew nor cared. He showed his face no more at Glottenberg or Strelsau.

"Hark, there are voices!" whispered Osra to the Bishop, raising her hand above her head, as they two stood motionless.

The voices came from the door that faced them, the voice of a man and the voice of a woman; Osra's glance at her companion told him that she knew as well as he whose the man's voice was.

"It is true, then," she breathed from between her teeth. "My God, it is true!"

The woman's voice spoke now, but the words were not audible. Then came the Prince's,

"For ever, in life or death, apart or together, for ever."

But the woman's answer came no more in words, but in deep low passionate sobs that struck their ears like the distant cry of some brute creature in pain that it cannot understand. Yet Osra's face was stern and cold, and her lips curled scornfully, when she saw the Bishop's look of pity.

"Come, let us end it," said she, and with a firm step she began to mount the stairs that lay between them and the door.

Yet once again they paused outside the door, for it seemed as though the Princess could not choose but listen to the passionate words of love that pierced her ears like knives; yet they were all sad, speaking of renunciation, not happiness.

But at last she heard her own name; then with a sudden start she caught the Bishop's hands, for she could not listen longer. And she staggered and reeled as she whispered to him,

"The door, the door, open the door!"

The Bishop, his right hand being across his body and resting on the hilt of his sword, laid his left upon the handle of the door, and turned it. Then he flung the door open wide; and at that instant Osra sprang past him, her eyes gleaming like flames from her dead white face. And she stood rigid on the threshold of the room, with the Bishop by her side.

In the middle of the room stood the Prince of Glottenberg; and, strained in a close embrace, clinging to him, supported by his arms, with head buried in his

breast, was a girl of slight and slender figure, graceful though not tall, and her body was still shaken by continual struggling sobs. The Prince held her there as though against the world, but raised his head and looked at the intruders with a grave sad air. There was no shame on his face, and hardly surprise. Presently he took one arm from about the lady, and, raising it, motioned to them to be still. Osra took one step forward, towards where the pair stood; the Bishop caught her sleeve, but she shook him off. The lady looked up into the Prince's face; with a sudden startled cry she clutched him closer, and turned a terrified face over her shoulder. Then she moaned in great fear, and reeling, fell against the Prince, and would have sunk to the ground, if he had not upheld her, and her eye closed and her lips dropped, as she swooned away. But the Princess smiled, and drawing herself to her full height, stood watching while Ludwig bore the lady to a couch and laid her there. Then, when he came back and faced her, she asked coldly and slowly,

"Who is this woman, sir? Or is she one of those that have no names?"

The Prince sprang forward, a sudden anger in his eyes; he raised his hand as if he would have pressed it across her scornful mouth, and kept back her bitter words. But she did not flinch; and, pointing at him with her finger, she cried to the Bishop in a ringing voice,

"Kill him, my lord, kill him."

And the sword of the Bishop of Modenstein was half-way out of the scabbard.

II.

"I WOULD to God, my lord," said the Prince, in low sad tones, "that God would suffer you to kill me and me to take death at your hands. But neither for you nor for me is the blow lawful. Let me speak to the Princess."

The Bishop still grasped his sword; for Osra's face and hand still commanded him. But at the instant of his hesitation, while the temptation was hot on him, there came from the couch where the lady lay a low moan of great pain. She flung her arms out and turned, groaning again on her back and her head lay hanging over the side of the couch. The Bishop's eyes met Ludwig's, and with a "God forgive me!" he let the sword slip back, and springing across the room, fell on his knees beside the couch. He broke the gold chain round his neck and grasped the crucifix which it carried in one hand, while with the other he raised the lady's head, praying her to open her eyes, before whose closed lids he held the sacred image; and he, who had come so near to great sin, now prayed softly but fervently for her life and God's pity on her; for the frailty her slight form showed could not withstand the shock of this trial.

"Who is she?" asked the Princess.

But Ludwig's eyes had wandered back to the couch, and he answered only,

"My God, it will kill her."

"I care not," said Osra. But then came another low moan. "I care not," said the Princess again. "Ah, she is in great suffering!" And her eyes followed the Prince's.

There was silence, save for the lady's low moans and the whispered prayers of the Bishop of Modenstein. But the lady opened her eyes, and in an instant, answering the summons, the Prince was by her side, kneeling and holding her hand very tenderly; and he met a glance from the Bishop across her prostrate body. The Prince bowed his head and one sob burst from him.

"Leave me alone with her for a little, sir," said the Bishop, and the Prince, obeying, rose and withdrew into the bay of the window, while Osra stood alone near the door by which she had entered.

A few minutes passed, then Osra saw the Prince return to where the lady was and kneel again beside her; and she saw that the Bishop was preparing to perform his most sacred and sublime office; the lady's eyes dwelt on him now in peace and restfulness, and she held Prince Ludwig's hand in her small hand. But Osra would not kneel; she stood upright, still and cold, as though she neither saw nor heard anything of what passed; she would not pity nor forgive the woman, even if, as they seemed to think, she lay dying. But she spoke once, asking in a harsh voice,

"Is there no physician in the house or near?"

"None, madame," said the Prince.

The Bishop began the office, and Osra stood, dimly hearing the words of comfort, peace, and hope, dimly seeing the smile on the lady's face; for gradually her eyes clouded with tears. Now her ears seemed to hear nothing save the sad and piteous sobs that had shaken the girl as she hung about Ludwig's neck. But she strove to drive away her softer thoughts, fanning her fury when it burnt low, and telling herself again of the insult that she had suffered. Thus she rested till the Bishop had performed the office. But when he had finished it, he rose from his knees and came to where Osra was.

"It was your duty," she said, "but it is none of mine."

"She will not live an hour," said he. "For she had an affection of the heart, and this shock has killed her. Indeed, I think she was half dead for grief before we came."

"Who is she?" broke again from Osra's lips.

"Come and hear," said he, and she followed him obediently, yet unwillingly, to the couch, and looked down at the lady. The lady looked at her with wondering eyes, and then she smiled faintly, pressing the Prince's hand, and whispering,

"Yet she is so beautiful." And she seemed now wonderfully happy, so that they three all watched her and were envious, although they were to live and she to die.

"Now God pardon her sin!" said the Princess Osra suddenly, and she fell on her knees beside the couch, saying, "Surely God has pardoned her!"

"Sin she has none, save what clings even to the purest in this world," said the Bishop. "For what she has said to me I know to be true."

Osra answered nothing, but gazed in questioning at the Prince, and he, still holding the lady's hand, began to speak in a gentle voice,

"Do not ask her name, madame. But from the first hour that we knew the meaning of love, we have loved one another. And had the issue rested in my hands, I would have thrown to the winds all that kept me from her. I remember when first I met her—ah, my sweet, do you remember? And from that day to this in soul she has been mine, and I hers in all my life. But more could not be. Madame, you have asked what love is. Here is love. Yet fate is stronger. Thus I came here to woo, and she, left alone, resolved to give herself to God."

"How comes she here, then?" whispered Osra, and she laid one hand timidly on the couch, near to the lady yet not so as to touch even her garments.

"She came here," he began, but suddenly to their amazement, the lady, who had seemed dead, with an effort raised herself on her elbow, and spoke in a quick eager whisper, as if she feared time and strength would fail.

"He is a great Prince," she said, "he must be a great King; God means him for greatness, God forbid that I should be his ruin. Oh, what a sweet dream he painted! But praise be to the Blessed Saints that kept me strong. Yet at the last I was weak. I could not live without another sight of his face; and so—I came. Next week I am—I was to take the veil; and I came here to see him once again. God pardon me for it. But I could not help it. Ah, madame, I know you, and I see now your beauty. Have you known love?"

"No," said Osra; and she moved her hand near to the lady's hand.

"And when he found me here, he prayed me again to do what he asked; and I was half-killed in denying

it. But I prevailed, and we were even then parting when you came. Why, why did I come?" And for a moment her voice died away in a low soft moan. But she made one more effort; clasping Osra's hand in her delicate fingers, she whispered, "I am going. Be his wife."

"No, no, no," whispered Osra, her face now close to the lady's. "You must live—you must live and be happy."

And then she kissed the lady's lips. The lady put out her arms and clasped them round Osra's neck, and again she whispered softly in Osra's ear. Neither Ludwig nor the Bishop heard what she said, but they heard only that Osra sobbed. Presently the lady's arms relaxed a little in their hold, and Osra, having kissed her again, rose and signed to Ludwig to come nearer; while she, turning, gave her hand to the Bishop, and he led her from the room, and, finding another room near, took her in there, where she sat silent and pale.

Thus half an hour passed; then the Bishop stole softly out, and presently returned, saying,

"God has spared her the long painful path, and has taken her straight to His rest."

Osra heard him, half in a trance and as if she did not hear; she did not know whither he went nor what he did, nor anything that passed, until, as it seemed after a long while, she looked up and saw Prince Ludwig standing before her. He was composed and calm; but it seemed as if half the life had gone out of his face. Osra rose slowly to her feet, supporting herself on an arm of the chair on which she had sat, and, when she had seen his face, she suddenly threw herself on the floor at his feet, crying,

"Forgive me, forgive me!"

"The guilt is mine," said he, "for I did not trust you and did by stealth what your nobility would have suffered openly. The guilt is mine." And he offered to raise her. But she rose, unaided, asking with choking voice.

"Is she dead?"

"She is dead," said the Prince, and Osra, hearing it, covered her face with her hands and blindly groped her way back to the chair, where she sat, panting and exhausted.

"To her I have said farewell, and now, madame, to you. Yet do not think that I am a man without eyes for your beauty, or a heart to know your worth. I seemed to you a fool and a churl. I grieved most bitterly, and I wronged you bitterly. My excuse for all is now known. For though you are more beautiful than she, yet true love is no wanderer; it gives a beauty that it does not find, and weaves a chain no charms can break. Madame, farewell."

She looked at him and saw the sad joy in his eyes, an exultation over what had been, that what was could not destroy; and she knew that the vision was still with him though his love was dead. Suddenly he seemed to her a man she also might love and for whom she also, if need be, might gladly die. Yet not because she loved him, for she was asking still in wonder, "What is this love?"

"Madame, farewell," said he again, and, kneeling before her, he kissed her hand.

"I carry the body of my love," he went on, "back with me to my home, there to mourn for her; and I shall come no more to Strelsau."

Osra bent her eyes on his face as he knelt and presently she said to him in a whisper that was low for awe, not shame,

"You heard what she bade me do?"

"Yes, madame. I know her wish."

"And you would do it?" she asked.

"Madame, my struggle was fought before she died. But now you know that my love was not yours."

"That also I knew before, sir," and a slight bitter smile came on her face. But she grew grave again and sat there, seeming to be pondering, while Prince Ludwig waited on his knees. Then she suddenly leant forward and said,

"If I loved I would wait for you to love. Now what is this love that I cannot feel?"

And then she sat again silent, but at last raised her eyes again to his, saying in a voice that even in the stillness of the room he hardly heard,

"Now I do nearly love you, for I have seen your love and know that you can love; and I think that love must breed love, so that she who loves must in God's time be beloved. Yet I——" She paused here, and for a moment hid her face with her hand. "Yet I cannot," she went on. "Is it our Lord Christ who bids us take the lower place? I cannot take it. He does not so reign in my heart. For to my proud heart—ah, my heart so proud—she would be ever between us, I could not bear it; even though she is dead, I could not bear it. Yet I believe now that with you I might one day find happiness."

The Prince, though in that hour he could not think of love, was yet very much moved by her new tenderness and felt that what had passed rather drew them together than made any separation between them. And it seemed to him that the dead lady's blessing was on his suit, so he said,

"Madame, I would most faithfully serve you and you would be nearest and dearest to me of all living women."

She waited awhile, then she sighed heavily, and looked in his face with an air of wistful longing; and she knit her brows as though she were puzzled. But at last, shaking her head, she said,

"It is not enough."

And with this she rose and took him by the hand, and they two went back together to where the Bishop of Modenstein still prayed beside the body of the lady.

Osra stood on one side of the body and stretched her hand out to the Prince who stood on the other side.

"See," said she, "she must be between us." And having kissed the dead face once, she left the Prince there by the side of his love and herself went out, and, turning her head, she saw that the Prince knelt again by the corpse of his love.

"He does not think of me," she said to the Bishop.

"His thoughts are still with her, madame," he answered.

It was late night now, and they rode swiftly and silently along the road to Strelsau. And on all the way they spoke to one another only a few words, being both sunk deep in thought. But once Osra spoke, as they were already near to Strelsau. For she turned suddenly to the Bishop saying,

"My lord, what is it? Do you know it?"

"Yes, madame, I have known it," answered the Bishop.

"Yet you are a Churchman!"

"True, madame," said he, and he smiled sadly.

She seemed to consider, fixing her eyes on his; but he turned his aside.

"Could you not make me understand?" she asked.

"Your lover, when he comes, will do that, madame," said he, and still he kept his eyes averted. And Osra wondered why he kept his eyes turned away; yet presently a faint smile curved her lips, and she said.

"It may be you might feel it, if you were not a Churchman. But I do not. Many men have said they loved me, and I have felt something in my heart—but not this."

"It will come," said the Bishop.

"Does it then come to everyone?"

"To most," he answered.

"Heigho, will it ever come to me!" she sighed.

And so they were at home. And Osra was for a long time very sorrowful for the fate of the lady whom the Prince of Glottenberg had loved, but, since she saw Ludwig no more, and the joy of youth conquered her sadness, she ceased to mourn; and as she walked along she would wonder more and more what it might be, this great love that she did not feel.

"For none will tell me, not even the Bishop of Modenstein," said she.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The jerseys that have come to the front this year are by no means beautiful. The ones we have seen here by the sea take the form of the sailor's guernsey, and are of no advantage whatever to the figure, quite the contrary. A girl here wears a white one, which fits well on the chest but leaves the waist very vague, and is simply hideous on the hips, where it is drawn down over the skirt of the gown in regular guernsey fashion.

She must be a girl of no vanity or else no taste, for on chilly days she wears over this fearful garment a sack-back coat of mud-coloured cloth, which makes her look as ancient as her own grandmother.

Is there anything nicer than a well-cut tailor-made? We have opportunities of judging on windy mornings, and have come to the conclusion that the girl who wants to look her best in "untidy" weather should have a tailor gown with close-fitting bodice. A blouse looks all wrong in a strong wind. It blows away from the belt, and the sleeves flutter back from the arms, conveying an impression of chilliness to the beholder. But a really well-fitting bodice has a neat aspect that is pleasing on even an indifferent figure, and is perfection on a good one. I noticed a Princess gown in dark brown tweed on the Esplanade yesterday. It was cut with the skill that this sort of gown needs so distinctly, and, without dragging at the waist, followed its inward curve with fidelity. The outward flow of the fulness at the back did not begin immediately below the waist, but a couple of inches lower down, so that the appearance was that of an old-fashioned habit in the days when equestriennes wore it all cut in one. It used to be considered the most becoming style of dress to a good figure. The bodice of this Princess was a little original. Following the line of trimming on the front of the skirt, it closed up the left side in square tabs, edged with dark brown velvet. This was carried the whole way down from the neck to the feet. To balance it on the right side a row of big buttons was sewn on in a rather slanting line. I should have liked them better if the tabs had been so arranged as to look as if they might have been caught over upon the buttons, so as to provide the latter with some reason for being on the dress.

We see many cyclists here, and have opportunities of criticising their costumes, for they seem glad to jump off their machines and rest for a while on the seats on the Esplanade. The neatest wheel-dress I have seen was dark blue serge, with a quite full skirt, mounted in a large flat pleat at the back, a similar one at either side, and a little of what dressmakers call "easing" of the folds in front. You might imagine that the pleat at each side would look clumsy, but on the contrary, it obviated that ugly, wriggling look of the knees pedalling. The skirt was short enough to completely escape the wheel, and yet long enough to render the wearer quiet inconspicuous when she dismounted.

Velvet is to be very much worn in dress this autumn and winter, and some of the new capes are in this material bordered with fur. The triple cloth cape has apparently come back to stay; but I am thankful to say that it is not in the least like the loose, flimsy, drooping and depressed garment that represented it a couple of seasons since. Do you remember it? The under cape fell to the waist, and over it fell two shorter ones, all three looking as if they had been severely flattened by adversity. In fact, Jim said of one worn by an acquaintance of ours, that it made her look as if she had been pawned for a month Wicked of him, wasn't it?

The sweetest and smartest of the triple capes that I have yet seen is in biscuit-coloured cloth, just long enough to reach the waist, and each cape is bordered with about an inch and a half of velvet just a tone deeper than the cloth. It is not nearly so full as the capes of last year, which surged up and down on the

shoulders in a very prodigality of superfluity, which was antagonistic to true grace.

The illustration overleaf is of a Princess dress in rich grape-green *peau de soie*. The bodice is made with a mass of brightly-tinted jewelled embroidery in the form of a yoke with beaded fringe; ribbons in white satin hold it in position, starting from the white satin stock. An old-fashioned gypcière pocket hangs from a girdle richly embroidered in jewelled design.

Linda is having a delicious frock made for a hunt ball she is going to at the end of this month. It is old rose tulle, two folds of it over the palest pink satin, and the bodice consists of a wide waist belt in a lovely tone of sunset velvet, something like what one sees in a deep-tinted nasturtium. All above this is the old rose tulle, draped with delicious softness, and caught down here and there with Linda's lovely diamonds. The sleeves are made in puffs of the very brightest pale green, a lovely contrast with the dress itself.

I am afraid, however, that the old rose will be anything but harmonious with the pink of the evening coats of her partners. That is the worst of a hunt ball. It is safest to go in white and jet; if many women do so, the effect is rather monotonous, and men have not the same means of distinguishing their partners that variety of costume gives them.

During a slight indisposition recently I was advised to try Mason's Extract of Beef Tea. I was so pleased with it that I have been induced to try their tinned soups and other specialities, which they manufacture for invalids and the public generally. Their goods have been so appreciated by the medical profession that they are now supplied to a number of the leading hospitals. The P. and O. sauce made by the same firm is a very happy combination.

Those of our readers who want good wearing forks and spoons for ordinary use would do well to try the Indian silver ones manufactured by Messrs. Reis and Co., of Jamaica Street, Glasgow. I am told they wear white and brilliant throughout, and they are certainly a nearer approach in appearance to silver than anything else I have seen.—Your affectionate,

SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

MEDICO writes:—"My Dear Susie,—Do you answer letters from bachelor readers? If so, will you be good enough to solve this difficulty for me. What *can* I have for breakfast. My income is unfortunately limited, and at present I am confronted every morning with eggs or bacon. These fiends alternate, sometimes combining in one grand coup. I very much wish you could suggest some inexpensive substitutes for these bores. Landladies, unfortunately, *won't* think."

Does she never even give you breakfast fish? What a very limited landlady she must be.

It is customary to associate plebeianism with the humble kipper or salt haddock, but either of these would be a welcome change from a perennial diet of eggs and bacon. I give you two or three recipes for inexpensive breakfast dishes, and if you find them good will give you some more later on.

KIDNEY ON TOAST.—Take half a pound of ox-kidney and stew it slowly on the previous day in just enough water to cover it, having rolled the kidney in flour after carefully cutting away the core and slicing it thickly. In the morning put both gravy and kidney into a shallow frying-pan; cut a thick slice of bread, toast it to a deep, warm brown on either side. When the kidney is quite hot lay it on the toast, pour the gravy over and serve it under a cover.

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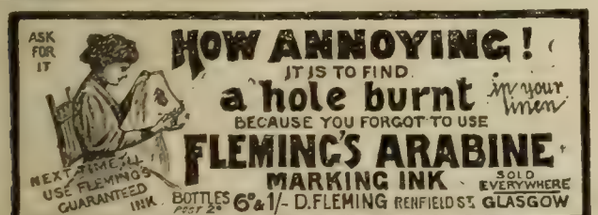

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fillet a small plaice, four pence. Fry it in a little boiling dripping, and at the same time fry two slices of rather thick bread a golden brown. Cut each slice diagonally across, lay a fillet on every one, and serve very hot, with or without melted butter and anchovy sauce. A little butter spread over the fish with a knife is a very good substitute.

Take half a pound of any kind of lean cold meat, and cut it in small pieces the night before, at the same time mixing a batter of one egg, half a pint of milk, and a tablespoonful of flour; add a saltspoonful of salt. In the morning melt a tablespoonful of dripping in a small frying-pan. When the fat boils throw in the batter, and directly it thickens scatter over it the pieces of meat. Pass a knife under the batter to prevent it from sticking to the pan, remove the latter to a gentle heat, and when the meat is thoroughly heated through turn the batter cake over on the meat on either side. This makes a very good omelette, and an inexpensive one.

Here are a few suggestions for cheap but agreeable breakfast dishes:—1. Steak of codfish fried in a little hot fat. 2. Cod's roe, either fresh or salt, fried and served on toast. 3. Curried eggs with rice. 4. H.-O. well boiled and eaten with good milk or a little cream. 5. Hake, boiled or fried, preferably the latter, and served with a bit of butter, and some pepper scattered over it. 6. A thick round of toast, buttered and devilled, and lightly spread with any kind of potted meat, fillets of sardines, or *rayons à la bordelaise*, which can be obtained in sixpenny tins containing just enough for one person. These are delicious, but they are rather highly spiced, so that one soon tires of them. 7. Any kind of cold meat, cut in small pieces, and fried in hot fat with quarter of a fivepenny tin of peeled tomatoes. Bacon is very good prepared in this way. 8. Mushrooms broiled or stewed, and served on devilled toast. They are cheap just now. 9. Cambridge sausages with dry toast. They should be done with egg and breadcrumb, but this may be too elaborate for a busy landlady. One pound of these, at tenpence, will give you two breakfasts. Have them cold the second morning, with a nice crisp lettuce, or a tomato. 10. Hard-boiled eggs, cut in four, and fried with a freshly sliced tomato, pepper and salt. 11. Cold fish and mashed potatoes made into balls, with pepper and salt, and fried in boiling fat. 12. Kedgeree. 13. Scallops dressed with breadcrumbs and stewed, baked, or fried. They cost one penny each, and four are quite enough for one breakfast. 14. Two fresh herrings filleted, fried, and served on hot buttered toast. 15. Mackerel, cut open, broiled, and served with a dash of pepper and a bit of butter rubbed in just before it is taken off the fire.

HOW A SAFE IS BROKEN OPEN.

When I say "broken open," I do not refer to the methods usually adopted by the "enterprising burglar." Occasionally a safe has to be broken into at the wish of its owner, consequent upon loss of keys, etc., and it requires a very skilful man to perform the task.

"Yes, sir," said a man, who had just finished forcing a safe, "it *is* hard work."

"But I thought it was all so easy," I said, "just a little drilling, and the thing's over."

"No, sir, not with a good safe. If you've got a cheap little safe, I grant you that all that is necessary to get it open without a key is to drill a hole into the lock. Sometimes the drilling itself will be sufficient to disturb all the works in the lock and so open the doors, but if it isn't something jammed into the hole made by the drill will soon do the job."

"And how do you manage when you've got a first-rate safe to force?"

"The lock has to be cut right out. You see in a good expensive safe, there is a drill-proof steel plate fixed between the back of the door and the lock. You can't drill through that plate, and you can't cut it. So, if you want to force the safe, you've got to cut all round it, and so take the whole lock out—steel plate and all."

"And how is the cutting managed—drills or saws?"

"Neither, sir. We do it with steel chisels—made of the best steel we can get—and a big hammer. If you happen to work on to the steel plate, you have to stop, and start afresh with another tool. The steel plate takes the edge off any chisel."

"But cutting a lock out like that must take you a tremendous time?"

"Yes. It takes two men two days to force a good safe—say, about four feet high—perhaps longer if the safe is very good—and then it would be hard work."

"Then if it's such a long job, how do burglars manage to get through their work so quickly and noiselessly?"

"There never has been a first-rate safe picked by a burglar yet," said the man, forcibly, "it's only these cheap things that burglars know how to get at. Why, I could open some safes myself in five minutes; but a really good safe can't be forced quickly, nor yet without making a good deal of row about it."

"I suppose you get more strong boxes to force than safes?"

"Yes, people don't spoil their safes by having them forced, if they can help it; but those strong boxes are soon done. Some of them have the lock simply riveted on to the door. All you've got to do is to find out where the rivets are, chisel off their heads, and then knock them through with a small punch, the lock falling off inside the box. But a good safe is quite another matter."

A PRISONER OF WAR.

[John Hickley, one of the Six Hundred who charged at Balaclava, was summoned last week at the Clerkenwell Police Court for having become chargeable to the parish of St. Pancras. Hickley is in receipt of a small pension, and the guardians considered that he ought to contribute something towards his support. Hickley, who is blind and infirm, hopes to leave the workhouse shortly, and is anxious to have some money to meet his immediate wants. He, therefore, refused to surrender his pension.]

I am down, sir, in the fight, as good men have been before,
I am blind, sir, and infirm, and a prisoner of war,
But set me once at large with my hospital discharge,
And I'll fall in once again, sir, and I'll fight one good fight more.

You would take away my pension? You would haggle for a pound?
I counted not the cost, sir, when I heard the trumpet sound,
But I freely risked my all for my country at her call,
When shot and shell were making hell on Balaclava ground.

You would take away my pension? You'd disarm me for the fray?
Oh, give me but a chance for it! I only ask fair play.
And I'll stick beside my gun till I make the foeman run,
Or perish at my post as the Light Brigade has done.

G. K. M.

Happiness is no easy matter. It is very hard to find it within ourselves, and impossible to find it anywhere else.

Be of no party. What matters the label on the bottle, provided that the contents be good?

To impoverish the rich is not necessarily to enrich the poor.

The more laws and institutions equalise and mingle men the more will ideas and manners distinguish and separate them.

A small misfortune amounts almost to a blessing. Trifling troubles are often Nature's vaccination for great catastrophes.

To analyse the most subtile perfume is much less difficult than to define love.

It is enthusiasts without capacity that are the really dangerous people.

To equal a predecessor one must have at least twice his worth.

Celebrity is simply the advantage of being known to people who don't know you.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—I need hardly tell you that I spent Saturday night at the Lyceum, carefully considering Henry Arthur Shakespere's gloomy play, *The Case of Rebellious Juliet; and how Father Lawrence Meddled in what does not Concern Him, and Brought About a Double Suicide in the Capulet Sarcophagus.*

There is nothing like a terse title. Both Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were warmly welcomed. Robertson's reception lasted forty seconds. That of Mrs. Pat thirty-eight seconds. This leaves unapproached Nelly Farren's great record—on her return from America—of nearly six minutes, which has never been got near by anybody except Irving, with three minutes forty-five seconds.

I never saw so many women in the pit before. In the front row they were three or four to every man. This, however, as another sort of record, was once cut by George Alexander in Birmingham. He gave a matinée. There were over 700 people in the pit, of these *only three* were men. Judging by what I heard, Mrs. Pat has developed a following entirely of her own. The applause that greeted her was exactly like the applause on the first night of *Mrs. Ebbsmith.* It seemed to go off with a sudden, feverish, coppery bang, it raged at full blast a certain number of seconds, and then it stopped dead. Ordinary applause, as you know, seems to die down like distant thunder.

In the front of the house a reception was given to a popular young actress, while a few expressions of discontent were heard when Mr. Clement Scott entered his box. Both these ebullitions I regret. As I pointed out to you many months ago, the silly custom of according receptions to well-known persons as they take their places in a theatre could only terminate one way. First-nighters have got tired of letting the "Ayes" always have it. Stalls and boxes have at length to be greeted with a loud "No!"

This is all wrong. The case of Mr. Clement Scott amounts to this. A play called *Bogey* was produced at the St. James's. It was slated in the *Daily Telegraph.* Mr. Scott is supposed to have written the notice. I understand that he did do so. *Bogey* ran for exactly eleven nights and one matinée. The next first night after *Bogey* was *In a Locket,* at the Strand. When, after the first act, Mr. Scott leaned out of his box to talk to a friend from the stalls, there were cries of "Bogey," some hissing, and several "boos." Then came some correspondence in the *Westminster Gazette* and certain paragraphs in the *Morning Leader,* and, finally, at the Lyceum, a mild repetition of the scene at the Strand. Now, I don't suppose that Mr. Scott is greatly concerned, and nobody, as a fact, is a penny the worse; but the principle of the thing is as bad as bad can be. First-nighters go to a theatre to see and express their opinion of a play. They don't go to controvert criticisms with which they don't agree. If they did playgoing would become intolerable. Critics nowadays are widely divided in their views. What one blesses another damns. This being so, it follows that on every first night there would be one Pressman, if not more, to be hooted, and at last managers would be driven into adopting the French system of having an exclusive invitation first performance for their friends and the Press only. Is this what first-nighters are aiming at? I sincerely hope not. Everybody concerned with first nights desire to know what the paying public thinks. But they don't want to know what it thinks about things other than the play before it. If a number of first-nighters are going to start publicly criticising the criticisms of Mr. Scott, other first-nighters will join in and criticise the criticisms of other critics. Then we shall arrive at an evening when William Archer is received with howls, Joseph Knight accorded an ovation, Bendall booed, and Bernard Shaw applauded. One step further will communicate the demonstrative spirit to other parts of the house than the pit. When my good friend "the man in the white hat"—he wears a straw now, but that's a detail—appears in the front row of the gallery the stalls will set up a yell of execration, and the President of the Playgoers' Club for any given year will have to take his seat in chain armour, and sit out the show with a Winchester rifle on his knee under an iron-clad umbrella! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Nobody would resent a demonstration from the stalls more than the pit. Why, then, should the pit set the stalls a bad example? I should also like to point out this: every man has a right to his opinion, Mr. Scott and the first-nighters are equally justified in holding opposite views, and each has his medium for expressing them. The first-nighter can overwhelm a play with applause; Mr. Scott can damn it in the *Daily Telegraph,* or *vice versa.* But there the matter must cease. Ordinary and orderly people who go to the play will not tolerate a public protraction of controversy. The whole thing is at once illogical and ridiculous. Finally, let me ask how is it, if Mr. Scott's criticisms are so faulty, that they manage to command the weight and interest that they do? If first-nighters are so anxious to criticise criticism why don't they execrate some other person with the views of whom they do not agree? For example: Mr. Archer damned *Bogey* as completely as Mr. Scott. Where was Mr. Archer's adverse reception?

In the course of this controversy the question has been raised of critics writing plays. To my thinking any objection on this head is puerile. The inference is that directly a man has ability enough to write a play he instantly becomes an unscrupulous blackguard, and goes about slating trade rivals. This, I venture to think, is absurd. I do not agree with the view that the only person fit to express an opinion about a book is a man who can't make one. Mr. Scott, we know, is a writer of plays. So is Mr. Nesbitt, of the *Times.* Mr. Archer, of the *World,* is the author of *Australia, Torquemada,* and the translator of nearly all Ibsen's works. Mr. Malcolm Watson, of the *St. James',* is the author of the *Pharisee,* and the writer of many productions at the German Reeds. Mr. William Yardley, of the *Sporting Times,* is a well-known playwright, his most recent appearance being as part author of the *Passport.* Mr. Edward Rose, of the *Sunday Times,* has written plays for the past fifteen years; his adaptation of the *Prisoner of Zenda* is now running in New York. Mr. Malcolm Salaman wrote *A Modern Eve*—an admirable play—for Mr. Tree. I need not recapitulate the work of Mr. F. C. Burnand, of *Punch.* What Mr. Bernard Shaw, of the *Saturday Review,* has done you know. You enjoyed *Arms and the Man* as much as I did. Mr. Arthur a'Becket for twenty years past has dabbled in drama. Mr. Zangwill, of the *Pall Mall Magazine,* is writing a play for Arthur Bourchier. Mr. Spence, of the *Westminster Review,* has several very clever plays on his shelf. Messrs. Newton and Butler, of the *Referee,* are well-known as "Richard-Henry." Is it suggested that all these gentlemen are corrupt and biased because they write plays? Pooh! What rot!

Talking of *Bogey* reminds me that young Esmond will get another chance immediately. Godfrey is a slow worker and his play for Alexander is not yet finished, so a new play by Esmond will be Alexander's opening attraction.

There will be some delay over Claude Carton's new play at the Avenue, so its place will be temporarily taken by Burnand's adaptation from the French.

I am sorry to tell you that poor Cecil Howard is dead. He was a kindly courteous gentleman, and Fate had not smiled on him over much. He was a sincere friend, and no man's enemy. I wish there were more like him.—Your affectionate Cousin, Randolph.

THE NEW JULIET.

How true it is that history repeats itself. There never has been a case in any theatrical memory when a new Hamlet, a new Juliet, a new Othello, a new Romeo, a new anyone or anybody in the Shakspearian drama who was not contrasted with some hero or heroine of other days. How well I remember when Lilian Adelaide Neilson first appeared as Juliet at the little Royalty Theatre in Soho. She was an enthusiast and a most remarkable woman. Originally a factory hand in Leeds or its adjacent neighbourhood she used to frequent travelling shows, "fit ups" as they were called, and determined to become an actress. She was a singularly beautiful girl with some foreign blood in her veins. Luckily she fell into good hands, and was placed under the tuition of a fine old actor of the Macredy school—John Ryder. As Warwick was said to be the king maker, so John Ryder was the Juliet maker. The first question that John Ryder asked Adelaide Neilson was, "My dear, have you tears near your eyes?" She looked astonished. "I mean," said he, "could you cry on the smallest provocation? Think of something sad and see if you can cry!" On the instant the tears welled up into the beautiful eyes of the would-be actress. They were, in fact, suffused with tears.

"You will do, my dear," said old John Ryder, "I can make you play Juliet." And he did. She first appeared at Margate, the training ground of so many actresses, where John Ryder's mother dwelt. Then she repeated her trial-trip at the Royalty, and the usual discussion took place as a matter of course. She was not Miss O'Neil. She was not Helen Faucit. She was not this, that, or the other. She was a young beginner, and had no right to play Juliet and so on. The traditions were not with her. But some of the old school of her day, notably Westland Marston, poet and dramatist, believed in the lovely Neilson. Joseph Knight and Clement Scott were amongst her earliest pioneers to fame, and so she advanced through romantic drama at the Princess's and melodrama at the Adelphi; but she stuck to her Juliet, starred with it in America, made a large fortune, won heaps of loyal and devoted friends, and died young, because, I suppose, "the Gods loved her."

There was another memorable Juliet who once took London by storm, in fact, she made relatively as much sensation as Juliet as Fechter had done at the same theatre as Hamlet. She was half French, half Russian, and one of the prettiest little blonde creatures ever beheld. Neilson was dark and gipsy-like. Stella Colas was fair as a lily, full of coquetry, full of charm, and with a reserve force of immense power. She was the only Juliet I ever saw who was as good in the balcony scene as in the ghost scene in the haunted bedchamber. She made love like a passionate girl, and shrieked like a distraught and maddened woman. But she did not suit the old school. Her crime was that she was French, spoke with an accent, and could not fairly pronounce some of Shakespeare's lines. This was an awful crime in those days. It was considered a degradation and a blasphemy that Fechter or Stella Colas should have the effrontery to act Shakespeare. Drama or melodrama were for them if they liked; but Shakespeare, never. Fechter might take up *Ruy Blas*, and Stella Colas get any play translated for her. But she was warned off the Bard. So the serious critics were down on her. Read George Henry Lewis on the subject in his well-known volume. Think how Robert Bell and Henry Morley, and others went for poor Stella Colas, and yet she seemed to be an ideal Juliet, as Fechter was to an imaginative audience an ideal Hamlet. I am reminded of the practical criticism of old John Ryder when I recall the Juliet of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is not that the performance is new, or particularly strange or unconventional. But I honestly do not think that the tears are very near the eyes. She has not the highest artistic temperament or the tears would be there to command. I have heard that Ellen Terry could stand before a looking-glass and cry or laugh, or blush, or shiver or grow cold or hot, or be in a rage and hysterical all at will—she is an actress of emotion; I am positive Sarah Bernhardt can do the same. This extraordinary emotional gift belongs, I am confidant, to Olga Nethersole, to Winifred Emery, most certainly to Marion Terry, to Jessie Millward, and to many more actresses. But not, I think, to Patrick Campbell—I wish she would call herself by that name alone and avoid the matronly prefix. I have forgotten two who have certainly the tears near the eyes, Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Kendal, artists both but in different lines and of a dissimilar temperament, save where art is concerned. I believe that Patrick Campbell could have been taught Juliet by a sympathetic instructor. Pinero has taught her with wonderful success—Pinero's manuscripts are a wonderful study. Everything that an actor or actress has to do—all the business—as it is called, is embodied in the margin. He tells them where to weep, to sit, and blow their noses. Acting that is the outcome of this kind of instruction is no doubt in a measure mechanical. An artist who could be inspired would build on this sure foundation a grand performance. But the schooling is one thing, the inspiration is another. This is exactly what old John Ryder meant when he said to a raw novice, "Have you tears near the eyes?" Patrick Campbell's Juliet is to the scholarly correct; to the emotional unimpressive. She moves gracefully through the scene; she does not sway it or make it red hot with love and passion. In her love she is singularly undemonstrative; in her excitement she is, I regret to say, to me—shrewish. But how we differ in our view of these matters. To me the balcony scene was as cold as the marble of which the Italian villa was composed. It does not stir one pulse or fibre in my nature. The exquisite poetry of Shakespeare evaporated. But I must have been wrong or mad, for I take up a paper and read in an article written by a gravely intelligent man, Mr. Edward Rose: "It is to me as if all my life I had been waiting to hear verse spoken as Mrs. Campbell speaks it in the balcony scene. Hardly ever have I heard actor or actress who spoke this magnificent metre—the most glorious instrument ever made for artist to play on—inevitably with the poet's thrill with perfect comprehension and sympathy." And yet Mr. Edward Rose has heard Ellen Terry, and Marion Terry, and Winifred Emery, and doubtless has seen Mrs. Kendal in poetical plays and heard the music of Mrs. Bancroft's voice. Did Mr. Rose ever see Ellen Terry in the last act of *Charles I?* It was not Shakespeare, but it was poetry. Mr. Rose will say it was not poetry, but dramatic verse. To me it became exquisite melody when Ellen Terry said farewell to the king on his way to execution.

And what do they all mean by the extravagance and hideous noises of the Juliet of tradition in the scene where Juliet is hesitating whether or not to drain the friar's phial. Conceive the scene! This young girl has been told when she takes this drug, that she will temporarily die and be buried. That she will rest among the rank festering bones of her ancestors! Juliet is a girl of great imagination. Shakespeare is no bungler at his work. He makes her picture the awful predicament she will be in. He shows her the dead ancestors, the shanks, the thigh bones, and the chipless skulls of the festering dead. Nay, more, he makes her as in a nightmare shriek out at the imagined spectacle of Tybalt's ghost. This scene having been written down by the dramatist of all time, we are told in these modern days that an actress who suggested it would be guilty of extravagance and hidious noises. Oh dear, no, Mr. Edward Rose. She would be a tragic actress not a modern Society actress. I see that the stage is to be

congratulated on its severance from the shrieks of Miss O'Niel. Well, I should very much like to know how Ristori or Sarah Bernhardt would play the potion scene in *Romeo and Juliet.* I don't think they would walk through it. It is a scene of imagination. It is an acted nightmare. I don't think the divine Sarah could suppress a shriek when she saw Tybalt's ghost. And it would be a very good sort of shriek if she gave it, you may depend upon that. For the rest the new *Romeo and Juliet* is generally excellent and conspicuously modern. The play was received with delight by such as think that Juliet is the belle of a Belgravian drawing-room and ought to be above nightmares!

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Me and 'Ankin was at the fust-night at the Line lawst week. Ole Ike it was as give me the office ter tike 'im, and whur 'e gort it from I dunno, but 'e 'ears most things as is goin' abart does Ike. Any'ow, "You tike 'Ankin with yer, if yer goin'," says Ike, "and see if it don't do yer a treat." 'Ankin were on, and so we gort in tergether, though further beek then I could 'ave fancied. 'Ouse packed—horkystrer a-plyin' toons as yer knowed, and plyin' 'em lard and 'earty—hevry'body a smilin' barrin' the crikkiks in the stalls, as won't demean theirselves to it till they sees hev'rybody else a-cryin'. I 'ad the feelin' in me as the thing were goin' right afore never the cuttun went up.

As soon as the piece 'ad stawtid I knew whort Ike were awfter in tellin' me ter tike 'Ankin. You can berlieve it or not, but they 'as a man in that plye as is three pawts pure 'Ankin. 'E's gort the sime natshral gifts as 'Ankin, mikes speeches in the Pawk, and gits 'isself sneered at by the swells an' bullied by two Tommies, and knocked abart by the coppers. Goes inter 'is own implyer's privit drorin'-room, and, blimey, if 'e don't—bein' left ter 'isself—climb up onter a red merrocker cheer, and mike a speech theer. Why, it were a reg'lar satter on 'Ankin, that it was. Hanybody could 'a sin it, I shud 'ave said. But—bless yer—'Ankin 'is-self never sawr it. I give 'im a bit of a lead too. I says ter 'im, "Thet chap's abart your sort, 'Ankin." "Ho, no! 'e aint," says 'Ankin. "It's men like 'im as brings men like me inter corntempt. Let's 'iss the beggar." But thet 'e worn't allard ter do.

Has fur the plye, it's as big a dollop fur a shillin' as you're likely ter git anywheer—aye, and bigger. Stawts at 'awf-pawst seven, and went strong till awter twelve the fust-night. And the money ain't bin speered neither. Crards o' men and 'orses on the stige at once. They plyes a gime o' poler. It ain't a gime as I've ever done nutthink at, but yer dresses in stripes, and gits on a 'orse, and then yer wallops some other man's 'orse with a bloomin' crutch. It myen't sarnd much, but it's pretty ter look at when yer sees it on the stige. Has fur the lyedies' dresses, tyesty ain't the wud? Perticlar class they 'is, bein' sent hover from Paris fresh hev'ry night accordin' as the fancy chyneges. I ain't very much on them walkin' fashing plites myself, but still yer can see as the money's theer. Theer were a Miss Helliner sutthink as I coun't pronarnce whort were called Blawnche in the plye. She let it art that 'er dress-miker's bill was a 'undrid-an'-fifty, and I shud sye it were all thet. Why, even when she lost all 'er money, she didn't sim ter me ter be tryin' ter cut it darn at all. You never 'eard a word abart 'avin the old one turned and cleaned—she come art slap-up hev'ry time. She were very pretty, and good yer know, and showed pluck, too—but as fur joodishusness the pore innercernt didn't know the meanin' o' the nime. Theer were a man in the piece as proper a blaggud as you need wish ter see. Oh, and artful—well, they don't mike 'em any more artful nor 'e was. I'd 'ave injyed a few minnits alone with 'im jest to 'ave give 'im a bit 'o my mind. 'E got 'old o' this pore gel and perswided 'er to come alone ter 'is rooms at night, syin' as 'e were goin' ter git 'er money back fur 'er. Why, it was pline as the nose on yer face that it were all a bit 'o kid, and the man as she were engiged to—a markiss 'e was by tride—wud come an' cop 'er theer and the old 'Arry ter pye in consequince. I wornted ter sing art "Escuse me, ma'am, but if yer listens ter that gawd-fursiken blaggud, you're done fur." But, 'arr'ever, I put a restrinte on myself.

Miss Fenny Brough acs Lyedy 'Iliad. I dunno whether its the pawt she acs or whether its the wye she acs it, but she feerly knocks yer. She don't storp a 'esititin' abart. She's a goer. Acs fawst, and smawt, and easy, and acs as if she injyed it. She wuks 'awd and wuks right, and if it's any pleshir to 'er to 'ear as us up in the gellery appreshyites 'er, likes 'er, and wornts ter see more of 'er, then she can tike it strite from me as that 's the wire. Theer ain't a hactress—and you kin put in any nime yer like—whort I'd sooner plank my bob darn fur. She mikes yer feel as if yer was alive.

But theer, I were speakin' o' that plye and I ain't told the 'alf of it. It's a plye as does honner ter the British soljur, and sends a reg'lar glow through yer systum. A plye like that is more likely ter send a man ter 'list an' serve 'is country than hall the recrootin' sargints as ever 'ung around on aft chawnces. Go an' see that "Lawst Stand," my boy. Theer ain't nutthink like it on the Hinglish stage. Why, even 'Ankin, as ain't in fiveur of anythink, were wukked up ter that pitch of enthoosiasm thet when I tuk 'im art awterwards fur to propose 'Er Madyisty's 'ealth, 'e 'adn't gort one wurd of objeckshing to rise aginst it.

The lawst ac run ter dresses agin. As I says and howns, I ain't a judge o' dresses nort when they is kerried ter thet extent. I knows when a thing looks classy though, and when it don't, and this was decided class—no mistiking it. And then the thing hended 'appy. Thet's wort I likes. I don't keer ter feel as if theer 'ad bin an onjustice done, and me settin' up theer lookin' on at it and doin' nutthink. No—it's a plye as yer kin go ter sleep comfterble awter, and it's a plye as gives yer vally fur yer money. 'Ankin 'ad a foo objeckshuns to rise on the wye 'ome—but then yer knows what 'Ankin is, a man as 'ud objeck ter anythink. 'E says as parts of it ain't probable, likely nort. But what I says is—chuck whort's probable. I gits that hev'ry dye and horll dye on the bloomin' 'bus—give us whort's egsitin' and stirs yer up. Tike the tip from me, and see that mely-drawmer at the Line. If it don't stir yer up, all I kin sye is that yer ain't to be stirred, and you'd better sit at 'ome by yerself.

She—Why have you never been in love?

He—My father made me promise I would always live within my income.

The hand that holds the pen—it is the heart that writes.

This turmoil called life has its ending or beginning other than pain.

Judgments ready-made are counterparts of garments ready-made—that fit some well, some ill, some not at all.

The reason why men and women are mysterious to us is that we will read them from our own book, just as we are perplexed by reading ourselves from theirs.

Sentimentalists are a certain variety owing their existence to a certain long term of comfortable feeding.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres possess as great advantages for Carriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

IN THE CITY.

"UPON NEW LINES."

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us two very lengthy type-written letters he has received from the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, in which, on the strength of having brought out Parker's Burslem Brewery Company, in which our correspondent is a shareholder, they invite him to subscribe for shares in the Williamson Pioneer Company, on the ground that their chairman "has worked out a plan under which they believe they give to intending investors a maximum of chance to increase their capital with the very minimum of risk." As that is just what investors want, it may be interesting to glance at this latest scheme for making people rich without much risk.

The Contract Corporation tell us that "they have resolutely set their faces against the usual method of mining promoters, under which companies are hastily formed and large capitals subscribed to purchase properties not thoroughly tested." The Contract Corporation is of the opinion that properties should be properly tested before they are offered to the public. But then there are two difficulties in the way. Vendors are unwilling to submit to the tests, and promoters do not want to incur the risk of heavy expenditure for the purpose, whilst if vendors do test "and prove the existence of payable reefs, the price of the property goes up 100 and even 200 per cent., so that intending investors have to pay the full value for a tested property."

How is the difficulty to be got over? Let the Contract Corporation speak for itself :—

> Our chairman's plan is, therefore, not to require vendors to test their properties, but to sell subject to such tests, and for our Corporation as promoters to undertake these risks and expenses—first securing the option at the price of an untested property.

But what if the vendors refuse to agree to these terms? Mr. O'Hagan admits that "it is rarely the vendors desirous of parting with their property will allow this (testing) to be done." Why, then, should they allow it at the invitation of the City of London Contract Corporation? If you want the property at a reasonable price you take it as it stands; if is only to be bought after its value is proved is it likely the vendor will sell for the same price?

Apparently the Contract Corporation has purchased properties consisting of 1,656 claims at an average of £180 a claim, or £298,080 for the lot. But those claims have not been tested. Our correspondent is invited to buy a portion of the shares which the Corporation have secured for the "coming out," and 50,000 shares are offered on the following terms :—For an immediate contribution at the rate of 2s. 6d. per share towards our expenses the Corporation will sell for the "coming out" 50,000 shares at the price of 15s., per share. Thus if the reef is proved the investor will get a fully-paid £1 share, worth probably £2 or more, for 17s. 6d. Should, on the other hand, the results of the sinking and boring prove unfavourable, the investor will lose his 2s. 6d. per share, and there will be an end to his liability."

There are obvious difficulties in the way, but the scheme is an ingenious one, and we shall be interested to see how it works out.

AN INTERESTING SYNDICATE.

WE print below a letter from Messrs. Woodard and Hood, solicitors, for the Marza Manufacturing Company, Limited, which should be read with attention. The prospectus of the Marza Syndicate, Limited, is proved by this letter to be grossly misleading. Anyone reading it without inner knowledge would assume that it was the intention of the syndicate to buy the patent rights and sell Marza wine in this country. "Whereas," says the prospectus, "the same goods sold in the various departments of stores and large dealers are sold by numberless competitors, the proprietary goods sold by the company will be practically monopolies—only to be obtained from one source. In addition to the sale of Marza wine it is now proposed to acquire," etc. The impression intended to be left upon the mind of the reader by these words is that the Marza Syndicate will have a monopoly of the sale of Marza wine in this country. And yet, as a matter of fact, they cannot sell a bottle of Marza wine here without infringing the rights of the Marza Manufacturing Company, and they have not even the assignment of the American rights. Messrs. Woodard and Hood write :—

> Our attention has been called to the remarks appearing in your issue of the 14th inst. with reference to the prospectus of the Marza Syndicate, and we shall be obliged if you will in your next issue publish the fact that our clients *The Marza Manufacturing Company, Limited*, of Nos. 19 and 21, Wilson Street, Finsbury, E.C., are the sole owners and registered proprietors of the trade mark "Marza," and the sole manufacturers of Marza wines and of the products sold under such trade mark; and that if the Marza Syndicate (from whom our clients purchased the trade mark and the goodwill of the business carried on in connection therewith), or any other persons make use of such trade mark within the United Kingdom our clients will immediately apply to the Court for an injunction to restrain the further unlawful use of such trade mark and for damages.

It looks like a very impudent attempt to hoax the public.

GLASGOW PHILANTHROPISTS.

ONE finds philanthropists everywhere, even in Glasgow. We are reminded of this gratifying fact by a pamphlet—quite dainty in its get-up—that has been sent to us, and which emanates from the City and Loan Deposit Bank of Glasgow. The proprietors of the Bank are Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co., and we are to assume that Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co. have started the City Loan and Deposit Bank with the primary object of doing good to their fellow-creatures. As they truly say, "the most important questions of the hour among a great commercial community" are "How and where are we to get the most interest for our money? and How are we to obtain money at the cheapest rate when we want it?"

Now, Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co. have been looking into the practice of the Scotch banks, and they find that it is not at all what it should be. These wretched institutions are only giving 1¼ per cent. for money left with them, and—it is almost incredible, but as we have Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co.'s authority for it we must assume it to be true—they will not discount the paper of men "in distress." Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co. grow eloquent upon the wrongs thus inflicted upon their countrymen, and they will forgive us if we quote a stirring passage :—

> The very time a struggling merchant wants money, when his credit is, perhaps, a little at low ebb, then is the time he will not get it. In vain the man protests he will not grumble at a little extra interest—they will not discount at all! The spirit of the age revolts at this. If the commercial relations between the various traders of our country were conducted on these lines the glory of our commerce would depart and leave us for ever. But our system is based on higher and better principles—first and foremost of all is to "Live and let live."

And so, instead of giving a beggarly 1¼ per cent. for deposits, Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co. give 15 per cent. True, their charges for money lent are a little higher than those of the banks; but then, as they say :—

> Many a man would give fifty pounds for the loan of the same amount for a week, and that loan might be the means of brightening the man's whole future life. We take these risks, and there is so much honour left in human nature that we are seldom deceived.

Happy borrowers! Happy Glasgow to have such men as Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co., of 54, Gordon Street, to borrow from. Would that we were as fortunate in London. We, too, have our Lewises, but they are not philanthropists full of the knowledge that "the honour left in human nature" will see them through. If only Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Co. would come to London!

THE DUNLOP CARRIAGE TYRE.

THERE is always "something new" in London, and to-day it is a gratuitous exhibition of high-class carriages, fitted with the Dunlop pneumatic tyre, which has been opened in the transformed building adjoining the Raleigh Club, in Lower Regent Street, the house built after the designs of the eminent architect Nash for residential purposes, and better known as the original "Gallery of Illustration," belonging to the late Mr and Mrs. German Reed. The whole of the extensive ground-floor has passed into the hands of the Pneumatic Tyre Company (Limited), which, having begun operations at Belfast in 1889, soon had to obtain larger premises in Dublin, and not long afterwards was compelled, by the rapid increase of business, to change the venue to Coventry. Now it has branches all over the world. Since 1889 the company has manufactured no fewer than two million cycle tyres of the Dunlop pneumatic pattern and in 1893 it began to produce carriage tyres, which have rapidly become popular, and are to be seen on every kind of vehicle at home and abroad. Your carriage once fitted with this marvellous invention, you know not even the semblance of jolting or shaking; the tyre is easily adapted to existing wheels, and the draught of the carriage is reduced by at least one-third.

THE BOOM IN THE TRANSVAAL.

COMMENTING upon the outlook as it affects shareholders in the Rand Gold Mining Districts, our Johannesburg contemporary, the *Critic*, makes some very sensible remarks. As here :—

> Whilst the gross capitalised value of the whole district is being cheerfully raised by leaps and bounds, as if an additional occasional hundred millions were neither here nor there, the gross dividend increase may, as an absolute certainty, be looked to to increase at an even slower rate than the gross output. Meanwhile, on the other hand, we have leading companies of over a quarter of a million nominal capital, with over 150 stamps at work, working out a claim a month, amalgamating with neighbouring companies, purchasing up ground all round there, to add to the life of their mine by hook or crook, while their shares go steadily from £8 to £10, and necessitating an annual profit equivalent to their total nominal capital to pay anything like a dividend of ten per cent. We have other companies of a quarter of a million with their shares standing at anything from £20 to £25, and needing a profit of full half a million annually to even approach the humble ten per cent. And we have new ventures, the claims of which a year or two ago were going a-begging at 1s., playfully figuring as mining properties of over half a million, with shares already at £7.

In this connection, we hear from Paris that when the Chambers reassemble there is likely to be some excited debates about the mining companies into which so much French money has found, and is finding, its way.

THE ALUMINIUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written lately about this company and its destruction of the Falls of Foyers. Even in Scotland you are told that this company will not allow you to go near the Falls, and that the fall of water has ceased to be of any volume. As a matter of fact travellers visit these Falls now as they have always done, and the Falls themselves have never been grander than they were in the first week of the present month. Whether the volume of water will be affected in the dry season depends upon the result of negotiations now in progress. It may be if the company has to rely upon its present resources. But be that as it may, a good deal has been said about the interest of the Balfours in the company, and it may be interesting to give their exact holdings at the date of the last return. At one time Mr. Arthur Balfour was chairman of the company, as the Chief Secretary for Ireland is at the present time, and the Balfour family have sunk a very large sum of money in the company.

The present company is the outcome of various reconstructions. Some months ago the capital was written down from £400,000 to £80,000, at which it stands at the present time. The capital is made up of 60,000 A shares of £1 each, and 20,000 B shares of £1 each. The holdings of the various members of the Balfour family are as below :—

NAME.	SHARES A.	SHARES B.
Arthur J. Balfour	—	7,288
Gerald Balfour	2,492	1,155
Eustace Balfour	12	60
Miss Balfour	137	370

The Balfour holding is very small at the present time as compared with what it was some years ago.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that one of the patents upon which the Smelting Company of Australia, Limited, rely has been worked and discarded at Cardiff. We do not know how that may be, but it is a statement that should be officially contradicted if it is possible—as we assume it to be—to do so.

THE creditors of Mr. Aspinall met on Monday, and after listening to a proposal from him which, if accepted, was to let them out pretty well without loss, wisely decided to be content with the 5s. down offered on behalf of Mr. Aspinall.

NEW ISSUE.

The South African Territories, Limited.—Capital, £50,000.—Issue of £7[illegible],000 six per cent. first mortgage debentures of £50 each. This company deals in colossal figures. It is to be given mineral rights over 28,000,000 acres, it is to have the right to select farms exceeding in the aggregate 10,000,000 acres, it may, if it will, construct a railway. It is "all very fine and large," but the question is what is the value of the land for mining purposes, and to this the answer is a little hazy. A report from Dr. Hahn, of the South African College Corporation, is quoted but he can only say "that very good indications have been found in specimens of reefs in Bondelzwart's territory," and that he does not see why the Company's land should not be "as good an area with regard to mineral wealth as any other portion of the Continent." The vendors take all the purchase-money in shares, with the exception of £25,000 in debentures.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Pleiades. SHAREHOLDER. (London).—You had better hold. It is true that the company has not found the reef, that it was not struck when the workings were carried on ; but it is known that it runs through a small portion of the property owned by the company. There is much more of it in the adjoining property belonging to the Henderson's Transvaal Estate, and known as the Palmietfontein. The Barnatos have the option of this property, and we have been told that they have actually bought it. Any way they are pretty certain to secure it, and if they do it may be expected that they will put it into the Pleiades. The question is upon what terms, and the answer to that must depend largely upon the present holding of the Barnatos in the company. — — **Bank.** E. B. (Windermere).—Our information is that it is a loan office. If you have dealings with these people let your solicitor examine any agreements they may want you to enter into before signing anything. **Moore Bros. and Co.** MELITA (Sharesbrook).—We have no later information respecting this company, but we see no reason to modify the opinion expressed on the occasion to which you refer. **Cassidy Hills.** R. H. W. (Leeds).—We should prefer another selection. **Atchison, Topeka Etc., Railroad.** ATCHISON (Belfast).—Better hold. **Newspaper Recommendations.** VANDYKE (Newcastle upon Tyne).—Plainly your inference is warranted. **Sundry Shares.** BEMBESI (Glasgow).—It is a very speculative lot, but as you have taken them up you should hold for a time. It is quite possible that they will all be higher before Christmas. Sell upon any substantial rise. **Colon Gold.** SEVEN. (Cardiff).—Better not touch them. **Gigantic Wheel Shares.** A SUBSCRIBER. (Cardiff.)—You will have seen that they have just declared a dividend. We do not consider the shares of a company of this kind "a safe investment." The public fancy soon shifts. **Sundry Shares.** J. L. (Leeds.)—1. Hold until you can get out without loss, then sell. The other shares you mention represent promising companies, but they are all very speculative. **Continental Lotteries.** VERITAS. (Hornsey).—If you take our advice you will have nothing to do with these lotteries. Any way, we cannot help you. **Noetgykop Gold Mines, Limited.** GOSFORTHITE (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We will look it up and let you know. The shares of the several companies you mention are a fair speculative investment. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** UNIONIST (Bonnie-on-Tay).—(1) We advise you to hold the shares. They have been weak lately, but they will go better before long. (2) Hold West Australian Gold Fields ; we expect to see them at 10 before the end of the year. (3) We stated some weeks ago when the shares of the Associated Gold Mines Company were 1¾—they are now 2¾.—that a big rise might be looked for. We expect to see them higher. **Sundry Shares.** Y.Z. (Perth).—(1) Better not invest in Australian Banks. (2) The second of the three other shares you name is a promising speculative investment. **Asbestos Property.** W. (Belfast).—We know nothing of the person whose letter you send us. You would have difficulty in forming a company to work the property with a capital so small as that mentioned by you. As to what the property would stand in the way of capital you must see that we can offer no opinion without particulars you do not send us. Asbestos properties are risky things to handle, and we are surprised to learn that there are good ones for sale in Newfoundland. It is not an island with which British capitalists wish to have many dealings. We return your enclosure. **Sundry Brewery Shares.** H. H. (Chacewater).—(1) We do not recommend the purchase of American Brewery Shares. (2) We cannot name any investment that would give you "seven or eight per cent." with first-class security. (3) The persons you name are outside brokers, but they would, we do not doubt, treat you fairly. **Information as to Prices.** J. S. (Bath),—Apply to Messrs. Matheson & Sons. **Pestarena United Gold Mining Shares.** SMALL HOLDER (Bathgate).—(1) We think not. (2) We do not recommend a purchase of Londonderry Extended. **Daveniere of Calais.** H. J. T. (Dover).—We know nothing about them. **Viavi & Co.** H. G. S. (Liverpool).—We are not in a position to advise you. You should do nothing without consulting your solicitors. **Two American Stocks.** BLACKBURN (Blackburn).—You should hold a little longer. **Central Exploration of Western Australia.** DEPUTY (Dewsbury). A good speculative investment. **Aldine Publishing Company.** F. J. S. (Lowestoft).—The company does a considerable business. **Bembesi Gold Mines.** KYLEMORE (Plymouth).—They will probably move up again, in which case sell directly you can get out without loss. If you manage to do so, don't play the fool a second time and put all your savings in a gold mine about which you know nothing. **The Russian 500,000-Rouble Prize.** C.B. (Madras.)—We regret that we can give you no further information about the prize than that contained in our issue of December 8th. It is open to you as to any one to try your luck, and if perchance you should win you will be paid. Of course the odds against your winning a 500,000-rouble prize are very great.

INSURANCE.

JABEZ.—We do not know what rumours you refer to, but we do know that you can assure to better advantage in most other life offices. W. H. H. (Middlesbrough).—The company is in a good position, and it has several good systems of assurance. W. R. (Liverpool).—(1) The system is unsound. Already it is breaking down. You had better assure your life in a proper life office whilst you are assurable. (2) Not much, if any, better. It cannot last. (3) Most offices would grant you such a policy, but the premium will have to be specially quoted depending, as it would upon the ages of yourself and your wife. Any agent of a company you think well of would procure you a quotation. MOSS SIDE.—No. 4 will do best for you. Next to that comes the unnumbered office. W. H.—The Atlas will suit you to a nicety, and it is a capital office, with plenty of financial backing. R. H. G.—The company you are insured in has plenty of resources, and is not alluded to in the statement you quote. Keep up your policy in it.

The profession of politics is perhaps the only one that everyone thinks he can exercise without having learnt it.

There are men who pass so much of their lives in the search for an accurate definition of virtue that they leave themselves no time whatever for its practise.

At their birth words are living things—as full of sense and feeling as a young bird is full of sap. When they have had their day they wither and stiffen, and end by becoming so many pieces of dead wood.

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ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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ROYAL AQUARIUM.—WONDERFUL SIGHTS.—11.0 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Early Varieties, 11.0 a.m. The World's Greatest Show, 2.30 and 7.30. Over 100 Artistes. At no Place in the World can so many sights be seen. Gold Mine—Palestine—Rod v. Man and Woman, 3.45 and 8.45—Swimming Entertainments, 5.0 and 10.0—Seaside Reminiscences, 5.55 to 7.10, &c., &c.—The Exhibition of Old and Modern China, Glass, Pottery, and Curios now open—Chrysanthemum Show, October 8th, 9th, and 10th.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS—PLANTATION NIGHTS EVERY FRIDAY.—"A happy idea and most successful." —*Dispatch.* "An unqualified success. Always dear to the hearts of the people."—*Weekly Sun.*

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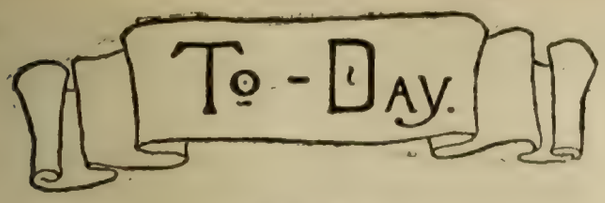

CONTENTS.

PAGE
THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA. VIII. THE LOVE OF THE PRINCE GLOTTENBERG. BY ANTHONY HOPE. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR 225
FEMININE AFFAIRS 232
HOW A SAFE IS BROKEN OPEN 234
A PRISONER OF WAR 234
THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH 235
THE NEW JULIET 236
DE OMNIBUS. BY THE CONDUCTOR 237
IN THE CITY 238
TO-DAY. BY J. K. J. 241
CLUB CHATTER 245
THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER 249
CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE. VI. THE NOSE—(continued). BY PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A. 250
CURIOUS RUSSIAN FUNERALS 251
THE AGE OF THE HEROINE 252
AN INVOLUNTARY SUICIDE 253
HOW TRICK DOGS ARE TRAINED. A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR DUNCAN 255

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

A PAWNBROKER carrying on business in a big manufacturing town in the North of England writes me upon a matter which, if his statements be correct, has rather a serious side to it. He draws my attention to an advertisement which runs as follows: "Increase Your Income. Gentlemen holding responsible positions, such as foremen, timekeepers, and others, are invited to write to ——, old-established lever watch manufacturers and wholesale dealers, for full particulars of their system of supplying to the public watches, clocks, jewellery, etc., etc. Special inducements to good men." This appears simple enough, but my correspondent goes on to point out the working of the scheme. A foreman—and foremen are specially appealed to in the advertisement—is appointed agent, and has so many watches sent to him.

HE receives a commission on every one he sells, and he sets to work to dispose of them among the men under him. My correspondent assures me that the men who do not purchase watches very soon find themselves on the wrong side of their employer's door—somehow or other the foreman does not get on with them. The result is that nearly all the men buy these watches, paying 2s. 6d. a week for them. They do not want them, and it seems that, generally speaking, they pawn them and sell the ticket, losing some half to two-thirds on the transaction. Now this system, if it is at all general, should not be allowed. A foreman should have no dealings with the men under him other than those of the workshop. The system is also extremely unfair to legitimate traders. By calling an agency of this kind a club the Inland Revenue fees are dodged. The whole matter wants looking into.

I HAVE before me—through the kind thought of a correspondent—a cleverly-worded advertisement circular, in which it is suggested that a forthcoming work should be an admirable medium through which the British tradesman might inform the English and Colonial public of his existence. The circular is printed on House of Commons paper, and the gentleman signing it appears to be a member of Parliament. Now no one can have the slightest objection to advertisement canvassers being members of Parliament, and no one has any right to object to advertisement canvassers canvassing for advertisements, but I do object to the two things being mixed up.

I do not think advertisement circulars should be issued from the House of Commons on House of Commons stationery, and I do not think that an advertisement canvasser, who happens also to be a member of Parliament should put M.P. after his name when doing business. A member of the House of Commons stands in a very delicate position, and business and politics cannot be kept too far apart. I feel pretty sure in the present case that no harm was intended, but it is a bad precedent. It might be followed by unscrupulous persons, who would seek to use their positions as members of Parliament, for improper purposes. It is a small matter in itself, but a good many large possibilities lie behind, and I would prefer to think that the dignity of the House of Commons stationery were retained for political communications only, and that the letters M.P. were not introduced into business matters more than is absolutely necessary.

I HAVE to thank a large number of correspondents for sending me copies of the *Athletic News*. We seem to have greatly wounded the feelings of the *Athletic News* by our football cartoon. It is much what we wanted to do. Football is a grand game, and it is being dragged through the mud by professionalism. Any Press that took real interest in athletics, beyond the interest of £ s. d., would be bound to condemn the spirit that has crept over this game. It is played, not for sport, but for money. Its object is not the goal but the gate. The spectators view it simply as a gladiatorial contest, and a football match in the North of England stands on a very little higher plane of civilisation than does a Spanish bull-fight. The game is too often watched by a mob of rowdies and petty gamblers rather than by men with any love of sport. That this is so is proved over and over again by the brutal attacks often made upon umpires and judges. I speak strongly because I love sport, and I love football as a game. But it is being killed by the professional footballer. The Rugby Football Union has done a good service to the game in ridding it of the hired player. If the game is to survive the other Unions will have to follow suit.

THE advocates of vivisection, generally speaking young medical students with a taste for cruelty, are very fond of instancing M. Pasteur as a proof of the benefits to the human race to be derived from these ghastly experiments. Mr. Stephen Coleridge has performed a useful service, therefore, to humanity in exposing the fallacy of their arguments. Mr. Coleridge writes to the *Westminster Gazette* to point out that the number of deaths from hydrophobia that have occurred to patients who have been subjected to M. Pasteur's cure amounts to two hundred and seventy-nine. Mr. Coleridge continues: "When the unhappy subject lives, probably he owes his safety to one of the following reasons: (1), that the dog was not mad at all; (2), that Pasteur's inoculations were sufficiently

attenuated to do him no injury; (3), that, if the dog was mad, the cauterisation was effective; (4), that he belongs to that large majority of individuals who, in any case, will not get rabies though bitten by mad dogs. (No statistics put the number liable to rabies after a bite at more than quite a small percentage.) The one quite certain fact is that two hundred and seventy-nine persons have died of hydrophobia after having been cured by the Pasteur treatment." And this is the result of the ten years' hell presided over by M. Pasteur.

The menagerie season has commenced in America. The usual performing lion has escaped and has been followed and recaptured by the usual young woman in tights. The *Illustrated Police News* usually gives us a stirring illustration of the event the week following the arrival of the news. Now we have got to have the escaped elephant, who will wreck the grocer's store for sweetmeats. He will knock down a house on his way, kill a policeman, and be led home in triumph by a little child. Then there will be a lion and tiger fight. The description of this is always very graphic, and it makes a capital picture for the illustrated papers. Last year the lion won, so this season it is the tiger's turn.

But the cablegram that always used to interest me most as a child was the fight between the python and his keeper. The python begins by fighting another python; the intrepid keeper, instead of standing still and seeing the fun as a sensible man would do, takes off his coat and plunges into the cage. The leading python releases his enemy and goes for the keeper, around whom he winds himself in a crushing embrace. The coils creep up towards the man's heart. The keeper grips the python by the throat; their faces almost touch. The spectators stand breathless, congratulating themselves, if they are human, upon the capital show they are getting for their money. It all ends happily, and the keeper is only two-thirds killed. Last year, if I remember rightly, we had a fight between the polar bear and a camel. It ought to have worked out well. I settled down very hopefully to it myself, but it had been put into bad hands, and came out poorly. It is best to keep to the old favourites.

Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. have written to a contemporary to give an account of a curiosity of the Post Office. It is really a fair specimen. Twelve years ago a letter was sent by the firm to an address in Bolivia, South America. The letter was not delivered, and it has just, this month, been returned to Messrs. Oetzmann. The explanation which the firm offers is that the Spanish character is notorious for an ingrained love of procrastination. Ask a Spaniard to do something which positively *must* be done to-day, and he will look pensive, roll a cigarette, and reply, "To-morrow." This may be very true, and without doubt it would explain why, for twelve years, that letter was not returned. That, however, does not seem to me to be the chief difficulty—the thing which is hard to understand is why, after that lapse of twelve years, the letter was ever returned at all.

I have known men (neither Spaniards nor in the Post Office) fully capable of postponing any ordinary business act for twelve years. But I have never heard of anyone who, after postponing anything for twelve years, thought it worth while to do it at the end of that time. I have heard of no earthquake or epidemic in Bolivia recently calculated to make a conscientious postal clerk, in view of the possible nearness of death, resolve to clear up the whole of his sins of omission. It does not even appear that Messrs. Oetzmann wrote to complain—an act which might (though, I fear, it would not) have had a stimulating effect on the Spanish character. Procrastination accounts for the twelve years delay, but for the final return of the letter we must seek an explanation elsewhere. I think myself that the delay was part of the ordinary routine of the Post Office, and that the letter was at last sent back owing to the negligence or disobedience of some clerk who was possibly new to the work.

The letter, according to my theory, when twelve years ago it could not be delivered, was placed in a pigeon-hole. People who procrastinate, always put things in pigeon-holes. They feel somehow as if by so doing they were shifting the responsibility. There it remained for twelve years, until the new clerk arrived. He took the letter out of the pigeon-hole, intending to float off the stamps for his own private collection. Once on his table the letter got mixed up with some others intended for posting, and owing to some further act of inadvertence these letters actually were posted. The explanation is not, perhaps, wildly probable, but is more probable than the other. One should think twice before one accuses a South American post-office of having done its duty, even after a lapse of twelve years.

There seems to have been a good deal of very silly behaviour lately in St. Katherine's Church, Neath. One Sunday the curate, after reading the service said (it was unwise of the curate to say it), that he had been insulted by his rector, who had not consulted him about the harvest thanksgiving (this was injudicious of the rector), and that therefore he refused to preach a sermon—which was distinctly childish on the part of the curate. The rector thereupon was indiscreet enough to ask that curate to cease his ministrations pending an investigation. But I should not say that this justified the entire choir and a great part of the congregation in the infantile form of revenge that they took by walking out of the church on the following Sunday. The whole thing is disgraceful, of course, but it is still more remarkable for its supreme and monumental silliness. Whenever people get too fine a sense of their own dignity and importance they always act foolishly. But these good people of St. Katherine's, Neath, fairly outstrip all previous achievements.

Taking it on the lowest grounds—where is their dignity now? Will anybody who reads the report of this nursery quarrel think very highly of the dignity of this particular rector, this especial curate, or this remarkable congregation? Of dignity, more than of anything else, it is true that those who fight for it—struggle for it—do their utmost to attain it—always and invariably lose it. But then that is not all—if a few people at St. Katherine's, Neath, sacrificed their dignity and self-respect, I confess that that is not a point about which I should trouble myself for one moment. But the harm that their silliness does goes very much beyond that. In the interests of the cause which rector, curate, and

congregation alike are supposed to have at heart, I should have thought that such scenes would have been impossible. What do they think that the outside, scoffing, worldly world is likely to say?

It is just one of those occasions when the cheap and ready-made cynic loves to echo "See, how these Christians love one another!" It is just one of these incidents that do an amount of harm which far outweighs any other consideration that could be involved. I am told that the Bishop of Llanduff is to make his inquiry into this affair. Under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, the only thing possible. But if, from the commencement, a little less temper and a little more ordinary and worldly tact had been displayed, there would have been no occasion for the Bishop to make an inquiry, and no opportunity for the enemies of the Church to say what they undoubtedly will say. Perhaps, however, it may be a lesson to others that personal dignity may be bid for at too dear a price—especially when it is considered that personal dignity is one of those commodities which by no means goes to the highest bidder.

Professor Lombroso, the criminal expert, has discovered a new animal. He treats of it in this month's American "Forum." To all purposes, it resembles the ordinary human being of commerce, but this is only its artfulness. It is in reality not a human being at all; it is a criminal. I respect Professor Lombroso's researches and studies; but on this point he falls into the ordinary error of the social sentimentalist. Professor Lombroso would have us believe that the normal man or woman is an angel with no tendency to vice in it. The same argument is used by the Socialists, only instead of calling the exceptions criminals, our Anarchist friends term them capitalists. The Conservative and Radical parties both hold the same views; the Conservatives call these wild monstrosities Liberals, and the Radicals dub them Tories. Had Professor Lombroso pushed his researches a little deeper he might have grasped the idea that all the possibilities of sin and evil are contained in every living human being. The smallest particle of any sentient being is known to contain within itself the whole structure and organisation of that being. The best man living has within him the greatest villain that ever breathed, and the biggest blackguard carries about, locked up in his breast, a hero of whom he is unconscious. We are all criminals and all saints. Why, in some men, the criminal tendency should develop and the saintly tendency dwindle is an interesting study. But to start with the assumption that there is any essential, primary difference between a Lucretia Borgia and a Saint Cecilia is to start upon a road of errors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

W. N. Y.—I cannot see that your argument tends against conscription in the least. Nor do I think you are quite just towards the French. Serving for two years in the army certainly would not tend to make men shorter, and if the French soldier is in stature a little below the English or the German, you must remember that when it comes to work he can in general give a very good account of himself. Under Napoleon, Jacques Bonhomie, no bigger, no stronger than he is to-day, performed feats that the world has not yet ceased wondering at. He could march his forty miles a day, with his sixty pounds' weight upon his back, and fight at the end of it, if need be. Do not run away with the usual insular idea that because an occasional French regiment you may see while passing through Paris does not look so broad-shouldered or so tall as a body of German Uhlans or British Grenadiers, that it is a weak or useless body of men; and do not talk Sunday-school claptrap about hired mercenaries living in idleness, drunkenness, and sensuality. The average Tommy Atkins is as good a man as you are. Do not waste your time in this world in being shocked at the depravity of your neighbours. I have never found that any body of men was worse or better than any other body of men. There are bad soldiers and bad clergymen; and some of the most decent, kindly all round men I have met have been men wearing the Widow's uniform.

Cicero (I wish correspondents would employ simply their own initials. A column of answers to Ciceros, Pompeys, Constant Readers, Candid Friends, Julius Cæsars, etc., has an irritating effect on myself, and possibly upon others).—Very small sums are paid for music-hall songs, for words and music together as little as a guinea even. As a new man you could hardly hope to get more. Your best plan would be to first make your arrangements with a music publisher, and then to offer the right of singing to a good artist.

William G., junr., writes: "I feel that your cartoon in To-Day *re* professional footballers was quite uncalled for." He continues: "If you are still desirous of retaining our patronage you will kindly desist from making unwarrantable attacks on such a subject." He also calls me a professional writer. I am afraid I am going the way of losing this young man's patronage. Whether To-Day will be able to exist without it time alone will prove. J. P. C. calls my attention to some exceedingly silly remarks of the Rev. T. Waugh, delivered at Cockermouth, but folly of this kind is harmless.

J. E.—Verse that is worth inserting is not too easily obtained, but I agree with you as to the desirability of it, and will do my best.

W. R. S. and Disputando.—Legal answers can only be given to annual subscribers through the post. Dossie.—"The Red Cockade" appeared in Volumes V., VI. and VII. of To-Day. It will not be published in book form for another four or five months.

W. R.—I thank you for the cutting.

Binocular.—The advice you seek should be given by those to whom you have articled yourself. It would be interference on my part to advise you, and it is for your principals to do all they can to push you forward. J. W. wishes to assist at the foundation of a new chivalry league on the lines of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and encloses me an article on the subject, which is unfortunately too long for publication.

N.Z., who is a young man at that age when character is forming, writes me a most interesting letter. It is really a not undeserved indictment against the sin of parents in keeping back from their children all knowledge of the world, and refusing them sympathy in those struggles with the forces of evil through which every young man has to pass. Few sins of omission are more disastrous in their effects than this shirking by fathers and mothers of their plain duty. They are ashamed to talk of matters about which we are all thinking, as though openness and candour were crimes. They have gone through the same battle themselves, and then refuse their advice, their sympathy, and the lessons of their experience.

W. H. B.—Thanks for cutting. I consider three months' imprisonment inflicted upon Thomas Petyt a more satisfactory sentence than is usually meted out in such cases.

E. E.—An occasional friendly criticism is not an attack. Doctors are public men, and must expect occasional public comment. I often hear journalists abused. Every profession has its faults. The fault of the medical profession is that, burying themselves within a corner of life, they never quite grasp the fact how little they really do know. What you tell me about the looseness with which certificates of death are granted makes the question, to my mind, more serious. I thank you for enclosing the form of certificate, which will be useful to me.

Musicus writes me as follows:—"I think it my duty to let you know the pleasure and help I have derived from your invigorating reply to 'Medicus' in this week's To-Day. If we young fellows on the threshold of life had a few more such friends—sincere and sympathetic—many, I am sure, would live to become good, noble men, instead of mere mediocrities; 'Fight for all you are worth' should be the motto of every young fellow, as it shall be mine."

Veritas Prevalebit writes me also on this subject:—"Will you allow me to thank you for your reply to 'Medicus' appearing in the current number of To-Day. God alone knows the awful silent struggle a man has to fight against the sirocco of his own passions, a battle which in many cases (as, indeed, in my own) becomes keenest when in the silence of one's own room. The fact that one's fellow-men have all been through or will have to go through the same fight gives the matter a pathos which is only deepened by the fact that one cannot bring oneself to confide the severity of the trial to one's dearest friend, presumably because it is treading on very delicate ground. As you truly say it is a hard battle, and the result of it we know is the formation of our character. I feel very deeply on the subject, as I have been coping with myself almost ever since I left school, at times almost despairing of success, but I am now beginning to feel confident of ultimate victory, and certainly reading the advice you offer must help many a

man to take heart." I quote the above letters, thinking they may be useful to others.

S. G. P. (Hanley)—I read your temperate letter with much interest. I don't doubt that thousands of respectable people attend football matches, but thousands of rowdies and blackguards do so also, and the tendency of professionalism is to increase the number of the latter and to decrease the ranks of the former. It is painful to hear of a game being played for money. The whole spirit of sport is being driven away. I am glad that you are anxious to fight for the noble and manly game of football, but I am convinced you will do better service by joining us, who are anxious to see the game played for its own sake by the young men.

J. R. L.—Unfortunately for your argument the fact is beyond dispute that many people have been buried alive, and have regained consciousness within the coffin. Enough air is buried with a man in a coffin to support life for a certain number of hours, and even beyond that air will filter through earth. As regards the rest of your remarks forgive me for saying that they do not appear worth the trouble of answering.

H. T. E. draws my attention to the horrible cruelty inflicted upon a pony by a labourer at Compton, in Staffordshire. To cure it from kicking he tied its tongue to its hind leg and then thrashed it. The result was that the animal pulled its own tongue out. Ernest Ainsworth, baker, of Compton, the owner of the pony, appears to be the worst offender in the case, for he was quite willing to hush the matter up on receiving payment for the pony. The magistrates (Messrs. H. C. O. Keown, W. B. Badnall, James Osborne, and Frank Wright) inflicted an absurdly inadequate punishment of twenty-one days' imprisonment. Such a sentence is playing with the matter.

Over-Population.—I have read carefully through the *Fruits of Philosophy*, published by Messrs. Forder, 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C., price sixpence, and have consulted one or two medical friends upon the matter. The book treats of its subject in a dignified and unsuggestive manner. I am convinced that the most foolish boy could read it without injury; indeed, I think it would do him good. It removes a great fact of human nature from behind the curtains of mystery and suggestiveness, and places it in a bald, scientific, and decidedly unattractive form. The essential portion of the book commences with the last paragraph but one on page forty-eight. The rest of the book is somewhat immaterial, and occasionally, I am told, misleading. The prescriptions given in the work at various points should never be taken except under medical advice. With this paragraph I have done with the matter, which is a difficult one to handle in a public journal, and which only a strong sense of duty has induced me to bring forward.

W. H.—The paragraph on over-population contains the answer you require.

T. N.—Your suggestions shall be carefully considered. G. H.—I am afraid the anecdote is a very old one.

C. J. G.—Sending the paper on during the coming week would invalidate the insurance, except to an annual subscriber through the post.

Scribe.—Many thanks, but the article would not be suitable. T. C.—It is difficult to read Mr. J. Sturrock's imbecile trash, and grasp the fact that we are living in the nineteenth century. But one should forgive the Scottish Reformation Society for the sake of the amusement they afford. It is as if Praise-God Barebones had come to life again, and were writing letters to the Scottish papers.

Allotments.—A correspondent sends me an agricultural paper. It is desperately indignant at my remarks *re* this question. But the writer, although he criticises my remarks as "base lies, slanders, libels, and rot," appears, so far as I can judge, to be quite in agreement with me on all essential points, except that he tells me that the labourer does not want an allotment, and that if he did he could easily get one. Labourers I have spoken to have often told me that they are quite welcome to allotments—at a distance of some three or four miles from their cottages. What they want is an allotment just outside their own gate. The writer winds up a very long and rambling article by demanding why farmers who are paying "one, two, three, aye, and even four pounds or more per acre" should not have their rents reduced. But this is exactly the point that I argued. To my thinking, the fact of a farmer paying £4 an acre for land in these times is sufficient to stamp him as an extremely unbusiness-like man, to say the least of it. He should tell the landlord to keep his land.

Birmingham and others draw my atteation to the last quarterly meeting of the Gateshead Sunday School Union. A Captain Watkins moved a resolution protesting against the band performances in the park on Sunday afternoons. What is chiefly remarkable about the meeting is the broadmindedness of its clerical items. The Rev. J. G. Binney evidently considered that the institution of Sunday music was a wise move on the part of the Corporation. He added that religious folk had alienated large numbers of people on account of their narrowness, and he thought that Captain Watkins' resolution was unwise in the interests of religion. The Rev. J. A. Watt thought that the Christian religion ought to be able to compete in open field with counter attractions, if it was of any use at all, and that there was no necessity for it to be for ever whining for assistance from the police. It is refreshing to hear such common-sense coming from the cloth. It shows that clergymen are taking a broader-minded and more wholesome view of religion than has hitherto been the case. The narrow-mindedness and bigotry were confined to the lay portion of the Board. Mr. R. Rowell, jun., is typical of a certain class of Christian. He considered that if anything interfered with his Sunday School he had a right to put a stop to it, a sentiment that was greeted with applause by the other bigots. He considered that if anything disturbed his influence he had the right to ask that it should be stopped. He found his scholars drifting away towards the band. That healthy lads should be glad to get away from the stifling atmosphere of such an extremely unChristian-like fanatic is easy to understand. Mr. Rowell and men of his kidney would have scholars marched into Sunday School between rows of constables. Christ did not clamour, Mr. Rowell, for the services of Roman soldiers to collect His congregations. If your Christianity cannot stand up against a Sunday band, my friend, it is not worth much to you or to anybody else.

L. W. L.—My dear friend, you are a very young man, and you have just fallen in love. I know this from the verses you send me, which are not of sufficient merit to print. Kiss the little lady by all means, as you suggest in your last couplet. Write her yards of poetry; it will do you both good. A young man who does not write verses of this description when he is in love is no true lover. It will delight you to concoct them, and she will blush with pleasure when she reads them. Gaze into her eyes as you suggest. Take her little hands in yours; even go to the length you intimate in the third verse, provided, of course, that you are duly engaged. But do not send the poetry to an editor. He has been through all this sort of thing himself more years ago than he cares to recollect, and it makes him feel sad.

W. G. W.—Forgive me for suggesting that your friend Portia appears to be a typical New Woman. "We will continue to rule the world—the miscalled lords of creation—the weak and puny nature of man." I see that Portia refers to babies as interesting things, and she is not afraid of a discussion on the subject, "for to the pure all things are pure." I notice that the good lady would be willing to love us men more if only we would be better.

E. J. C. and other correspondents write to me with regard to the Gothenburg experiment now being carried out at Elan near Birmingham. I have no objection to experiments; indeed, I would advocate their trial as being the readiest means of settling a dispute.

J. F. F.—Mr. G. Stuart, of Schoolhill, Aberdeen, certainly seems to be a philanthropist. His only anxiety appears to be to lend money, and this he evidently does, judging from his circular, from the mere love of the thing. Notwithstanding which I should advise you to go to a bank. G. (Liverpool).—I was glad to read your letter, and to find you in so close agreement with To-Day.

The Shocking of the Rev. Lindsay Young.—Some fourteen correspondents have sent me newspaper cuttings relating to this sad event. The Rev. Lindsay Young, of Portsea, seems to have suddenly come into the world, and most things he sees about him shock him. He is shocked that people dance; he is shocked that people play cards; he is shocked to find that there are such things as theatres in this world; he is shocked that there are barrel-organs (so am I); he is shocked at his fellow-clergymen, also at the Nonconformists. It would only be a kindness to shock him out of this shocking world altogether.

J. H. F. draws my attention to the horrible cruelty inflicted upon a pony by a fellow named Hubert de Sant, who poses in Newcastle as a horse-slaughterer. The man does not seem to have had any intention of being cruel; he is apparently an idiot, who does not understand his business. I should like to know how it is that such men are allowed to practise, and who employs them. Surely a horse-slaughterer ought to be compelled to take out a license, and to prove his ability.

T. F.—I am always pleased to state my reasons to a thoughtful correspondent, such as you appear to be. But when you threaten to stop your subscription to the paper my only answer must be a very rude one—"Go and hang yourself." J. W.—I am sorry to appear unsympathetic, but if you and the Rev. J. Bogue can quarrel without reference to myself I shall be glad. Dog Lover.—You have no claim to the dog whatever, and can only obtain possession by buying him out of the Home.

Chirurgeon.—I have heard leading medical men themselves admit that medicine is half guesswork; indeed, how can it be else? Because a clever man often guesses right that does not alter the argument. Of course surgery, pure and simple, is more or less mechanical, and therefore nearer to the exact sciences. One day we are told that a celebrated doctor has discovered an infallible cure for hydrophobia; next day we are told that it does not cure. Another time a great specialist discovers a cure for consumption; next week it is discovered not to be a cure. Were medicine an exact science no changes would ever take place in it, and the text-book of a hundred years ago would be the text-book of to-day. The medical profession would never advance if they all followed your example of indignantly denying that there is any possibility of mistake.

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

CLUB CHATTER.

For what purpose is a railway carriage labelled "Smoking"? I was instructed in my youth that carriages so marked were reserved for the sole use of men wishing to smoke, and that therefore my presence in one was unnecessary, not to say objectionable. I sometimes think of that little lesson now, when I am squeezing myself into the last vacant seat in a "smoker" occupied by one man, eight women, and a goodly sprinkling of babies.

I should like the railway companies to take down the word "smoking" from all carriages at present so marked, and to substitute for it "Men Only." Until this is done ladies will never be made to understand that many men travel smoking for the express purpose of getting away from feminine society. This may seem a brutally ungallant thing to say, but it's quite true. I know many men who, when they are travelling, always make a point of getting to the station early, so that they may capture a smoker and warn every lady who enters that it is a smoking-carriage. As a rule their little plan doesn't meet with much success. Their protest—"Excuse me, madam, this is a smoking-carriage," usually meets with the casual reply, "I don't mind." And so the poor men are mutely miserable for the whole of the journey.

When travelling a long distance, especially by night, "Men only" carriages would always be filled. I am sure commercial travellers, actors, and all whose business compels them to cover a lot of ground, would welcome the carrying out of my idea. When travelling by night most men like to get rid of some of their clothes, but the presence of ladies, of course, debars them from doing anything of the sort. We hear a lot about the inferiority of the male sex nowadays, but it is a significant fact that the emptiest compartments in a train are invariably those marked "Ladies."

It will probably be objected that when a man is travelling with his wife he usually prefers to occupy the same compartment. Quite so. I don't know that I would object to this if men would only bring their wives and not their families, but as it is usually inconvenient to separate the latter, the smoking-carriages get invaded. After all, once a lady is comfortably seated in a railway carriage all the attentions a man can bestow on her are not of much consequence, and if the man feels he cannot exist for the journey without a smoke he should make up his mind to forego the society of his wife for a brief hour or two.

Most men have a special cure of their own for sleeplessness, but by far the best I have heard of lately is a glass of Hall's Coca Wine (Tonic), taken the last thing before going to bed. The wine is the pleasantest physic I have ever tried, and is specially valuable to all suffering from mental worry. I am perfectly well myself just now, but I have hopes of getting run down shortly so that I may once more prescribe for myself this delightful medicine.

The London and North Western Railway Company, announce that owing to the continued success of the half-day trip to "Shakespeare's Country," they have decided to run another excursion to Stratford-on-Avon on Thursday, September 26th. The train will leave Euston Station at half-past twelve, and will return from Stratford-on-Avon at twenty minutes to eight.

I am glad to see that by degrees the umbrella is getting lighter and lighter. The stick is no longer of a thickness that suggests it is intended at a pinch to be used as a life preserver. In France, where the fashion in this direction is invariably set, it is almost impossible to-day to get a man's umbrella that is more bulky than the average *en tout cas* of a lady. Another advantage is the adoption of aluminium in the making of the frame.

An attractive and unnecessary novelty in bow ties is one with three ends. It looks something like a Maltese cross, with one side clipped off. The most curious part about the whole thing is that it is intended that the third end should stick up into the throat, and not adorn the shirt.

Gambling on the Continent this year at the watering-places seems to have run very high. A correspondent, who has just returned from Spa, tells me that some of the gains and losses astonished him, although he has become fairly hardened to heavy play, though invariably making Mont Carlo his winter headquarters. The stories that from time to time make a scissors-and-paste tour of the English Press describing the determined action of Continental Governments to suppress gambling always amuse me. All you have to do is to give (in even the most police-ridden place on the Continent) a five days' notice to the authorities of the gambling club that you wish to become a member, and after some farcical formalities, you are duly elected, and can then lose every cent you possess or can borrow.

Speaking of gaming, it is worth noting that the Russians are the heaviest plungers. They are as unemotional as the English, and will eat just as hearty a dinner after having mortgaged every inch of land they possess as if nothing had happened. The Grand Duke Alexis is a noteworthy example. He never carries any money with him; but on entering the gaming-room will stroll up to the cashier and ask for a thousand or so louis. Then he plays till he has lost every farthing, or, as frequently happens, until a lucky game is stopped by the memory of a *rendezvous* he has given. Once I remember seeing him lose heavily at Ostend. Some Englishmen were standing behind him, and, re-echoing some outspoken comments they had made, he said, with a laugh, as he left the table, "I agree with you, it was damned bad luck."

The Frenchman is, perhaps, the worst player. After he has dropped a few hundred francs he wants to go outside and cry or die, as the case may be. Under any circumstances, he is convinced that he has been cheated. The Frenchwoman, on the other hand, is a terror. She will gamble away every franc, and at Monte Carlo especially, when she has pawned every bit of jewellery she possesss, will hang about the tables and beg of you to let her play for you, as she is certain to prove a Mascot.

Apropos of the moustache correspondence, I am told of a new invention to obviate the use of curling tongs and cosmetiques. It consists of a band of stiff elastic guaze, which is placed over the moustache at night and fixed by loops on to the ears. In the morning when you wake up you find your moustache looking as though it had been dreaming of the German Emperor.

I dedicate this paragraph to my friend, Lieutenant Cole. All Paris is applauding itself hoarse over a French ventriloquist, who has introduced a decided novelty. Instead of keeping his lay figures on chairs, and giving them an occasional stroll round, he comes on with a couple of girls, one on each arm. The trio skip and dance and sing, and the whole illusion is so good that you feel you have been sold when he bows and leaves his companions in a hopeless heap of springs and wooden limbs lying on the stage.

While the *Daily Telegraph* has been deciding the

exact age at which we ought to fall in love, the *Daily News* has given itself up to the more practical question of the making of good coffee. Certainly a good cup of coffee is about as scarce in town as a white blackbird is in the country. Even in the best clubs and restaurants one is never sure that a jolly little dinner may not terminate sadly by reason of the filthiness of the coffee. And yet the remedy is very simple. To my mind the best coffee is ruined when it is mixed with chicory. The simplest way of making coffee well is to use a china percolator. The metal ones in general use are much harder to keep clean, and are supposed to make the coffee taste.

Life being short one cannot roast one's own coffee, but it should be bought in the berry and ground just before use. If, before grinding, the berries are placed in the oven for three or four minutes, all the effect of freshly-roasted coffee is readily obtained. I need hardly say that there is no economy in buying cheap coffee. The best that can be procured and plenty of it should be your motto if you want satisfactory results. The chief fault of the bad coffee one drinks is that not nearly enough coffee has been used.

As to the sweetening of coffee, the best sugar looks like crushed barley sugar, and is called, I believe, "Bristol pieces." Over-fastidious people say that the sugar should be put in the cup first, and the coffee poured over it. At any rate, the coffee should never be served very hot. One cannot taste a very hot liquid properly.

To all lovers of amateur sport the reception accorded to the Rugby Football Committee at the annual general meeting the other evening must afford matter for sincere satisfaction. The occasion furnished the first opportunity the Union authorities had had of meeting their constituents since the secession, and adoption of professionalism, by the Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs, and it was of first importance to show to the football world that Mr. Rowland Hill and his colleagues, who have battled so strenuously for the cause of amateurism, possessed the complete confidence of the affiliated clubs. Men present there were who, two years ago, had spoken and voted in favour of payment for "broken time," and others, no doubt, whose devotion to amateurism is by no means heartwhole: but not a voice was raised against the Committee, who may well be encouraged to persevere in the firm attitude they have pursued all through the wretched struggle with more or less veiled professionalism. Slow to act, perhaps, the authorities have been at times; but they had need to step warily, and it is certainly a triumph for them that the leading advocates of professionalism should have found membership of the Rugby Union no longer tenable.

Amidst the natural feeling of congratulation that the most formidable elements of professionalism are now outside, instead of inside, the Union, football men in the south should not forget that to some clubs in the north loyalty to the Union has ruined their programmes. These organisations, which had every reason a month or so ago to anticipate an attractive series of matches now find themselves with quite a deplorable number of vacant dates. Rockcliffe (Northumberland) has, I know, suffered severely from this cause, and there must be several other clubs in the four most northerly counties in a similar predicament. A journey to the far north in winter is not the sort of thing one undertakes from choice, when a game can be found nearer home: but it is of first importance just now, when doubtless many northern clubs are waiting to see what success attends the essay into professionalism, that those organisations which have remained true to the principles of amateurism, should not have to pay too dear a price for their loyalty. I should very much like to see Blackheath, London Scottish, Richmond, and the Universities (in the holidays), all making fixtures in the district I have mentioned, for the good of the cause.

Those people who witnessed the Rugby football match between England and Scotland at Richmond last season will note with pleasure that henceforth the standing of three-quarter backs on the offside of the scrummage is illegal. Always an indefensible practice and contrary to the spirit of, if not actually forbidden by the laws of, Rugby football, it has reduced many a match which might have been bright and open, to wearisome scrummaging. Had the change been made a year ago, it is scarcely likely it would have prevented Scotland winning; but the game would not rank, as it does now, as one of the dullest internationals on record.

Yorkshire's repeated triumphs in the struggle for the championship amongst the Rugby football-playing counties had, I fancy, prevented this competition ever obtaining the importance which ought to have attached to it, and the authorities have been wise to arrange a new scheme, whereby a champion southern county is evolved in addition to a champion northern county. These two will duly contend for first honours, and I hope the match, which takes place in the south this season, will be played on a Saturday. Club jealousy in forcing county matches to be played during the week, has had, in the opinion of many, as much to do with the lack of enthusiasm as Yorkshire's supremacy.

A gratifying feature of the Football League competition, up to the present, is the change in the fortunes of clubs since the close of last season. Five months ago Sunderland, Everton, and Aston Villa were carrying all before them, and as these three clubs had monopolised first honours for the past five years, their continued triumph was rather to be regretted. Already, however, they have all been beaten—Everton twice—so there is the prospect of a more open struggle, and happily one in which the honours may not fall to the most wealthy organisations. At present Stoke stands at the head of affairs—a notable triumph, inasmuch as last April they only escaped reduction to the junior class by winning one of the test matches in which the three least successful clubs have to engage.

At one time it appeared that the Cambridgeshire wagering would be practically devoid of sensation until after the decision of the Cesarewitch. However, such has not proved to be the case, for backers are of the opinion that the short distance event is at the mercy of one animal. This animal, strange to say, has never yet raced in England, and up to the time of the entries few people knew that such an animal as Paris III. existed.

Curious to relate, Paris III. is trained by Marsh, who also has charge of Florizel II., the Cesarewitch favourite. The horse is an aged son of Grandmaster, and hails from Australia. His arrival in this country was heralded with a column or two of laudatory notices, and here the master hand of Lord William Beresford was very apparent.

Major Egerton, when he came to Paris III.'s entry, could hardly have taken the trouble to obtain the fullest information about the horse, for he only apportions the son of Grandmaster 7 st. 10 lb. And now those few people, who are thoroughly conversant with Australian form, and managed to get the pick of the market, are wearing a very broad smile, for amongst other deeds Paris III. has beaten the mighty Carbine, the horse the Duke of Portland purchased for £13,000.

Naturally every scrap of information concerning Paris III. is listened to with great eagerness. The Newmarket touts are all on their mettle; but they ap-

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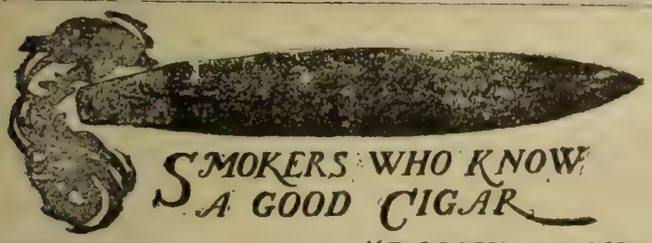

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pear to have arrived at no decision regarding the merits of the horse. A friend at headquarters has kindly written me to the effect that, although the horse in Australia might have been the equal of the best animal we have in training, it is quite possible that he will prove a failure here.

His theory is that the climatic surroundings are not at all suitable to Australian horses, and he recalls the case of the Australian thoroughbreds brought over here some five years ago. Then Mons Meg was looked upon as a certainty for the Cesarewitch, but she failed lamentably, and so did the remainder of the team. Having full faith in the superior wisdom of my correspondent, I shall expect to see a reaction ere the day of the race.

For a change from my usual cigarette, I tried some of the "Three Bells" last week, and they suited me admirably. They are exceedingly nice, and quite deserve the clever headline used by the manufacturers, Messrs. Bell, of Glasgow, namely, that they should be "in everybody's mouth." THE MAJOR.

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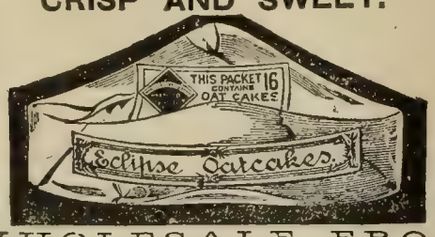

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A man with a grievance dropped in the other day and "gave sorrow words." "I like 'Tay Pay' O'Connor as a big-hearted Irishman," he said; "but I do think his latest specimen of bookmaking is a little too thin." I got it down ("Some Old Love Stories") from the shelf. "It seems a corpulent volume," I suggested. "Ah, but I don't mean that. Take the contents. It is really a book of reviews which have appeared in the *Weekly Sun*, done by 'the gutting' process. That is, all the quotable bits are strung together so that the poor man, who cannot afford to buy the book, can virtually read it without having done so. Now, for instance, this book consists of 336 pages. Out of these 336 pages 98½ are, roughly speaking, simply lifted from the books reviewed. Nearly a third of the book is other men's work, for which they get no equivalent, but suffer a decided injury. No one wants the original books after reading O'Connor's racy excerpts; they tell the story. To make matters right, all the authors reviewed should receive an adequate proportion of Mr. O'Connor's royalties. So far, I haven't seen a single criticism which has had the honesty to point this out." And he fumed away before I could suggest that perhaps "Tay Pay" had received permission to "gut" the books in question.

* * * *

Was Milton an atheist? Mr. Wise has just privately circulated a beautiful edition of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt. The reason for this is that whenever it suited Leigh Hunt's purpose to garble the poet's letters he did so freely. Mr. Wise's edition gives the letters as they were originally written. Shelley seems to have been very anxious to find out whether any evidence could be brought forward in support of Leigh Hunt's statement to Mr. Ogilvie that—

> It was now known from incontestable authority that Milton died embracing the creed of Atheism. I should take it as a particular favour if you would have the goodness to tell me whether this statement of Mr. Ogilvie is correct; and, if so, what is the authority from which you spoke. If I may so accommodate an expression of St. Paul, "After the way which men call Atheism, so worship I the God of my fathers"—so that the information I seek could not give me any pain, nor is it possible I should make an ill use of it.

* * * *

I often find myself looking backwards at those days when, as a young fellow, I welcomed with pride men who have now become dust. Of some of them I think even now with a touch of the awkward shyness of my youth. Mr. Carlyle's visits were memorable ones, and always left me feeling how little I myself knew. After his death I was one day turning over a parcel of books just received from the printer, when a girl came in and asked if I could tell her where to find a certain street which was not far from my shop. After I had answered the question she thanked me, and remarked that she didn't know this part of London. She came from down Chelsea way; in fact, she used to live as a servant there. "I was at Mr. Carlyle's for a bit," she added; "him as people seem to think so much of now he's dead!"

* * * *

But the man to whose patronage I owed, perhaps, most pleasure was the great Charles Dickens. One night he was good enough to present me with a card of admittance to one of his readings. Never shall I forget that evening, when he *related* (he never needed to look at the roll held lightly in his hand) "Doctor Marigold's Prescription." Yet I think most of him as he stood there, a spare, upright figure, with lined face and abundant hair sprinkled with grey, holding us all breathless. I remember, too, that he wore a red camelia when he first bowed to us from the stage, and, after the few minutes' interval which broke the entertainment into two parts, he stepped forward again with a white one in his buttonhole.

A "Country Parson" wants to know if the following kind of thing is a fair sample of what goes on in London Town. I shall be happy to forward him any communications on the subject, as the matter is not one of which I have any personal knowledge:

> An acquaintance of mine has been trying to write a book. Instead of getting an opinion on it from the Authors' Society, he has unearthed two valuable aids to literature. No. 2 offers to revise, to place with a publisher, and, "from my knowledge of critics to secure you good notices." Now, this is eminently satisfactory, for the writer has not even seen the MS. And his charge is so modest—only £5 5s. This admirable creature hails from the Strand. An evidently misbegotten diffidence on my part has caused me to rely hitherto on my own abilities—such as they are; but if these men exist—who can cut down a book to suit a publisher, shove it into shape, get a publisher to whack it at the public, and secure good notices, all off their own bats, and for so comparatively trifling a sum—it seems to me that my future is in a fair way to become affluent. Apparently the merit of one's MS. is nothing. It is not mentioned. It passes through the magic crucible of the reviser, and—lo, you—it is hailed with universal applause. Is this sort of thing called honesty in London Town?

My own impression is that "this sort of thing" is called "swindling" in London Town, and that anyone foolish enough to forward the five guineas would not get "much forrarder."

* * * *

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new story, "Sweetheart Travellers," which Wells, Gardner, and Dalton are to publish at Christmas, is being illustrated by Gordon Browne and W. H. C. Groome, and will be quite one of the prettiest books I have ever seen. Mr. Crockett is busily engaged writing "Cleg Kelly" for the *Cornhill*, and also a book for the *Graphic*, which is to start shortly.

* * * *

I understand that "Lady Lovan," the novel recently published under the pseudonym of "Agnes Farrell," was written by the late Francis Adams, who met with such a tragic death (self-inflicted) some time ago.

* * * *

I understand that Mr. Frederick Wedmore has confided to Messrs. Bell a volume which will be practically a survey of the art of etching as it has been understood in England by its finer practitioners from Turner and Girtin to Seymour Haden, Whistler, and Frank Short. It will contain fifty illustrations, many of them made specially by the most advanced processes; the book will nevertheless be published at a popular price.

* * * *

Mr. Joseph Pennell has prepared for publication, with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the course of lectures he delivered at University College in the winter of 1894-95. The work is mainly intended as a text-book for the use of art students and art schools.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L.—I believe "Rhoda Roberts" is selling very fairly. Thanks for flattering remarks. Mr. Gladstone takes an interest in everything Welsh.

Puzzled.—I believe "Ideala" was Sarah Grand's first book. "Ideala" herself makes a brief re-appearance in "The Heavenly Twins." Please don't suggest a sequel to "The Twins," or all the others will follow suit.

"Author."—The Surveyor of Taxes, Southampton Buildings, W.C., writes me in reply to your query, that the reduced rates for house duty in respect of shops only apply "When any such dwelling-house shall be occupied by any person in trade who shall expose to sale and sell any goods, wares, or merchandise in any shop or warehouse, being part of the same dwelling-house, and in the front or on the ground or basement storey thereof." It rather reminds one of Theodore Hook's rhymes—

"Next comes Mr. Winter, Assessor of Taxes,
I advise you to pay him whatever he axes,
If you don't you will find, without any flummery,
Though his name may be Winter, his actions are summary."

Morally, I think an author's den should be considered a place of business.

J. Hunter Boyce.—It is rather difficult to get good, cheap, thoroughly complete editions. It would simplify matters if all publishers adopted the plan you suggest, and stated the date when every fresh issue of a book was printed.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

BY PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, B.P.A.

VI.—THE NOSE—(Continued).

Now inquisitiveness is defined by the nose, and is perceived when the tip of the nose juts out straight from the face (Fig. 1). There is a vulgar expression explaining inquisitiveness as "Poking one's nose into other people's business." The nose in Fig. 1 seems to be going in advance of the face. Its significance is to learn without study, to find out by means of seeing and hearing from others sooner than by mental investigation for any given result, and is explained as "idle curiosity." This must not be confounded with analysis, criticism, or the desire for knowledge. In character-reading one requires a vast amount of nicety in the choice of words to express the exact meaning, as, although many words appear to bear the same significance, still there is a great difference in their appropriateness as regards certain characteristics. When the nose is wide at the tip it indicates a trusting and confiding nature, and is perceived in people who are anxious to tell you all their family history and affairs. When the nose is pointed at the top it shows reserve and caution, and if the tip droops, as in Fig 2, suspicion and intrigue are strongly indicated. Fig. 2 is the nose of the individual who is hatching plots, listening behind doors and peeping through keyholes. It is inquisitive as well as suspicious, but whereas the nose of Fig. 1 is innocent and harmless, the drooping, pointed nose is more analytical in its suspicion, and thus more to be feared and avoided. The shape of the nostrils also has a part to play in reading the human character. The wings of the nostrils are furnished with muscles of compression and of expansion. Compression indicates a restraining of energy, whilst expansion indicates looseness and freedom. Large nostrils show courage, and small nostrils fear. This can be easily accounted for. Courageous people and animals breathe from the diaphragm, and generally walk with head erect and expanded chest. This movement gives freedom of action to all the muscles connected with the respiratory organs, enlarging and elevating the wing of the nostrils. Courageous people and animals scent danger, and seem to invite it. Timid and nervous people move cautiously, and scarcely dare to breathe. Their nostrils get no action, remain close to the face, and small in size. The hare and the cat have the smallest nostrils, the bull, mastiff and all leonine animals have the largest. Pride curves the nostrils upwards, making the wings curl. Nostrils which run up the front of the nose indicate great coarseness of tastes, they resemble more the snout of a pig (Fig. 3). Nostrils which elongate downwards on to the cheeks (Fig. 4) denote dramatic talent and mean imitation, the power to throw yourself, as it were, into another part. When the nostrils elongate, and the nose tilts, it means comedy, as the tilted nose suggests wit and fun; whilst if the drooping nose have these elongating nostrils, its characteristic being reserve, it would indicate tragedy or drama. The former qualities are seen in the face of Nelly Farren, whilst the latter are perceived in that of Mdme. Bernhardt. Thinness of the bridge of the nose indicates generosity and a quick parting with money, whilst noses that are wide at the bridge, and spread on to the face show acquisitiveness and love of gain; but this characteristic must not be taken in its entirety, but be worked and balanced by the under lip, which, when full at its angles, is representative of sympathy and benevolence; should this faculty be marked, together with the wide bridge of the nose, the acquisitiveness is for others, and would perhaps indicate a more generous nature than that of a man with a thin bridge to his nose and thin lower lips, indicating that though he be fond of spending money, his lack of sympathy would render him selfish in dispensing it to indulge his own peculiar tastes instead of assisting others. There are no two noses exactly alike, and it is astonishing how much character can be read by the shape of the nose, though, as I previously mentioned, you cannot make a character depend on one feature only.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE.

I SAY: "The world is lonely;
The hearth at home is cold,
And sad is life to child and wife
When life hath little gold."
But soft her arms steal round my neck,—
My comforter so dear;
And "How much do you love me?"
And her sweet voice answers clear:

"I love you, I love you
A hundred million—there!"
And then I'm poor no more—no more.
For I'm Love's millionaire!

Then sweeter seems the breaking
Of Poverty's sad bread,
And roses bloom from out the gloom
And crown her curly head.
And if sometimes a thankful tear
My dreaming eyes will fill,
Her soft arms steal around me,
And she whispers sweetly still:

"I love you, I love you
A hundred million—there!"
I weep no more; God help the poor!
I'm Love's own millionaire!

FRANK L. STANTON.

"THEY only met last summer, and nobody knew they were engaged, so I suppose her announcement that she will be married soon will surprise everybody, don't you?"

"Yes, I know it will be a real shock to her *fiancé*."

TESTY GRANDFATHER: "So you couldn't read to me because you felt as if your head was turning around, and yet you've been waltzing all night?"

Belle of the Place: "Yes, but I waltzed around in the opposite direction from the way my head was turning."

CURIOUS RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

The majority of English readers—certainly all non-ritualistic and low-church Protestants—must find much that is puzzling in the religious ceremonies of which the cable dispatches from Russia have kept them informed during the last few months, and of which much more will probably be heard. Such ceremonies are apt to seem meaningless or superstitious to those who do not understand them; but when explained they often prove the existence of a bond of sympathy, because the religious beliefs which form their foundation can be appreciated by the hearts or the imaginations, if not by the minds, of those who do not believe in them as well as of those who do.

The dying Emperor received extreme unction, as the ritual prescribes in the Russian Church. When this sacrament is administered a vessel filled with dry grain is placed on a table in sight of the sick person. The grain is a symbol of the withered, dried-up invalid; the dry grain is capable of life, just as the sick person, possibly, may recover his health. During the service appropriate selections from the Gospels and Epistles are read several times, and the sick person is anointed seven times, on the brow, cheeks, nostrils, mouth, breast, and hands, with oil mingled with red wine, in memory of the manner in which the Good Samaritan poured oil and wine on the wounds of the man who fell among thieves. At the end of the ceremony the sick person begs the forgiveness of all present for his offences against them—as is done, also, by all devout Russians at the beginning of Lent, in preparation for Easter.

This made the third anointment received by Alexander III. His first was at his baptism, when, like any other child, he was anointed immediately after the triple immersion in the font, and then it was the equivalent of confirmation in the Roman Catholic or Anglican churches. In that case, the eyes are anointed instead of the cheeks, and the feet are also anointed, in addition to the places mentioned above, the priest pronouncing the words: "The seal of the gift of the Holy Spirit." After this anointment a baby is brought often to the Holy Communion (which is administered in both kinds, with a spoon, to members of all ages) "for health." But a child does not go to confession, or fast, before the sacrament until he is seven years old, when "his soul is grown," as the expression runs. Alexander III.'s second anointment was at his coronation. Some Russians erroneously believe that if they receive extreme unction and afterwards recover they can never again eat meat or marry; therefore young people often shrink from it, even when they are very ill. The Church exhorts them not to be afraid, as they incur no such obligations.

When a Russian Christian dies he is dressed in the "costume of his calling," as the late Emperor has been dressed in the uniform of the Preobrazhensky regiment of infantry, that "Transfiguration" regiment formed by Peter the Great, and so favoured by him. The costume of a man's profession is chosen to clothe his corpse, because every man is held to direct account for his plain duties in this present life, and his calling therein. A white winding-sheet or a white garment is sometimes used, especially for children, to signify that the dead person departs pure, or with purified, penitent heart. On the brow of the dead person, as he lies in his coffin, is placed a thin, narrow strip of silk, or cotton, stamped with representations of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and John the Baptist. This "halo," or "glory" is a symbol of victory over passions and other spiritual enemies. A cross, or holy picture, is laid on the breast, and a printed prayer (called by scoffers "the passport") is placed in the hands of the corpse.

For three days after death the body lies in its coffin in the house, and "panikhidi" are said twice a day; generally at two and eight p.m. The name of these services signifies an all-night religious service, and is a reminiscence of the funeral rites held over departed Christians in the catacombs during the second and third centuries, which included the Holy Communion. There the early believer recounted, by the side of his coffin, the good deeds of the dead martyr or Christian, and thus did the modern funeral sermon have its origin. Another reminiscence of the catacombs is found in the lighted candles which are held by all who are present at the "panikhidi." They also symbolise the light of faith, which illuminated the Christian deeds of the dead person and the joyful confidence of the worshippers in the bright future of the departed. From the moment of death until the burial service on the third day the Psalter is read constantly over the corpse. The belief is that the soul hovers about its body during those three days, and around the house where it has dwelt, grieving over its separation from the body, and its sins. When it hears the sad and comforting Psalms its pains are alleviated, and the angel in charge of it comforts it with the hope of God's mercy.

At the funeral service, on the third day, the soul follows the body to church, and remains in great fear and doubt as to what is to become of it when its body is hidden in the earth. Those present pray for themselves, as well as for the dead man, and say: "Give rest with Thy Saints, O Christ, to the soul of Thy servant." When the prayer of absolution has been read, the Lord commands the angel to bring the soul to Heaven to do homage to the Creator of all things. Then the angel is commanded to show the soul all the various pleasant abodes of the just and the fairness of Paradise for six days. Naturally, this makes a sinful soul "gnash its teeth and reproach itself." On the ninth day the soul is brought to do homage again to God; and the relatives and friends of the departed have a church service on this day to pray for his soul as it is being escorted through hell for thirty days. On the twentieth day, when the soul is half-way through its preliminary wanderings, another service is often held. On the fortieth day after death the friends again assemble and pray for the soul, which is now being "presented" to God for the third and last time. On this fortieth day God assigns to the soul an abiding place until the Day of Judgment. Thereafter services are held on the half-yearly or annual anniversaries of the death, at the request of the friends and relatives.

At the funeral the body is accompanied on foot by male relatives and friends, and by "torches," which have the same significance as the candles, and the road is thickly strewn with fragrant twigs of "the evergreen fir-tree," which is a symbol of hope in an eternal life for the departed. In Russian cities these "torches" resemble street lanterns plucked up by the roots—as if the dead man had deprived the town of light—borne by hired mourners, clad in black and silver. At requiem masses the body of the departed is represented by a dish of rice and raisins placed on a reading-desk upon the floor of the church in front of, and some distance from, the ikonostas, or rood-screen, behind which stands the altar. The candles are placed, the incense wafted, the processions performed in relation to this symbol, as in relation to the body at the funeral. The rice is a symbol of resurrection; a grain must fall into the earth and die before it can bring forth life. The raisins are symbolical, in the same way, of Christ, the first fruits of them that sleep in the Lord. Any other grain and fruit would serve the purpose equally well, but rice and raisins are generally used.

Great devotees often make but very little Christians.

The idol of successful men is not infrequently the architect of their own fortunes.

We have all strength enough to support the misfortunes of others.

He who has less than he desires should reflect that he has probably a good deal more than he deserves.

THE AGE OF THE HEROINE.

The age of the heroine has advanced only slightly to meet the change in taste of the moving centuries. She was in the beginning of her teens in Shakespeare's day, and up to within the last few years she had only advanced at the end of her teens. From the times when the great Elizabethans met and were merry at the Mermaid Tavern to the times of Dickens and Bulwer, she had progressed from the fourteen of Juliet only to the eighteen of that tender, fragile sylph who smiled and fainted, loved and wept, through the fiction of this century's first half.

The English-speaking world has always demanded the juvenile heroine. In their novels, the British Matron in her drawing-room and her husband at his club have insisted upon the love adventures, the plots and counterplots, centring round a girl of seventeen, who shall have the polished ease, the mental breadth, the knowledge of human nature of a woman of the world of thirty. Art was nothing to the British Matron and her spouse. Their forefathers had accepted Juliets of fourteen years as the proper age for the heroine of fiction, and though, as time passed and fourteen became indissolubly associated with bread and butter, pinafores and backcombs, the limit had to be raised to sixteen and eighteen and twenty; still the novel reader was reluctant and let the years accumulate grudgingly.

As the British Matron has ruled English fiction in the department of morals, in that less important point of the heroine's age she has also held imperial sway. Her iron demand for a heroine of tender years has influenced the masters of romance. They have had to bow to her dictum, for she bought their books and the critics voiced her opinions. The author knew that if he made his heroine, with all the complex emotions, the developed temperament, the worldly knowledge and cultured intuitions, the age proper and fitting for such a woman, his public would fall upon him with bitter execrations for having given them an old maid as his ideal.

With the inception of a romantic English literature, this precedent was established. Juliet at fourteen was the ideal heroine of the love-story. Shakespeare, as a rule, was very chary of mentioning the age of any of his characters, evidently believing in the adage that a man was as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. His two most perfect heroines were married. But of the other illustrious feminines in his galaxy, only a few subordinate figures, such as Perdita, Anne Page, and Hero, were young girls in their teens. The others were women in the full splendour of mental and physical maturity. Some of them, like Portia and Helena, have the serene poise, the assured self-reliance of the woman of thirty who has been the mistress of her fate and fortune for a good many years of self-sufficing independence.

Following on Shakespeare came other romanticists, leading impossible, little-girl heroines on to the stage. Webster had already placed his Virginia at the fascinating fourteen; but the Duchess of Malfi, one of the great figures of the Elizabethan literature, was a widow with children and the character study was artistically harmonious.

At the Restoration a bunch of dramatists came forward with an army of heroines, gay as to morals, bright as to wit, and of a youthfulness most extraordinary in combination with their extremely knowing minds. Congreve does not tell the age of Mrs. Millimant—that ideal "mondaine," that pattern great lady for all time; but she remains in the reader's mind as a superb, witty, languid, brilliant creature of perhaps twenty-eight. Wycherley's Hippolyte, who was wideawake for any age, will never be a day less than twenty-five, though the author had the tranquil audacity to say that she was fourteen.

Fielding, the first realist, the founder of the modern school, who broke the soil for Balzac and Thackeray, was too great an artist to submit to the popular idea. Sophia Western is seventeen when her love-story begins, and is but little older when she undertakes her journey to London and meets with various adventures in that brilliant metropolis. Though, according to the modern standard, she is too forgiving to be altogether praiseworthy and properly intelligent, she is a real girl, and it is no stretch of credulity to imagine her seventeen. When Fielding desired to paint the portrait of the woman of experience and matured character, he ran her age up to quite a considerable figure. He is wise enough not to tell us how old Miss Matthews was, and Amelia enters the scene as a married woman of several years standing. But with the outburst of romance writers that followed Fielding, art had to go to the wall, and the demand of a silly public for the spring-lamb heroine ruled the world of fiction. The great romancers wrote of women who, they tell us, were eighteen and twenty, and who, we know, were a regal twenty-eight and thirty. All Sir Walter's great heroines were women of thirty years, though Sir Walter, with a plaintive submission to the barbarous dominance of his public, meekly subscribed them seventeen. Does not Rebecca, the Jewess, remain in the mind as a beautiful, sad-eyed, mature woman, with none of the hesitancies, the inexperience, the shy crudeness of girlhood about her? Even the cow-like, mild-eyed Rowena is no chicken. Could Di Vernon have been the self-reliant, splendid, conquering creature she was, and have had the timidity, the uncertainty, the fresh ingenuousness of budding eighteen?

Thackeray, like his master, Fielding, was too great an artist to conform to the popular error. His two young women heroines, Ethel and Beatrix, he touches on lightly in the years of their early bloom. Both are women past twenty-five when the storm and stress of their lives begin and the true bent of both characters is shown. On that fateful morning at Castlewood, when Esmond and Frank break their swords before the eyes of their prince, the woman who causes that demonstration of fierce and silent hostility and renunciation, in the crude light of the morning, looks haggard and old. Dickens was not a great success in the drawing of heroines. There are only a very few young girls in his books. His ideal, the Agnes kind of woman, never gives one the idea of being young, in the sense of the boarding-school girl.

But it is specially in the hands of the women novelists of that great outblooming of romantic talent, that the heroines were depicted as fearfully and wonderfully developed and advanced at the age when most girls are absorbed in their first long train and their first real admirer. George Eliot, a realist and an artist in most matters, fell in with the common error. Dorothea is not yet twenty, according to her author, when she displays the firmly moulded character, the mental breadth, the wide, penetrating insight of a woman who at thirty might have been set down as highly advanced and well able to take care of herself. She is only equalled by the thoroughly up-to-date Gwendolen. The latter is described as being twenty-one, yet her carefully calculated actions, her brilliant speeches, her intricate mental processes, her mature point of view, her admirable self-confidence and cool daring would not be amiss in a woman of the world of thirty-five. These two—George Eliot's great achievements—are impossible creations when one tries to reconcile their characters and careers with the ages assigned them by their author.

Charlotte Brontë, being of a slightly anterior epoch, went even further. Anyone remembering Jane Eyre, will immediately call up a mental vision of the precise, trim figure of Mr. Rochester's governess, a self-contained, stiff, smart young woman of some two or three-and-thirty. When, in reading the book, one suddenly comes upon the statement that she is nineteen, the incongruity of her age with the character unfolded in the story is so absurd that, for a space, the book loses all artistic cohesion and falls in chaotic unreality. Jane Eyre is one of the most startling examples of this sin-

gular tradition as to the age of the heroine. As a woman of thirty, she is artistically conceived and developed. As a girl of nineteen, she is an absolute impossibility.

Into modern fiction, the novels of the moment, with their problems tacked on to their backs, the modern spirit has crept, and the heroine, when she is one of the noble, daring, advanced creatures we have worshipped for so many years, is beginning to mount upwards toward the age where nature and art say she should be. Mrs. Ward, imbued as she is with the essence of contemporaneousness, was one of the first to institute this move in the right direction. Catherine, in "Robert Elsmere," was twenty-six when she met that wavering apostle. Marcella, who is essentially a modern young girl, is from twenty-two to twenty-four. Sometimes, however, tradition remains too strong to break. Even so up-to-date a person as Mdme. Grand cannot shake off the fetters of custom. Her Evadne is quite an impossible character for the age assigned her. That a girl, brought up as she was, could, at her age, have decided and carried out the course of action described, is as unlikely as that Jane Eyre, at unsophisticated nineteen, would have known so well how to manage such a wary admirer as Mr. Rochester.

In America, where the fiction is so largely a fiction of localities and where the artistic spirit of it is so obviously taken from France, the heroine's age fluctuates in a bewildering manner. At one side of the continent Bret Harte was fond of depicting the heroine of fourteen and fifteen, because he found, in the life he was describing, that she was as much an object of love and admiration as her sister of twenty-five would be in the colder, more conventional East. Miss Wilkins, on the other hand, constantly devotes her muse to describing the aged loves of men and women of fifty, who have been courting for a trifle over twenty years. Fifty in New England appears to be quite the correct age for the heroine. Down in New Orleans, Cable has it that the creole beauty is at her loveliest and most captivating at the old conventional eighteen. According to Miss Murfree, in the Tennessee Mountains the heroine is even younger, being old, battered, and wrinkled at thirty. While in New York it would seem that the new heroine, the perfected blossom of culture and wealth, is that wonderful woman of thirty years that everybody's looking for and nobody ever finds.

AN INVOLUNTARY SUICIDE.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

QUEER WAGERS.

Betting is a human weakness by no means confined to the wagering of money on sporting events. In all ages it has been common to settle points of difference by a wager or to accomplish great feats under the penalty of the loss of a given sum. There is a man in Kentucky who vowed never to cut his beard until Henry Clay was elected president. This was really a vow, but it was also a bet. The man bet against fate, and fate won. A rash young Harvard graduate recently went around the world without a cent of money in his pockets when he started. It was given out that he had laid a wager of five thousand dollars that he could make the trip without money. It has since turned out that he was simply the agent of a widely-advertised article. Election bets are sometimes made which require the loser to wheel the winner in a barrow over a certain distance. A famous football player once laid a wager that he could eat two dozen eggs at one sitting. He ate them. Bridge-jumpers have risked their lives for a wager. The old English law forced bettors to pay their debts. A remarkable action was brought in 1812 by Rev. Mr. Gilbert against Sir Mark M. Sykes. The baronet, at a dinner-party at his own house, in the course of a conversation of the hazard to which the life of Bonaparte was exposed, offered, on receiving one hundred guineas, to pay one guinea a day as long as Napoleon should remain alive. Mr. Gilbert closed with Sir Mark, and sent the one hundred guineas, and the latter continued to pay the one guinea a day for nearly three years. At last he declined to pay any longer, and an action was brought to enforce the payment. It was contended by the defendant that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and that the transaction was an illegal one, seeing that Mr. Gilbert, having a beneficial interest in the life of Bonaparte, might, in the event of an invasion, use all his means for the preservation of the life of an enemy of his country. The jury loyally brought in a verdict for the defendant.

Another queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth on the debatable question of how much smoke was contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and weighed again in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight. An amusing bet for the small sum of five shillings was laid in 1806 in the castle-yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most original character. Hodgson appeared decorated with ten-guinea, five-guinea, and guinea notes all over his coat and waistcoat and a row of five-guinea notes around his hat, while to his back was fastened the words "John Bull." Whitehead appeared like a woman on one side, one-half of his face painted, one silk stocking and slipper, while the other side represented a negro in man's dress, with boots and spurs. "John Bull" won the wager.

A gentleman of the last century laid a wager to a great amount that he could stand for a whole day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the Mint and be unable to find a purchaser for them at a penny apiece. Not one was disposed of. Wagers have sometimes taken a grim form. It is credibly recorded that in the last century a wager was laid for one of a party of gay revellers to enter Westminster Abbey at the hour of midnight. He was to enter one of the vaults beneath the Abbey; in proof of his having been there he was to stick a fork into a coffin which had been recently deposited there. He accomplished his object, and was returning in triumph, when he felt himself suddenly caught, and was so overpowered by terror that he fell in a swoon. His companions not being able to account for his absence found him in this condition. The fork which he had fastened into the coffin had caught and pinned his cloak and so occasioned a fit of terror which nearly proved fatal.

Sir John Pakington, called Lusty Pakington, and by Queen Elizabeth "My Temperance," laid a wager of thirty thousand pounds sterling to swim against three noble courtiers from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich, but Her Majesty interposed to prevent any further procedure on the bet. A gentleman named Corbet, of distinguished family near Shrewsbury, bet his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom, and staked estates worth eighty thousand pounds sterling on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

—*Current Literature.*

COOLING THEM DOWN.

In the winter of 1860-1 the majority of the students at the Virginia Military Institute were Secessionists, while the people of the town were almost unanimously for the Union. One day two of the students came back to the institute much worsted in a fight with the villagers, and the whole school resolved on vengeance. Seizing their guns a large uumber of the boys started toward the town. On their way they had to pass Professor Jackson's house, and he came out just in time to intercept them. Jackson stepped on a horse-block in front of the house, and just as the foremost of the students came abreast of him, he called out in his most commanding tone: "Halt! front face!" Almost instinctively they obeyed, and after waiting for the stragglers to come up, he said, in his mildest tone: "Well, young gentlemen, where are you going?" One of them explained in a very excited way that two of the "boys" had been maltreated by the villagers, and they were determined on revenge. "Well," said the professor, "that may all be very well; but whom have you for leader? You can't go on an expedition without a leader." They had not thought of that, they said. "Well, suppose I lead you?" said Professor Jackson. Nothing would suit them better. "All right," said the professor; "but before we start, we must get a little better organisation." To that end he marched and countermarched them, wheeled them up and down the road, and, in short, carried them through all the evolutions necessary for his purpose, which was to cool them off. That being accomplished, he halted them before the horse-block, and, having lectured them, he wound up by advising them to go back to school and be good boys. And this they did, after giving three cheers for Professor Jackson.

FROM MANY MINDS.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that we have all some faults. Were it otherwise our departure might be too poignantly regretted.

One may well enough live to make verses; it is less easy to make verses to live.

It may be that conspiracies are sometimes hatched by men of intellect, but they are most often executed by wild beasts.

Men will forgive anything sooner than the facility with which we dispense with them.

After all we never select our ideal very far from ourselves.

It is much better to have read one man than a dozen books.

The most that a weak head can gain from experience is an extra facility in finding out the weaknesses of other people.

We have never too little money for the satisfaction of our caprices; it is only over the price of our necessaries that we haggle.

HOW TRICK DOGS ARE TRAINED.

A Chat with Professor Duncan.

"There's no secret about it; there isn't, really," said Professor Duncan. "When a dog's education is imperfect it is always the fault of the trainer. You have only got to make a dog understand what you want him to do and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he'll do it. You must be absolutely strict with him, and you must never on any account whip him or lose your temper with him. I have never shown a whip to any of my dogs; in fact, I don't believe I could train a dog that had been used to an unkind master. A dog so treated would——"

"Yes—excuse me—but what I should like to know is this. Supposing you get an absolutely untrained, raw dog, how are you going to start to train him?"

"It's easy enough. You want to teach him to stand on his hind legs. Well, hold him in that position for a minute or two. Immediately you leave him alone he'll drop on all fours, of course. Then hold him up again, just resting his forepaws on your hand. As soon as he stands alone, even if only for a second—and that won't be after the third or yet the fourth time—reward him. There's an old saying, you know, that the way to a dog's heart is through his mouth. Don't pet him too much or he won't appreciate praise when he most deserves it. I seldom make a fuss with any of my dogs. If they do a trick remarkably well—and they know themselves when they are performing at their best—I give them something directly they come off the stage. If any dog of mine blunders in a trick he goes over it again without being told. That's the beauty of being strict but kind. If I were in the habit of even scolding—let alone whipping—a dog, he would skulk after a failure."

"What's the best age, now, to start teaching a puppy?"

"From eight to fourteen months. Up to eight months a pup doesn't understand anything. The easiest dogs to train? Mongrels, certainly. No, I don't know why, but it is so. When you come to thorough bred dogs poodles are far and away the cleverest of the lot."

"Then what made you take to collies?"

"I'm a Scotchman, and when I first began I happened to possess a collie—that's all. You may not know that all my collies are thoroughbred, though some are of the old-fashioned sort, and wouldn't be looked at in show. As far as cleverness goes they beat the fashionable kind. The old style of collie had a good broad skull, rather short—like Prince there. He is the best of the lot. I could teach him any trick in a week's time." (The dog in question sat to the extreme left of Professor Duncan, when the accompanying photograph was taken).

"Do you find much difference in the intelligence of your dogs?"

"Most certainly I do. I often find that a dog is stupid in learning a certain trick which another has picked up quickly. In that case I teach the dog something else."

"How about rehearsals?"

"I give them about an hour or an hour and a half

PROFESSOR DUNCAN AND HIS COLLIE DOGS.

every morning—not that they would forget their performance, but it keeps their muscles right. That is, of course, when they know the tricks thoroughly. If I am teaching an untrained puppy I stop work directly I see he is tired; but with all my old dogs, which thoroughly enjoy learning new tricks, I go on all day sometimes, and half the night too"

"How do they like performing on the stage, with the glare of the footlights to dazzle them, and the music and applause to distract their attention?"

"Dogs," said Professor Duncan thoughtfully, "are exactly like human beings in this respect. I have trained dogs that would perform beautifully in a quiet room which would simply be useless at their first appearance on a stage. I have seen them shivering with nervousness, and they have been so frightfully self-conscious that they blundered through their performance. As a rule, though, a dog gets used to the stage very soon. Of course when I started performing in public I had to begin with dogs—I only had two then—that had never faced the footlights before. Now, if I were bringing out a novice, I should let him come on and do nothing for a few nights, just as human actors and actresses have to do when they begin. In fact, if you brought me an intelligent young dog now in two days time I could bring him on the stage with the rest of them, and I'll guarantee that the audience wouldn't detect that he was not just as well educated as the others."

"What would you teach him, then?"

"Nothing but how to sit on a chair quietly and to stop there until he is told to get down, and not to bark. I daresay you've noticed that none of my dogs bark while they are performing."

"And which do you consider the hardest trick they do?"

"The most wonderful from the trainer's point of view is a little trick that the public hardly notices as a rule. Do you remember a dog standing on a hurdle—on its hind legs, of course—and jumping on to another hurdle about seven feet away, alighting there on its hind legs? That wants a lot of teaching; it's so easy for the dog to over-balance himself.

"How do you start teaching a dog to jump when its standing on its hind legs?"

"Well, when you've got him to stand comfortably, and to walk about easily on his hind legs, you must put a little obstacle in his way and get him to walk over it. After a few times he'll get over it quickly, and to do this a dog will frequently start jumping of his own accord. Then it's easy enough to raise the height of the jump gradually."

"And which is the public's favourite trick?"

"One of them is the skipping trick. Six dogs stand on their hind legs in a line and all skip together while I turn the rope. No, it wasn't any bother, they soon picked it up."

"Would they perform without you?"

"As a troupe they certainly wouldn't, and I should be sorry for the man who attempted the task of showing them; but a single dog would probably go through his performance for a stranger. Bruce would, I know. After his performance the other evening I was offered £100 for that dog alone; but apart from the fact that he is worth much more than that to me, I wouldn't sell him or any of them. I'm far too fond of them all to part with one."

"How about understudies?"

"All the principal performers have two. That is, I always teach the same trick to three dogs."

"Did you ever have a hitch?"

"Never, not even at the first performance."

"And about the dogs themselves, does their cleverness affect their ordinary instincts in any way? Are they good watch-dogs?"

"I have twelve collies," and Professor Duncan smiled knowingly, "and they sleep just outside my house, close to my bedroom window. Unless you want to know what it feels like to be torn to pieces don't call on me after I've gone to bed."

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

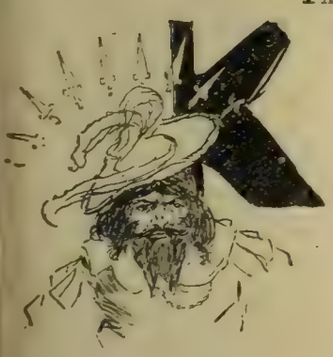
BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IX.—THE VICTORY OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MITTENHEIM.

Part I.



KING RUDOLF, being in the worst of humours, had declared in the presence of all the Court that women were born to plague men and for no other purpose whatsoever under heaven. Hearing this discourteous speech, the Princess Osra rose and said that, for her part, she would go walking alone by the river outside the city gates, where at least she would be assailed by no more reproaches. For since she was irrevocably determined to live and die unmarried, of what use or benefit was it to trouble her with embassies, courtings, or proposals either from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim or anybody else? She was utterly weary of this matter of love, and her mood would be unchanged though this new suitor were as exalted as the King of France, as rich as Crœsus himself, and as handsome as the god Apollo. She did not desire a husband, and there was an end of it. Thus she went out, while the Queen sighed, and the King fumed, and the courtiers and ladies said to one another that these dissensions made life very uncomfortable at Strelsau, the ladies further adding that he would be a bold man who married Osra, although doubtless she was not ill-looking.

To the banks of the river outside the walls then Osra went; and as she went she seemed to be thinking of nothing at all in the world, least of all of whom she might chance to meet there on the banks of the river, where in those busy hours of the day few came. Yet there was a strange new light in her eyes, and there seemed a new understanding in her mind; and when a young peasant wife came by, her baby in her arms, Osra stopped her, and kissed the child and gave money, and then ran on in unexplained confusion, laughing and blushing as though she had done something which she did not wish to be seen. Then without reason her eyes filled with tears, but she dashed them away and burst suddenly into singing. And she was still singing when, from the long grass by the river's edge, a young man sprang up, and, with a very low bow, drew aside to let her pass. He had a book in his hand, for he was a student at the University, and came there to pursue his learning in peace; his plain brown clothes spoke of no wealth or station, though certainly they set off a stalwart straight shape, and seemed to match well with his bright brown hair and hazel eyes. Very low this young man bowed, and Osra bent her head. The pace of her walk slackened, grew quicker, slackened again; she was past him, and with a great sigh he lay down again. She turned, he sprang up; she spoke coldly, yet kindly.

"Sir," said she, "I cannot but notice that you lie every day here by the river, with your book, and that you sigh. Tell me your trouble, and if I can, I will relieve it."

"I am reading, madame," he answered, "of Helen of Troy, and I am sighing because she is dead."

"It is an old grief by now," said Osra, smiling. "Will none serve you but Helen of Troy?"

"If I were a Prince," said he, "I need not mourn."

"No, sir?"

"No, madame," he said, with another bow.

"Farewell, sir."

"Madame, farewell."

So she went on her way, and saw him no more till the next day, nor after that till the next day following: and then came an interval when she saw him not, and the interval was no less than twenty-four hours; yet still he read of Helen of Troy,

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and still sighed that she was dead, and he no Prince. At last he tempted the longed-for question from her shy smiling lips.

"Why would you not mourn, sir, if you were a Prince?" said she. "For Princes and Princesses have their share of sighs." And with a very plaintive sigh Osra looked at the rapid running river, as she waited for the answer.

"Because then I would go to Strelsau, and so forget her."

"But you are at Strelsau now!" she cried with wondering surprise.

"Ah, but I am no Prince, madame," said he.

"Can Princes alone—forget in Strelsau?"

"How should a poor student dare to—forget in Strelsau?" And as he spoke he made bold to step near her and stood close, looking down into her face. Without a word she turned and left him, going with a step that seemed to dance through the meadow and yet led her to her own chamber, where she could weep in quiet.

"I know it now, I know it now," she whispered softly that night to the tree that rose by her window. "Heigho, what am I to do? I cannot live; no, and now I cannot die. Ah, me, what am I to do? I wish I were a peasant girl; but then perhaps he would not—Ah, yes, but he would!" and her low long laugh rippled in triumph through the night, and blended with the rustling of the leaves under a summer breeze and she stretched her white arms to heaven, imploring the kind God with prayers that she dared not speak even to His pitiful ear.

"Love knows no Princesses, my Princess." It was that she heard as she fled from him next day. She should have rebuked him. But for that she must have stayed; and to stay she had not dared. Yet she must rebuke him. She must see him again in order to rebuke him. Yet all this while she must be pestered with the court of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim! And when she would not name a day on which the Embassy should come, the King flew into a passion, and declared that he would himself set a date for it. "Was his sister mad," he asked, "that she would do nothing but walk every day by the river's bank?" "Surely I must be mad," thought Osra, "for no sane being could be at once so joyful and so piteously unhappy."

Did he know what it was he asked? He seemed to know nothing of it. He did not speak any more now of Princesses, only of his Princess, nor of Queens, save of his heart's queen; and when his eyes asked it they asked as though none would refuse, and there could be no cause for refusal. He would have wooed his neighbour's daughter thus, and thus he wooed the sister of King Rudolf. "Will you love me?" was his question, not, "Though you love, yet dare you own your love?" He seemed to shut the whole world from her, leaving nothing but her and him; and in a world that held none but her and him, she could love, unblamed, untroubled, and with no trembling.

"You forget who I am," she faltered once.

"You are the beauty of the world," he answered smiling, and he kissed her hand—a matter about which she could make no great ado, for it was not the first time that he had kissed it.

But the Embassy from the Grand Duke was to come in a week, and to be received with great pomp. The Ambassador was already on the way, carrying proposals and gifts. Therefore Osra went pale and sad down to the river bank that day, having declared again to the King that she would live and die unmarried. But the King had laughed again. Surely she needed kindness and consolation that sad day; but Fate had kept for her a crowning sorrow; for she found him also almost sad; at least she could not tell whether he were sad or not. For he smiled and yet seemed ill at ease, like a man who ventures a fall with fortune, hoping and fearing. And he said to her,

"Madame, in a week I return to my own country."

She looked at him in silence with lips just parted. For her life she could not speak; but the sun grew dark and the river changed its merry tune to mournful dirges.

"So the dream ends," said he. "So comes the awakening. But if life were all a dream?" And his eyes sought hers.

"Yes," she whispered, "if life were all a dream, sir?"

"Then I should dream of two dreamers whose dream was one, and in that dream I should see them ride together at break of day from Strelsau."

"Whither?" she murmured.

"To Paradise," said he. "But the dream ends. If it did not end——" He paused.

"If it did not end?" a breathless longing whisper echoed.

"If it did not end now, it should not end even with death," said he.

"You see them in your dream? You see them riding?"

"Aye, swiftly, side by side, they two alone, through the morning. None is near; none knows."

He seemed to be searching her face for something that yet he scarcely hoped to find.

"And their dream," said he, "brings them at last to a small cottage; and there they live."

"They live?"

"And work," he added. "For she keeps his home while he works."

"What does she do?" asked Osra, with smiling wondering eyes.

"She gets his food for him when he comes home weary in the evening, and makes a bright fire, and——"

"Ah, and she runs to meet him at the door! Oh, further than the door!"

"But she has worked hard and is weary."

"No, she is not weary," cried Osra. "It is for him!"

"The wise say this is silly talk," said he.

"The wise are fools then," cried Osra.

"So the dream would please you, madame?" he asked.

She had come not to know how she left him; somehow, while he still spoke, she would suddenly escape by flight. He did not pursue, but let her go. So now she returned to the city, her eyes filled with that golden dream, and she entered her home as though it had been some strange Palace decked with new magnificence, and she an alien in it. For her true home seemed now rather in the cottage of the dream, and she moved unfamiliarly through the pomp that had been hers from birth. Her soul was gone from it, while her body rested there; and life stopped for her till she saw him again by the banks of the river.

"In five days now I go," said he, and he smiled at her. She hid her face in her hands. Still he smiled; but suddenly he sprang forward, for she had sobbed. The summons had sounded; he was there; and who

could sob again when he was there, and his sheltering arm warded away all grief? She looked up at him with shining eyes, whispering,

"Do you go alone?"

A great joy blazed confidently in his eyes as he whispered in answer,

"I think I shall not go alone."

"But how, how?"

"I have two horses."

"You! You have two horses?"

"Yes, is it not riches? But we will sell them when we get to the cottage."

"To the cottage! Two horses!"

"I would I had but one for both of us."

"Yes."

"But we should not go quick enough."

"No."

He took his hand from her waist and stood away from her.

"You will not come?" he said.

"If you doubt of my coming, I will not come. Ah, do not doubt of my coming. For there is a great hoard of fears and black thoughts beating at the door, and you must not open it."

"And what can keep it shut, my Princess?"

"I think your arm, my Prince," said she; and she flew to him.

That evening King Rudolf swore that if a man were only firm enough and kept his temper (which, by the way, the King had not done, though none dared say so), he could bring any foolish girl to reason in good time. For in the softest voice, and with the strangest smile flitting to her face, the Princess Osra was pleased to bid the Embassy come on the fifth day from then.

OSRA STOPPED HER AND KISSED THE CHILD.

"And they shall have their answer then," said she, flushing and smiling.

"It is as much as any lady could say," the Court declared; and it was reported through all Strelsau that the match was as good as made, and that Osra was to be Grand Duchess of Mittenheim.

"She is a sensible girl after all," cried Rudolf, all his anger gone.

The dream began then, before they came to the cottage. Those days she lived in its golden mists, that shut out all the cold world from her, moving through space that held but one form, and time that stood still waiting for one divine unending moment. And the Embassy drew near to Strelsau.

It was night, the dead of night, and all was still in the Palace. But the sentinel by the little gate was at his post, and the gate-warden stood by the Western Gate of the city. Each was now alone, but to each, an hour ago, a man had come stealthily and silently through the darkness; and each was richer by a bag of gold than he had been before. The gold was Osra's—how should a poor student, whose whole fortune was two horses, scatter bags of gold? And other gold Osra had, aye, five hundred crowns. Would that not be a brave surprise for the poor student? And she, alone of all awake, stood looking round her room, entranced with the last aspect of it. Over the city also she looked, but in the selfishness of her joy did no more than kiss a hasty farewell to the good city folk who loved her. Once she thought that may be, some day, he and she would steal together back to Strelsau, and, sheltered by some disguise, watch the King ride in splendour through the streets. But if not—why, what was Strelsau and the people, and the rest? Ah, how long the hours were, before those two horses stood by the little gate, and the sentry and the gate-warden earned their bags of gold! So she passed the hours, the last long lingering hours.

There was a little tavern buried in the narrowest, oldest street in the city. Here the poor student had lodged; here, in the back room, a man sat at a table, and two others stood before him. These two seemed gentlemen, and their air spoke of military training. They stroked long moustaches and smiled with an amusement that deference could not hide. Both were booted and wore spurs, and the man sitting at the table gave them orders.

"You will meet the Embassy," he said to one, "about ten o'clock. Bring it to the place I have appointed, and wait there. Do not fail."

The officer addressed bowed and retired. A minute later his horse's hoofs clattered through the streets. Perhaps he also had a bag of gold; for the gate-warden opened the Western Gate for him, and he rode at a gallop along the river-banks, till he reached the

great woods that stretch to within ten miles of Strelsau.

"An hour after we are gone," said the man at the table to the other officer, "go warily, find one of the King's servants, and give him the letter. Give no account of how you came by it, and say nothing of who you are. All that is necessary is in the letter. When you have given it, return here and remain in close hiding, till you hear from me again."

The second officer bowed. The man at the table rose and went out into the street. He took his way to where the Palace rose, and then skirted the wall of its gardens, till he came to the little gate. Here stood two horses, and at their heads a man.

"It is well. You can go," said the student; and he was left alone with the horses. They were good horses for a student to possess. The thought perhaps crossed their owner's mind, for he laughed softly as he looked at them. Then he also fell to thinking that the hours were long; and a fear came suddenly upon him that she would not come. It was in these last hours that doubts crept in; and she was not there to drive them away. Would the great trial fail? Would she shrink at the last? But he would not think it of her, and he was smiling again, when the clock of the Cathedral struck two, and told him that no more than an hour now parted her from him. For she would come; the Princess would come to him, the student, led by the vision of that cottage in the dream.

Would she come? She would come; she had risen from her knees and moved to and fro, in cautious silence, making her last preparations. She had written a word of love for the brother she loved—for some day, of course, Rudolf would forgive her—and she had ready all that she took with her—the five hundred crowns, one ring that she would give her lover, some clothes to serve till his loving labour furnished more. That night she had wept and she had laughed; but now she neither wept nor laughed; but there was a great pride in her face and gait. And she opened the door of her room, and walked down the great staircase, under the eyes of crowned Kings who hung framed upon the walls. And as she went she seemed indeed their daughter. For her head was erect, and her eye set firm in haughty dignity. Who dared to say that she did anything that a King's daughter should not do? Should not a woman love? Love should be her diadem. And so with this proud step she came through the gardens of the Palace, looking neither to right nor left, nor behind, but with her face set straight for the little gate; and she walked as she had been accustomed to walk when all Strelsau looked on her, and hailed her as its glory and its darling.

The sentry slept, or seemed to sleep. Her face was not even veiled when she opened the little gate; she would not veil her proud face, it was his to look on now when he would; and thus she stood for an instant in the gateway, while he sprang to her, and, kneeling, carried her hand to his lips.

"You are come?" he cried; for though he had believed, yet he wondered.

"I am come," she smiled. "Is not the word of a Princess sure? Ah, how could I not come?"

"See, love," said he, rising, "day dawns in royal purple for you, and golden love for me."

"The purple is for my King and the love for me," she whispered, as he led her to her horse. "Your fortune!" said she, pointing to them. "But I also have brought a dowry. Fancy, five hundred crowns!" and her mirth and happiness burst out in a laugh. It was so deliciously little, five hundred crowns!

She was mounted now and he stood by her.

"Will you turn back?" he said.

"You shall not make me angry," said she. "Come, mount."

"Aye, I must mount," said he. "For if we were found here the King would kill me."

For the first time the peril of their enterprise seemed to strike into her mind, and turned her cheek pale.

"Ah, I forgot! In my happiness I forgot. Mount, mount! Oh, if he found you!"

He mounted. Once they clasped hands; then they rode swiftly for the Western Gate.

"Veil your face," he said, and since he bade her, she obeyed, saying,

"But I can see you through the veil."

The gate stood open, and the gate-warden was not there. They were out of the city, the morning air blew cold and pure over the meadows from the river. The horses stretched into an eager willing gallop. And Osra tore her veil from her face, and turned on him eyes of radiant triumph.

"It is done," she cried, "it is done."

"Yes, it is done, my Princess," said he.

"And—and it is begun, my Prince," said she.

"Yes, and it is begun," said he.

She laughed aloud in absolute joy, and for a moment he also laughed.

But then his face grew grave, and he said,

"I pray you may never grieve for it."

She looked at him with eyes wide in wonder; for an instant she seemed puzzled; but then she fell again to laughing.

"Grieve for it!" said she, between her merry laughs.

King Rudolf was a man who lay late in the morning, and he was not well pleased to be roused when the clock had but just struck four. Yet he sat up in his bed readily enough, for he imagined that the Embassy from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim must be nearer than he thought, and, sooner than fail in any courtesy towards the Prince whose alliance he ardently desired, he was ready to submit to much inconvenience. But his astonishment was great, when, instead of any tidings from the Embassy, one of his gentlemen handed him a letter, saying that a servant had received it from a stranger with instructions to carry it at once to the King; when asked if an answer were desired from His Majesty, the stranger had answered, "Not through me," and at once turned away and quickly disappeared. The King, with a peevish oath at having been roused for such a trifle, broke the seal and fastenings of the letter, and opened it, and he read,

"Sire,—Your sister does not wait for the Embassy, but chooses her own lover. She has met a student of the University every day for the last three weeks by the river bank." (The King started). "This morning she has fled with him on horseback along the Western Road. If you desire a student for a brother-in-law, sleep again; if not, up and ride. Do not doubt these tidings."

There was no signature to the letter; yet the King, knowing his sister, cried,

"See whether the Princess is in the Palace. And in

SHE WAS MOUNTED NOW, AND HE STOOD BY HER.

the meanwhile saddle my horse, and let a dozen of the Guard be at the gate."

The Princess was not in the Palace, but her woman found the letter that she had left, and brought it to the King. And the King read, "Brother, whom I love best of all men in the world save one, I have left you to go with that one. You will not forgive me now, but some day forgive me. Nay, it is not I who have done it, but my love which is braver than I. He is the sweetest gentleman alive, brother, and therefore he must be my lord. Let me go, but still love me.—Osra."

"It is true," said the King, "and the Embassy will be here to-day." And for a moment he seemed dazed. Yet he spoke nothing to anybody of what the letters contained, but sent word to the Queen's apartments that he went riding for pleasure. And he took his sword and his pistols; for he swore that by his own hand and that of no other man, this "sweetest gentleman alive" should meet his death. But all, knowing that the Princess was not in the Palace, guessed that the King's sudden haste concerned her; and great wonder and speculation rose in the Palace, and presently, as the morning advanced, spread from the Palace to its environs, and from the environs to the rest of the city.

For it was reported that a sentinel that had stood guard that night was missing, and that the gate-warden of the Western Gate was nowhere to be found, and that a mysterious letter had come by an unknown hand to the King, and lastly, that Princess Osra—their Princess—was gone, whether by her own will or by some bold plot of seizure and kidnapping, none knew. Thus a great stir grew in all Strelsau, and men stood about the streets gossiping when they should have gone to work, while women chattered in lieu of sweeping their houses and dressing their children. So that when the King rode out of the courtyard of the Palace at a gallop, with twelve of the Guard behind, he could hardly make his way through the streets, for the people who crowded round him, imploring him to tell them where the Princess was. When the King saw that the matter had become public, his wrath was greater still, and he swore again that the student of the University should pay the price of life for his morning ride with the Princess. And when he darted through the gate and set his horse straight along the Western Road, many of the people, neglecting all their business, as folk will for excitement's sake, followed him as they best could, agog to see the thing to its end.

"The horses are weary," said the student to the Princess, "we must let them rest, we are now in the shelter of the wood."

"But my brother may pursue you," she urged, "and if he came up with you—ah, heaven forbid!"

"He will not know you have gone for another three hours," smiled he. "And here is a green bank where we can rest."

So he aided her to dismount; then, saying he would tether the horses, he led them away some distance, so that she could not see where he had posted them; and he returned to her, smiling still. Then he took from his pocket some bread, and breaking the loaf in two, gave her one half, saying,

"There is a spring just here; so we shall have a good breakfast."

"Is this your breakfast?" she asked, with a wondering laugh. Then she began to eat, and cried directly, "How delicious this bread is! I would have nothing else for breakfast," and at this the student laughed.

HE SET HIS HORSE STRAIGHT ALONG THE WESTERN ROAD.

Yet Osra ate little of the bread she liked so well; and presently she leant against her lover's shoulder, and he put his arm round her; and they sat for a little while in silence listening to the soft sounds that filled the waking woods as day grew to fulness and the sun beat warm through the sheltering foliage.

"Don't you hear the trees?" Osra whispered to her lover. "Don't you hear them? They are whispering for me what I dare not whisper."

"What is it they whisper, sweet?" he asked; and he himself did no more than whisper.

"The trees whisper, 'Love, love, love.' And the wind—don't you hear the wind murmuring, 'Love, love, love'? And the birds sing, 'Love, love, love.' Aye, all the world to-day is softly whispering, 'Love, love, love.' What else should the great world whisper but my love? For my love is greater than the world." And she suddenly hid her face in her hands; and he could kiss no more than her hands, though her eyes gleamed at him from between slim white fingers.

But suddenly her hands dropped, and she leant forward as though she listened.

"What is that sound?" she asked, apprehension dawning in her eyes.

"It is but another whisper, love!" said he.

"Nay, but it sounds to me like—ah, like the noise of horses galloping."

"It is but the stream, beating over stones."

"Listen, listen, listen!" she cried, springing to her feet. "They are horses' hoofs! Ah, merciful God, it is the King!" And she caught him by the hand and pulled him to his feet, looking at him with a face pale and alarmed.

"Not the King," said he. "He would not know yet. It is someone else. Hide your face, dear lady, and all will be well."

"It is the King," she cried. "Hark how they gallop on the road! It is my brother. Love, he will kill you, love, he will kill you."

"It is the King," said he, "I have been betrayed."

"The horses, the horses!" she cried. "By your love for me, the horses!"

He nodded his head, and turning, disappeared among the trees. She stood with clasped hands, heaving breast, and fearful eyes, awaiting his return. Minutes passed and he came not. She flung herself on her knees, beseeching Heaven for his life. At last he came alone, and he bent over her, taking her hand.

"My love," said he, "the horses are gone!"

"Gone?" she cried, gripping his hand.

"Aye. This love, my love, is a wonderful thing. For I forgot to tie them, and they are gone. Yet what matter? For the King—yes, sweet, I think now it is

the King—will not be here for some minutes yet, and those minutes I have still for love and life."

"He will kill you," she said.

"Yes," said he.

She looked long in his eyes; then she threw her arms about his neck, and, for the first time unasked, covered his face with kisses.

"Kiss me, kiss me," said she; and he kissed her. Then she drew back a little, but took his arm and set it round her waist. And she drew a little knife from her girdle, and showed it to him.

"If the King will not pardon us and let us love one another, I also will die," said she, and her voice was quiet and happy. "Indeed, my love, I should not grieve. Ah, do not tell me to live without you!"

"Would you obey?" he asked.

"Not in that," said she.

And thus they stood silent, while the sound of the hoofs drew very near. But she looked up at him and he looked at her; then she looked at the point of the little dagger, and she whispered,

"Keep your arm round me till I die."

He bent his head and kissed her once again, saying,

"My Princess, it is enough."

And she, though she did not know why he smiled, yet smiled back at him. For although life was sweet that day, yet such a death, with him, and to prove her love for him, seemed well-nigh as sweet. And thus they awaited the coming of the King.

(To be concluded.)

CHINA'S MIRACLE DRUG.

IN consequence of the Japanese-Chinese War, there has lately been a corner in the ginseng market. The corner has raised the price of the drug in pharmacies, where it is kept in very small quantities at any time, and is exceptionally scarce at present. The War in the East is the cause of large shipments of the American product there, and one wholesale firm has an order for 1,000 pounds for immediate shipment to China.

Ginseng is very little used by the medical men of this country in prescribing for patients, but in China for centuries it has been considered as possessing miraculous healing and invigorating properties. In the Chinese army it takes the place of quinine in bracing up the soldiers. It belongs to the genus *panax*, or all-curing plants, but the American species, which grows wild in the woods of New York and other States, and is collected annually at this season, is of the order *azalea quinque folium*. It is both a perennial and an annual, and sends up a smooth round stem about twelve inches high. The fruit is a kidney-shaped scarlet berry, and is divided at the summit into three leaf stalks, each of which supports a compressed leaf, consisting of five or more petals. The leaves are oblong, obovate, acuminate ovates, and the flowers that come from the plant are small, of a greenish colour, and are supported by a peduncle which rises from the top of the stem in the centre of the petioles. The fruit has two, and sometimes three, seeds. The plant is indigenous and grows in the shelter of thick and shady woods. In appearance it somewhat resembles sarsaparilla. The taste of the root is mucilaginous, sweetish, bitter, and has a slight flavour of liquorice. It is aromatic.

Dr. James Lockhart, a medical missionary in China, and an authority on Chinese medicines, mentions that the ginseng root collected in China is imperial property, and is sold to those who have the privilege of dealing in it at its weight in gold. At one time it commanded fabulous prices, the finest qualities, which are obtained from Manchuria and Corea, fetching as much as £60 and £80 a Chinese ounce. The collection of it was prohibited at one period because of its scarcity. While its value is something unprecedented, it must be remembered that the average root is only from two to four inches long and very light. Dr. Lockhart tells of a visit he made to a ginseng merchant in Pekin who displayed to him the precious roots, which were contained in a small lead-lined box. Each root was kept in a silk wrapper in silken-covered boxes. Less expensive roots were kept in cotton wrappers, and a cheaper variety yet in paper wrappers. A big box held the small boxes, and was filled with parcels of quicklime to keep the atmosphere dry. The merchant would not let his visitor handle or breathe upon the costly drug, but he expatiated upon its merits and wonderful cures.

One of the holiday customs of the wealthier class of Chinamen is to make presents of the "cure-all" root to their friends. With it they send a dainty double kettle, in which the medicine is prepared for use. A silver kettle is suspended inside the outer, which is copper lined, by a ring, and between the two vessels there is a small space for holding water. In the silver one is placed the ginseng, with water. The cover has a cup-shaped vessel on it, and in this is put rice, with a little water. When the rice is cooked the ginseng is ready. A dose is from sixty to ninety grains. The tea of the root is also drunk at the same time the patient swallows the drug. The name of the root in the Chinese language is schinseng, signifying the trunk of a human body, and Grosier, the scientist, says that this is because the root, which is divided into two branches from the main trunk, bears resemblance to a man's thighs. It is likened to the mandrake of Scripture, and its miraculous curative qualities, according to observers in China, are largely dependent on the faith of the followers of Confucius. Sometimes in preserving the root it is kept for three days in fresh water, or water in which rice has been boiled, and it is then suspended for three days over a fire, and afterwards dried, until from the base to the middle it assumes a hard, resinous, and translucent appearance, which is deemed proof of its good quality.

Joseph H. Choate and Edward Lauterbach were associated in a suit a short time ago and won. As the jury left their seats, Mr. Lauterbach turned to Mr. Choate, and said: "Choate, we won this verdict because we happened to know more law on this subject than our adversaries." "Yes?" queried Choate. "Our clients are rich, you know—a corporation and all that," rejoined Lauterbach. "Yes?" again queried Choate; "what do you think we ought to charge, Lauterbach?" "Oh, seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece." "Tut, tut," broke out Choate, impatiently, and he repeated: "Tut, tut! You let me handle this bill, Lauterbach. I'll collect for us both." A short time afterward Mr. Lauterbach was in Mr. Choate's office in Wall Street, and Mr. Choate handed out a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars as Mr. Lauterbach's fee in the case, and said: "Lauterbach, what do you think of that?" Mr. Lauterbach looked at the cheque, stroked his beard for an instant, and, looking intently at Choate, replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

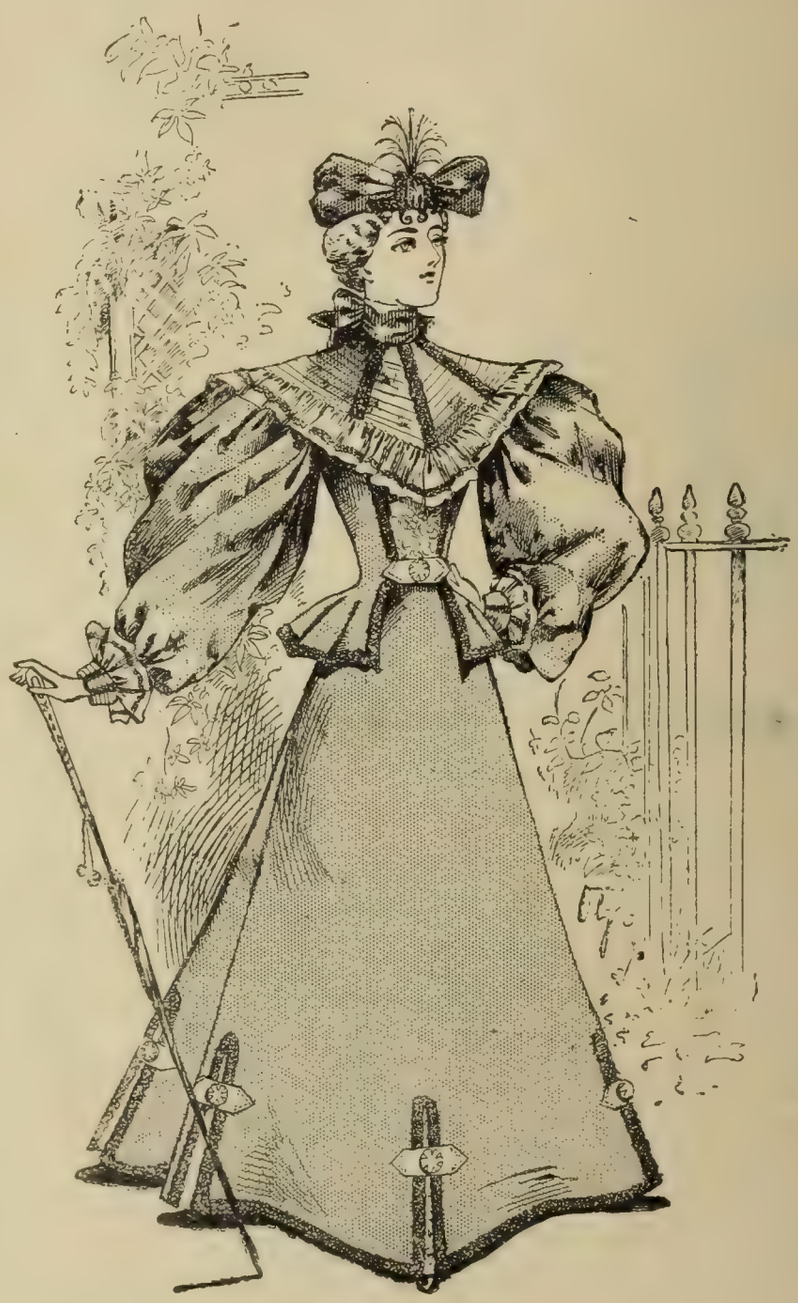
Dear Nell,—You would never believe how many girls there are who quite spoil themselves by wearing the hair bunched out over the ears in the style made fashionable by Parisian women. It hides the pretty ear and much of the delicate modelling of the cheek, and gives a clumsy look to the whole head. I have only seen one successful instance of this style of hair-dressing, and that was on a very pretty woman whose *coiffure* had evidently been elaborated by the skilled hands of an experienced maid. Even here, the whole ear was not covered, so that the look of great heaviness was avoided. And, besides, some wash had been given the hair, which made it not only very bright bronze in tint, but kept it in exact position, unlike the drooping masses in which one too often sees it. I really think that the old fashion of drawing it all up at the back, slightly higher than the ears, and then disposing it in small rolls and curls, is the most becoming of any.

I spent an interesting morning with Emily yesterday. The new rooms they have had built out from their pretty house are finished, and she was choosing the furniture for them. They are built out at the back into the garden, the lower room being for billiards and the upper for smoking. It is this latter that interests me. How I should love it for my very own! It is really a sweet room, far too nice for the service of Queen Nicotine. The walls are papered in blue and cream, the design being chrysanthemums in the latter tint on a ground of soft sea-blue. The carpet is blue and amber, the shade of cerulean being exactly matched to that of the wall-paper. The chenille curtains are blue and brown, with a little faint salmon pink introduced in the pattern. A divan covered with red morocco, a bright crimson tint, runs along the whole of one side of the wall, and on it are many cushions, all covered with velvet or silk in the same shade of bright red, which forms a most delicious contrast with the blue. The table-cover is amber velveteen, with a design in sepia brown at every corner; and to complete the beautiful seaweedy colouring of the whole, the bookcase has a pale salmon-pink silk curtain hung in front of it, with a deep embroidered border in brown, sea-blue, crimson, and amber. The weight of this border draws the silk downward in perfect folds.

The billiard-room is all brown and oak, and warm pinkish cream, with a lovely Indian carpet, so thick that it feels like century-old moss turf under the feet. There is a sort of settee by the fireplace, which has a curiously quaint look. Alf. picked it up in Normandy. It is black oak, so old that the carvings are now quite shallow in some parts, though very deep in others where the wear is less. The walls are papered with a thick and handsome Japanese paper with much gold in it, the chief colour being brown, but with a good deal of Indian red in it. The ceiling is oak.

How lovely it is to have money, and to be able to carry out one's ideas! Such heaps of people have money and no ideas. It does seem a waste.

Some very wonderful dresses are to be seen on the London stage just now. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Juliet, wears the most exquisitely artistic creations that ever graced Shakespearian heroine. One of them is a Morris blue velvet, embroidered with appliqués of pale blue cloth, wrought with pink silk and the finest pale gold thread, the arms of the house of Capulet being introduced into the design. No description could convey any idea of the beauty of this dress, which is pure Early Italian in style. It fastens down one side with round oak buttons. The high square of the neck is outlined with the embroidery under the fine lawn tucker, which is itself embroidered in gold and pearls. Two rows of narrow gold braid are run through the edging of Venetian point. The sleeve is copied from a Botticelli picture, and is carried out in fine lawn, with a velvet cuff above the elbow, bordered with large pearls. The sleeves are finished in true Mediæval fashion, with pointed embroidered cuffs, which fall over the hand, or are readily turned back.



AUTUMN COSTUME.

The shroud is fine linen wrought with pale lilies in long lines. It is mounted in a band of gold at the neck. The long sleeves are made of cloth of gold jewelled in a beautiful design of curves that grow gradually smaller as they near the wrists. A very lovely dress is a pink cloth trimmed with miniver, the skirt bordered with a band of gold embroidery. All these beautiful gowns were designed by Mrs. Harrison, the gifted daughter of Mrs. Mason, one of our foremost Court milliners.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

INDIAN SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS.—WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE.

ALL THE APPEARANCE OF STERLING SILVER AT ONE-FOURTH THE COST!

NOTE! Indian Silver always retains its brilliancy if cleaned regularly, and if in any instance a Fork or Spoon does not wear white and brilliant as represented, a new one will be given in its place—OR THE MONEY RETURNED.

Subjoined we give an Abridged LIST OF PRICES:

Indian Silver Table Spoons ...	11d. each	or	5s. 3d. per half dozen.	Carriage Paid
Indian Silver Table Forks ...	11d.	"	5s. 3d. "	
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Sample Tablespoon or Fork sent to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 13 Stamps.

☞ None genuine unless Stamped "Indian Silver—C. L. Reis & Co., Glasgow."

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ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! **6D.** PER BOTTLE

NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED.

Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the

Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING. **MRS. GRABURN**, 13, Bonchurch Road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, &c., &c., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (700 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Produced by **"CALFMAN'S ROSE AND JESSAMINE."** Genuinely marvellous. Clears off all imperfections in a few days. One of the most delightful and harmless preparations ever made. It removes Freckles, Pimples, Warts, Redness, Roughness, Irritation; unsurpassed for driving away Impurities, also healing, cleansing, beautifying, leaving a Spotless, Soft, Fair, Velvety Skin. **Bottles, 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d.**, *post free, under cover, and of Chemists and Perfumers.*

H. M. CALFMAN, Market Place, Newbury.

HUGON'S

INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

It supersedes Raw Suet, Lard, and Cooking Butter, for Puddings, Cakes Pie-Crust, Frying and Cooking.

It is made from Best Fresh English Beef Suet only! Saves trouble of Chopping! Always ready for use! One pound goes as far as two pounds of Raw Suet! It is always Sweet!

It is particularly Digestible and Wholesome. Dr. G. Bowman. **REFINED** *It is Absolutely Pure.* P. A. Estcourt, Analyt.

OF ALL GROCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS.

On receipt of 8d. (stamps) a sample 1-lb. box will be forwarded, or address of nearest retailer will be sent on application to the Sole Manufacturers—

HUGON & CO., LTD., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.

BEEF SUET

"STORA" BRAND

Floats on Water.

IVY Soap

Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap, or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight, floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "Ivy" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

3d. PER LARGE DOUBLE CAKE.

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky" Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is *SPLENDID FOR WASHING* Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods—the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common Soaps.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty we will send you 8 Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your address and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

G. W. GOODWIN & SON, ORDSALL LANE. **MANCHESTER.**

In *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, the dresses are magnificent. I hear that they cost a mountain of money. They are a good object-lesson in the fashions, being creations of first-rate firms in Paris and London. We are hoping to go and see them soon.

The pretty autumn costume shown in our sketch is made in golden-tan cloth, the skirt cut up as shown and bordered with astrakhan, showing embroidery in gold-and-white between. The vest is in similar embroidery, with tabs of cream cloth fastened with large buttons. The fichu is tucked and frilled, and trimmed with astrakhan. The bishop sleeves are frilled to match, and are set into tucked cuffs. The hat bow and neck ribbon are in bright sapphire-blue.—Yours affectionately,

Susie.

Our Cookery Column.

Spiced Brisket of Beef.—Take ten pounds of the very best cut, and let all the bones be taken away; then wash it well and dry it. Afterwards make the following spice to put it into:—Mix three ounces of salt, two of sugar, one of black pepper, one of mustard, one of pounded ginger, one of pounded cloves, and one each of nutmeg, saffron, and allspice, one of mixed cinnamon and red pepper. Buy all these spices whole, and grind and pound them after having had them in the oven half an hour. Rub them into every crevice of the meat, and let it stand in a red pan covered for a week, turning it every day upon a different side. At the end of a fortnight it will be ready to cook. Plunge it into boiling water in which a good big bunch of savoury herbs, a head of celery, an onion and one or two carrots have been thrown. It should be allowed to boil slowly for nearly three hours. Remove it from the saucepan, and make a little gravy with a few tablespoonfuls of the water thickened with sufficient flour and flavoured with ketchup, some sharp sauce and a liqueur glass of brandy. The water which remains makes a delicious soup with three or four sets of giblets and a good marrow bone boiled in it, and thickened with three or four ounces of flour or cornflour.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

The other dye I come on a "Ole Moore's Hormernack" fur eyeteen 'undrid an' ninety-six. They gits things art early nar-a-dyes. In course, if yer 'appens ter 'ave the gift o' prorphycyin' time ain't nutthink to yer. Yer kin tell whort's goin' ter 'appen an 'undrid years 'ence, I tike it, as well as yer kin whort's goin' ter 'appen the dye arter ter-morrer. Ho, yus, jest abart as well. As fur Ole Moore, their's them as berlieves in 'im and them as don't. Pussonally, I don't. I might come ter it, per'aps, but up ter dite I ain't come ter it. I tikes Ole Moore fur next year, and turns ter the month o' Mye, fur ter see whort's goin' ter win the Derby. Nort one wud abart it—nort so much as a 'int. It says as a "remawkable event will evolve a sanguinary aspect." It's very chise langwidge, no dart, an' reminds me of 'Ankin at 'is best; but it don't help yer. Whort's a pline 'awd-wukkin' man like me gart to do with sanguinary aspex? I ain't no use fur 'em. Whort I wants is the nime of the 'orse as I kin put a 'alf-thick-un on, art of my 'awd-won earnin's, withart doin myself any 'awrm. Likely Ole Moore don't warnt ter encourage no gamblin'. Well, I dont approve of it myself, nort so as ter mike a 'abit of it. Backin' 'orses is a thing as a joodishus man like myself on'y tikes on accishonal. But, blimey, if I 'ad gort the gift o' prorphycy I wouldn't write no hormernachs at a penny each. Nort mauch. I'd jest 'ave one fling, brike the bloomin' bookies, and retire into a narse quiet public fur ter end my dyes.

* * * *

Ankin says 'e shouldn't be surprised if we seed a grite soshil reverlooshun this winter. The cry o' the hunimplyed will be 'eard at lawst, an' the grawspin' capiterlist will be 'urried ter 'is doom. That's whart 'Ankin says. As fur as I remember, 'e said much the sime thing lawst winter. 'E's said it frequent, and it ain't come horf yet; no more it 'ont come horf neither. If it don't, 'Ankin says as e' really shall emergrite — says as 'e torked o' emigritin afore, and nar 'is mind's mide up. 'E'll wite six months, and if 'is soshil reverlooshun aint stawtid then 'e's horf, refoosin', as 'e puts it, ter be stifled any longer by the disgriceful ecernomic conditions as pisens life an' libur in this fursiken country. Well, thet may be or it myen't. If 'e goes, I dessay as Hingland 'ull manidge ter limp along some 'ow withart 'im. But it's mostly gas—the ecernomic conditions (and whort they is I knows no more'n a byeby) mye be as rotten as a elechshun egg, but if 'Ankin's old missus tells 'im 'e aint goin' you mye sye as 'e'll storp. Plank 'er darn alongside o' the ecernomic conditions, and you mye bet your 'ead to a 'ye-seed on 'er. But e's a' restless man, is 'Ankin. Never satersfied with nutthink, and halwise on the jaw, 'e dunno 'ow ter tike 'is glaws and 'is pipe peaserble. Goes a leckshrin over it, and wivin' of 'is awms, and denarncin' one thing, and abolershin' another, and spilin' all 'is enj'yment. I'm thenkful as I 'aven't 'is talink fur langwidge. If I 'ad, one pub wouldn't hold the two of us.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres possess as great advantages for Carriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

No promotion money of any description has been or will be paid, the whole of the Capital thus forming Working Capital, with the exception of the registration and costs of this issue.

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LTD

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.
Capital £200,000, in £200,000 Shares of £1 each.
Present issue of £150,000,
the whole of which (with the exception of the amount taken by the Directors and their friends) are now offered for public subscription at par. Payable as follows:—5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance subject to a month's call.

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Sir James D. Mackenzie, Bart., 15, Redcliffe Square, S.W.
R. G. Webster, Esq., J.P., M.P., 83, Belgrave Road, S.W.
William Joseph Lamb, Esq., (Lamb and Co., Ltd), 7, Philpot Lane, E.C.
T. G. H. Glynn, Esq., 2, Templeton Place, S.W.
John McMillan, Esq., 5, Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C.
Brokers.—London—Messrs. James Calvert and Co., 27, Throgmorton Street, and Stock Exchange. Glasgow—Douglas Cairney, Esq., West Nile Street, and Stock Exchange.
Bankers.—London and South Western Bank, Limited, and Branches.
Solicitors.—Messrs. Dix and Warlow, 16, Serjeants' Inn, E.C.
Auditors.—Messrs. Broads, Paterson and Co., 1, Walbrook, E.C.
Secretary.—Mr. A. C. Finch.
Temporary Offices.—3, Newman's Court, Cornhill, London.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed primarily to acquire and deal with mining and other properties and interests in South Africa, and for the other purposes specified in its Memorandum of Association. 2. To purchase, develop, and resell valuable gold mining and other properties upon the various goldfields in South Africa and Australia. 3. To advance money for the development of mines, and to acquire interests therein for making such advances. 4. To employ agents and prospectors, and to peg out claims for this Company, or to secure offers of newly-discovered gold mines and other properties. 5. To acquire or take option of purchase of concessions or gold mines, or of blocks of shares in mining or land companies, to provide working capital for and to assist in the reconstruction of existing gold mining and other companies.

In issuing this Prospectus the Directors would draw special attention to the very profitable nature of an investment in this class of security, not only as regards the dividends paid, but also in the enhanced value of the shares, of which the following companies are instances:—

	Price of Share	Closing Price, 21st Sept.
Bechuanaland Exploration Company	£1	3¼
Oceana Company, Limited	1	13/16
Anglo-French Exploration Company	1	7/16
British South Africa Company	1	8¾
South African Gold Trust	1	10⅝
Consolidated Gold Fields (Ordinary)	1	15¾
Transvaal and General Association	1	3¾
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment	1	5⅞

In an undertaking like this, which is practically a parent company, and from which a number of subsidiary companies must necessarily spring, it is difficult to limit the profits which may accrue. The ordinary profit derived from the promotion of one such property alone should suffice to pay a handsome dividend on the issued capital. The revenue from the purchase and sale of properties is also a most important item, the profits in these transactions being at times very considerable.

It is also a recognised fact that the advancing of money for mining purposes is one of the most profitable of financial operations.

It is proposed to pay especial attention to Properties in Potchefstroom and on the Randt, and with this object in view the Directors will have under immediate consideration certain proposals for acquiring interests in, or otherwise dealing with what they believe to be very valuable concessions in that district.

Several valuable options have been offered to the Company, one of which, dated 24th September, 1895, between Jacob Rusden and the Company, has been accepted, and the others are under consideration.

No further contracts have been entered into, no promotion money has been or will be paid; therefore the Company will start free from any expense, except that of formation and registration.

The allotment will be made as early as possible after the subscription list is closed. In case no allotment is made, the amount paid on application will be returned. If the amount of shares alloted be less than the amount applied for, the excess payment on application will be applied towards the amount due upon allotment.

A Stock Exchange quotation will be applied for as soon as practicable.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Offices, and of its Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

London, September 24th, 1895.

A DRAMATIC DUOLOGUE.

He. Don't tell me that you didn't like Walter Frith's new play, *Her Advocate*, or I shall never speak to you again!

She. Dear me, how impetuous you are. Don't rush at conclusions. To say "I like it" is a very mild way of seconding my feeling. I have simply never been so absorbed and carried away by what I call "a drama in a nutshell."

He. That is the very reason that some of the critics object to it. They are a strange set of fellows, are they not? One of them started by saying that there was not an ounce of character in the play, and then promptly committed himself by praising the magnificent "character acting" of Charles Cartwright and Charles Somerset.

She. Yes, that's rather funny, isn't it? How on earth could the actors give character if the author had not deliberately suggested it, I should like to know?

He. Do you think that in this instance you could analyse your own impressions. Could you tell me why you liked the play?

She. Yes, I think I can. First, it interested me from start to finish. Secondly, I think that George Abinger, Q.C., is as fine a study of man's character as has been given to the stage for many a long year, and, as you know, I am perfectly familiar with the men of Robertson, Pinero, and Henry Arthur Jones. Lastly, I was never so fascinated in my life as I was with Somerset's acting as the haunted murderer in the witness-box. I shall never forget his face. It was like a lean, half-starved, hunted wolf. The memory of it will always remain. So do his half-angry, half-irritable, half-cringing tones, so does his conscience-stricken, hang-dog, frightened look, as if the spectre of the poisoned man was leaning on his shoulder. And then that long thin white hand dangling over the witness-box. I dream of it. From first to last this was art, art, art!

He. Truly a superb performance! Shall I make a confession? I did what I don't suppose I have done twice in my life. I went two nights running to see this remarkable play, and I think I liked it better the second time than the first. I noticed that they had altered some of the dialogue to advantage, particularly one of Cartwright's tirades which have been objected to, but are to my mind "of the purpose of playing." How many more milk jugs and ginger-beer bottles do they want to fling at the head of the poor old drama?

She. Well, never mind that. If you once get on that hobby you will never get off it again, and I shall be treated to volumes more on the subject of the genteel, semi-"attached," and very suburban "Romeo and Juliet." Let us get back to Hecuba. I want you to tell me as a man what you thought of George Abinger, Q.C., and whether you think he exists in real life?

He. Exists? I know him! I have been him! It is the embodiment of my life. A man is tempest-tossed between the Scylla of devotion and pure affection, and the Charybdis of the sharp, jagged rocks of alluring passion. Purity on the one hand, desire on the other. What a hell is such a condition for any man. He cannot face the tender eyes, the half-reproachful look of the girl who has devoted her life to him, and then the devil fills his heart with all the subtleties, and possibilities of a passion fed as yet wholly by the imagination. You ask me does such a man exist? I say yes! He exists everywhere, in marriage, or out of marriage, exists every day, and every hour of the day, for God's will and the devil's temptation are ever at war. If not, we should all have got back to Paradise.

She. Go on! Go on! You interest me deeply!

He. Of course there are many curiously unsympathetic, unobservant people who grope through life with their eyes blinded, and do not see that there is in this man Abinger, Q.C., far more than the ordinary tempted being so common to all fiction. They tell us he has nothing to do in the second act, and that the character remains precisely as it was. Nothing to do? Was there ever a more genuine dramatic surprise than when the man tantalised almost to madness, faithless to a true woman, false to his friends, a traitor to honour, approaches his new divinity with all the assurance of conquest, and learns from her own lips, before his confession has had time to escape him, that her own agony is centred in another man altogether. Her cry is contained in the old poem "Will Frank Buchanan write?" Think of the man's humiliation and broken pride at that moment.

She. I like it! I like it! Men are so horribly vain. Their passion blinds them. They think that they have only to throw down the handkerchief, and the woman they desire will immediately drop down, and pick it up.

He. Quite true; I don't deny it! They are vain, very vain, much more so than women, but at the same time they are as a rule far nobler than women. Abinger was at any rate. He bore his punishment but never whined, and scarcely winced. He was a splendid soldier, and only sighed that (sometimes like a soldier) "he was tired." I have seen few things more pathetic in modern drama than the conclusion of this play. The Court has risen. The Judge has gone out. The curious crowd has disappeared. The discharged prisoner has bidden farewell to her advocate, who has saved her life, and sent her away happy, hugging to her bosom the telegram from her beloved Frank. Abinger, weary, heart-sick, takes off his barrister's wig, and sinks into a chair exhausted but not altogether hopeless. His guardian angel is very near him. She comes down, hovers over him, and washes sorrow from his troubled life, by letting her recording tears fall upon his prostrate head!

She. Bravo! Well told indeed! And is this the scene that we are asked to laugh at as ridiculous, preposterous, and absurd?

He. Well, don't laugh at it. Encourage dramatists to give us more of such scenes. Who cares if it be melodrama or not so long as it touches a true chord of sentiment, and enables such fine artists as Cartwright and Somerset to give us of their best.

She. You are always telling me of your beloved Robson. Was he better than Somerset in that trial scene?

He. Upon my soul I don't think anything of its kind was ever better done. Mind, I say, of its kind. But there are two actors of the past who could more conveniently be compared to Somerset than Robson.

She. And whom might they be?

He. Dominic Murray and George Belmore, both of whom trod pretty closely on the confines of genius. You should just have seen Dominic Murray as a hump-backed lover in a play called *Æsop* (*Sunshine and Shadow*), and you should have seen George Belmore in the *Deal Boatman*, as the jockey in the *Flying Scud*, and, by the way, the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

She. Oh, bother *Romeo and Juliet*! There you are again! You will squeeze it in like King Charles' head in Mr. Dick's memorial.

He. What else do you remember in connection with this remarkable play?

She. The heroic determination of Miss Gertrude Kingston, that inimitable and unique artist in Society Women of the World, that she should try to persuade herself, after her brilliant successes in several fashionable comedies, that her forte is drama and tragedy, which it most assuredly is not. The pleasant prettiness of Miss Lena Ashwell, who should, however, try to shake that mournful monotone which is at times quite irritating, and then, of course, the delightful Irish barrister of Jack Barnes—the one warm ray of sunshine in the play. By the way, for a gentleman supposed to possess alcoholic tendencies did it not strike you that Jack Barnes was painfully abstemious? There was no sign of a "wee, wee

drappie" anywhere. As far as I could see he only partook of cold coffee and spoke of ginger beer.

He. Yes, Thackeray has been a godsend to the modern dramatist. Pinero took the same character, and planted him down in *Sweet Lavender*," to become the boon companion of "Clemmy, my Boy." Walter Frith has re-dressed him, reddened his nose, and brought him out on circuit once more.

She. Yes, I rather think that nose so much "Ruddier than the Cherry" was a mistake, don't you?"

He. Jack Barnes thinks exactly the same, for he has removed the prominent objection to an admirable performance by washing off the red glow. Wouldn't a few others like to remove the tell-tale offending colour as easily!

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—Mrs. Chant has gone to America. She sailed on Thursday last to fulfil lecturing engagements in Boston, Chicago, New York, and other large towns. She will return about Christmas, unless she is prevailed on to "go West," and fan the smouldering fires of California. Her two elder daughters accompany her on the tour.

On Thursday, also, Miss Olga Nethersole started out on to the Atlantic, and on Saturday Sir Augustus Harris followed. He will witness the production of *Hansel and Gretel* in New York, have a look at the packed houses being drawn by the *Derby Winner*—called the *Sporting Duchess* in the States—he will run over to Boston and see the *Life of Pleasure*, he will arrange with Charles Frohman for the transfer of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, scenes, properties, dresses, and everything direct from Drury Lane to the Empire Theatre, New York. He will plan out the scenario of next year's drama in the passage out, he will consider the pantomime coming home, and then he will be back with us, having thoroughly enjoyed a holiday of exactly eighteen days! Before starting, he arranged with Mr. M. Levenston to send *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, the *Derby Winner*, *A Life of Pleasure*, *Human Nature*, *A Prodigal Daughter*, *Youth*, and *The World* to Africa. A special company will be selected, and complete scenery and appointments for each of the plays named will go out from Drury Lane.

I have not yet had the courage to face another instalment of *Romeo and Juliet*, but I hear that Mrs. Pat Campbell has taken very much to heart the adverse criticisms that have been pronounced on her. I am told that she has altered her reading of several important scenes, but without any noticeable result. Forbes Robertson bears the buffets of fate philosophically and with an expression of mournful resignation seeks solace on his bicycle. Nutcombe Gould, by the way, came a cropper off his bicycle and broke his arm not long ago. He played Friar Laurence on the first night in considerable pain, for he used his arm when it ought to have been in a splint. The next piece at the Lyceum will be by Henry Arthur Jones, but I understand that the leading lady's part is not considered suitable to Mrs. Campbell. I have got a strong impression for the moment her "boom" is over, and she will not create another big excitement until Pinero takes her in hand once more.

Talking of Pinero, you may soon expect to see the opening date of the comedy announced. The new play contains at least one situation as realistic and daring as anything in *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, and it deals, as is Pinero's later habit, with the Seventh Commandment.

On the first night of *Her Advocate* at the Duke of York's Theatre, the management placed the emblem of the House of York—a white rose— on every seat. I sat down without noticing this, and I am now in a position to confirm, from personal experience, the statement of the poet, that there is no rose without a thorn. On the night in question I am happy to say there was no demonstration of any sort—other than that connected with the play—so I sincerely hope that we have heard the last of first-night hysteria. The air has been thick with paragraphs on the subject, and there has been a great deal of "You are another" knocking around. Some people seem to imagine that the Committee of the Playgoers' Club ought to have done something drastic and terrible, though what that something could be I do not understand. The Committee has no more control over individual members than the Committee of the Marlborough or the Carlton. All it could do the Committee has done. It has repudiated any connection with first-night disorder. It has said that the club, as a club, has nothing to do with these unseemly shindies. It could naturally do no less, and it could not well do more. But this is a dreamy, one-sided subject, and I am getting heartily sick of it.

I take a great deal more interest in the article which appears in the "Theatre Magazine," just out, on critic-dramatists. It takes a line diametrically opposed to all I said last week, and plainly hints that honesty is almost impossible on the part of a critic who writes plays. But why? Why, oh! why is a playwright less honourable than other man? Suppose a theatrical manager found the money to run a magazine, surely he would allow the enterprises of his rivals to be praised in it. Surely he would not want more than, say, three or four columns of paragraphs and lick-spittle praise every month! Why should not a critic-dramatist be equally moderate in his demands. What is the practical good, the personal advantage, to the dramatic critic of damning every play that he sees? He cannot write more than three or four per year himself, at the very utmost. He knows that a very much larger number will be required. Why should he slate another playwright? What earthly good will it do him? He can't write for *all* the theatres. For an author to have more than one play running at one time is unusual. The prolific G. R. Sims cut the record several years ago when he had five plays running simultaneously in London. But, mark, he was *not* a critic! If any great critic-dramatist had come along and mopped up the market I could understand the "Theatre's" cry. But practical experience proves that the "Theatre" is battling with a phantom of its own imagining. There is nothing like a personal argument. The editor of this great and joyful journal writes plays. He has more than one on the eve of production. Is the editor of the "Theatre" such a blithering idiot that he imagines that the editor of this journal would invite either myself, or any other member of the staff, to slate a play because it was of the same nature as one written by our chief? To repeat my brief and brilliant epigram of last week—Pah! What Rot!—Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

Sunday School Teacher: "Do you understand what repentance means?"

Little Johnny (with deep feeling): "Yes, indeed."

"Give me an illustration."

"Once I took a whole lot of fruit-cake without asking, and I repented awfully—till mamma gave me some ginger."

Spa, Belgium, twelve hours from London. Cercle des Etrangers, with Roulette and all Monte Carlo attractions. For details address Secretary. Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, and Lawn Tennis, Concerts and Theatre. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia, &c. Resident English Physician.

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Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Complexion Soap, the original and only genuine, produces a lovely skin and complexion. All chemists and stores.

Lovely new art linens for Yachting Costumes. Artistic and striking.—J. Harris and Sons, Limited, 25, Old Bond Street, London, and Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A sufficient number of Shares to provide the required working capital having already been privately applied for, the Directors will proceed to allotment immediately after the closing of the lists.

THE IMPERIAL WESTERN AUSTRALIAN CORPORATION, LIMITED, invite Subscriptions for the undermentioned Capital :—

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN STEAM PACKET AND TRANSPORT COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

Capital - - - - - - - - - - - - £50,000.

In 50,000 Shares of £1 each, which are now offered for Subscription. Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 2s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance, when required, in calls of 5s. per Share.

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SECRETARY and OFFICES.

JAMES MEADOWCROFT, 24, Coleman Street, E.C.

The Company has been formed for the purpose of carrying on the general business of Shipowners, Carriers, Forwarding Agents, Wharfingers and Wharehousemen, and, more particularly, to provide steamers and other plant for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the Swan River and adjacent waters, Western Australia.

The Swan River is the most important waterway in the Colony, and proper facilities for travelling upon it, and for the development of the industries which line its banks, are much needed.

Prospectuses will be ready for distribution at noon on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, and can be obtained at the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Offices of the Company.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN STEAM PACKET AND TRANSPORT COMPANY, LIMITED.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of The Western Australian Steam Packet and Transport Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of....., being 2s. 6d. per Share payable on Application for.....Shares of £1 each, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms and conditions of the Prospectus and Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I request you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me ; and engage to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as the same shall become due, and I agree to waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, than is contained in the said Prospectus.

Usual Signature .....

Name (in full) .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full) .....

Profession or Occupation .....

Date .....*1895.*

IN THE CITY

PLEIADES.

We are not surprised that the shareholders in this company are beginning to get restive. They have cause. One of them, writing with a moderation that some may think excessive, says :—

> Surely it is time that some statement was made to the shareholders as to the work at the mine. Those who bought the shares at a big premium on the strength of Mr. Barnato's name have reason to feel dissatisfied when they see them quoted 10s. to 15s.

There were no doubt many who bought shares on the strength of Mr. Barnato's name, that name which, as Sir Joseph Renals says, is synonymous with integrity, and there were some who bought in spite of the knowledge that the Barnatos were largely interested in the issue.

Let us see what happened. These shares were introduced in London at 62s. 6d., and they were sold at even higher prices. The Messrs. Barnato guaranteed 40,000 shares at 25s. each, and soon after the company's flotation they were selling in Johannesburg at 45s. "strong buyers." The property was represented to the public on this side as an exceptionally valuable one. It consists of 185 claims to the west of the New Orion Company, on the black reef series of the Witwatersrand. The working capital was £75,000 (£40,000 cash and £35,000 reserve), and the par value of the issued capital of £140,000 worked out at £757 per claim. All this made it look as if, for once in a way, Mr. Barney Barnato had a valuable property, and though he was careful to put the shares upon the market at a very high premium, nobody had supposed that he would depart so far from his usual practice as to let the public have the shares at a cheap price.

That was in April. What has been the record since then? The shares have fallen steadily until now they are quoted $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{7}{8}$. Some weeks ago a cablegram came over announcing that the mine had been shut down owing to the absence of payable ore, and that put down the shares to somewhere near the figure at which they stand to-day. That is the one piece of information shareholders have been favoured with since April, when the shares were put upon the market here at the premium we have named. Was the cablegram an honest cablegram, honest in the sense of conveying the impression that a genuine attempt had been made to find payable ore and failed? If it was we should like to have Mr. Barnato's explanation and defence of the statements made in April last, and we should like to hear what Mr. Sydney H. Farrar has to say about the property upon which he reported in such glowing terms.

But there are those who say that no genuine attempt has been made to find payable ore; that the reef is on the property but has not been found for reasons which commend themselves to Mr. Barnato and his friends. We do not know how that may be; we do not say it is true, because we are without the proof necessary to justify the assertion. But it is said by men who ought to know what they are talking about, and it is a statement of which we think Mr. Barnato ought to take notice and deny, if, as we are bound to suppose, he is in a position to deny it.

There is another matter upon which explanation would be very desirable. Adjoining the Pleiades property is the Henderson's Transvaal Estate, known as the Palmietfontein. The Barnatos have the option of this property, and we understand that they have bought it, or are about to buy it. What will they do with it? It is, as we are informed, a very valuable property through which the reef runs from the Pleiades. Obviously if the two properties were put into one, and the Barnatos transferred to the Pleiades Company at the price at which they bought, or something like it, the shareholders of the Pleiades, even those who bought at the top price, might reasonably hope to see their money back. That the Barnatos ought to act in the way suggested needs no demonstration to those acquainted with the history of the Pleiades Company. Whether they will do so is quite another matter. It is high time that something was known as to their intentions.

A SILVERSMITH'S GRIEVANCE.

In our issue of September 14th we published a letter from a country silversmith, in which he complained of the very inadequate protection given to silversmiths in the matter of their trade rights, for which they pay a license of from 50s. to £5 per annum. The law allows no one to sell more than 5 dwts. of silver at one time unless he is licensed. But the law is constantly broken. "Here in Lowestoft," wrote our correspondent, "grocers, drapers, hairdressers, and others deal in silver-mounted goods. The local Excise officer has been approached on the matter time after time as to the prosecution of those defying the law, but nothing has come of it."

We have received many letters from silversmiths in different parts of the country emphasising our correspondent's complaint, and the Hon. Sec. of the National Retail Jeweller's Association sends us particulars of a case in which the inaction of the Board of Inland Revenue, of which so many correspondents' complain, is strikingly illustrated. It seems that as long ago as June 19th the executive of the Association informed the Board that a signalman in the employment of the Great Western Railway Company was carrying on an illegal trade as agent for a watch and jewellery club house. The man was without a license, and was clearly contravening the law, but the Association had to wait more than three months before the Board condescended to acknowledge its letter. And here is the reply :—

> Secretaries' Office, Inland Revenue,
> Somerset House, London, W.C.
> 28th September, 1895.
>
> Sir,
>
> In reply to your letter dated the 18th June last, I am directed by the Board of Revenue to acquaint you that, in the circumstances of the case, Mr. George H—— will be informed that legal proceedings have been ordered against him for having dealt in plate without a licence, but that the proceedings will be stayed provided a fine be paid and a license taken out.
>
> I am, Sir,
> Your odedient servant.

The signature is, as usual with these official documents, quite undecipherable, but the letter is written by the Assistant Secretary to the Board, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary of the National Jewellers' Association.

It took the Board three months and ten days to acknowledge the complaint of the Association, and what is its decision after these many months? The offender is not to be proceeded against if he takes out a license and pays what we may safely speak of as a nominal fine. Contrast this sort of treatment with that which would be meted out to one who keeps a dog without a license, shoots a pheasant without a license, or sells a glass of beer or whisky without a license. In such cases the offender would be proceeded against immediately information was laid, and upon conviction fined in sums varying from £2 to £30, with costs. We cannot understand how the Board can justify its lethargy in protecting silversmiths. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Illegal trading should be punished and suppressed irrespective of the trade, or traders, affected by it.

Referring to "A Silversmith's Grievance," a well-informed correspondent writes to us as below :—"There is another silversmith's grievance which is equally injurious to the retail silversmith. Certain manufacturers in Sheffield supply silver goods for presentation by unlicensed drapers and ironmongers in competition with the legitimate licensed silversmith, and defraud the Revenue of the country by invoicing the goods due to the private buyer. Recently at High Wycombe, Bucks., an unlicensed ironmonger actually went into the public competition for a piece of silver presentation plate with two licensed silversmiths in the same town, and obtained the order for a publir salver, the Sheffield firm who supplied him invoicing the article direct to the committee. The attention of the Board of Inland Revenue was brought by the National Retail Jewellers' Association to this glaring evasion of the law. The ironmonger had to pay the £5 15s. license, but the Board could not prosecute owing to the action of the manufacturers. The law cannot prevent drapers, ironmongers, and others poaching on the legitimate silversmiths' preserves, but it can compel them to pay the plate-license duty if they sell excisable gold and silver plate."

A PROMISING VENTURE.

Among the many Westralian companies that have been put before the public during the last few days the Imperial Western Australian Corporation should take a foremost place as an Exploration and Finance company. It is more than that. It will not only acquire, develop, and sell mining and other properties in Western Australia; it looks for large profits from other sources. It has a considerable interest in a steam packet and transport company, formed to provide steamers for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the

Swan River; it is making arrangements for the erection of a public crushing battery at Toweranna Creek, where a large field is rapidly being pegged out; and it has secured the patent rights for a dry process of stamping and crushing for the dry amalgamation of gold ores. It has also, we are informed, obtained concessions on very favourable terms for the construction of public works in Western Australia.

These are likely to prove valuable assets, but, in addition, the corporation takes over three gold mines, two of which are of proved value. The Mount Prophecy is situated at Bamboo Creek on a well-defined line of reef, which has been proved for a distance of two miles, has been tested at frequent intervals on the whole line, and has averaged two ounces of gold to the ton. On this property there is a 10-head battery, and a small concentrator. The mine has been favourably reported upon by Mr. Byass and Mr. Walker, who are both said to be thoroughly acquainted with the property. The second of the three mines is the Perseverance, which adjoins the Mount Prophecy. Reporting upon the two properties, Mr. Walker says that "the amalgamation of the Mount Prophecy and Perseverance leases will form a combination of the two richest mines on this line of reef, and the geological advantages, and the excellent situation of the reef, prove them to be a valuable and permanent property."

The corporation have arranged a sale to a subsidiary company of these two mines at a considerable profit. The third of the mines conveyed to the corporation is the Western Shaw Gold Mines, covering an area of thirty-six acres. The machinery for this mine has already been sent out, and it will be worked on behalf of the corporation. The property is said to be a thoroughly good one.

Half the nominal capital of the company will be reserved for working capital, and the vendors take all the purchase-money in shares. The Australian Board is a strong one, including, as it does, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Western Australia, the Director of Public Works, and the Hon. S. H. Parker, who was recently Colonial Secretary. The Chairman of the English Board is Mr. A. F. Calvert, and his colleagues include Sir W. G. Davies, K.C.S.I., late Financial Commissioner of the Punjaub, and Mr. W. G. Lloyd, Director of the Bank of Mauritius. We should have liked to see another business man, or two, upon the board; but that can be done by-and-bye. A sufficient number of shares to provide the required working capital were privately applied for before the issue, which has been subscribed between two and three times over.

THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

The election of Sir Walter Wilkin as Lord Mayor for the coming year is in accordance with precedent and expectation. Sir Walter Wilkin is respected by all who know him, and will, we doubt not, discharge the duties of the Mayoralty with credit. Nothing could be more satisfactory than his reply to Mr. Price:—

> My name will not appear, you may take it for granted, either as director of any new company, or with the title of Lord Mayor in connection with any company whatever.

At a banquet given in Sir Walter's honour on the evening of the day of election by the present Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Renals observed that a Lord Mayor "must be content to be misrepresented, wilfully, or unintentionally, to be misreported, and to have unworthy motives imputed to him." And Sir Joseph hoped that his successor "would be able to avoid the rocks better than he had."

We do not think Sir Joseph Renals has much cause of complaint. We are glad to be able to say that during his year of office he has not joined the Board of any company, though the temptation to do so must have been considerable. And if now and again there has been criticism of some foolish speech or action—well, Lord Mayors who go to Barnato banquets and invite Heads of great States to pay official visits to England cannot fairly complain if they are gently reminded that they have been indiscreet.

MR. H. E. ASPINALL.

We have received a letter from this gentleman, who complains bitterly of our allusions to him in recent issues. We should have published Mr. Aspinall's letter if it had not been marked "Confidential." As it is we will, in accordance with our invariable custom when a correspondent wishes to reply to adverse criticism, publish any statement Mr. Aspinall may think fit to send us in defence, or explanation. We shall be glad if he will remember that our criticism, so far as he is concerned, is confined to the Marza Syndicate Prospectus, which, as we say, is very misleading.

His many friends will be glad to know that Mr. D. G. Murras is making as rapid progress towards complete recovery as can be expected.

We have to acknowledge receipt of successive copies of the *African Critic*. It is a bright and able review of South African affairs.

A couple of weeks ago we referred to Adler's Consolidated, and said the shares were likely to go to a big premium. As we write they are quoted at 2 7/8, and we expect to see them a good deal higher. The assets, reckoned in conjunction with the capital, makes the shares worth a good deal more than the present quotation, and that, too, not taking into account the big profits likely to be made out of the flotation of various portions of the company's ground.

NEW ISSUE.

Anglo-African Gold Properties. Capital, £200,000. Present issue, £150,000.—Formed to acquire and deal with mining and other properties in South Africa; to advance money for the development of mines, and the like. There is no reason why the company should not do well if it is under good management. Nearly everything depends upon that.

The Western Australian Steam Packet and Transport Company, Limited. Capital, £50,000; in shares of £1 each, of which 20,000 are now offered for subscription.—Formed for the purpose of carrying on the general business of shipowners, wharfingers, warehousemen, &c., and more particularly to provide steamers and other plant for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the Swan River, Western Australia. The Swan River is the most important waterway in the colony. Its passenger and other traffic is increasing rapidly, the steamers now plying on the river and adjacent waters are unsuitable for passenger traffic, and the present company ought to find a good profit in meeting present and growing requirements. We understand that it it has strong local support, which is always a good sign.

The Central Exploration and Investment Corporation, Limited. Capital, £500,000, in shares of £1 each (including 5,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each).—Issued by, and to work in co-operation with, The Central Exploration Company of Western Australia; to acquire land, and mineral leases, mining, timber, water, electric supply, and other rights and concessions in Western Australia and elsewhere. The entire issued capital is at the disposal of the Directors, and does not include purchase price of properties. Another feature is the organisation of transport service, stores, business, etc., under the management of Harrod's Stores.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Various Shares. H. J. R. (Cardiff).—(1) You must have a little mercy. Our space is not unlimited. The shares you name are all very speculative, and we cannot recommend you to hold any of them, with the possible exception of No. 12, though it is quite likely that some of them may improve in price. (2) The outside brokers you name have been in business for some years, but we always recommend dealing with members of "the House." **Outside Brokers.** Neophyte (Bradford).—The last part of the preceding reply is equally applicable to your question **A New Departure.** Egevas (Burslem).—We answered your question at some length outside the "Answers to Correspondents" last week. **Crisp and Co.** J.C.N. (Birmingham).—We consider these shares a sound investment. **Jackson's Gold Fields.** Grocer (Mullingar).—We should advise less speculative investments. **Four Mining Shares.** C. P. (Brighton).—No. 1 may turn out well, but they are all very speculative. **George and May.** Saville (Chelsea).—(1) Fairly so. (2) No. **Disposition of Business.** Subscriber (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We write you under cover. **Gaiety Theatre Shares.** J. A. W. (Leeds)—Yes, the shares look cheap at the price named, but Theatre Shares are not an investment we can recommend. The dividend record of the Gaiety Company has been a chequered one. **Broken Hills.** W. S. (Glasgow).—(1) It is not safe to speak of "the next few years" in dealing with a mine. The future of the one in question depends largely upon whether inferior ores can be treated more successfully than has hitherto been possible, and there is some reason to think that they can be. (2) Of the three shares you mention we think those of the Associated most likely to rise. They have had a big rise since we said they would rise some weeks ago, but they will go higher. **Noltzykop.** H. H. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We do not recommend a purchase. **Three Shares.** G. A. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—You can hardly go wrong in holding Hampton Plains. The same with West Australian Gold Fields. Black Flags are going higher. **Aldine Publishing Company.** Postal (Eckington).—No, we do not advise you to do so. **Two Shares.** Gosporthite (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—(1) No. (2) The company has fair prospects.

INSURANCE.

T. M. S.—We agree with you that the statement in the advertisement of the Law Union and Crown as to bonuses is misleading. It is not creditable to the directors to refer to the past in the matter of bonuses without taking into account those of the Crown as well as those of the Law Union. Our opinion is that future bonuses of the amalgamated office will approximate, but not exceed those of the Crown when a separate office. How the actuary brought out the surplus he did at the last valuation is a puzzle to the generality of actuaries. The manager, so it is generally understood in insurance circles, is entitled to retire after five years' service at two-thirds, if not his full salary; and it is rumoured that he has intimated to the directors that he will exercise his option. If he does expenses will go up further, and the surplus be so much the less. The directors will do well to state precisely what the facts are. F. J. S.—We think the second named to be the best of the three. Peter.—We advise you to discontinue the policy in the Mutual Reserve. In the case of the life office mentioned we do not expect so large an abatement as you have suggested. We regret that your inquiry has been so long overlooked. S. P. T.—The office you mention we believe to be quite sound and its affairs properly administered. Kylemore.—Bearing in mind that a policy of assurance is for the future, the probable future of an office should be taken into consideration. We therefore recommend No. 3 in your list as the one likely to yield the best results. J. B. B.—1. The two offices are quite distinct. There is all the difference that exists between poverty and wealth, between vulgar ignorance and intelligent management. 2. It is one of the best. Stamp.—We cannot answer enquiries by post. We recommend the first and third on your later list in preference to the others. J. J. W.—You may purchase an annuity from the company named with the greatest confidence that it will be punctually paid, and always paid

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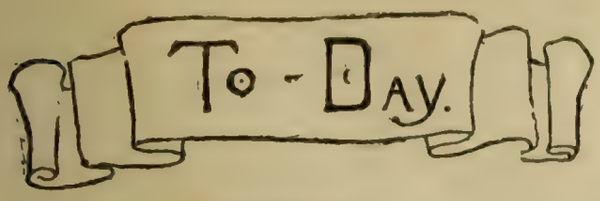

CONTENTS.

PAGE
The Heart of Princess Osra. IX. The Victory of the Duke of Mittenheim. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by H. R. Millar ... 258
China's Miracle Drug ... 263
Feminine Affairs ... 264
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 266
A Dramatic Dialogue ... 267
The Ruminations of Randolph ... 268
In the City ... 270
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 273
Club Chatter ... 277
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 281
Miss Kate Cutler. A Chat at the Criterion ... 282
Something About Tramps ... 283
Character-Reading from the Face. VII. The Mouth and Lips. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. ... 284
The Eldest Sister ... 285
What Playwrights Earn ... 287

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Lord Salisbury appears to have come to the end of his patience with China, not before it was necessary. Patience is an excellent thing, but, in a Prime Minister of a great nation, it needs to be tempered with judgment. Turkey and China have clearly made up their minds that England is a played-out old show, and can be treated with contempt. A demand from Lord Palmerston or Mr. Pitt would have met with a very different reception. But that was before a section of Englishmen had arisen to teach our youth that the noblest man is he who has learned how to endure a kicking with grace and firmness; and that the whole duty of England as a nation consists in gradually effacing herself from the world's history, and making room for better countries.

Whenever it became necessary for England to chastise a weaker Power, these precious "Englishmen" shrieked out that England was a bully and a coward. When it was necessary to assert our rights among our equals, we were solemnly warned that it was an expensive affair, that out trade would suffer, and our income decrease. We were advised by all the sentimental Press to suffer any insult or wrong rather than pay the price for self-respect. China, who dared not meet Japan, now thinks it safe to snap her fingers in our face. The "Brother of the Sun" has evidently been reading our advanced Press. Turkey, listening to our humble apologies to Austria, to our whinings to the Boers for mercy, must feel rather annoyed at our impertinence in daring to offer her an ultimatum. It might be a good thing for European civilisation, and it would certainly be a good thing for ourselves, if our hands were forced and it became necessary to prove to the world that England, in spite of appearances to the contrary, was a nation not entirely composed of hucksters and old women.

A very timely and sensible article appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* last week on the subject of football. Says the *Westminster Gazette*: "We are rearing a population which reads about sport instead of practising sport." I have never myself been able to understand the attitude of the young man whose whole winter is given over to attending football matches, and buying late editions of the sporting papers. Seeing other people playing a game has very little interest for me. I would rather be the worst football player in England than the best read man on the subject, and I think it is an unhealthy sign of national deterioration to prefer a football edition of the *Evening News* or the *Star* to a kick at the football itself. Of course the sporting papers are extremely indignant when the present miscalled sport is attacked.

If our young men preferred sport to reading about sport, wealthy proprietors of sporting newspapers would soon become paupers, and an army of very excellent and worthy journalists would find themselves with no work to do. As the body of spectators increases and the body of sportsmen decreases, so the circulation of the sporting papers goes up, and anyone who raises his voice against the present condition of affairs must, of course, expect to be bitterly attacked by the men with whose daily bread he is indirectly seeking to interfere. But for all that I would be glad to see the old true sporting spirit reviving in this country, even at the cost of loss to the sporting press. A man who is a keen player at football or cricket, tennis or golf, likes occasionally to see his favourite game played by its masters. But our football mobs are made up of men and boys who have never seen football except through a barrier, and who love a scrimmage in the same way that a Spanish gentleman loves to see a horse disembowelled by a bull.

Now, to my thinking, that our young men should love to play games is of the utmost importance. It is through sport that boys learn to become men. It is on the cricket and the football-fields, the river and the racing track that young fellows learn courage and endurance, and self-control, and good nature, and honesty, and determination. But no man ever learned anything worth the learning by paying a tanner to stand in the middle of a yelling crowd, with a bad cigar in his mouth, watching twenty-two hired men play his game for him. There must be something very wrong with a young man with blood in his veins who is content with this sort of amusement. An urchin playing hopscotch on the pavement of a slum is fifty times a better sportsman.

I would like to see in every parish ample space set apart for the playing of all games, and ample encouragement given to all to become players at some game or another. The sporting press would, perhaps, be indignant at the proposal, and would try to point out how much more enjoyment could be obtained from their own special editions. Professiona players, and those who live upon professional players, would naturally be of opinion that the game was being ruined; and for a while lads, who have never taken any more violent exercise than that of crushing through a gate, would find their Saturday afternoons hang heavy on their hands. But in a little time their muscles would come to them, and when they had once grasped how delightful was the playing of a game, they would never again want to be mere spectators. A game played by hired players is not a game in any sense of the word.

It is not sport; it is a mere show, a mere entertainment. The spirit of sport is not there, and the whole thing becomes a ready excuse for gambling. Professionalism and sport are utterly antagonistic to each other. The country can make up its mind to be content with one or the other, but it cannot have both. They do not mix.

A gross case of cruelty to a horse came before the Dover bench of magistrates the other week. The evidence was clear, uncontradicted, conclusive and unshaken. The defence was utterly paltry. Yet Captain Palliser and his friends at once dismissed the case, thus doing their little best to encourage cruelty in the neighbourhood of Dover, and showing themselves utterly unfit for their position. Mr. Colam, the counsel representing the S.P.C.A., was moved by the gross injustice of the magistrates to say what was the truth; namely, that proceedings in such a court were a farce. Alderman Adcock had never heard such impertinent language used by a counsel to a Bench before. If Alderman Adcock continues to sit upon a bench and barristers do their duty to the law, he should hear a good many such remarks. The rest of these Dogberries joined in, and sought to bully Mr. Colam into silence. Capain Palliser and his friends had better learn soon that magistrates are not stuck upon a Bench for their own glorification and honour, but to administer the law. If the Dover magistrates disagree with the law that makes cruelty to animals an offence, their duty is to retire, not to endeavour to shield the criminals when brought before them.

I am growing a little tired of this silly talk concerning "penny dreadfuls." I have not read many of them lately, as fiction of any kind is apt to pall upon an editor, but in my younger days I must have got through a good many, and I enjoyed them greatly. Were I compelled to-day to choose between them and the novels of the New Woman, I should unhesitatingly select "Deadwood Dick," as being a type much more healthy in tone, much more true to nature, and much more literary in style, than are most of the present day popular up-to-date successes. I strongly doubt whether any work of fiction is capable of accomplishing either much good or much evil. On the *Daily Chronicle* front page, and in other places, literature is spoken of as though it were the motive power of the universe. It is of as much real importance to life as are jam tarts and roses. We like roses and we like jam tarts, but they do not make or mar us. Cain murdered Abel without the assistance of literature, and the problem of the sexes existed before Mr. William Heinemann took to discovering schoolgirls with cut and dried plans for the re organisation of human nature. To read our newspaper guides one would imagine that every man was a blank sheet of paper to be written upon by the first minor poet or penny dreadful novelist who came his way. It is a fashion to forget that human nature is born in man and is developed, changed, or dwarfed by a million subtle influences. Of which the reading of books is only one.

Some time ago I wrote a note in these columns on the existence of a strong anti-English feeling in Australia. I have just had a letter from a correspondent in Western Australia, supporting and confirming all that I then said. Of course, the majority that detests England is not composed of Englishmen—the Scotch and Irish Colonists, together with others of more dubious nationality, make up the anti-English party. Nobody who reads, say, the *Bulletin*, can doubt that this party is both numerous and noisy. Of the supposed affection for the "old country," about which so much unfounded gush has been written, its members have not a scrap. It remains to be seen how far this party will go, and how soon it will become necessary to give it a salutary lesson.

By the death of Pasteur the world loses not only a man of science, but a man of science who turned his science to a thoroughly practical account. It would be a pity, indeed, if Pasteur were only remembered as a vivisector, or by that one of his achievements about which most doubt has been expressed. There is really some danger that this may happen. To the average man in England Pasteur's name is associated with a method intended for the prevention and cure of hydrophobia; and the average man would not be able to tell you of anything else that Pasteur accomplished. His most important work has been overshadowed by the less important, and brought him from different quarters irrational and fanatical praise and irrational and fanatical abuse.

A list of all his discoveries would fill more than a paragraph. His cure of the parasitical silkworm disease saved an entire industry and the many people who got their living by it. His study of fermentation enabled him to show the wine-grower how to keep wine; previous to his discoveries France lost annually a quarter of the wine that she produced. Cholera among poultry, anthrax in sheep, were the subjects of further discoveries and further successes. He was by no means the narrow specialist that the popular estimate of him might lead one to suppose. His researches covered a wide field, and for the most part they have resulted in great gain to humanity. Apart from his treatment of hydrophobia, he had done enough fully to deserve the honour which he received.

Of the excellence of self-denial I have no doubt. It is an excellence which is appealing just now to the Salvation Army particularly. One of their organs gives a list of the different things that one might give up. It is a curious list. Bananas and bangles, canaries and cake, criticism and cuffs, impatience and intaglios, are all mentioned in this singularly heterogeneous collection. It is difficult to imagine that the list has not been compiled as a joke. Some of the articles mentioned—bangles, for instance—I have always denied myself. Criticism I have had given me in very large quantities, and I believe that I could spare some of it—did I not think it more meritorious to give up something which was not absolutely valueless. But studs are mentioned in the list, and I refuse to surrender my studs to the Salvation Army. I do not wear them from vain-glory; I wear them in order to keep my collar on, and I intend to keep my collar on. I notice that this list, though it demands from me my cuffs, makes no sort of claim to my collar.

One of the ways in which these warriors deny themselves is to stand outside the railway stations with collecting boxes. This method of self-denial appears to me to be distinctly objectionable. The length to which

street collections have gone calls for serious interference from the authorities. As one walks down the street one is always having a box of coppers jingled in one's face, and an appeal made to one's purse for a subscription to some charitable undertaking of which one knows nothing. In this way a wide door is opened for fraud. Already, I believe, the *bonâ-fides* of some of these street collectors is very doubtful. The street collection for the hospitals—perhaps the only one that is justifiable—must suffer from this. Even in the case of the hospital collections, it is very annoying to be asked twenty times in half-an-hour for a subscription to an object to which you have already subscribed all that you can afford.

I am not making any attack on the Salvation Army, but I do want to see some limit put to this nuisance of street-collecting. No street collection should be made without a special licence for the purpose from the County Council; this licence should be very rarely granted; and people begging without a licence should be treated as beggars. When the Salvation Army is giving up orchids, tapestry, and bacon for breakfast (I quote once more from that extraordinary list), it may be performing a salutary act of self-denial; but those of its members who stand cadging outside railway stations are not punishing themselves, but the general public, and would be much better—though, perhaps, less pleasantly—employed if they did a day's hard work, instead of mooning about with money-boxes and making themselves a public pest.

A case of intimidation directed against a non-union cabman by members of the Cabmen's Union came up at the Westminster Police Court last week. A non-union cabman named Williamson had on twenty or thirty occasions been interfered with and annoyed in the public streets by Union cabmen. His crime was that he drove a cab during the strike eighteen months ago. His cab had been broken up; he had been turned over, at the risk of his life. In every way the Union men persecuted him, and his existence had been made almost unbearable. Sir Edward Bradford, who draws an enormous salary for looking after the peace of London, appears to have directed his men carefully to abstain from any interference where non-union cabmen are attacked in this manner, or when they are murdered in broad daylight. As we know, in the case of the man Jarvis, every care was taken by Sir Edward Bradford that the men should get off scot free, and never be interfered with. So long as Sir Edward Bradford remains at the head of the London police the life of a non-union cabman seems hardly worth six months' purchase. The cabman Williamson has escaped hitherto, but this is owing to the forbearance of the Union men, for did they choose to push matters to an extremity they must be aware that they could do so with impunity.

Since my last list I have received the following subscriptions to the Gallantry Fund:—N. Z., 5s.; Theodore Lloyd, Esq., £2 2s.; E. T., 5s.; Man of Kent, 5s.; C. R., 4s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Damaged Copies.—A correspondent sends me a damaged copy of To-Day. Had he put his name and address I should have been delighted to have sent him a fresh copy in exchange. Whenever a paper has a large circulation a certain number of damaged copies are sure to slip through the printers' hands. When noticed they are at once destroyed.

Patria.—What you term "compulsory volunteering" would be conscription under another name. A system of military training might easily be arranged as you suggest, that would not interfere with the nation's work.

W. R.—I thank you for your letter.

Robin points out to me that Elan is in Radnorshire. Geography was always one of my weak points.

N. C.—You are quite correct. My argument should have been that the axioms of an exact science could never change.

W. C.—No, I do not concur with you. My experience has taught me that there is a wide field between rant and drawing-room entertainment.

P. H. B.—See answer to "Patria."

Doubtful.—I think it would be much better if engaged couples entered upon marriage with some knowledge of the subject.

Man of Kent.—Your subscription will be acknowledged in another column. I am afraid it would be of little use our discussing literature. The stories that you find meaningless twaddle I consider as among the best specimens of short-story writing published within the last ten years, so as regards this subject one or the other of us must be a hopeless ass.

S. L. (Lincoln) wishes to send ten shillings or a little more to the man, John Hickley, one of the Light Brigade, whose gallant struggle against poverty was the subject of some verses in this paper last week. If any other correspondents like to subscribe I will see that the result gets into the old fellow's hands.

Medico.—My estimate was not confined to the United Kingdom. Had I intended that, I should probably have added words to such effect.

E. S.—There is a lot of legal formality to be gone through in changing your name, but for all practical purposes it would be sufficient to advertise the change in two or three papers.

The Two Macs.—Obtain undoubted evidence of what you state, and then proceed against the cabman.

W. E. L. draws my attention to a case in which a man named Foster, a farmer of North Curry, was let off by a sympathetic bench of magistrates with a paltry fine of five guineas for cruelty to a pony.

T. A. H.—Chief-constable Lloyd, of York, would certainly do well to leave the detection of drunken men in future to subordinates, who are more likely to be competent judges. In Mr. Shaw's place I should feel inclined to bring an action for damages against the Chief-constable, who possibly through reading teetotal tracts has come to the conclusion that for a man to be outside a chapel on Sunday evening is *primâ facie* evidence of his being grossly intoxicated.

W. N.—I find that the "Omnibus" column is one of the most popular in the paper.

Professional Football.—Many correspondents continue to write me on this subject, defending professionalism. I base my objection to professionalism in sport on no data, on no information, on no knowledge. It exists merely in prejudice. The mere fact of people taking money to play a game rouses my contempt and indignation. That people should care to see a game by hired players strikes me as idiotic. I cannot conceive of sport existing in connection with £ s. d. I should think with equal repugnance of pluck, gentleness and tenderness being paid for at so much an hour.

W. N. Y.—I am glad to find that your first letter misled me as regards your real sentiments. You certainly used the words I complained of with reference to Tommy Atkins, and you certainly did sneer at the size of the French soldiers. As regards Volunteers, no one admires that body more than I do. I hope now that we both understand each other better.

Cruelty to Horses.—A correspondent points out to me that my remarks appear to have been of some service in Norwich. A driver was summoned for cruelly working a pony. The magistrate dismissed the summons against the driver, and directed the police to proceed against the owner.

Jack Spratt wants me to assist him in choosing a musical instrument for him to learn (violin excepted). "No doubt," writes my correspondent, "you will think it a matter of individual choice, but the fact is I can scarcely lay claim to possessing a preference, not having had opportunities of forming one. Should prefer an instrument which would fall in with piano." —It is certainly usual for a musician to choose his own instrument, but in the case of a beginner, especially an adult, the matter is usually left to one's neighbours. You can get more music out of a guitar or a mandoline than you can out of a banjo, but if you wish to gain a certain local reputation a cornet will do it for you quicker than anything. I should recommend my correspondent to start with a banjo, which is, I believe, much simpler than the other instruments mentioned.

Penal.—The metre in which you write is pretty enough, but I am afraid there is nothing in the poem to deserve publication.

K. K.—The drug you name, which is not the same as "the seed of Paradise," has been used in the making of beer on account of its bitterness. It is far too dangerous a drug to be employed to any extent, and is rarely to be met with in medicine. I am told that "grains of Paradise" are occasionally used in beer to give it a kind of hot flavour.

Sabbath-Breaker has copied for my benefit a printed notice posted up in an Anglesea lodging-house where he recently stayed:—"As we are aware that the above precept (Fourth Commandment) is not duly observed and kept in this neighbourhood, but that evil habits are prevailing amongst us such as shooting, rowing, fishing, bathing, collecting mushrooms, gathering lapwings' eggs, etc., on the Sabbath Day which are very disgraceful. We the undersigned as representatives of the different denominations in the district protest against such things, and urgently request every visitor and citizen in this district to refrain wholly from all manner of sporting and gambling on the Sabbath Day. Therefore, we hope, that this simple caution will suffice to subdue these evils, without taking any further proceedings, as we are determined to put an end to them if possible.—Rev. Hugh Jones, Rev. J. R. Jones, John Hughes, Elias Hughes, on behalf of Brindu; Rev. T. Gruffydd, and John Jones, on behalf Rheoboth; Henry Owen, Thos. Williams, on behalf of Rhosneiger." I suppose we cannot expect good English from Welsh parsons.

Volunteer Major writes strongly agreeing with my remarks on conscription, and points out what little thanks our 200,000 Volunteers obtain for sacrificing their time and, in the case of the officers, money for the benefit of their country. It has been too much the fashion to pooh-pooh the Volunteer movement, and it has suffered in consequence. It has been useful in keeping alive the military spirit of the nation, and many a young fellow, I feel confident, has gained in physical and mental health by donning the red, grey or green.

The Public-House Reform Association write me, through their secretary, that they are advocating a modified Gothenburg system. I wish the Public-house Reform Association every success, though I am not sanguine as to its powers. All these good people seem to me to be going to work at the wrong end. It is not the public-house that wants reforming; it is the public-house *habitué*. Reform the drunkard, and the drink shop will very soon reform itself.

P.G.B. writes me: "Some time ago my father did an old sailor a good turn. When he was on his death-bed he asked to see my father, and said, 'I have been unable to repay you for the kind service you did me some years ago.' He then asked him to look in a certain place in the room to find a little round ebony box. He told him to open it, and there he found a small piece of stone, like wax, just as a diamond is before being cut. The old sailor said he came by it from an Indian prince, how he would not say, and that it was a valuable diamond. Having no relations alive, he said he would give it to my father. I have taken it to a jeweller I know very well I could trust. He has examined it, and says it is a diamond, but does not know the value of it. The stone is now my property. I am afraid to take or send it to anyone, for fear, if it be valuable, I might be robbed by trickery, perhaps keeping it and substituting even glass in its place. Will you be so good as to advise me?" My correspondent seems to have got hold of all the materials for a valuable romance. The Office here is quite excited about it, and three of the staff have individually asked me for a holiday next Monday. My correspondent must put his fears and his diamond in his pocket. I should advise him to go with it to Messrs. Streeter, Bond Street, W.

Vivisection.—Numerous correspondents have written me no this subject, which I will treat upon next week.

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

The List will open on Thursday, the 3rd October, 1895, and close on or before Four o'clock on the same day.

The Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited, are authorised to receive Subscriptions for the undermentioned Capital of the

Central Exploration and Investment Corporation, Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1890.

Capital - - - - - £500,000

In Shares of £1 each, including 5,000 Founders' Shares, of £1 each.

Subscriptions are invited for 200,000 Ordinary Shares,

Payable as follows:—5s per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, 10s. per Share when required. Applications for 160,000 of these Shares have already been received from the Shareholders of the Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited, and others.

DIRECTORS.

Charles Hurlbatt, Esq., Sir William G. Davies, K.C.S.I., James Parker, Esq., } Directors of The Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited.

Albert Oppenheim, Esq,, Director of the Anglo-German Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited.

BANKERS.

Parr's Banking Company and the Alliance Bank, Limited, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

Union Bank of Australia, Limited, London, E.C., and Branches in Western Australia.

BROKERS.—G. A. Phillips and Co., 2, St. Michael's House, St. Michael's Alley, E.C.

SOLICITORS.—Bircham and Co., 50, Old Broad Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (*pro tem.*)

Thomas Nevell, 1, Metal Exchange Buildings, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Corporation is formed for the purpose of acquiring Land and Mineral Leases, Mining, Timber, Water, Electric Supply and other rights, concessions and options in Western Australia and other British Colonies and Dependencies, and also in South Africa, America and elsewhere; also to invest in Mining and other Shares, and to lend money on the security of same, and to carry on business as Financial and General Agents.

The Corporation will co-operate with and supplement in its operations the Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited, which, although it has only been a short time in existence, has already obtained such highly satisfactory results, that their £1 Shares now stand at £2 10s., and their Deferred Shares at £45-50.

There are magnificent opportunities at the present moment in the Mining Fields of Western Australia, and in parts of the vast mineral areas of the Transvaal and elsewhere in South Africa, which as yet are but slightly developed, for a Corporation such as this, with ample available capital, to obtain a strong position and realise large profits. The Corporation will carry on the same class of business and on lines similar to those of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited, and some of the leading Exploration Companies of Western Australia, whose operations have been characterised with such marked success.

The objects of the Corporation comprise the acquisition by purchase or pegging out of Mining claims—exploring for and working metals and minerals—and also investing in and undertaking the development of Town lands and other properties, with a view to resale to sub-companies or otherwise. The development of such properties, carefully selected for subsequent flotation, should be a most profitable class of business. With regard to South Africa and Australia, this is amply demonstrated by the present quotations on the London Stock Exchange and Foreign Bourses of the Shares of Companies engaged in this class of business. There is also evidence of an immediate and strong revival of American and Mexican mining enterprise in districts which are well known to be extremely rich in metals and minerals, and where properties can still be acquired on advantageous terms, so as to afford encouragement for the promotion of Companies to acquire and work them.

The Corporation also proposes to undertake Financial and General Agency business, more particularly in connection with Mining enterprises Prominent features in this Corporation's business will be the formation of Companies, the underwriting of new issues, and the investment of capital in Companies the success of which is practically assured. With the opportunities which the Board will possess for obtaining early and reliable Information from the Mining fields, this part of the business should it is believed prove a solid source of revenue.

Arrangements have been made with the well-known Harrod's Stores, Limited, under which it is proposed to organise retail stores at several of the various mining centres in Western Australia for account of the Corporation. It is intended to organise a transport service, which should also form a profitable branch of the Corporation's business. The advisability of establishing a Labour Bureau and the colonisation of agricultural lands will be early and carefully considered. as the organisation and introduction of suitable labour to the mining fields and the colonisation of extensive tracts of land in their vicinity, are enterprises which, judging from past experiences in other mining centres, should, at no distant date, prove profitable.

An agreement will be made, securing to the Corporation the option to purchase certain mining properties, and by which the vendors will be entitled to the call at par of the unused capital of the Corporation, or any portion thereof.

The Corporation will be prepared to undertake, or assist in, the consonstuction of Public Works, such as Tram Roads, Water Works and Conduits, and Electric Installations; also the erection of Custom Mills, Metallurgical Works, Stores, Dwelling-houses, and other works and buildings, a class of business on which handsome profits are obtainable.

A special feature in the Corporation's programme is the intention to organise immediately in Western Australia, and later on in other mining centres, a staff of competent and reliable Mining Engineers and Experts for the purposes of inspecting and advising in the selection of properties for acqusition by this Corporation. It will be obvious that with their own Engineers on the spot, the Corporation will be in the best possible position to secure valuable options and properties at the most reasonable prices.

The Corporation have also in contemplation the establishment of a Mining Bureau, where applicants can secure the services of the trustworthy and competent Engineers on the Corporation's staff for inspecting and and advising on mining properties. There is a great need for this in all new Mining districts, and such an establishment, supported by a strong and well-known Corporation, should soon command a very extensive clientele.

The Directors have already under offer several valuable options of Mining Properties in Western Australia, and other interests of value, and it is anticipated that considerable profits may be realised by giving financial assistance in cases where good properties are held by owners not provided with sufficient working capital.

The Corporation has the opportunity of securing an interest at very trifling outlay in a Syndicate which has already sent out an expedition for securing properties in British Columbia, in which country there are several extensive mineral areas which are attracting special attention at the present moment, and afford strong evidence of the existence of rich mineral deposits.

The Corporation will work in conjunction with the Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited, which has already a complete organisation in Western Australia.

The operations of the Corporation will not be confined to any one Country, but rather the attempt made to acquire wide-spreading interests.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association provide that after a dividend of 12 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary Shares, and provision has been made for a Reserve Fund, the Founders' Shares will be entitled to one-half of the remaining profits of each year, and the Ordinary Shares to the other half, and can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Corporation.

The outline of the objects and programme of the Corporation which is given here, is of a wide and far-reaching character, but it will be readily understood that only a comparatively small part of it can be undertaken at the early stages of the Corporation's business.

It is well known that a most profitable business has been and can be done by Financial and Parent Companies such as this. The Shares of nearly all such Companies stand at a premium, and some of them at a very high premium, and the Directors believe that the profits to be realised by this Corporation will be such as very soon permit of the delaration of a handsome interim dividend.

Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares can be obtained at the offices of the Company, as well as from the Company's Bankers and Solicitors.

Dated, London, September 28th, 1895.

CLUB CHATTER.

I have received a number of letters in reference to my notes last week on the subject of smoking carriages. All my correspondents are thoroughly in agreement with my idea that smoking carriages should be labelled "Men only." "An Old Smoker" writes: "Allow me to express my great pleasure for your suggestion that smoking carriages should be labelled "Men only." To-day I travelled from Baker Street to Farringdon Street in a second-class smoker, in which there were three women, two babies, and eight men. The babies coughed all the way; so did the women. Some of the men stopped smoking, the rest felt like brutes. Personally, I felt like a brute. It is quite time the railway companies did something for the unprotected male."

The other week I advised a correspondent as to the best way of getting his fox-terrier into condition for the show bench. My hints are fully endorsed by the leading doggy paper in this country, viz., *The Stock-Keeper*, which says: "Whoever the 'Major' of To-Day may be, he is certainly a fox-terrier fancier, as his answer to a correspondent proves. The reader had asked how to get a fox-terrier into show condition, and the Major told him all we know." Praise from this quarter is praise indeed. *The Stock-Keeper* is quite right, I have a weakness for fox-terriers.

I came across a slight novelty in the way of collars the other day. Instead of the turned-down corners being cut square, they were rounded off into a shape something similar to the quarter of an oval. There have seldom been so many different shapes of collars about as there are just now. The most fashionable are the stick-up, with the corners slightly pressed out, the same with the turned-down points, and a high collar turned down all the way round. One great advantage of this last shape is that the tie cannot possibly ride over the top of the collar, which looks best when worn with a small self-tied bow.

Once I remember offending a lady journalist because I made some homely remark in regard to men's dress, such as saying that it was not well to turn up at a funeral in a red tie, or that it was bad form to wear a silk hat at a dog-fight. She argued that to tell any man how to dress was ridiculous—I believe she said it was insane. As the costume of the ordinary male consisted, under normal circumstances, of a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, she failed to see why any man in his sober senses should ever even allude to the subject in cold print.

Now, I do hope that this lady reads the Parisian journals. Because, if she does, she will have to give me a friendly paragraph in her otherwise scathing columns, and admit that I was only a little ahead of my time. The solid fact of the case is this—at the present moment the best-known boulevard journals are devoting a regular space to telling their fair readers what is the latest thing in men's clothing, in order to keep them well up in the fashions. This is an average paragraph:—"Mdlle. —— was noticeable in the Boïs yesterday on her bicycle. She wore stockings of the plaid pattern. Her pantaloons were of dark serge, somewhat short at the knees. She has adopted the glazed-fronted shirt, and wore a high collar with a black bow. The soft felt American hat was charming. It is believed that checks will be favoured this autumn."

Certainly a man does not wear his trousers cut on the bloomer principle—no doubt that will come. But, apart from that, the clothes of the average cycling woman in Paris to-day would pass muster for any male adult who was escaping from his burning homestead. The fact that lady journalists devote yards of copy to telling women how to dress in men's clothes certainly seems to me to justify my position.

Talking of the advanced woman, I remember an experience at Maison Lafitte races, when I fell across a lady bookmaker—and, by the way, they abound on the French racecourses. She was a pretty little blonde, with a satchel across her shoulder, tickets in her hand, and with a pencil behind her ear. She stopped me as I was going to make some bet at the *Pari Mutuel*, and asked me to allow her to book the bet. As I was tolerably certain that I should lose under any circumstances, I allowed her to take the money. Curiously enough, the horse won. As she was walking about at the time, and had no fixed stand, I concluded naturally that the money was gone for good. Therefore, I was a good deal surprised on being suddenly hailed by the fair bookmaker, who paid out the winnings to the centime with a business-like air that any member of the Ring might have envied.

I am told that the race for the Prix de Conseil Municipal in Paris on Sunday will attract more of the English than any race on the Continent since Bendigo's year. The principal hotels are already booked up to the garrets, almost exclusively by the English. The belief is general that Best Man will canter home, and at the present moment Frenchmen are ordering their winter clothes on the strength of what the English horse is going to win for them.

Newmarket may be par excellence *the* racecourse of the world, but the general public fight shy of the little town in Cambridgeshire—or is it in Suffolk now? Their indifference to the tasty bills of fare does not appear to disturb the equanimity of the Jockey Club Stewards, who seem to be of the opinion that Newmarket is for the classes and not for the masses.

To see two Derby winners—and both belonging to the same man—competing in a race valued at £10,000 is a unique sight, and at any other place except Newmarket would have drawn an enormous concourse of spectators; as it was, one experienced no inconvenience in getting about the various enclosures on the famous heath, whilst the enthusiasm over the race was very lukewarm. But this was due no doubt to the tropical heat.

And it was hot—'orrid 'ot. Men who had passed years of their life in India declared that the sun's rays were as fierce as they ever remembered them to be during their sojourn in our great Eastern possession. Cases of sunstroke were common, and it was strange indeed to see Lord Rosebery walking about in flannels, and protecting himself with a white umbrella.

It has been hinted that Mr. C. D. Rose's challenge for the America Cup was somewhat of a slight upon Lord Dunraven. I cannot imagine that Mr. C. D. Rose intended it to be so. Mr. Rose is a sportsman to the backbone. Racing and yachting are his two great hobbies; but it cannot be said that he has met with phenomenal success at either branch. He is a fine rider, and I remember him beating his own son by a head in an important point to point race.

Mr. Rose is a partner in the firm of Morton, Rose and Co. He is a typical business man, and has largely helped to make his house famous the world over in connection with Canadian affairs.

It may have been noticed that Mrs. Langtry won a race recently with a horse named Decree Nisi.

Kempton Park will be the next racecourse graced by

the Prince of Wales. I understand Mr. S. H. Hyde has made most elaborate arrangements for the comfort of his Royal visitor. Neither has the ordinary racegoer been forgotten, and it only remains for Persimmon to win the great two-year-old race to make the genial Kempton secretary lose himself behind his smile.

Lord William Beresford, the prime mover in the Paris III. invasion, is an elder brother of Lord Marcus Beresford. When in India he was the most prominent figure in the world of sport, and was put down as a very keen man. He recently married the Duchess of Marlborough. As a horseman he has few superiors; but we are not likely to see him riding in public.

That the Prince of Wales is bent on winning the Derby is common property. Perhaps next season H.R.H. will have his wish gratified, but why speculators are so rash as to jump in and take any price offered against Persimmon passeth all understanding. The colt has yet two or three engagements to fulfil this year, and reports to hand are none too satisfactory, and should we have a very dry spring the son of St. Simon may not see the post, for he is not the soundest animal in training.

My remarks *re* the telephone and racing results were soon proved to the hilt. During the Manchester gathering, the Exchange Telegraph Company used the telephone, with the result that they beat the rival company by wires on several occasions. I suppose the sharp division took full advantage of the opportunity; but let them make hay whilst the sun shines, for extensive notices are to be sent round to all subscribers to the "tape."

The sanguine spirits who believed that it was possible to compensate working-men players of Rugby football for loss of wages incurred through assisting a club and yet to avoid actual professionalism, or the payment of services, irrespective of any wage-earning considerations, are likely to be speedily disabused of their notions. The revolt from the Rugby Union is not yet two months' old, and it might well have been imagined that all concerned in the Northern Union, whether as promoters or as players, would have endeavoured, as far as possible, to contribute to its success, yet already there is trouble between one club and its men.

Presumably the club offers the regulation six shillings, but the players stand out for nine shillings and twelve shillings apiece. In this first outbreak the club officials appear to have acted wisely, refusing the demand, and replacing the malcontents by other players; but that such an occurrence should have taken place within a month or so of the formation of the Northern Union is ample justification for those who have always contended that payment for "broken time" must inevitably end in professionalism.

No doubt the Northern Union authorities will deal sternly with an outbreak of this kind, and the strikers, already under the ban of the Rugby Union, as members of Northern Union clubs, may find themselves outcasts from the football world. On the other hand, the players of other Northern Union clubs may make common cause with these earliest malcontents, and attempt to force a better price for their services.

Further developments will be awaited with cynical interest, but one cannot help feeling what a pitiful thing it is that the great towns of the North cannot find as representatives players imbued with any more sportsmanlike feeling than these men who would sacrifice their club for a matter of three shillings more or less remuneration.

Although there have as yet been only four Saturdays for football, a sixth part of the League programme has already been completed. The positions of the contending elevens up to this point presented a strong contrast to those of twelve months ago, for, at a similar point in the season, neither Everton nor Sunderland had been beaten; indeed, each had scored the highest number of points possible, whereas Everton, in their first half-dozen matches this season, suffered two defeats, and Sunderland, in a similar number of engagements, gained only two victories, three of the six matches being drawn. Again Stoke, and Bolton Wanderers, who have the best records for September, found themselves respectively sixteenth and twelfth a year ago, the Midland team having met with no success, and the Lancashire club having only one victory to set against three defeats.

The next production at the Court Theatre will be *The Rivals*, with Mrs. John Wood as Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Anthony Absolute will be played by Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Bob Acres by Mr. W. S. Clarke, junr.

The next play produced at the Duke of York's Theatre will be by Mr. Fergus Hume, the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. This is not likely to be wanted for some time, however, as *Her Advocate* has quite caught on. By the way, it is possible that Mr. Edward Terry may retire from management altogether and content himself with being merely an actor. His theatre will be taken by—well, that's a secret at present, but I am told the gentleman is one of our most energetic and enterprising young managers.

The cast for Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play at the Garrick will be an exceptionally strong one. It includes Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Jack Barnes, Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. H. Cane, and Mr. F. H. Tyler; Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Winifred Fraser, Miss Agnes Miller, and Miss Marion Terry.

The Major.

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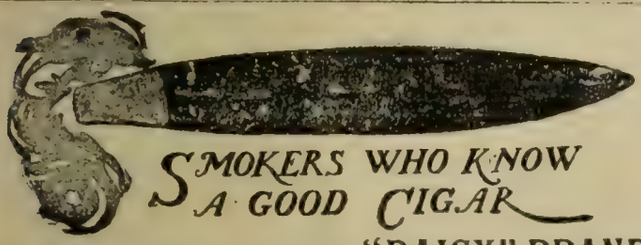

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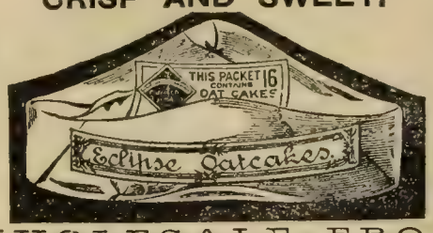

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London, *September*, 1895.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I am informed by a feminine friend that John Strange Winter's (Mrs. Stannard) latest publication appears in flannel, is of a somewhat military type, and for family circulation only. Though the edition is limited to one, it has already made a good deal of noise in literary and other circles.

* * * *

In the course of a talk with my old friend, Mr. Andrew Chatto, about his books for this season, he expressed himself strongly of opinion that the three-volume novel is by no means as dead as it is supposed to be; and he is backing up this opinion by the issue of Clark Russell's exciting story, "The Convict Ship," in three-volume form. I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him whether Allan Upward is a *nom-de-plume*, but he assured me that it is the real name of the clever author of "The Prince of Balkistan." Mr. Upward was a Parliamentary candidate in the labour interest for Denbigh, but failed to get in. The "new author" is fair, under the average height, and with blue eyes.

* * * *

There is a certain maritime frankness about Mr. Clark Russell's preface to "Is He the Man?" (Chatto and Windus), in which he says that he wrote the book twenty years ago, has never since read it, and that nothing survives in his memory but the title and the name of the publisher. But the original publisher desired to sell his remaining rights in the book, and Mr. Chatto begged Mr. Clark Russell to allow him to reprint the story which he (Mr. Chatto) found so absorbing that it kept him awake in bed. It would be unkind to mention the name of another story which I have lately been using for a diametrically opposite purpose; but the author's name is not unknown to fame.

* * * *

Have just been reading Morley Roberts' "The Master of the Silver Sea" (Ward and Downey). There is an appalling brutality about the whole story which makes one's blood run cold; but the brutality is consistent, and the fight between "Tom Heddon" and "Wade" on the desert island magnificent. As Mr. Roberts says:—

> No one knows but the man himself, but how often do strange and hideous desires come even to the pure; how often does the anciently-laid devil of some bloody-minded ancestor (Mr. Roberts is particularly partial to the adjective "bloody") get on top for the moment; how often does the need of killing come to those who never slew? In the men of a strong race that can still fight and be ruthless on necessity there are times when hell is on the top. And Wade was strong; he was the one power where he stood; he had killed and knew no real remorse.

* * * *

A correspondent points out to me that Philip Massinger's tragedy, *The Virgin Martyr*, follows, or, I should say, precedes, very closely the plot of Mr. Wilson Barrett's play, *The Sign of the Cross*. Massinger's play tells of the sufferings of a young Roman girl, Dorothea, who has become a Christian. She is persecuted for her religion, and consoled by the passionate devotion of the young Roman soldier, Antonio. In the end Dorothea is condemned to death, and Antonio, her lover, at the last moment abjuring his Roman faith, dies beside her. The resemblance is certainly striking.

* * * *

Miss Braddon, the veteran novelist, complains that Messrs. Mudie have issued the annexed circular in connection with her latest novel "Sons of Fire":—

> "Sons of Fire."
>
> "The publishers having decided to publish this book in three volumes at a prohibitive price, the directors are compelled to wait for the production of the one-volume edition, which (judging from past experience) will be ready in a very few weeks."

Miss Braddon states:—

> Now, the two statements, or rather mis-statements, in the above circular can be disposed of in two sentences.
>
> (1) The "prohibitive price" asked for "Sons of Fire" is the price paid by Mudie's Library for every one of the three-volume novels published for me during the thirty-three years in which I have been known to the reading public.
>
> (2) No cheap edition of any novel of mine has appeared within less than six months after the publication of the book in three volumes, while of late years the interval has been eight months.

Miss Braddon also says that:—

> Messrs. Mudie have taken upon themselves to prophesy a rapid production of "Sons of Fire" in one volume; but I am happy to assure the West-end, suburban, and provincial librarians, who are freely circulating my new book, that no other or cheaper edition of "Sons of Fire" will appear until August 1896.

* * * *

A correspondent wants to find out which are the two most perfect lines in Milton's "Lycidas." As a rule I know more about the outsides of books than the insides, but "Lycidas" is one of the few poems to which I turn when the rude world "'eaves 'arf bricks" at me. My favourite lines are—

> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

and

> While the still morn went out with sandals grey.

Why hasn't Watts painted a picture of this last line? A cowled figure stealing droopingly away into space! It would be a welcome relief from the eternal sameness of Academy subjects.

* * * *

Mr. Joseph Hatton came into the shop one day this week looking the picture of robust health, and brown as his tanned boots. He is one of the first of my literary friends who has finished his holiday. He has been boating on the Moselle. He and a party of friends have rowed from Trier to a vineyard not far from Coblenz. It was the first Thames boat, I believe, to navigate the waters of the "Blue Moselle," and was exported by Mr. Percy Lindley, whose pleasant little guide-books have familiarised Cockneys with many Continental pleasure-resorts. Mr. Hatton also visited the Effiel country, where he tells me the Macquoids are writing a new book. According to him the German volcanic region is weirdly fascinating, but he has no literary designs upon it. His new novel now running in the *People* and *Leslie's Weekly* takes the reader to France during the Revolution.

* * * *

Have been away for a brief holiday at Scarborough, and amused myself by reading an old weather-beaten copy of "The Castle of Otranto" which I found in my rooms. I would suggest the following paragraph to Sir Augustus Harris for a transformation scene. This kind of writing seems to have gone out of fashion, but it enthralled and bewitched a good many people in "the good old days":—

> The walls of the castle behind Manfred were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense magnitude, appeared in the centre of the ruins. "Behold in Theodore the true heir of Alfonso," said the vision. And, having pronounced those words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, it ascended solemnly towards heaven; where, the clouds parting asunder, the form of St. Nicholas was seen, and, receiving Alfonso's shade, they were soon wrapt from mortal eyes in a blaze of glory.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tynesider.—Your "Barker's" bible is of no great rarity, and worth about £2. M.A.—No value whatever. Kenneth Black.—Your 1793 edition of "Roderick Random" is of no value; there were about twenty editions published before yours, the first in 1748. Bim.—Not one of the books you mention is of any value. C. Romford.—Your bible is valueless. J. S. H.—These books are first editions, worth about 25s. to a bookseller if in a good state of preservation; apply to J. and M. L. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C. E. M. S.—I do not know of a dramatised edition of "Alice in Wonderland"; it is not in any list. Harry Greenhalgh.—"Hoodwinked," by T. W. Speight, is published by Chatto and Windus at 2s. Herbert (Salcott Road, Wandsworth Common).—They are worth 7s. 6d. each.

Douglas.—Thanks for your breezy letter. Mr. Kipling lives at Brattleborough, Vermont, U.S.A.; hence the appropriateness of the title. No; I haven't any prejudices about men and women. "Useless each without the other" summarises my attitude towards them.

MISS KATE CUTLER.

A Chat at The Criterion.

How few of those "in front," be they in the stalls or in gallery, realise the time, the effort, the expenditure of energy, to say nothing of the enormous expense involved, in the production of the simplest little play. The up-to-date burlesque, or "musical farce," which at present seems to lead the London playgoer captive, has been described by some captious critic as, "A song, a dance, and a bit of nonsense." Those engaged in interpreting *All Abroad* could tell a very different tale, for in no other class of stage-work are so many varied gifts required as in burlesque.

Miss Kate Cutler was for some time a brilliant member of Mr. George Edwardes' ever-increasing company, and she contributed not a little to the success which attended *In Town*, *The Gaiety Girl*, and *The Shop Girl*.

"No, I cannot claim to have been early stage-struck," she observed smiling, to a representative of To-Day. "I studied at the Royal Academy of Music with a view to concert platform and teaching; Mr. Randegger saw me act in some private theatricals, and strongly advised me to go on the stage. People sometimes ask my advice as to where they should pursue their musical studies abroad. I always recommend them to stay at home. I think as good teaching is to be got in London as out of it; of course, I do not deny that the Italian climate is probably very good for the voice, but still there is no necessity to go abroad."

MISS KATE CUTLER.

"And when and how did you make your *début?*"

"In the provinces during a short tour with *Peppita*, but I soon came to town and played the piece at Toole's. Later I took part in the production of *Paul Jones* at the Prince of Wales's. I think I owed my success in *In Town* to the "Dear Mamma" song; later I took over Miss Florence St. John's *rôle* in the same piece."

"And do you enjoy burlesque work?"

"Yes, thoroughly, though, of course, it is not so easy as some people seem to think. I have been fortunate in my parts. When *The Gaiety Girl* opened at Daly's I took Miss Decima Moore's part, and before I came here I also played in *The Shop Girl*."

"And between ourselves, Miss Cutler, do you really believe these musical farces will go on for ever and a day?"

"Well, there is bound to come a change, and the present style is very superior to the old Gaiety burlesques, which were once all the rage. Now a piece to succeed must be a happy mixture of good songs, pretty and tasteful costumes, and smart dialogue. Of course I should not like to see the theatre become more and more like a music-hall; but I do not think there is much fear of that at present."

"And what sort of songs do you find your audiences prefer?"

"Something light and bright; a comic song is nearly always a success; but it is impossible to tell beforehand what will 'go down.' Sometimes a song which has delighted us all at rehearsals will make no effect; and some little ditty which passed unnoticed will be the success of the evening."

"Have you any views on the *encore* question?"

She hesitated and smiled deprecatingly. "An actress cannot receive a greater compliment than a good *encore*, and I suppose there is scarce one of us who would not feel very disappointed if the public omitted to testify their approval in 'the usual way,' but sometimes the repetition of a song, still more of a dance, means a very real strain on the voice and muscles of a performer; for my part I cannot help regarding the custom with mixed feelings."

"Are you yourself a quick study?"

"Only where anything musical is concerned—my speaking parts I only acquire at rehearsals; but once I have thoroughly got into the spirit of my *rôle* I never forget a line, and I am never so happy as when on the boards." And with these cheery words Miss Cutler donned the pretty white domino worn by her in the last act of *All Abroad*, and hastened off in response to the loud but not unmusical cry of the call-boy.

Little Johnny: "I won't be kept after school for whispering to Tommy Dodd any more."

Mother: "I am glad of that."

"Yes'm, Tommy sat behind me and I had to turn my head to whisper to him, and the teacher always saw me."

"You don't do it any more, I hope."

"No'm. I've got a seat behind Tommy, and now he'll have to turn his head."

SOMETHING ABOUT TRAMPS.

A tramp is a man who is looking for work; at least, he professes to be doing so; he spends his whole life looking for it, and when he gets to the gates of Heaven the first thing he will say is, "Have you any work?" Sometimes he finds it, and then he looks at it and says, "Ah, this is work;" he examines it curiously, and then finds that there isn't enough of it, or it isn't the sort he wants, and he passes on in search of a different sort. The Knights of the Round Table did not go through more hardships in their quest for the Holy Grail than our tramp; true, they fell across dragons which belched forth fire and brimstone, and they were attacked by recreant knights, but they eventually met some fair maidens in distress, whom they married, and lived happily for the rest of their lives. But our tramp must face the woman at home; the sour-tempered, the hard-visaged, unfeeling woman, whose sole aim in life seems to be to get him up to her door and set her bulldog on him; for they all keep bulldogs. Before I commenced reading the comic papers I had a vague sort of idea that bulldogs were expensive creatures, and only a few people could afford to keep them; but wherever our tramp goes they have one; a thin-looking creature, with a big head, huge jaws, and he is generally yawning, or coming round the corner looking for you, or he has broken his chain and is coming straight for you with his mouth open. Nobody in our street has one. I once had a dog, but his head wasn't big enough to call him a bulldog; he used to growl at nights, but he disappeared, and I received a note shortly after to this effect: "Mr. Jones' compliments, and he returns your collar and chain, which he found by the brick pits." He meant the dog's collar and chain, I suppose; because I've got my collar on; and my chain—well I've lent that to somebody. If she doesn't set the dog on him, she seems to take a delight in working some ancient bread, or antediluvian pie on to him, which he takes, and sits on the fence, and breaks two or three teeth in his endeavour to eat it, and then when he suggests some still more ancient wheeze—that it would be better if she did not put so much Portland cement into her bread, or some joke of that sort, the inevitable dog appears.

Truly it is a hard life, a tramp's. Sleeping in barns and under hedges and haystacks in the summer, and in the workhouse in the winter; a continual tramp, tramp from one place to another. He wakes up in the morning and says, "I shall reach the Utopia workhouse to-night, I'll sleep there;" or "I'll make for Farmer Jones' haystack; to-night I'll doss there."

Personally I shouldn't like it; it needs too much calculation, and I never was good at mathematics.

I did once sleep on a haystack. I had heard how warm and comfortable they were, and how the smell of the hay lulled you to sleep; but it didn't work. Just as I was being lulled that hay would get up and tickle me; it worked its way into my ears and all over me, and I got up and smoothed it down and lay down on my other side. But there was something the matter with it; it continued tickling, so I waited patiently for morning, and then I shook the dust of the hay off my feet and swore a solemn oath that I'd never sleep on a haystack again, and I haven't up to now. If you wish to do it try a straw mattress; that's bad enough.

To be an ornament to his profession a tramp must *not* work; he may get up at four o'clock in the morning and look for it; he may search for it till the next workhouse closes but he must not, no he must not work; he must be tattered and torn, and if he can cultivate a weary and worn expression he will rise to the top of a tramp's ladder; but he can never become famous; you never hear of a tramp becoming Lord Mayor of London or Archbishop of Canterbury, possibly because he hasn't the necessary half-crown to start life with in London; he is generally on the high road; but it is not the high-road to fortune, generally the most direct to the workhouse.

Have you ever walked along a country road in the summer when the dust rises at each step you take, and the sun shines right on to your head, and thought of your next stopping place, and you think of the mug of ale, or the glass of milk you'll have when you get there, and your mouth gets dry and parched as you think about it, and you hurry on in order to satisfy your thirst; or have you ever trudged along a road on a wet muddy day in winter with the rain beating on your face and trickling down your back, and thought of the nice hot drink you'll have at your journey's end, and how you count on it, and hurry on with increased speed? How would you like to have wishes like these and be unable to satisfy them? To think you have nothing to look forward to but workhouse grub, workhouse drink, and workhouse bed! There can be no ambition in a tramp's life but to be a tramp among tramps. He looks into the future and sees nothing but an aimless life—a life simply spent on trying to eke out a bare living. Your labourer with his fifteen shillings per week, a wife to come home to, and children to care for, is infinitely better off. He has his cares and troubles, he has wants which he cannot satisfy, but he has a home; and when we meet our wretched tramp, our hand goes to our pocket and it meets his hand, and you pass on, and he—well he, like our Knights of the Round Table, prepares himself for the fray in the shape of a "green dragon" or "pied bull."

The worthy Sunday-school superintendent was illustrating the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Superintendent: "If I want to raise a crop of turnips, what sort of seed must I sow?"

Children: "Turnip seed."

Superintendent: "If I want to raise a crop of tomatoes, what kind of seed must I sow?"

Children: "Tomato seed."

Superintendent: "Very good. Now, if you want to raise a crop of good manhood, what kind of seed must you sow?" And an observer who kept tally reported that the school on test vote was a tie between turnip seed and tomato seed.

The boy was right, notwithstanding his girlish curls, and a fond mother who was deathly afraid he was going to become coarse and vulgar, and in other respects masculine. One day a gentleman calling at the house engaged him in conversation.

"Well, my boy," he said, after some time, "what are you going to be when you grow up?" The boy studied the question a moment.

"Really," he replied, at last, "I don't know. I suppose I ought to be a man, but from the way mamma is handling me, I'm almost afraid I'm going to be a lady."

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa, and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow; "I hear him down in the hall."

Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked, when he had finished it: "It's verra pretty; but, mon, what does it prove?"

It was a clever Englishwoman who, when M. Blanc was mistaken at a garden-party for a page, replied: "Well, M. Blanc *is* a page—of history."

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

VII.—THE MOUTH AND LIPS.

The mouth, as previously mentioned, is the feature which indicates the passions, and as our passions are generally stronger than our powers of suppression, which are located in the brain, we require to use great determination and force of will to make ourselves masters of our feelings. The mouth is mostly composed of muscles, tissue, and nerves, the latter being the interpreters which convey to the mind our physical wants and sufferings. The mouth has two senses, whilst the other features have but one each. You can only *hear* with the ears, can only *see* with the eyes, you only *smell* with the nose, but with the mouth you can both taste and touch; and yet the three latter senses of smelling, tasting, and feeling are of nominal value compared to hearing and seeing, which are the senses of intellect. The mouth, by reason of the detachment of the lower jaw, is more under our control for facial expression than any other feature. There are stronger muscles round the mouth as the ganglia of the fifth, or trifacial nerve, gets nearer to the mouth. The motor part branches into every tooth, for the action of mastication and touch; the sensory part branches to the roof or palate of the mouth for the purpose of taste. The first and second division of this fifth nerve also runs to the nose, thereby connecting the senses of taste and smell. The sympathy between these two divisions is so great that anything which is unpleasant to the smell we cannot be persuaded to taste. The nose will acquaint the mouth if the food be bad or unfit to eat. The sensory and motor root of this fifth nerve is situated in that lowest part of the brain forward of the ear known to phrenologists as the organ of *alimentativeness*, and centred by Professor Ferrier under the nomenclature of *gustation*. There is no mentality required in the use of this organ. An idiot has the senses of taste and smell, whilst men possessing great intellect and reasoning capacity have been known to be devoid of either. Among the lower animals the lips exercise very little independent action, but are moved along with the jaws, to which they seem to serve the part of a mere covering. Animals' lips just cover the jaws to the extremity of the teeth, seldom or never over-lap them, but keep always ready to retire in order to give scope to the teeth in seizing prey. But the human lips exercise a distinct independent office, and take the rule and management of the whole external duty of the mouth. The human lips are moderators and regulators of the rapacious tendency of the jaws. In proportion as the lips cover up and enclose the jaws is the animal rapacity under control. Large lips always denote greater capacity with regard to taste and its assocated desires than narrow and linear ones. The horizontal width of the lips indicates the permanency of these functions, their vertical extent intensity; but the wide mouth refers merely to the animal temper, which may be superseded by moral discipline. The man who has managed to overcome his animal passions by dint of intellect is a more fully formed character, and is more generous and capable of making allowances for the foibles of humanity than the man of small mouth and clear cut lips whose whole placidity is constitutional. But the animal character, however much it may be held in by the intellectual, is still in full force below; the spring may be bent down, but the elastic force is tending upwards. It does not eradicate the animal propensities, but merely suppresses them. When both lips are but little developed a character opposed to voluptuousness exists (Fig. 1). The sensual character is most strongly developed when not merely the coloured part, but the whole of lips to their detachment beyond the gums protrude or hang forward (Fig. 2). The mouth of the bull is a good illustration of brutal sensuality, and you will also notice that the back of the throat of this animal is very short and thick; the cerebellum, or animal brain, occupying the largest part of the back of the head. Whenever the lips are greatly held in, or drawn backwards, or towards the angles, whatever may be their expression of passion it is under control, and a character for coolness or precision is proportionately given. The detractions and distortions of which the human mouth is capable show how far indulgence in passions is capable of sinking the human character; while the command we can give the few closing muscles over the numerous opening ones, and the increase of power and size which muscles acquire by use show to what an indefinite pitch of restraint and refinement the human passions may by persevering exertion be brought. In the red of the lip is situated the sense of touch in its most exquisite condition. Here the cuticle is thin, and is kept soft and moist with saliva. Here the nervous papillæ are most abundant in number, and most delicate in structure, and here blood is distributed in profusion. This red edge is to the lips what the tips of the fingers are to the hands. The lips have the power of moving in every possible direction, and almost consist of muscular fibres. Projection of lips indicates eagerness of the animal passions, but while the coarse passions of thick lips are apt to sink into grossness of animal appetites, the fine passions of thin, delicate lips are liable to be cold and fastidious. The moderate-sized lip bespeaks sufficient force of character, without coarseness of animal passion.

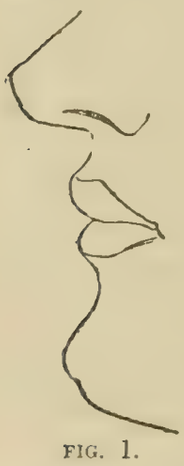

Fig. 1.

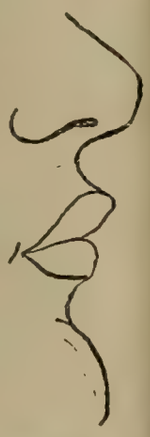

Fig. 2.

(*To be continued.*)

Among the "bulls" compiled by the *National Tribune* as having been made by members of Congress in the heat of debate, are the following: A member, in referring to one of his colleagues, said: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his oar where it is not wanted." In another speech occurred this expression: "The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." And another member, in a very forcible and dramatic manner, asked the House this startling question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

Speaking of the ignorance of some newspaper interviewers, Henry Watterson relates an incident that happened in New York when a young man was sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to interview Rutherford B. Hayes on some matter of prison reform. When the interviewer had gathered all the facts, he shot a last question at Mr. Hayes. "By the way, Mr. Hayes," he said, "what were you president of?"

Mamma: "Flossie, did you ask God to make you a better little girl?"

Flossie: "I never thought of that, it took so long a time to ask Him to keep you from scolding me so much."

"Gran'ma," said little four-year-old Austin, as he twined his arms lovingly around his grandmother's neck, "you'll never know how much I love you till you have a child of your own"

THE ELDEST SISTER.

The most annoying trait of the eldest sister is that she is always right. She always makes unpleasant prophecies, and they always come true. It is enough to make one suspect that she got someone to anoint her with oil in her youth. Sometimes, for instance, we hire an extra man to help the regular gardener in the height of the summer season. There is always a singular charm about an extra man which at once deceives everybody in the house, and causes the regular gardener to give warning on the spot. But our eldest sister is never deceived. "That man will turn out badly," she says, and she accentuates her attentions to the regular gardener. Of course he does turn out badly; would he be an extra man if he didn't? But our eldest sister has gained her point, so she snubs the regular gardener, who is inclined to presume on her indulgence, and she takes up the annoying and exultant attitude of the Delphic Oracle. We almost expect to find her poking about for omens among the bones of the chicken we had for dinner yesterday.

It is the same thing if we go for a picnic and really mean to enjoy ourselves. However cloudless the day, our eldest sister prognosticates rain before we start; she puts all the mackintoshes and umbrellas she can find into the carriage, and she persists in hearing thunder in the distance all the way. Nobody else ever hears it, but when we tell her so she merely looks up defiantly at the blue sky as if to say, "So you think I'm nothing but another weak-spirited Canute, do you?" Certainly, if Canute had been an eldest sister the sea would have been compelled to turn back; no simple law of Nature could withstand her. And such is our confidence in her prophetic instinct that we lose all our spirits and wait gloomily for the end; and when the storm really does come on the way home, which of course it does, she is so proud of her foresight that she hardly minds the rain at all. It is really more than we can bear sometimes; why should Fortune always be on the side of the eldest sister?

The prettiest picture of the eldest sister exists in the sick-room, where she is supposed to tend the suffering little one with loving, tender care. Could anything be more affecting than the sight of our eldest sister bending over us, denying herself for our sakes, and doing all she can to alleviate our pain? Speaking as a younger sister, we do not know anything more painful. At all times she seems to think that we sadly overcrowded a world which is already not select enough for her, and that our only use in being here is to cause her to be the eldest sister. But it is the crown and top of our offence when we catch cold and have to be nursed. She might easily leave us to somebody else's care, but she never will.

"What touching devotion!" say her friends. They do not know.

"You deserve to suffer," is her favourite remark to us; "didn't I tell you not to sit on that damp grass last Thursday fortnight?"

We feel quite sure that if she had *not* told us not to sit on the damp grass on the aforesaid date, it would never have given us cold; but we only reply in husky tones that we shall be all right to-morrow.

"All right? *That* you won't; you don't leave this room for ten days if I can help it;" and feeling that she has thoroughly got us this time, she claps on a burning hot poultice unexpectedly, which, of course, is the last thing that ought to be done with a burning hot poultice, and she begins grumbling forthwith at the trouble we are causing her. We beg her not to bother about us, and tell her there is no need for her to nurse us at all; but this annoys her more than ever, for she cannot bear to have her self-sacrifice proved unnecessary.

"Just when we didn't want any colds about the place," she says, bearing down upon us viciously with the camphorated oil; "it will go through the house for certain; I feel quite choky myself. Want of consideration for the happiness of others, *I* call it. Now keep yourself covered up, do, and I will read you the Psalms for to-day."—From *The Idler* for October.

MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE NEXT SUMMER WHEN THE BICYCLE GIRL GOES BATHING.

WIPED OFF THE ROSTER.

It happens that way sometimes—a misunderstanding of orders, meeting with unlooked-for obstructions, the officer in command losing his head just at the critical moment. We had charged up the highway to find most of the planks removed from a bridge crossing a run. Two or three army wagons had broken down and been turned across the road. There were dead men and dead horses, and before we reached the hill our formation was broken, and we were driven back like a mob. There was no fighting on our part, and yet we lost fifteen men of our hundred. Later on in the war some one would have been court-martialled for ordering such a movement, but as we came galloping back to re-form, the Colonel rode down upon us:

"You cowards! You skulks! You have disgraced the regiment, and I'll have you drummed out of it! Where is Captain Starks?"

The Captain's cheek had been grazed by a bullet, and there was blood on his face. A second bullet had entered his shoulder, and his left arm hung helpless. His first-lieutenant lay dead back there, and his second fell from his saddle with the pain of the wound in the hip as we came back.

"They were too strong for us!" reported Captain Starks, saluting the Colonel, who rode up to him with white face and blazing.

"Too strong for you!" thundered the officer. "It was no charge, sir! Your men were not properly led! Retire your company and consider yourself under arrest!" The charge of cowardice against a private meant ridicule, insult, contempt. Only another coward would share his blanket or eat of his rations. Against a commissioned officer it meant such ostracism and degredation that he had better have been found out to be an escaped convict. We had been driven back. We had been called cowards. Our Captain was under arrest. No one gave the order. We formed by fours, the wounded Captain rode to the head of the line, and with the Colonel shouting and storming, and the regiment applauding, we moved forward.

The enemy has been reinforced. More planks have been removed from the bridge, fence rails piled across the road, dead horses rolled up to make a breastwork. A regiment of infantry could not break through now. Trot, gallop, charge! Some keep to the road, some take to the ditches. The fences on either side are lined with the enemy's infantry, who show no pity, and from the turn in the road ahead two pieces of artillery are belching grape and canister. There are no orders. We have been called cowards, and we are pushing forward to death. Men shriek and curse as they throw up their arms and fall from the saddle. Horses scream out in pain and terror as iron or lead enters their flesh.

Over the bridge, over the barricades, over the dead and wounded we follow our Captain, who has no bridle arm, and waves his sabre around his head as his horse carries him forward. Now we lose sight of him in the smoke; now we catch sight of him as a puff of wind creates a rift. How far is it to the guns? How long is this wild rush to last? No one asks himself these questions. If it were a thousand miles, and if it would take us a year, we would reach those guns! Forward, forward; and now we see the gunners; now a sheet of flame leaps into our faces; now we have reached the goal, and the guns are ours!

A hundred men rode in the first charge, and the dead were fifteen. Eighty-five rode in the second, and five returned. The others were dead or prisoners, more than half dead; every prisoner wounded. They were left at the bridge, in the ditches, at the barricades. Across one of the guns, just as he had fallen from his horse when half-a-dozen bullets pierced him at once, was the body of our Captain, and in the dust beneath three of his followers, crippled for life with their wounds. It was better to be wiped off the roster of the regiment than to bear the stigma of cowardice.

—*Current Literature.*

ALABAMA JUSTICE.

Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed during his administrations of justice. On one occasion, a young man was tried for stealing a pocket-book. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other it seemed to the judge conclusive. To his amazement and wrath, however, the jury convicted the young man, and acquitted the murderer. In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoner, the judge said: "Young man, you have not been in this country long?" "No, your honour," replied the prisoner. "I thought not," said the judge; "you don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocket-books." On another occasion, when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prisoner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said: "It is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer." In his charge to the jury, the judge admitted the soundness of this proposition, but he added impressively and severely: "Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that ninety-nine have already escaped."

A young French advocate, in the course of his address to the court, flourished about his hand in such a manner as to show off a magnificent diamond ring. He was young, good-looking, and was pleading for a lady of quality who demanded a separation from her husband. The husband, who happened to be present, interrupted him in the middle of a period, and, turning to the judges, exclaimed, theatrically: "My lords, you will appreciate the zeal which M. X—— is displaying against me, and the sincerity of his argument, when you are informed that the diamond ring he wears is the very one that I placed on my wife's finger on the day of that union he is so anxious to dissolve!" The court was struck with astonishment, and rose immediately. The cause was lost, and the advocate never had another. To add to the poignancy of the catastrophe, the husband's insinuation had no foundation whatever in fact.

He (desperately): "Suppose, darling, we were on a desert island together, and there wasn't enough for both of us, and I were to k-kill myself, what would you say?"

She: "I'd say it was a clear case of the survival of the fittest."

Tommy (who has mashed his finger): "Doggone it!"

Mother: "Why, you shouldn't say that, dear."

Tommy: "Then who should?"

Stuffleigh: "It's an insult to a hog to call this pork."

Waiter: "No insult intended, sah!"

Ethel: "I like Mr. Barry very much. He has so much dash and go about him."

Her Father: "I don't see it. He didn't appear to have very much go in him last night when I was waiting to lock up."

Beauty: "I regret to say that our engagement is at an end. Here is your ring."

The Beast: "Do you no longer love me?"

Beauty: "That is not the question. My husband is coming to-morrow!"

WHAT PLAYWRIGHTS EARN.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert was one of the first to insist upon "payment by results," obviously the fairest method to be devised. If a play be enormously successful the author should reap a proportionate harvest. If a failure, he should, in reduced fees, indirectly shoulder his share of the loss. Hence a sliding-scale has been adopted, which works in this fashion: An author of established—but not pre-eminent—reputation will take 5 per cent. upon all takings, until an amount sufficient to cover the weekly expenses of the theatre is reached. This, of course, varies enormously. The Lyceum curtain cannot be raised at a cost of less than £170 a performance. A "society" play like *The Masqueraders* or *Vanity Fair*, played at a "society" house, will cost the manager £500 to £700 a week. A heavy melodrama like *The Swordman's Daughter* will cost more; a farce like *The New Boy* much less. Then the holding capacities vary. Two hundred pounds can be squeezed into the Adelphi pit alone; but barely that sum into the whole of Terry's. The Haymarket and St. James's, crammed, can bring in some £225 to £240 a night. The Lyceum holds £420; Drury Lane still more; the Gaiety about £300. Taking the average, however, an author at a reputable London house would receive 5 per cent. on all receipts up to, say, £500 a week, with the joyful possibility of learning that, with six evening performances and two matinées, these might be swelled to £1,200, £1,500, or even £2,000! In such an event, his 5 per cent. would not apply.

Under the sliding-scale arrangement, with the increase of receipts, his weekly solatium increases too. Thus upon receipts of over £500, and under £800, he would expect 7½ per cent.; of £800 to £1,000, 10 per cent.; and in a few cases, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's, Mr. Pinero's, Mr. H. A. Jones's, and Mr. Grundy's, for example, as much as 15 per cent. would be levied upon takings in excess of that sum. Then in addition to London, there are the provinces, Africa, Australia, and America, with all their well-nigh inexhaustible supplies of gold and playgoers. Even the Continent furnishes a "paying claim," until the prospect eventually opened up is that of El Dorado itself as a little calculation will easily prove. But calculation is superfluous. An author's confession is enough. Eight years and more ago Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in pleading before the Playgoers' Club for the free development of his genius, even with no more than a bare crust to do it on, paralysed his hearers by stating that already his share of *The Silver King* had brought him £10,000, and that play is running to this day.—From *The Idler* for October.

"My doctor," said a somewhat voluble lady, "was writing me a prescription yesterday. I generally ask him all sorts of questions while he is writing them. Yesterday he examined me and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up, and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member, and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through, he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.'"

He: "Sweetheart, you're a brick!"
Swlet Sixteen: "No, dear, only clay. I haven't been pressed yet."

Prof. Bean: "Skuze me, Miss Whitely, but woan yo' mobe yo' two feet closer to de wall? We want's to dance."

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THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA.

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IX.—THE VICTORY OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MITTENHEIM.—(*Concluded.*)

II.

KING Rudolf and his Guards far outstripped the people who pursued them from the City, and when they came to the skirt of the wood they divided themselves into four parties, since, if they went all together, they might easily miss the fugitives whom they sought. Of these four parties one found nothing, another found the two horses which the student himself, who had hidden them, failed to find; the third party had not gone far before they caught sight of the lovers, though the lovers did not see them; and two of them remained to watch, and need be to intercept any attempted flight, while the third rode off to find the King and bring him where Osra and the student were, as he had commanded.

But the fourth party, with which the King was, though did not find the fugitives, found the Embassy from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim; and the Ambassador, with all his train, was resting by the roadside, seeming no haste at all to reach Strelsau. When the King suddenly rode up at great speed and came upon the the Embassy, an officer that stood by the Ambassador—whose name was Count Sergius of Antheim—stooped down and whispered in his Excellency's ear, upon which he rose and advanced towards the King, uncovering his head and bowing profoundly; for he chose to assume that the King had ridden to meet him out of excessive graciousness and courtesy towards the Grand Duke; so that he began, to the impatient King's infinite annoyance, to make a very long and stately speech, assuring His Majesty of the great hope and joy with which his master awaited the result of the Embassy, for, said he, since the King was so zealous in his cause, his master could not bring himself to doubt of success, and therefore most confidently looked to win for his bride the most exalted and lovely lady in the world, the peerless Princess Osra, the glory of the Court of Strelsau, and the brightest jewel in the crown of the King her brother. And having brought this period to a prosperous conclusion, Count Sergius took breath and began another that promised to be fully as magnificent and not a whit less long. So that, before it was well started, the King smote his hand on his thigh, and roared,

"Heavens, man, while you're making speeches, that rascal is carrying off my sister!"

Count Sergius, who was an elderly man of handsome presence and great dignity, being thus rudely and strangely interrupted, showed great astonishment and offence; but the officer by him covered his mouth with his hand to hide a smile. For the moment that the King had spoken these impetuous words he was himself overwhelmed with confusion; for the last thing that he wished the Grand Duke's Ambassador to know was that the Princess, whom his master courted, had run away that morning with a student of the University of Strelsau. Accordingly he began, very hastily and with more regard for prudence than for truth, to tell Count Sergius how a noted and bold criminal had that morning swooped down on the Princess as she rode unattended outside the City and carried her off; which seemed to the Ambassador a very strange story. But the King told it with great fervour, and he besought the Count to scatter

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his attendants all through the wood, and seek the robber; yet he charged them not to kill the man themselves but to keep him till he came. "For I have sworn to kill him with my own hand," he cried.

Now, Count Sergius, however much astonished he might be, could do nothing but accede to the King's request, and he sent off all his men to scour the woods, and, mounting his horse, himself set off with them, showing great zeal in the King's service, but still thinking the King's story a very strange one. Thus the King was left alone with his two Guards and with the officer who had smiled.

"Will you not go also, sir?" asked the King.

But at this moment a man galloped up at furious speed, crying,

"We have found them, sire, we have found them!"

"Then he hasn't five minutes to live!" cried the King in fierce joy, and he lugged out his sword, adding, "The moment I set my eyes on him, I will kill him. There is no need for words between me and him."

At this speech the face of the officer grew suddenly grave and alarmed, and he put spurs to his horse and hastened after the King, who had at once dashed away in the direction in which the man had pointed; but the King had got a start and kept it, so that the officer seemed terribly frightened, and muttered to himself,

"Heaven send that he does not kill him before he knows!" And he added some very impatient words, concerning the follies of Princes, and, above all, of Princes in love.

Thus, while the Ambassador and his men searched high and low for the noted robber, and the King's men hunted for the student of the University, the King, followed by two of his Guard at a distance of about fifty yards (for his horse was better than theirs), came straight to where Osra and her lover stood together; and a few yards behind the Guards came the officer; and he also had by now drawn his sword. But he rode so eagerly that he overtook and passed the King's Guards, and got within thirty yards of the King by the time that the King was within twenty of the lovers. But the King let him get no nearer, for he dug his spurs again into his horse's side, and the animal bounded forward, while the King cried furiously to his sister, "Stand away from him!"

The Princess did not heed, but stood in front of her lover (for the student was wholly unarmed), holding up the little dagger in her hand. The King laughed scornfully and angrily, thinking that Osra menaced him with the weapon, and not supposing that it was herself for whom she destined it. And, having reached them, the King leapt from his horse and ran at them, with his sword raised to strike. Osra gave a cry of terror. "Mercy!" she cried, "mercy!" But the King had no thought of mercy, and he would certainly then and there have killed her lover, had not the officer, gaining a moment's time by the King's dismounting, at this very instant come galloping up; and, there being no time for any explanation, he leant from his saddle as he dashed by, and, putting out his hand, snatched the King's sword away from him, just as the King was about to thrust it through his sister's lover.

But the officer's horse was going so furiously that he could not stop it for hard on forty yards, and he narrowly escaped splitting his head against a great bough that hung low across the grassy path; and he dropped first his own sword and then the King's; but at last he brought his horse to a standstill, and leaping down, ran back towards where the swords lay. But at the moment the King also ran towards them; for the fury that he had been in before was as nothing to that which now possessed him. After his sword was snatched from him he stood in speechless anger for a full minute, but then had turned to pursue the man who had dared to treat him with such insult; and now, in his desire to be at the officer, he had come very near to forgetting the student. Just as the officer came to where the King's sword lay, and picked it up, the King in his turn reached the officer's sword and picked up that. The King came with a rush at the officer, who, seeing that the King was likely to kill him, or he the King, if he stood his ground, turned tail and sped away at the top of his speed through the forest; but as he went, thinking that the time had come for plain speaking, he looked back over his shoulder and shouted,

"Sire, it's the Grand Duke himself!"

The King stopped short in sudden amazement.

"Is the man mad?" he asked. "Who is the Grand Duke?"

"It's the Grand Duke, sire, who is with the Princess. And you would have killed him if I had not snatched your sword," said the officer, and he also came to a halt, but he kept a very wary eye on King Rudolf.

"I should certainly have killed him, let him be who he will," said the King. "But why do you call him the Grand Duke?"

The officer very cautiously approached the King, and, seeing that the King made no threatening motion, he at last trusted himself so close that he could speak to the King in a very low voice; and what he said seemed to astonish, please, and amuse the King immensely. For he clapped the officer on the back, laughed heartily, and cried,

"A pretty trick! On my life, a pretty trick!"

Now Osra and her lover had not heard what the officer had shouted to the King, and when Osra saw her brother returning from among the trees alone and with his sword, she still supposed that her lover must die; and she turned and flung her arms round his neck, and clung to him for a moment, kissing him. Then she faced the King, with a smile on her face, and the little dagger in her hand. But the King came up, wearing a scornful smile; and he asked her,

"What is the dagger for, my wilful sister?"

"For me, if you kill him," said she.

"You would kill yourself, then, if I killed him?"

"I would not live a moment after he was dead."

"Faith, it is wonderful!" said the King, with a shrug. "Then plainly, if you cannot live without him, you must live with him. He is to be your husband, not mine. Therefore take him, if you will."

When Osra heard this, which, indeed, for joy and wonder she could hardly believe, she dropped her dagger and running forward, fell on her knees before her brother, and catching his hand, she covered it with kisses and her tears mingled with her kisses. But the King let her go on, and stood over her, laughing and looking at the student. Presently the student began to laugh also, and he had just advanced a step towards King Rudolf, when Count Sergius of Antheim, the Grand Duke's Ambassador, came out from among the trees riding hotly and with great zeal after the noted robber. But no sooner did the Count see the student, than he stopped his horse, leapt down with a cry of wonder, and

THEN SHE FACED THE KING.

unning up to the student, bowed very low and kissed is hand. So that when Osra looked round from her issing of her brother's hand, she beheld the Grand Duke's Ambassador kissing the hand of her lover. She prang to her feet in wonder.

"Who are you?" she cried to the student, running in etween him and the Ambassador.

"Your lover and servant," said he.

"And besides?" she said.

"Why, in a month, your husband," laughed the King, taking her lover by the hand.

He clasped the King's hand, but turned at once to her, and said humbly,

"Alas! I have no cottage!"

"Who are you?" she whispered to him.

"The man for whom you were ready to die, my Princess. Is it not enough?"

"Yes, it is enough," said she; and she did not repeat

her question. But the King, with a short laugh, turned on his heel, and took Count Sergius by the arm and walked off with him; and presently they met the officer and learnt fully how the Grand Duke had come to Strelsau, and how he had contrived to woo and win the Princess Osra, and finally to carry her off from the Palace.

It was an hour later, when the whole of the two companies, that of the King and that of the Ambassador, were all gathered together again, and had heard the story; so that when the King went to where Osra and the Grand Duke walked together among the trees, and taking each by a hand, led them out, they were greeted with a great cheer; and they mounted their horses, which the Grand Duke now found without any difficulty, although when the need of them seemed far greater the student could not contrive to come upon them, and the whole company rode together out of the wood and along the road towards Strelsau, the King being full of jokes, and hugely delighted with a trick that suited his merry fancy. But before they had ridden far they met the great crowd which had come out from Strelsau to learn what had happend to Princess Osra. And the King cried out that the Grand Duke was to marry the Princess, while his Guards, who had been with him, and the Ambassador's people, spread themselves among the crowd and told the story; and when they heard it, the Strelsau folk were nearly beside themselves with amusement and delight, and thronged round Osra, kissing her hands and blessing her. But the King drew back and let her and the Grand Duke ride alone together, while he followed with Count Sergius. Thus, moving at a very slow pace, they came in the forenoon to Strelsau; but someone had galloped on ahead with the news, and the Cathedral bells had been set ringing, the streets were full, and the whole City given over to excitement and rejoicing. All the men were that day in love with Princess Osra, and, what is more, they told their sweethearts so; and these found no other revenge than to blow kisses and fling flowers at the Grand Duke as he rode past with Osra by his side. Thus they came back to the Palace, whence they had fled in the early gleams of that morning's light.

THEN THEY BOTH SIGHED.

It was evening and the moon rose, fair and clear, over Strelsau. In the streets there were sounds of merriment and rejoicing; for every house was bright with light, and the King had sent out meat and wine for every soul in the City that none might be sad or hungry or thirsty in all the City that night; so that there was no small uproar. The King himself sat in his armchair, toasting the bride and bridegroom in company with Count Sergius of Antheim, whose dignity, somewhat wounded by the trick his master had played upon him, was healing quickly under the balm of King Rudolf's graciousness. And the King said to Count Sergius,

"My lord, were you ever in love?"

"I was, sire," said the Count.

"So was I," said the King. "Was it with the Countess, my lord!"

Count Sergius's eyes twinkled demurely, but he answered,

"I take it, sire, that it must have been with the Countess."

"And I take it," said the King, "that it must have been with the Queen."

Then they both laughed; and then they both sighed; and the King, touching the Count's elbow, pointed out to the terrace of the Palace, on to which the room where they were opened. For Princess Osra and her lover were walking up and down together on this terrace. And the two shrugged their shoulders, smiling.

"With him," remarked the King, "it will have been with——"

"The Countess, sire," discreetly interrupted Count Sergius of Antheim.

"Why, yes, the Countess," said the King, and with a laugh they turned back to their wine.

But the two on the terrace also talked.

"I do not yet understand it," said Princess Osra. "For on the first day I loved you, and on the second day I loved you, and on the third and the fourth, and every day I loved you. Yet the first day was not like the second, nor the second like the third, nor any day like any other. And to-day, again, is unlike them all. Is love so various and full of changes?"

"Is it not?" he asked with a smile. "For while you were with the Queen, talking of I know not what——"

"Nor I indeed," said Osra hastily.

"I was with the King, and he, saying that forewarned was forearmed, told me very strange and pretty stories; of some a report had reached me before——"

"And yet you came to Strelsau?"

"While of others I had not heard."

"Or you would not have come to Strelsau?"

The Grand Duke, not heeding these questions, proceeded to his conclusion:

"Love therefore," said he, "is very various. For M. de Mérosailles——"

"These are old stories," cried Osra, pretending to stop her ears.

"Loved in one way, and Stephen the Smith in another, and—the Miller of Hofbau in a third."

"I think," said Osra, "that I have forgotten the Miller of Hofbau. But can one heart love in many different ways? I know that different men love differently."

"But cannot one heart love in different ways?" he smiled.

"May be," said Osra, thoughtfully, "one heart can have loved." But then she suddenly looked up at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, "No, no," she cried, "it was not love. It was——"

"What was it?"

"The courtiers entertained me till the King came," she said, with a blushing laugh. And looking up at him again she whispered, "Yet I am glad that you lingered for a little."

At this moment she saw the King come out on to the terrace; and with him was the Bishop of Modenstein; and after the Bishop had been presented to the Grand Duke, the King began to talk with the Grand Duke, while the Bishop kissed Osra's hand and wished her joy.

"Madame," said he, "once you asked me if I could make you understand what love was. I take it you have no need for my lessons now. Your teacher has come."

"Yes, he has come," she said gently, looking on the Bishop with friendliness. "But tell me, will he always love me?"

"Surely he will," answered the Bishop.

"And tell me," said Osra, "shall I always love him?"

"Surely," said the Bishop again, most courteously, "Yet, indeed, madame," he continued, "it would seem almost enough to ask of Heaven to love now and now to be loved. For the years roll on, and youth goes, and even the most incomparable beauty will yield its blossoms when the season wanes; yet that sweet memory may ever be fresh and young, a thing a man can carry to his grave and raise as her best monument on his lady's tomb."

"Ah, you speak well of love," said she. "I marvel that you speak so well of love. For it is as you say; and to-day in the wood it seemed to me that I had lived enough, and that even Death was but Love's servant as Life is, and both purposed solely for his better ornament."

"Men have died because they loved you, madame, and some yet live who love you," said the Bishop.

"And shall I grieve for both, my lord—or for which?"

"For neither, madame; for the dead have gained peace, and they who live have escaped forgetfulness."

"But would they not be happier for forgetting?"

"I do not think so," said the Bishop, and bowing low to her again, he stood back, for he saw the King approaching with the Grand Duke; and the King took him by the arm and walked on with him; but Osra's face lost the brief pensiveness that had come upon it as she talked with the Bishop, and turning to her lover, she stretched out her hands to him, saying,

"I wish there was a cottage, and that you worked for bread, while I made ready for you at the cottage, and then ran far, far, far down the road to watch and wait for your coming."

"Since a cottage was not too small, a palace will not be too large," said he, catching her in his arms.

Thus the heart of Princess Osra found its haven and its rest; for a month later she was married to the Grand Duke of Mittenheim in the Cathedral of Strelsau, having utterly refused to take any other place for her wedding. And again she and he rode forth together through the Western Gate; and the King rode with them on their way till they came to the woods. Here he paused, and all the crowd that accompanied him stopped also; and they all waited till the sombre depths of the glades hid Osra and her lover from their sight. Then, leaving them thus riding together to their happiness, the people returned home, sad for the loss of their darling Princess. But for consolation, and that their minds might the less feel her loss, they had her name often on their lips; and the poets and story-tellers composed many stories

"I WISH THERE WAS A COTTAGE."

about her, not grounded on fact, as are those which have been here set forth, but the fabric of idle imaginings, wrought to please the fancy of lovers or to wake the memories of older folk. So that, if a stranger goes now to Strelsau, he may be pardoned if it seem to him that all mankind was in love with Princess Osra. Nay, and those stories so pass all fair bounds that if you listen to them, you will come near to believing that the Princess also had found some love for all the men who had given her their love. Thus to many she is less a woman that once lived and breathed, than some sweet image under whose name they fondly group all the virtues and the charms of her whom they love best, each man fashioning for himself from his own chosen model her whom he calls his Princess. Yet it may be that for some of them who so truly loved her, her heart had a moment's tenderness. Who shall tell all the short-lived dreams that come and go, the promptings and stirrings of a vagrant inclination? And who would pry too closely into these secret matters? May we not more properly give thanks to Heaven that the thing is as it is? For surely it makes greatly for the increase of joy and entertainment in the world, and of courtesy and true tenderness, that the heart of Princess Osra—or of what lady you may choose, sir, to call by her name—should flutter in pretty hesitation here and there, and to and fro a little, before it flies on a straight wing to its destined and desired home. And if you be not the Prince for your Princess, why, sir, your case is a sad one. Yet there have been many such, and still there is laughter as well as tears in the tune to which the world spins round.

But still a ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the water blows.

Wear your willow then, as the Marquis de Mérosailles wore his, lightly and yet most courteously; or wear it as the Bishop of Modenstein wore his, with courage and self-mastery. That is, if wear it you must. You remember what the Miller of Hofbau thought?

THE LITERARY LABOURS OF GENIUS.

Scott is said to have written "Waverley" in less than six weeks. He wrote very rapidly, seldom revised, and as a consequence his novels are full of blunders, inaccuracies, and anachronisms.

Burns committed his poems to memory as he composed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labour of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labour of reading for and writing the "Decline and Fall." It is one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the labour of one man.

Thomas Moore often wrote a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for "Lalla Rookh," and two years more in writing that inimitable poem.

Congreve would prepare a drama for the stage in a week or ten days, though four or five times this period was given to the work of revision and reconstruction after the play had been to the actors.

Irving wrote the first 120 pages of "Bracebridge Hall" in ten days; the "Alhambra" was mostly written during the three months he spent in that palace; his "Life of George Washington" required nearly five years.

Emerson is reported often to have spent from six months to a year in the composition of one or two short essays. His object was the condensation of the greatest possible thought into the fewest number of words.

Johnson commonly required three or four months for the composition of a drama. He generally revised it after the rehearsals had begun, adding here and taking away there, as his judgment and fancy dictated.

Froude passed seven years in collecting materials and in writing his "History of England." He was very careful in the selection of data, and spent whole days in the effort to verify a single fact or citation.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labour of composition was condensed into two or three years.

Dickens says, in the introduction to "David Copperfield," that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, some of his novels being finished in less than a year, and most of his shorter stories in a few days.

George Eliot is said to have written "Middlemarch" in four months. Some doubt is thrown upon this statement by the fact that she commonly worked slowly, writing with great care and deliberation, and making few erasures after her work was done.

Bancroft devoted nearly thirty years to his "History of the United States," which is not a history of the United States at all, since it ends where the history of the country properly begins. Had the work been continued on the same scale down to the present, seventy-five or eighty volumes would have been required.

Mrs. Clark required sixteen years to prepare the "Concordance to Shakespeare."

Cruden laboured nineteen years on his "Concordance to the Bible," and immediately after its publication was sent to a lunatic asylum. He never entirely recovered from the mental disease induced by this gigantic undertaking.

Buckle devoted nearly twenty years to the collection of materials for his "History of Civilisation." He wrote only a portion of the introduction, which remains a great monument to his literary and philosophical teachings. If the work had been finished on the same scale as begun, a hundred volumes would not have sufficed.

REMARKABLE SOMNAMBULISM.

One of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested in the case, that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulistic sermons, and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin to prevent him seeing the paper, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds at different times of various colours. He always perceived the change, because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a ruler. The clefs, the flats, and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterwards blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and, perceiving this, he erased them all and wrote them over again

THE RIDE OF THE EMPEROR.

Ten long years had passed since the Emperor had ridden out of his favourite city, at the head of his army, to go and fight the heathen, and now, instead of the welcome tidings of his return, dark rumours of defeat and death spread throughout the whole country. Convinced of the truth of these reports, the lords of the empire assembled to discuss what had better be done, and, after much deliberation, sent an embassy to the Empress Hildegarde. They bade her, for her subjects' sake, choose another husband to rule the nation instead of Charlemagne, who would never be seen again.

Hildegarde at first indignantly refused to consider this proposal, but finally, seeing the justice of their wishes, she consented, for the good of the country, to marry any man they recommended; stipulating, however, that she should be allowed to spend three more days in strict solitude, mourning for the beloved husband whom she would never behold again.

Well pleased with this answer, the lords withdrew, and began making preparations for the coming marriage, while Hildegarde wept for Charlemagne, who, by the way, was not at all dead, but very busy fighting the heathen, whom he had almost entirely subdued.

During the night, while poor Hildegarde wept, an angel of the Lord suddenly appeared to Charlemagne, and bade him return in hot haste to Aix-le-Chapelle, if he would not lose both wife and sceptre at once. Thus warned, the Emperor sprang on the steed which the heavenly messenger had brought, and sped over mountain and valley with marvellous rapidity, arriving at Aix-le-Chapelle just as the third and last night of Hildegarde's respite was drawing to a close.

Instead of entering the palace, however, the Emperor dismounted and passed into the silent cathedral, where he seated himself in his great golden chair, with his sword across his knees, as was his wont when dispensing justice. There he waited until the sacristan came to prepare the church for the wedding, which was to take place soon after sunrise.

This man, startled by the sight of the imposing figure seated upon the imperial throne, and thinking it an apparition, staggered, and would have fallen, had he not steadied himself by the rope of the great bell, which, thus suddenly set in motion, sent peal after peal through the awakening city.

The people of Aix-le-Chapelle, startled by the untimely and frantic ringing, rushed out of their houses to see what had occurred, and as they entered the church they uttered loud cries of joy, for there sat Charlemagne in all his wonted state.

These cries soon reached the ears of the unhappy Hildegarde, who, still dissolved in tears, and deeming they were intended to welcome her unknown bridegroom, shrank back in fear; but her sorrow was changed to boundless joy when she saw her beloved husband once more, and heard how Providence had miraculously interfered to save her from a hated second marriage.—From "Legends of the Rhine," by H. A. Guerber.

A story is told of a dying miser, by whose bedside sat the lawyer receiving instructions for the preparation of his last will and testament. "I give and bequeath," repeated the attorney aloud, as he commenced to write the accustomed formula. "No, no," interrupted the sick man, "I will neither give nor bequeath anything. I cannot do it." "Well, then," suggested the man of law, "suppose we say *lend*. 'I *lend* until the last day.'" "Yes, that will do better," assented the unwilling testator.

Rollins—"Why don't you buy a wheel and stop borrowing?"

Bangem—"I can't ride well enough yet."

"It's hard to tell just what the public wants," said the theatre manager, with a sigh. "It hasn't struck me that way," replied the treasurer; "it seems painfully easy to me. In nine cases out of ten it wants its money back."

"Here we are, Maria," he exclaimed, gleefully, "you wanted to see those seashore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all round us." "I see the bathers," she replied severely, "but where are the costumes?"

"He seems to visit you quite frequently. But do you think him steady?"
"Steady! Well, I should say he was. He calls every evening."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I hoped to be able to answer your question as to the width of fashionable skirts in the negative, but unfortunately facts are the other way. They are actually wider than ever. I do not know what is to become of us in muddy weather. Someone will have to invent a sort of dress-holder or some kind of rigging for hitching up all those heavy folds at the back of the skirt. And to make matters worse, the greater number are trimmed round the edge, a circumstance that adds appreciably to the burden to be carried. For instance, a nut-brown cloth is bordered with astrakhan and has a vest of the fur, besides gauntlet cuffs, epaulettes, and high double collar, part of which turns up and part down. Another gown, in diagonal serge, blue and brown, has a handsome galloon round the edge, with some to match it disposed upon the bodice. The open-work trimmings have again come up, but not in the loose, unsewn, and catchy condition in which they first appeared. The holes are now sewn round with braid, and the effect of white or pale-tinted satin seen through the intervals is sometimes quite lovely.

I saw such a pretty girl this morning crossing the pavement from a carriage to a shop in Regent Street. She was in sky-blue silk, exquisitely made with a regular bodice that fitted perfectly to her slight figure. Round her neck, and lying just on top of her shoulders was a flat, square collar of white satin, edged with sable. Her large black net hat was almost covered with pink heather. You can guess how pretty the whole effect was.

Some of the new toques are so tempting! Think of one in pale blue velvet, oh, my blonde sister! At either side is a sort of light fence, composed of jet, which stands out rather widely. A large bow of the velvet fills the space between, and from the front of the crown to the back goes a flat pleat, also in velvet, held down with three paste and pearl buttons. A short drapery of the velvet and a little yellowish lace fall over the hair at the back. Another toque has the crown in orange velvet, a particularly smart colour just at present. Round one side is a row of orange-shaded roses, and round the other an equal number of black poppies with yellow centres. A pair of black wings rose above them, placed rather widely apart, and the space between filled in with curled cock's feathers.

Some of the large picture hats are very pretty. An immense one in dark green velvet is lined with black velvet, and is trimmed with half a dozen curly black ostrich feathers on the top. At one side is a cluster of variegated roses, some red, some creamy and others pink. A cache-peigne of similar roses, placed under the brim at the back, just encircles the upper part of the hair. The crown of this hat is green velvet, supported by open-work jet.

I saw an Eton jacket made of sealskin in a furrier's shop the other morning. It had a coat-tail at the back, so necessary an appendage in these days of gaping dress-skirts. The fronts were turned back with darkest Russian sable. How do you like the idea?

This is to be a season of buttons, relevant or irrelevant to the question of fastenings. They are used in quantities as mere decorations. On one autumn costume alone eleven dozen buttons have been lavished. This kind of trimming makes gowns very heavy, as you may fancy. In fact, only the very prudent among us will be sufficiently careful to avoid being terribly over-weighted. "A word to the wise is enough," says the old proverb. How many words of warning are needed by the foolish, I wonder.

The autumn costume given, designed specially for To-Day, is composed of golden brown cloth, with collar, epaulettes, and cuffs of sable. The collar is of the new shape, wired so that it can be arranged at any height, or worn completely turned down. The coat fastens up the left side with large fancy buttons. The black velvet hat is trimmed with loops of black satin ribbon, a bunch of violets, and ostrich feathers.

Your affectionate,
Susie.

AUTUMN COSTUME.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cyclamen.—Net is not so much used as chiffon, gauze, grenadine, barège and silk muslin. The last-named wears very well when drawn rather closely over silk, but crushes easily if disposed in puffs. For your black dinner dress I should advise a skirt of striped silk or fine silky crêpon, with bodice cut low or square, and covered with silk muslin. This bodice might be white silk under black muslin. It would give a lighter and more girlish air to the whole gown. Have the sleeves in full puffs, whether you make them of black silk or of white, with muslin over them. Black lace over white satin would not be too old for you if the lace were light in design. For your ball dress you must have white satin. Send for patterns and prices to Whiteley's or Barker's (address of former, Westbourne Grove; of latter, High Street, Kensington). The carriage to your part of France will be rather an item. Could you not buy more cheaply, considering this, at Lyons? If you are not in mourning, I should advise coloured velvet for trimming the shoulders of the white silk bodice. Choose a colour that suits you. Very bright cherry red is fashionable. So are light green (a very vivid yet becoming tint), rose-petal pink, sky or cornflower-blue, yellow, orange, sulphur, and carnation. You have a wide choice. If you choose velvet, you should have the sleeves to match this trimming.

Butterick's, Regent Street, for cut-paper patterns. Velvet flowers are largely used for trimming evening dresses. They wear splendidly. Do not choose very large ones nor very small. Roses are always pretty.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Homard avec Sauce Epaisse.—Procure a live lobster, and while it is boiling prepare the following thick sauce:—Melt two ounces of nice fresh butter, and add to it one teacupful of cream, the juice of one lemon, and of two capsicums, cayenne and mace to suit your own palate. Let it simmer very gently for quite half an hour, when it should be thick like a custard; then put into it one ladleful of pickled shrimps, and one tablespoonful of parsley, both of which must be allowed only to just warm through. Dish the lobster as hot as possible, detach it from the shell, pile it up, and pour the sauce over it, and serve it without any loss of time.

Pigeons Baked on Lambs' Tails.—Put five or six tails in the baking-dish for some of their fat to melt, then prepare four or five pigeons, boning and stuffing them with a veal and chicken forcemeat. Sprinkle them over with a pinch of almost every spice mixed together, and sufficient salt to season them. Turn the tails and lay the pigeons on them. Baste them several times, and dust them lightly with flour. Put a few balls made of the forcemeat into the dish. When they are brown dish them, and remove all fat from the pan, and, for making the gravy, add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, two of port, or sherry if preferred, one of lemon-juice, and one crushed capsicum. Stir this constantly until it commences to boil. Pour it in the dish, and serve.

Apple Tarts à la Josephine.—Take eight large cooking apples. Peel them and cut them in quarters, putting them into a deep dish with twelve ounces of castor sugar, the grated peel of half a lemon, and a little ground cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves. Just as it begins to bubble mash it up with a wooden spoon, and add a liqueur glass of Madeira and one of Liquid Sunshine rum. Then let it go on cooking till it is thick enough to jelly. Remove it from the oven, and before it becomes quite cold mix with it the juice of one orange, half a pint of ground Brazil nuts, and half a pint of rich cream. Afterwards line little tart dishes or patty-pans with a well-made, light, short crust. Bake these in a brisk oven until the latter is done through; then fill the patties with the apple. They may be served either hot or cold.

Filet de Bœuf a la Napolitaine.—Lard a fillet of beef and stew it over a slow fire. In another saucepan put gravy, currant jelly, and stoned raisins. Reduce this sauce and pass it. Then pour it over the beef, sprinkling the latter with horseradish shred very fine.

Grape Pie.—Grapes that lose their bloom, and are unfit for table, and yet fresh enough to eat, may be utilised as follows:—Pick them from the stalks, and lay them in a pie-dish with alternate layers of cored and quartered apples, half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a dozen whole cloves. Pour in a glass of port, and fill up the dish with water. Put on a light paste, and bake the pie in a brisk oven for an hour, or until the paste is brown. The wine is not necessary; the grape pie will be very nice without it.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Poor 'Ankin's in a grite stite abart the Lunnun warter surply. Well, 'e drinks more on it nor I do, an' so natsurally 'e feels it more. I'm given ter hunderstend as theer is a hinviserble insec' in Thames warter pawsin' under the nime of a micrub. 'Ow it gits theer I dunno, and I don't surpose hanybody knows. But if yer drinks pline warter yer drinks thet insec' along of it; it gets right inter yer systum and bores 'oles. But 'arrever, this sime insec', bein' a unnatsural kind o' beast, cawnt mike nutthink o' old drawft rum. You mye tike 'awf a glaws o' warter as is feerly swimmin' with micrubs, drop three penn'uth o' rum inter it, and whort 'appens? Hev'ry bloomin' hinsec' cuts 'is stick, curls up 'is tile, folds 'is awms over 'is chist, and dies. You look at it under a parful telerscope, an' yer can see it fur yerself. Mind yer, theer's no kid abart it. I 'ad it strite from a chap as 'ad 'eard a leckshur on it, an' thet freezes me horf o' drinkin' much pline warter. The vice o' nychur tells yer as 'ow water were meant fur ter wash with. 'Cos why? 'Cos yer couldn't wash with nutthink else. Likewise, it's 'andy fur mikin' tea and fur mixin' with drinks. It mye be mixed with 'em, but it don't tike the plice of 'em. If drinks weren't meant ter be drunk whort weer they meant fur, and wheer's the sense o'things?

* * * *

Arrever, I'm stryin' awye from my subjic', which were 'Ankin. Never 'ave I 'eard 'im more parful in 'is langwidge nor 'e 'is on them sime water comp'nies. If them directors could on'y stan' by and 'ear 'Ankin egsposin' of 'em, they'd chuck it—they wouldn't 'ave the 'eart ter go on. 'E tikes them comp'nies, 'e turns 'em inside art, 'e mops up the street with 'em. Goes a bit too fur at times, does 'Ankin—callin' of 'em monoperlists with lyedies present—it ain't egsackly the thing, 'is own missus didn't 'arf like it, 'is langwidge gits the better of 'im, and alwise 'as done. And whort does 'e sye, anywye? Syes as we did ought ter 'and over the warter surply ter the Carnty Carncil? Fur a man whart's abart one-quarter Anychist, 'Ankin's gort a astonishin' berlief in guvunmunts. I dunno 'as I thinks sich a deal o' Carnty Carncils. Theer's no 'oldin' by 'em. Theer one thing one year and another thing the next. Tike the licensin' war. Lawst year yer 'ad yer Missus Chawnt, and it gort dartful if it were worth while to run a moosic-'all at all. This year their ain't no Missus Chawnt an' everythink is peace. Well, bliney, which *are* yer? Theer ain't no suttinty. Yer don' know whart to egspeck. An' wheer theer ain't no suttinty theer aint no cornfidunce, an' wheer theer ain't no cornfidence, theer ain't no business, and wheer theer ain't no business theer ain't no cash. Give these 'ere water-works ter one Carnty Carncil, and fur all yer know the next Carnty Carncil mye warnt to give 'em back again. Awter all, theer's money been put in these things. Yer cawn't mike a moosic-'all, nor yer cawn't mike a warter-works art of a bit o' chord string. Thet's why I syes give us sutthink pummynunt, or we're done. Thet's whart I've said ter 'Ankin' times withart number as ter the 'Ouse o' Lords. 'Ankin syes, "It don't foller, becos one man is a sootyble legisliter, as 'is son's goin' ter tike awter 'im." "No," syes I, "it don't. Yer egspecks ter git a good foal from a good sire, but I don't syes as it ackshally follers. Hall the syme," says I, "the 'Ouse o' Lords is pummynunt. Theer's none o' these bloomin' eleckshuns. They ain't barnd ter sye whart yoo think nor whart I think. If theer's any pop'lar hideer on the rampage they needn't be caught by it. They 'as a free run—no fivur and no 'indrance. And fur goodness-sike let's kip up one lot as kin afford ter disagree with us—one lot as is pummynunt." It ain't much as I 'as in the wye o perliterical opinyuns, but sich as I 'as is joodishus. I ain't no bloomin' 'Ankin ter go abolershun' of hev'ry-think off'and. Yuss, theer's many a lessing as that man might tike from me.

THE NEW JULIET.

Mr. Edward Rose the "erudite" critic of the *Sunday Times*—I'm sure he will like to be called "erudite," it sounds so much and it means so little—has ventured to take me to task. I am reminded when I read the vapouring and meandering, not to say grandmotherly, article on "Juliets New and Old" signed E. R. of a very vulgar saying of my youth—"Don't teach your grandmother to suck eggs." In an essay of a column and three quarters I do not think I have ever come across such a stupendous catalogue of blunders, or so many interwoven chains of error. Mr. Rose has not studied, or attempted to study, the subject on which he discourses so glibly. I will proceed to give him a lesson.

Having stated that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the most magnificent declaimer of Shakespeare's verse he has ever heard, he follows up this piece of information by ridiculing actresses he has never seen, actors whose talent he has failed to appreciate, and by positive distortion of argument maintains that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's phenomenal ineffectiveness is a protest against "tradition" and "convention." Mr. Edward Rose has never seen Stella Colas play Juliet; he must have been asleep or dreaming when he saw Adelaide Neilson, for he says she had a lisp, which she never had in her life, only a Lancashire "burr," which never interfered with her magnificent elocution. Our cocksure critic has never seen Kate Terry's Juliet, a far better performance than that of her sister Ellen; has never seen Mrs. Bandmann's, a performance as immeasurably superior to anything we see nowadays as cheese is to chalk; has never seen Alma Murray, has never seen Mary Anderson, has never seen Modjeska, who he considers is a German, whereas everyone but Mr. Rose knows she is a Pole; and ends with muddling up in hopeless confusion the utterances of George Henry Lewes and those of Professor Morley.

Let us clear away this absurdity about "convention" and "tradition" to start with. When Stella Colas played Juliet, and when Charles Fechter played Hamlet they were both the living protests against the convention and tradition of the old-fashioned Macready and Young school. They dared to be original. They defied tradition and loathed convention, but yet Mr. Edward Rose with sublime fatuity lumps them all together as exponents of convention, which is precisely what they were not. When Stella Colas and Fechter came to England to play Shakespeare in a new, natural, and original fashion, who tried to hound them out of London? Why George Henry Lewes and Professor Morley, and the sticklers for the old Macready school at all costs and hazards.

A critic who puts the two following sentences on paper is scarcely worth reasoning with, but I will proceed to do so. The lines to which I take exception are these signed by Edward Rose:

"I admit that Ryder was beyond reasonable doubt the very worst Shakespearian actor who ever lived."

This is a strong order, but mark what follows:—

"It is frankly inconceivable that such a being as Barry Sullivan could ever have walked the earth."

Now the methods of John Ryder and the methods of Barry Sullivan were never in accordance with my taste. I own it. But I have seen John Ryder as the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet*—dignified, grand, sonorous, and effective; I have seen his Arbaces in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, his Hubert in *King John*, and in many a weighty character, both in Shakespeare and out of Shakespeare, and were he alive now to act I do not think

that the flippant criticism of Mr. Edward Rose would be endorsed by the majority of playgoers of our time. Let me tell Mr. Edward Rose something he does *not* know. When Fechter came to England and made his splendid success as Hamlet, ridiculed by the old conventional school, who are now claimed as the champions of Mr. Edward Rose, laughed out of court by the Lewes and Morley following, who stuck to tradition, and nothing but tradition, convention, and nothing but convention—then it was that Fechter essayed to play Othello. He cast himself for Othello, and Ryder for Iago, intending to alternate the parts afterwards. Old John Ryder, the conventional, the traditional actor, the disciple of Macready was fascinated by Fechter. He saw there was something in his method. In fact Fechter coached Ryder into playing Iago in a new fashion. What was the result? Fechter was nowhere as Othello, and Ryder's Iago was the talk of all London, be it old school or new school. But Mr. Edward Rose knows better. He was the "very worst Shakespearian actor that ever lived." Then the table was turned. Ryder played Othello and Fechter Iago. Fechter wiped the floor with the old Macready school actor. Fechter's Iago has to my mind never been equalled save by Henry Irving.

Let me now get on to Barry Sullivan. "It was frankly inconceivable that such a being as Barry Sullivan could ever have walked the earth," is the polite comment of Mr. Edward Rose. I did not care for, nay, I detested, the Hamlet and Claude Melnotte of Barry Sullivan; but then, on the other hand, some of us protested against the Claude Melnotte and Romeo of Henry Irving. But I have seen Barry Sullivan in *The Gamester*, a superb performance, and I should be sorry to insult an old actor, who had his loyal admirers quite equal in enthusiasm to those of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and with far more experience.

The thing that I want to get out of the head of Mr. Edward Rose is that the newest of all the Juliets is a living protest against any school of Shakespearian acting in existence. But what I do say is that modern underacting cannot be applied to Shakespeare, and that you cannot act Juliet unless you feel the character in all its bearings, and all its difficulties. It is claimed for Mrs. Patrick Campbell that she has never seen Juliet acted, that she knows nothing of what her predecessors have done and cares less. Her Juliet is *Her* Juliet, and that is enough. It may be enough for her, but not for those who have seen other Juliets, and who have studied the art of acting. But to set up a "bogey" of conventional and traditional acting, which does not exist, and to argue that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has knocked the "bogey" down, is a palpable absurdity. All the good Juliets I have seen in my life were protests against artificiality and convention: Stella Colas, Adelaide Neilson, Minnie Palmer, Kate Terry, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, a trifle old-fashioned and classical, Alma Murray, so highly extolled by Robert Browning—what on earth had any of them to do with the Macready and Helen Faucit school. They were living and youthful protests against it, they were part and parcel of the freedom and enlightenment of this modern age. Believe me, dear Mr. Edward Rose, the school of natural acting came in with Fechter, with Sarah Bernhardt, with Delaunay, with Lafont, and their companions, and if Mrs. Patrick Campbell even faintly understood the thrill that Juliet can give, not once but twenty times in the play, I should be the first to declare her greater than her predecessors, which to me assuredly she is not, for I have seen them all, heard them all, criticised them all, whereas Mr. Edward Rose takes them all from books which he has evidently only half read, and from opinions which he quotes with fervour, but which are, when analysed, in truth, diametrically opposed to his own. Mr. Rose hates tradition and convention, but his idols, Morley and Lewes, loved them both, and would have denied us the delightful reaction of Fechter, the Comédie Française, new art, new movements; yes, even the Stella Colas, who did very little, but suddenly played Juliet in a charmingly natural manner. She did not make her a dowdy or a shrew. If her articulation was not quite perfection, she didn't mumble. Her view of Juliet leaned to passion, power, and Verona, rather then to the weird witches of grim Scotland and Macbeth. To me the art of Burne-Jones is an unfailing source of delight, but I should not give him a commission to paint my ideal passionate and powerful Juliet. Burne-Jones, his art, and his followers, should take their hands off Juliet, unless indeed, Shakespeare was wrong, and the new school incontestably right.

I should class Mr. Edward Rose as a controversialist with the excellent Mrs. Kendal. Poor Mr. Clement Scott has been in the pillory of late, he has been hooted, pelted with journalistic mud, and persistently drawn like the veriest badger. But I think the unkindest cut of all was when the champion of the Robertsonian era, the bosom friend of the author of *Caste*, the Boswell of the Bancrofts, the one man in all London who has crammed Robertson down our throats till we are a little sick of him, is boldly and unblushingly accused by Mrs. Kendal of insulting the memory of her dear dead brother, Tom Robertson. As a joke this is sublime! The wretched and well-abused Clement is exposed to the virtuous fury of Mrs. Kendal, who objects to the term "tea-cup and saucer" school, and "bread and butter" school, positively believing that Clement Scott invented them, whereas they were coined to ridicule him and his young friends.

Yes, Edward Rose and Mrs. Kendal are controversialists of the same pattern. Edward Rose believes, and says, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was invented to kill convention by playing Juliet, as she would Esther Eccles in *Caste*. Mrs. Kendal believes and says that Clement Scott insults her dead brother by stoutly maintaining that Shakespeare's Juliet is not Robertson's Esther Eccles. But where Mr. Edward Rose is hopelessly and pathetically wrong, is in his firm belief that Shakespearian verse has been dead as music, until it was wakened to life and song by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Has he never heard Kate Terry, never Ellen Terry, never Marion Terry, never Mrs. Kendal, never Amy Roselle, never Margaret Leighton (a faultless elocutionist), never Winifred Emery, never Adelaide Neilson (whom we are told by our new critic was a lisping pantomimist, all business and no art), never Geneviève Ward (with music, brains, and art all rolled into one)? Yes, dear Edward Rose, I have heard the "magnificent metre" far better spoken, and far better understood, than by the new Juliet. I have heard it from those who protested boldly against tradition, but had something far better to supply in its place. At least they respected the poetry, passion, and power of Shakespeare. They did not reduce the whole thing to a fashion plate.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Yes; the County Council has given back to the Empire its cherished promenade. *But it has given the Palace a promenade also.*

The course pursued by the Council has been a great deal more logical than you seem to suppose in these matters, and you evidently forget the exact progression of events. To begin with, there was a time when the Alhambra enjoyed a monopoly, and prospered so exceedingly that it paid a dividend of 40 per cent. Then the Empire, having failed as a panorama and a theatre, was opened as a music-hall. Its license was not opposed by the Alhambra. The Empire succeeded, and paid 80 and 100 per cent. Then the Palace, having been only partially successful as an English opera house

and a theatre, was turned into a music-hall. Its license was vigorously opposed by the Empire—Sir Frank Lockwood, ex-Solicitor-General, being retained to conduct the case. The County Council acted unwisely, I think, in listening to the obviously selfish and interested protests of trade rivalry. But they stuck to the simple law. "A full license is asked for," they said, "and that full license is opposed. We will only grant a license with the restrictions suggested by the opposition."

Time went by, and one fine day the Empire applied for a license. It was opposed. Mrs. Chant and those who acted with her stated their reasons for objecting. Their arguments were not combated. Their statements were not refuted. Again the Council said, "A full license is asked for, and that full license is opposed. We will only grant a license with the restrictions suggested by the opposition." Nothing could be fairer or more just.

Now, on the last occasion we have to deal with, both the Palace and the Empire applied for full licenses, and nobody opposed either of them. The County Council very logically exclaims, "Two full licenses are asked for. They are not opposed. We will grant them both."

The action of the Council, instead of being inconsistent, seems to me the epitome of cast-iron commonsense. We do not want a meddling, interfering, grandmotherly Council. We want a just and equitable Council. If no citizen, or body of citizens, comes forward to object to licenses it is very much better that the Council should not interfere. If a complaint is made let the Council hear it and adjudicate on it—as they did adjudicate in the case of Mrs. Chant.

The position of the Purity Party I am bound to confess is one that I don't understand. I had an interview with one of the leaders not long since, and his explanation practically amounted to this—The Purity Party does not object to promenades simply because they are promenades, but it objected to the Empire promenade for the specific reasons given by Mrs. Chant to the Council. The party does not oppose the applications for promenades this year because it believed that the lesson taught the Empire was so salutary that the conduct of promenades in the future will be made more strict than heretofore. If, however, any promenade should lapse towards the old unregenerate state the party will collect evidence, and promptly oppose the full license of any hall to which such promenade is attached.

This sounds all very nice and sensible on paper, but, candidly, it does not seem quite in keeping with the triumphant and defiant notes that were sounded last year. I cannot help feeling that the Purity Party, being exceedingly wise in its generation, perceives that the flood-tide of reaction is at its height, and therefore deems it discreet to lie low for a while. But the party has so much energy, and, above all, so much information of a special kind that we are pretty sure to hear of it again.

Meantime, as a result of all these excursions and alarms, it is a matter for congratulation that justice has been done to the Palace at last. With the splendid show that he has organised, and now, with every advantage in his favour, it will be very remarkable if Charles Morton does not earn a respectable dividend for the Palace shareholders. The Empire people after their recent experiences are not likely ever to try taking a mean advantage of the Palace or any other trade rival again. Chastened by the fires of adversity they have learned experience, and, it is to be hoped, both tolerance and charity.

I was sorry to see that before the Licensing Committee John Burns made a violent and insensate attack on the Imperial Institute. It is not a particularly useful place, and as a whole it is rather dull, but I should regard it as distinctly harmless. If it is not, a little evidence would have been worth any quantity of bald-headed abuse. The only way to answer John is for Sir Summers Vine to challenge the Elect of Battersea—as the Sporting League did. There would certainly be a good gate for a contest, "Burns v. Vine,—Boxing, Bossing, Blowing, Haddock-Splitting, and Coddem." What a splendid nine o'clock "turn" it would make for the first promenade night at the Empire!

Another Socialist leader, George Bernard Shaw, has likewise made an unexpected deliverance to an astonished world. Judging by the late elections, the working-man has for some time past given up believing in Shaw; now Shaw proclaims that he has given up believing in the working-man. If Shaw would go one better, and give up believing in Ibsen, he might easily become a popular dramatist. Still, we can't have everything at once. "G. B. S." has shed musical criticism upon the working-man. He may yet develop into a reactionary Tory, and write stirring melodramas for the Adelphi.

This, you must remember, is a time for strange things in playwriting. Haddon Chambers is already collaborating with Barney Barnato—who a few nights ago I saw on the stage of Drury Lane, in the Johannesburg Hotel scene—so I don't despair of hearing that a new play of serious interests will shortly be produced, written by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild and Mr. Edward Rose. Sir Arthur Sullivan will naturally look for a libretto from Sir Albert Sassoon, Mr. W. W. Astor will pair off with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. George Sims will write a melodrama with Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Cecil Rhodes is born to collaborate with Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and we might get a moving story of city life out of Colonel North and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. I will not dazzle you with prospects of an autumn drama by Sir Augustus Harris and the Directors of the Bank of England; but, the ball having once been set rolling, there is no knowing where we shall stop. Already Mr. Seymour Hicks has written a military drama with Mr. George Edwardes, and on Saturday it was read to the Gattis, but with what result I do not know. However, there is no chance of their wanting to produce it, or anything else, for some time. By the way, the authors of *The Swordsman's Daughter*, Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Brandon Thomas, will not collaborate again.

Miss May Yohé (Lady Frances Hope) has, I hear, found touring rather too much for her strength, and it is probable that she will shortly take a thorough and complete rest. Possibly she will not be seen on the stage at all next season, but will reserve herself for a new opera in the autumn of 1896.

The mystery surrounding the theft of Mrs. Langtry's jewels has not been cleared up. How they were got from the bank is incomprehensible. To begin with, if you send a trusted agent to a bank with valuables, the bank officials make him sign a book, and then they hand him a receipt stating that they have "Received from Mr. X. a box, *supposed to contain*" whatever he says is in it. When the valuables are removed from the bank your agent has got to sign a receipt, and his signature is most carefully compared with that in the book that he signed previously, and also he is required to produce the receipt formerly given to him by the bank officials. It will be interesting to learn whether the receipt in question was produced by the man who stole Mrs. Langtry's jewels; and, if so, where did he get it from? The order signed by Mrs. Langtry for the jewels might be genuine—that is, an old one, got at somehow, with the date altered—an operation which would be easier than forging a whole letter and signature. I have got a sort of suspicion myself that, if these jewels are ever found, it will be in America, and most probably in New York.—Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres possess as great advantages for Carriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

Subscriptions to the extent of £100,000 having been guaranteed, the Directors will proceed to allotment immediately upon the closing of the Lists.

The List of Subscriptions will CLOSE on WEDNESDAY at Four p.m. for both Town and Country.

RHODESIAN MINERAL PROPERTIES,

LIMITED.

Capital £233,000 in 233,000 Shares of £1 each,

Whereof 113,000 shares are to be allotted as fully paid to the vendors as part of the purchase consideration, and 120,000 ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR, payable 2s. 6d. on application, 5s. on allotment, and the balance as required.

DIRECTORS.

E. S. Revett, Warnford Court, E.C.; Director British Westralia Syndicate, Limited, and Selukwe Consolidated, Limited (Chairman).
F. A. Gillam, 245, Cromwell Road, S.W.; Director Hannan's Star Gold Mines, Limited.
T. S. Marshall (Morison and Marshall), Winchester House, E.C.; Director Eastleigh Deep, Limited (London Board).
W. B. Pascoe, 43, Ebury Street, S.W.; Director Nigel Deep, Limited (London Board), and Roodepoort Deep Level Gold Mining Company, Limited.
E. A. Preston, The Hollies, Woking, Surrey; Director African Gold Recovery Company, Limited, and Afrikander Gold Mining Company, Limited.
R. J. Price, M.P., 104, Sloane Street, S.W.; Director Rhodesia, Limited.
R. C. Batley, Buluwayo, Rhodesia.

MANAGERS IN SOUTH AFRICA:
THE BECHUANALAND EXPLORATION COMPANY, Limited.

BANKERS:
THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, Limited, Lothbury Office, 6, Lothbury, E.C.
THE NATIONAL BANK OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC, Limited, 73, Cornhill, E.C.

SOLICITORS:
BURN & BERRIDGE, 11, Old Broad Street, E.C.
VALLANCE, BIRKBECK & BARNARD, Lombard House, George Yard, E.C.

BROKERS:
BRUNTON, BOURKE & CO., 18, Finch Lane, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS:
FORD, RHODES & FORD, Chartered Accountants, London.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.):
A. C. FENTON, 23, College Hill, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes specified in its Memorandum of Association, and primarily to acquire and, in the discretion of the Directors, to deal with the properties hereafter referred to, which are held subject to the regulations of the British South Africa Company. The particulars given in the prospectus respecting these properties are based on information and reports supplied to the vendor Syndicate by the Batley Syndicate, Limited, from whom the properties are being acquired.

The properties to be immediately acquired are the following, viz.:—

I.—543 Gold Mining Claims in Matabeleland, comprising:—

1. 100 Claims in the Sebawke and Upper Gwelo Districts, consisting of—

(A) "Moor" Reef, 20 claims. Old workings extend through 5 claims. Width of Reef, 5 ft. 6 in., showing visible and panning very well throughout.

(B) "Nantwich" Reef, 10 claims. There are parallel lines of old workings 400 feet wide, extending through 8 claims, and the rock from the dumps pans very well.

(C) "Seduline" Reef, 10 claims. Old workings (very large) extend through four claims. A cutting 72 ft. by 6ft. has been run across this property, showing the Reef, which pans very well, 150 yards from the main shaft.

(D) "Duplex" Reef, 20 claims. Main shaft 30 ft., drive 3 ft. 6 in., cutting reef 3 ft. 4 in.; looking very promising. Another reef 2 ft. showing excellent prospects.

(E) "Red Willow" Reef, 20 claims. Very extensive old workings in parallel lines running through greater part of the claims.

(F) "Bat and Ball" Reef, 20 claims, nearer the Gwelo. Very extensive old workings; excellent prospects from the dumps along them.

2. 133 claims in the Lower Gwelo District, consisting of:—

(A) "Pearl" Reef, 20 claims. No. 1 Shaft 60 feet, crosscut 15 feet, No. 2 Shaft the same. Very extensive old workings. Situated about two miles from the Gwelo River.

(B) "Leopard," 3 claims.

(C) "Umfazi" Reef, 20 claims. No. 1 Shaft, 32 feet, crosscut 5 feet. No. 2 Shaft 18 feet, crosscut 5 feet. Extensive old workings. 1¾ miles from river.

(D) "Van Blerk" Reef, 20 claims. Shaft 30 feet, drive 10 feet. Three-quarters of a mile N.W. of the Umfazi Reef.

(E) "Matabele Mint," 20 claims. Shaft 30 feet. 700 yards from river. These 20 claims are not believed to be of much value.

(F) "Fourth July" Reef, 20 claims. Shaft 60 feet. Very old workings. About three miles from River.

(G) "Irene," 10 claims.

(H) "Sans Culotte," 20 claims.

3. 170 Claims in the Upper Shangani District, consisting of:

(A) "Rachel" Reef, 50 claims. Close to water, with abundance of timber. Assays (A) 1 oz. 4 dwts. 15·84 grs.; (B) 15 dwts.; (C) 2 dwts. 4·8 grs.

(B) "Waterway," 30 claims. Fifteen miles west of the "Rachel." These claims are pegged upon old workings. Assays 1 oz. 17 dwts. 12 grs. Wood and water plentiful.

(C) "Evening Star," 10 claims. Pannings give prospect of 4 to 5 ozs. of gold, and also of silver in rather large quantities.

(D) "Madiera." 30 claims. This property is in close proximity to the well-known Eagle Reef belonging to the United Rhodesia Company. Shaft No. 1; good looking quartz. Assay, 1 oz. 17 dwts. 12 grs. Shaft No. 2; assays give 4 ozs. 9 dwts. Abundance of wood and water.

(E) "Lombard," 50 claims. About 3 miles from Eagle Reef and strike of Reef about the same. Reef varying from 3 ft. to 2 ft. 3 in. Wood and water plentiful.

4. 40 Claims in the Buluwayo District, on the "Domino" Reef, 12 miles N.E. of Buluwayo, which although not developed, shows good prospects.

5. 100 Claims in the Belingwe District; (A) North—20 Claims; (B) Central—20 Claims; (C) Hanover—30 Claims; (D) Teutonic—30 Claims.

In a letter dated 8th July, 1895, Mr. Batley, in referring to these latter claims, states:—"I am offered 100 claims in the Belingwe District, 60 of them thoroughly developed, reefs being cut in each block (varying from 2 ft. to 7 ft.) and inspection certificates granted. There are extensive old workings on each of these blocks and pannings throughout are most encouraging. Assays of rock taken throughout range from 12 dwts to 28 ozs. and although assays are not of much value as decisive proofs, they are, if consistent, very good indications."

II.—100 Coal Areas of 160 acres each, 140 miles North-west of Buluwayo, bounded on the East by the River Sengwe, upon which they have a frontage of 4 miles.

These Coal Areas are reported on by Mr. William Reid, of Buluwayo, who is described by Mr. Batley as the discoverer of the Fields, as the only man in Buluwayo of any repute who has any practical acquaintance with the subject, and further as one who, from what Mr. Batley has seen of him, and the character he has earned for himself in Charterland in all quarters, he should judge to be a thoroughly honest and straightforward man.

In the Report referred to, which is dated the 18th July, 1895, Mr. Reid states:—

> "The coal occurs in veins in the sandstone formation varying in width from 3 feet to 5 feet. . . . The veins are continuous for upwards of 6 miles; that is, that is throughout the extent of the hundred acres. . . . I collected specimens of the coal, more especially from the veins exposed in the river beds, where they showed a width of upwards of 5 feet, and have subjected them to all the ordinary tests, both by slow combustion and forced draught, with the most satisfactory results.
>
> "The immediate neighbourhood is thickly populated, ensuring an unlimited supply of native labour, a very important adjunct to the cheap working of the coal.
>
> "The road from Buluwayo lies through well-timbered country with an ample supply of water, and a light railway or tramway could be constructed to these coal fields at a very low cost, since there are no engineering difficulties whatever to overcome.
>
> "These areas lie in close proximity to the route which the proposed railway line must take, and are close to the principal gold fields of Charterland."

For full report see Prospectus.

These coal areas are acquired under an agreement dated 6th July, 1895, between Mr. Batley and Mr. Reid, under which Mr. Reid is entitled to certain cash payments, and a participation in the capital of any Company formed to work them.

Whenever, in the judgment of the Directors, the developments warrant it, it is intended to dispose of portions of the Claims to subsidiary Companies, and the Directors anticipate that handsome profits should accrue to the shareholders of this Company from such sales.

The purchase price of the property is £183,000, payable as to £113,000 in fully-paid shares of the Company, as to £50,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully-paid shares, at the option of the Directors, and as to £20,000 in cash. The vendors will, out of the purchase consideration, pay all expenses up to allotment, except the cost of registration of the Company and legal expenses.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.:—An agreement, dated 3rd October, 1895, between the Batley Syndicate, Limited, and the African Venture Syndicate, Limited, and an agreement, dated 4th October, 1895, between the African Venture Syndicate, Limited (who are selling at a profit), and George Thomson, as trustee for Rhodesian Mineral Properties, Limited.

Copies of the above contracts and reports, and of the mining regulations of the British South Africa Company, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Certain agreements and arrangements have been or may be entered into as to the formation of the Company and the subscription of its capital, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their right (if any) to particulars thereof, or to any further specifications of the agreements under which the properties have been secured, whether under Section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Mr. E. S. Revett and Mr. R. C. Batley are interested in the Batley Syndicate, Limited, and Mr. T. S. Marshall in the African Venture Syndicate, Limited, and they will not act until after allotment.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

IN THE CITY.

THE SPREAD OF SPECULATION.

The speculation fever is spreading rapidly over the country. The enormous fortunes made by speculating in mining shares during the last few months is taking hold of the imagination of men who, until recently, cared nothing, and knew nothing, about stocks and shares. Even farmers and their like are being bitten by it. They hear of men who only a few months ago had hardly one shilling to rub against another making their thousands, and of others their tens of thousands, and jog trot industry is ceasing to have any charms for them. But the demand, great and growing as it is, is more than met by the supply. How rapidly the pace is growing will be seen when we say that, taking the West Australian companies alone, while 371 companies, with capitals of £33,814,672, have been registered in 1894-5, 131 of these companies, with capitals of £14,240,610, were registered in August and September last. Here is the list of joint-stock companies submitted to the public during the weak ended October 7th :—

Name of Company.	Capital.
Hannan's Excelsior Gold Mines, Limited	£80,000
Leland Stanford Gold Mining Company, Limited	60,000
Central Exploration and Investment Corporation, Ld.	500,000
Sneddon Concessions, Limited	30,000
Leechdale Rhodesian Development Company, Limited	150,000
Globe Blocks Gold Mining Company, Limited	150,000
Kathleen Gold Mine, Limited	75,000
Mayne's Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited	225,000
Black Flag Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited	140,000
Western Australian Steam Packet Company, Limited	50,000
Mount Torrens Gold Mining Company, Limited	120,000
Buttfontein Sun Diamond Mine, Limited	100,000
Weld's Hercules Gold Mines, Limited	120,000
Mount Prophecy and Perservance Gold Mines, Limited	120,000
Love Hand Gold Mines, Limited	150,000
Golden Australia, Limited	250,000
Rhodesian Mineral Properties, Limited	233,000
Brownhill Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited	125,000
Turon Gold Mines, Limited	100,000
	£2,778,000

Our country and other friends will do well to remember that the collapse must come sooner or later. There is plenty of gold and plenty of sound mining companies in South Africa and Western Australia, but you can buy gold too dear, and the price at which the shares of most of the mining companies stand at the present time is far in excess of any sound, or reasonable, estimate of their value.

THE CONSORT DEEP LEVEL GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

A young and able contemporary has been raising a dust over certain discrepancies between the draft prospectus—marked private and confidential by the way—of this Company, and the revised document upon which the public were asked to subscribe. Our lively contemporary has gone so far as to speak of "The Consort Deep Level Swindle." We do not enter into the merits of the dispute, but our contemporary must have seen cause to alter his opinion rather suddenly, seeing that the following telegrams passed, only three or four weeks ago, between the journal and its representative in South Africa.

> Is Pince Consort Mine, adjoining Consort Consolidated known deep level property? Is Thomas, owner, reliable?

To which the reply came :—

> Prince Consort (is the) deep level (of the) Consolidated. Thomas reliable.

We are likely to see lively times over the matter. Well, the Editor of our contemporary should be able to take care of himself, for he has done more than anybody else to upset the libel laws of the Transvaal, and he has been the hero of a score of libel actions.

HARLEQUIN SOAP.

The travellers of the Marza Wine Syndicate, about which we have said something in previous issues, and the managing-director of the Marza Wine Syndicate, are to run the Harlequin Soap Syndicate, so that it is allowable to assume that the Marza Wine Syndicate is interested in the venture. It is described as "an absolutely unique" invention, and we shall not quarrel with the description. It is not only a soap, it is a dye. It not only cleans, "it imparts any desired tint to cotton, linen, silks, feathers." The colour when the article is washed remains absolutely fast, and a twopenny tablet is sufficient for four pairs of curtains.

A wonderful soap truly, but before the public subscribe the £5,750 they are asked to find, they will do well to have some information as to the demand for the soap in this country. The prospectus says that in Belgium "the demand already exceeds the supply." But it has only been on the market a few weeks. Here, so far as we can gather, it has not been put on the market at all, so that all estimates as to sales are in the highest degree hypothetical.

We advise our readers to leave the Harlequin Soap Syndicate severely alone. If the soap is a really valuable article it can be got in shops by-and-bye, and it will be better to pay for it in the ordinary way rather than to put money in a syndicate which has no claim to the public confidence.

MR. GILBERT D. SUTHERLAND AND THE PRESS.

In our issue of September 21st we referred to "The true story of Mr. Barney Barnato's career," as told by Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland in the columns of the *Star*, and we expressed surprise that that journal—controlled as it is by Professor Stuart, M.P., a man quite incapable of knowingly misleading the public for the sake of a few pounds in the way of advertisement receipts—should have lent its columns to a ridiculous puff of Mr. Barney Barnato, inserted so as to appear to the ordinary reader to be an independent description of a well-known man by one who knows him, and is anxious that the public should know him, not as he has been painted by malignant newspaper men—To Day to wit—but as he is. We are told that the further instalments of the Barnato fiction have been stopped. Anyway, we looked for the second instalment, promised for September 23rd, and could not find it—but Mr. Gilbert Sutherland has been busy writing in the *Star* on food matters, so that we may commend the letters we give below to the attention of that journal.

The first is from Mr. G. W. Terrett, Importer of Foreign Beef and Mutton, of 365, Central Meat Market, London, E.C. We need hardly say that Mr. Terrett's letter was unsoliciated. Here it is, word for word, except that we exclude the names of the newspapers mentioned. Mr. Terrett's letter is addressed to Mr. Jerome :—

> With reference to your article on Dr. Gilbert Sutherland it may interest you to know that some time ago I commenced advertising frozen lamb, and the Dr. wrote to me saying that if I would send him a quarter of lamb he would give me a good notice in "Food Notes" written weekly by him for *Winter's Weekly*. I then asked him about other Press opinions in a letter and received enclosed reply. He called on me a few days after and offered the following for a Press opinion in ——— £20; ——— £3; ——— £10; ——— £3, and several other papers.

The second letter is the one addressed by Mr. Gilbert D. Sutherland to Mr. Terrett, and we give it *in extenso*.

> 27, Culross Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
> March 8th, 1895.
>
> Messrs. G. W. Terrett and Co.
>
> Gentlemen,—
>
> I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter and fore-quarter of lamb. I will give you a notice in my "Food Notes" issue, March 20th.
>
> There is no difficulty in obtaining any number of Press opinions by payment, but it occurs to me that a short and well-written descriptive article would answer your purpose better, and be far cheaper.
>
> It would cost very little to print in pamphlet form, and you might send them out broadcast—something that people would read—with a good title; "Our Daily Food," for example, and written by a well-known food man.
>
> I shall be only too pleased to assist you in any way; for the moment I think this idea is the best and by far the most economical.
>
> There are other ways and means, and introductions, which I can give you later on.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> Gilbert D. Sutherland.

Mr. Gilbert Sutherland misled when he said that he could get Mr. Terrett's frozen lamb puffed in respectable papers for a money consideration, but the correspondence given above will enable the public to judge of the value to be placed upon Mr. Gilbert Sutherland's eulogies of Mr. Barney Barnato—and others.

AN AMALGAMATION.

We understand that the South Orion Company is about to amalgamate on favourable terms with a neighbouring company, the terms being share for share. As the shares of the South Orion are now quoted at about $\frac{3}{4}$, whilst the shares of the company with which it is to amalgamate are at $1\frac{3}{4}$, we may expect improvement in the quotation for the former, the shares of which have been held in weak hands. The amalgamated companies will have a working capital of from £80,000 to £100,000. It is possible that a third company may be included in the amalgamation, and possibly a fourth. If the fourth goes in the working capital will be increased to £150,000. The amalgamation would benefit all concerned. There would be two outcrop properties, and they would have the deep levels, which would mean to the combined company a very long lease of life.

A SILVERSMITH'S GRIEVANCE.

We have received a letter from a well-known silversmith from which we take the following passages :—

> I think it may be stated without fear of contradiction that the efforts of the National Retail Jewellers' Association are being thwarted by the course of action adopted by the Inland Revenue Department.
>
> For some time back those engaged in the jewellery trade have learned through the trade journals that So-and-so has been caught dealing in plate without having the necesary license, that they have been fined a paltry sum and been required to take out a plate license. I would ask you to notice particularly "been required," as I want to ask why in Heaven's name this distinction is made between the person who sells plate without a license and the person who sells spirits without a license, as in the one case he has a license forced upon him, whilst in the other case if he does get one in the first instance he probably never will do so again. If a conviction is recorded which will be read up against him if he ever desires to apply for another license, and will most likely be refused on the grounds of previous bad character.
>
> It is a most unpleasant piece of business for a tradesman to furnish information against his neighbour, who probably has been selling plate for years without having a plate license, and when information is given to the officers of the Inland Revenue Department the wrong-doer is let off with a paltry fine, laughs at you, and takes his license, the cost of which is probably covered by profit on the transaction, and no publicity given. One may be excused if the thought occurs : "This is a queer business—how has it been squared?"

A supervisor sends us a letter, in which he says :—

> The fact is, these defrauders of the Revenue have more rope allowed them than any class of people we have to deal with. I'll give you an instance happened to me : A trader was selling without a license ; he defied both me and the supervisor ; he wouldn't sell to us, of course. I was going on my holiday and arranged with the supervisor that the assistant who was to relieve me should attempt a detection. We marched him down and pointed out the shop ; in he went and purchased a silver pencil-case greatly over weight for 15s. The Board gave the man the option of taking out a license or being prosecuted ; he took out a license. Here comes the joke, the Board returned the 15s. pencil-case to the poor assistant ; he expostulated with them saying he had made the purchase under instructions, and didn't want it. They replied, "Take the article back to the trader, and perhaps he would return the 15s."
>
> Our prosecuting department at Somerset House wants overhauling, Officered by a lot of Cockney clerks who, have never been brought in contact with traders, the most absurd and contradictory fiats emanate from them. All our reports have to be reviewed by them, and they have to advise the Board what to do.

AN INTERESTING SYNDICATE.

We have received the following letter from Messrs. Young and Rowley Orr, writers, of 93, West Regent Street, Glasgow :—

> Referring to the article in your issue of 28th inst. under the heading "In the City," "An Interesting Syndicate," in which you comment upon the prospectus of the Marza Syndicate, Limited, we beg to say that a client of ours applied for shares upon the faith of that prospectus, and that your article enlightened him as to the misleading character of the document. He is prepared with any other persons similarly misled to apply to the Court to have their names removed from the register of shareholders, and we shall be glad if you will put us into communication with any persons who may write to you in consequence of the paragraph in your paper.

We will readily forward to Messrs. Young and Rowley Orr any letters that may be sent to us from shareholders in this syndicate.

The manager of G. Kynoch and Co., Limited, informs us that the Kynoch Cordite Factory at Arklow is now in full working order, the manufacture being under the supervision of a resident inspector from the War Office. Deliveries will continue to be made to the Government at the rate of four tons per week till the present contract is completed.

A correspondent writes us to say that it would be of great convenience to bank cashiers if the Bank of England notes were coloured differently according to values.

A Glasgow correspondent, referring to our paragraph headed "Philanthropists in Glasgow," tells us that the "philanthropists" referred to therein "are coining money, and can afford to ignore you, which they will do." No doubt.

In a letter from Paris a correspondent writes :—"There is a deal of talk about West Australian mining affairs. But Barnato has got the papers in his hands. He is pictured as the 'God of Luck' in the illustrated papers, and the word Barnato is accepted as a synonym for luck."

NEW ISSUES.

Brownhill Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited (Hannan's). Capital, £125,000.—Formed to acquire and develop ten mining claims in Hannan's District, about twenty-seven miles to the north-east of Coolgardie. The property constitutes a complete block of about 146 acres, said to be one of the largest mining properties held by any English company in the district. Captain Vawdry has reported favourably upon the property, and says that the lode material "is similar to that of the Great Boulder," but he is the expert and agent of the vendors. An independent report is given by Mr. G. R. Fearby, who considers it "a most valuable property." The purchase price is £92,500, of which £62,500 is to be in shares.

Rhodesian Mineral Properties, Limited. Capital, £233,000.—Formed to acquire and deal with various properties in Matabeleland. A large number of most promising gold and coal interests have been secured, and the management, both in this country and South Africa, is in thoroughly experienced and capable hands.

The Turon Gold Mines, Limited. (Sofala, Bathurst, New South Wales.) Capital, £100,000. Formed to acquire certain mining leases at Spring Creek, Turon, New South Wales, together with battery, etc., about seventy-four acres in all. Various reports speak favourably of the property, and the purchase price has been fixed at £[illegible], of which £[illegible] is to be in cash, leaving £30,000 for working capital.

The Wold-Hercules Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £120,000.—Formed to acquire and work a gold mining property on the [illegible] Gold fields, Western Australia. The property consists of four mining leases covering an area of forty-one acres. These mines extend [illegible] feet on the line of reef, and also cover the deep levels on the underlie. The mines are situated about thirty-five miles from Cue, and when the railway, now in progress, reaches there they will be within easy reach of the port of Geraldton. Sundry reports speak favourably of the properties, for which the Company gives £90,000, of which £15,000 is to be in cash.

The World's Treasure, Limited. Capital £[illegible]. Formed to acquire and work a gold property on Dunn's Find at Coolgardie, Western Australia. This property consists of two blocks formerly known as Hardy's and Lindsay's blocks, and covers an area of [illegible] acres. They adjoin, and are on the same line of reef as the famous Wealth of Nations Gold Mining Syndicate. Captain [illegible] has reported very favourably upon the property, and other experts give their opinion that the World's Treasure, Limited, is likely to become one of the most paying concerns on the Coolgardie Gold Field.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Transvaal Estates and Development Company. C. W. C. (Bolton).—Not much at present. **Gold Fields of Mysore.** Rettop (Wormit-on-Tay).—We should leave them alone. **Bank of New Zealand.** Depositor (Cork).—No. **Lagunas Nitrates.** O. B. (Liverpool).—The dispute affects the quotation. We should hold for the present. **Sundry Shares.** Hubertus (Chester).—(1) There would be no difficulty in your getting the number of debentures you mention. (2) Do not touch Lisbon Berlyn's. (3) We cannot advise purchases of C and D. (4) Yes, Chartereds are pretty certain to go higher by-and-bye, but as to whether they will go "much higher" in the "very near future" we think not. (5) It would be a fairly good speculative investment. **Allsopp's Ordinary.** P. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne). — Yes. **A Certain Company.** X. Y. (Sheffield).—Not favourable. **Pigg's Peak.** A. R. R. (Muswell Hill).—(1) We do not think you will gain much by holding them. (2) The shares of Lyons and Co. should be a fairly good purchase at the present quotation. **The Harquahala Gold Mining Company.** T. E. (Llanybther).—(1) We think not. (2) As you have the shares it will be as well to hold them for a time, but sell on anything like a profit. **Two Steamship Companies.** Hereward (Manchester).—We should prefer another investment. The steamship companies you mention have, we believe, been doing a fairly good business, but there is very sharp competition, and steamship shares are seldom a very desirable investment. **Lands Trusts Company, Limited.** R. J. C. (Bishop Auckland).—None so far as we know. We shall be very pleased to answer any question you may send us at any time. **Sundry Shares.** Tyro (Lanark).—Nos. 1 and 2 are very speculative. Nos. 3 and 4 are promoted by good people, and with sound management should do well. **Sundry Advisers.** W. S. D. (Dundee).—No. If you know nothing about stocks and shares yourself do not touch them for speculative purposes, and for others consult some person of your acquaintance in whom you have confidence, and who is in a position to advise you. **Pleiades.** Shareholder (Glasgow).—No, we do not advise you to sell. You could only get rid of your shares at a heavy loss, and they may be put up again before long. **West Australian Gold Fields.** J. G. (Bradford).—We are glad you have done so well by following our advice. We always advise taking a good profit, but barring a collapse in South Africans, we expect, as we said after the general meeting, to see them at 10 this autumn. **Four Shares.** J. S. (Hanley).—Have nothing to do with Nos. 1 and 2. Nos. 3 and 4 may improve, but the properties represented by the company are of very questionable value. **Outside Brokers.** J. T. (Penrith).—If you read this page you must know our opinion of the people you name. Our advice to you, as to others, is to throw into the waste-paper basket every circular that describes a system certain to give those who follow it large profits without corresponding or serious risk. **Standing of Company.** C. P. (Brighton).—No standing. **London Tramway Company.** W. A. M. (Glasgow).—Sell. The Company is doing well, but tramway shares, anyway in London companies, are not desirable investments. **Crisp & Co.** W. B. (Ebbw Vale).—We remain of the opinion that the investment is a sound one. **Two Insurance Companies.** T. M. (Southport).—They meet their engagements. **Murchison Diamond Mines.** W. A. M. (Glasgow).—We do not advise purchase. **Liability upon Shares.** J. C. C. (Edinburgh).—The liability is confined to the value of the shares, but we strongly recommend you not to dabble in Stock Exchange speculation. **Emperor Gold Mine.** J. H. W. (Birmingham).—(1) No. (2) The allotment in Australia, Limited, was cancelled. A new company which was to take over this property and another was to be brought out but has not been yet. It remains a part of the assets of the Associated Gold Mines, Limited.

"Do you know," he was saying, "that I never can keep my head under water when I go swimming? I've tried and tried." "Perhaps you don't try long enough," she said in an absent-minded way, and he is still wondering what she ment.

Editor : "You say you wrote that joke yourself?"
Jokist : "Yes, sir."
Editor : "You don't really look it, young man, but you must be about 325 years old."

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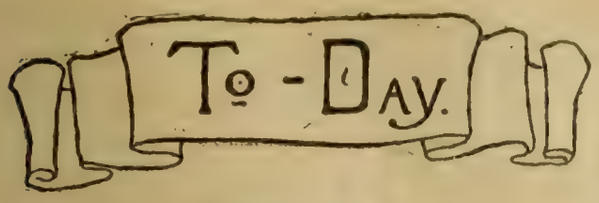

CONTENTS.

PAGE
The Heart of Princess Osra. IX. The Victory of the Duke of Mittenheim.—(Concluded). By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by H. R. Millar 289
The Literary Labours of Genius 294
The Ride of the Emperor 295
Feminine Affairs 296
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 298
The New Juliet 298
The Ruminations of Randolph 299
In the City 302
To-Day. By J. K. J. 305
Club Chatter 309
The Diary of a Bookseller 313
Character-Reading from the Face. VIII. The Mouth and Jaw. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. 314
"Mr. Whistler" 316
Mrs. Brown Potter "En Voyage" 319

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

An interesting indication of the movement of modern thought is afforded by Mr. Gladstone's admission of doubt as to the essential immortality of the human race. Mr. Gladstone, who has always been regarded as one of the most orthodox Christians, appears to be of opinion that, though a man may obtain an immortal soul, it is not his by birthright. It becomes exceedingly difficult to an observer, to take human nature in detail and feel convinced that every man and woman is the heir to immortality. One contemplates with a certain feeling of despair the idea that the ever-increasing numbers of the human race will continue to march on through eternity. May it not be that the possibility of acquiring an immortal soul is given to each man, and may not eternal sleep be the fittest and the kindest ending for many of the shadowy figures that flit, unheeding and unthinking, across the momentary light-lit space we call life? The idea that the decomposition of the body immediately equalises us, so that we can all enter upon immortality with equal hope of enjoyment, is a logic that many cannot accept. The question agitates, and will continue to agitate, all thinking minds who allow their reason free play. But that Mr. Gladstone, the darling of the narrowest religious circles, considers the time ripe for public argument of such a question is a remarkable indication.

One wonders sometimes if all our preachers and writers, most of them men of education, many of them men of strong intellect, can really believe at the bottom of their hearts all the dogmas that it is their duty to propound: and their dislike to enter upon argument suggests that they fear to examine too closely all their own thoughts. Outside the profession of religion—I use the word merely to define, not to sneer—one finds it difficult to meet with a cultured man whose inward religion at all fits in with what is still supposed to be the national belief. Is not the time approaching when these great questions—questions of paramount importance to mankind—might be discussed in the open? What advantage to us is this pretence, wrapped round with which, so many of us walk? What unwritten law is there declaring that all the questions of the most vital importance to us shall be those questions that we are never allowed to speak of except in a whisper? In serial publications whose circulation is confined to the Strand, in books published in editions of fifty, we may discuss many matters; but if we venture outside these bounds we render ourselves liable to the abuse of the shallow, and the virtuous reproaches of the hypocritical. The public is treated as though it were a nursery full of children. We are told to amuse ourselves with Conservatism and Liberalism, with questions of Local Veto and New Juliets. The real essentials of our life are matters that we are not allowed to chatter about.

The case of Johnson v. the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company heard at the Sheriff's Court, Bloomsbury, last week, prompts me to make a few remarks upon a matter that appears to me of more public interest than is assumed. When my own action came on in this very court a month or two ago, I hesitated to comment upon it, feeling that I could not trust my powers of observation in an affair where I was so closely concerned. It seemed to me then, and, looking back, it still so seems to me, that the most remarkable thing about the whole trial was the curiously friendly attitude of the jury towards the representatives of the railway company. The jury interrupted and cross-examined my witnesses, while during the examination of the company's surveyors and valuers they assumed an air of respectful and sympathetic attention that was a model to jurymen all the world over. At the conclusion of the trial the foreman argued for a considerable time against those points in Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell's summing-up that told in my favour, and he might have fairly disputed with Mr. Littler himself the gratitude of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company for the verdict subsequently returned.

Throughout the hearing I watched the attitude of the jury with some amazement. Afterwards I came to the conclusion that my prejudices must have made me blind. Whenever Mr. Littler, Q.C., winked—and he winked frequently—the jury leaned over, nodded back at him, and tittered. When he made a joke they roared; when he sneered they tossed their heads contemptuously. All this seemed so strange to me, as I say, that I came to the conclusion that my senses on that occasion were not to be trusted. But here I read of another compensation case, and the *Daily Telegraph* report is before me in black and white. A dentist brings an action against the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, claiming £2,205 for being turned out of his premises, and being sent away from the district where he had been struggling successfully to build up a practice. Mr. Littler, Q.C., again represented the railway company, and the case was heard before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a special jury, again under Mr. Littler's eye.

It appears that the railway company offered Mr. Johnson another house near to the one out of which he was being turned. He objected to this proffered house, as there was a tunnel being constructed through the garden, and the Metropolitan Railway tunnel ran in front of it. He said this made the house unsafe. He said patients would not care to come to a dentist's room in a shaking house. Here the jury burst

into laughter. Such a clatter, the dentist said, would unnerve the strongest man living. Here the jury roared with laughter. Mr. Littler: But would it unnerve the man manipulating the instruments of torture? (Laughter.) Witness: Most assuredly it would unstring anybody's nerves. (Loud laughter.) The Learned Under-Sheriff: Even yours? Witness: Yes. (Laughter.) It appears that Mr. Johnson had constructed in his garden rabbit-hutches, fowl and pigeon-houses. Being turned out of his house, he naturally asked the railway company to pay for these things. Mr. Littler: Why do you charge the company with the cost of constructing rabbit-hutches, fowl and pigeon-houses? (This sends the jury into fits of laughter.) Surely these things have nothing to do with dentistry! (Laughter.) They don't assist in pulling out teeth. (Great laughter.) Eventually the jury awarded Mr. Johnson much less than half of what he claimed. In nearly all these compensation cases the jury have awarded less than the company offered, which is in itself remarkable, seeing that the jury is not supposed to know the sum tendered. But this keen sense of humour on the part of the jury under the eye of Mr. Littler, Q.C., is even more remarkable. It may be retorted upon me that as a rival humourist I am envious of Mr. Littler's success, and blind to his merits as a wit. Therefore I have collected the above specimens of the brilliant wit which rouses juries to such keen delight.

Perhaps what renders this touching comradeship between Mr. Littler and his juries the more remarkable in these compensation cases is that in ordinary Courts of Justice Mr. Littler, Q.C., and British juries do not always appear to be quite on such friendly terms. It was only a few weeks ago that we heard of indignant protests in connection with Mr. Littler's attitude towards juries, and of juries towards Mr. Littler, and that occasion was not the first of its kind. There is evidently something about Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell's Court that draws Mr. Littler and a jury together. But then it must be remembered, in justice to all concerned, that the juries who try these compensation cases are not collected in the ordinary common way of justice. Some forty names are drawn up and submitted to both parties. Each party knocks off so many names until the number is reduced to the required twelve. The names of these jurymen, their professions, and their full addresses, are in the hands of the solicitors to both parties for a week or ten days before the trial commences. Some of the railway company's opponents disagree to this method of empanelling a jury, but the railway company's solicitors have certainly had no reason to complain.

The case of the woman who completely lost her memory has attracted a good deal of attention. She could not remember her real name, but thought that it was "Trilby"—possibly intending to detract attention from the temporary deficiency of her head by the excellence of her foot. Let us hope that it was not over excitement from the perusal of Mr. Du Maurier's novel which led her into this gratis advertisement for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Cases of complete loss of memory are known, it appears, to medical science, but they are very rare. Cases of a partial lapse of memory, whether known to medical science or not, are much more common. In fact, it is doubtful whether society could get along at all without them—the *parvenu* simply cannot afford to remember his previous history.

But these lapses are intentional, and their existence in fact, is doubtful. The *parvenu* does not in public, remember that he used to take home the washing for that estimable laundress, his mother; but he remembers it in private, and wishes he did not. What a boon to suffering humanity it would be if the amputation of any painful part of one's memory could be performed for one by a doctor! Mr. Zangwill has, I believe made use of some such idea. The man or woman who has really reformed would get free from the burden of his, or her, past. The *parvenu* would have the ecstatic joy of being able to forget the two people to whom he owes his existence. Those who have suffered real bereavement, for whom the death of their dearest is an ever-present sorrow, would be able to free themselves of it. Yet this latter class, I fancy, would never take their freedom—to forget would seem to them a form of infidelity.

CORRESPONDENCE

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Vivisection, C. E. K., "Audi Alteram Partem," "Pasteur" and others. I must plead guilty to being an anti-good many-things, and I must certainly plead guilty to hating needless cruelty in any form. There is a devil of cruelty in every human heart, and mankind since the world began has been casting about for some legitimate excuse to gratify this passion. At one time it was religion that afforded this excuse, and the Inquisitors of Spain no doubt persuaded themselves that their torture chambers were for the service of God and man. Politicians eager for the same enjoyment made statecraft their cry and benefited humanity ("the benefit of humanity" has always been the Devil's watchword) by inventing nameless horrors. Now, I do not for a moment suggest that our modern men of science advocate vivisection for the sake of its cruelty. But there is a terrible danger to humanity at large in giving cruelty the slightest excuse to raise its head above the surface. I am not at all sure, taking the human race as a whole, that the small and disputable advantages gained by vivisection are sufficient compensation for the licence given to this devil of cruelty to stalk among us. When I speak of "vivisection" in this connection please understand that I am speaking only of vivisection performed without an anæsthetic. To operations performed under chloroform—the victim being killed upon the first signs of returning consciousness—no sane man or woman can have any objection. The mere death of animals is immaterial. To-Day would never lift up its voice at the death of twenty million dogs or rabbits in the cause of science. When I attack vivisection I am thinking as much of the torturer as I am of the tortured. The man who inflicts cruelty of any kind takes a terrible responsibility upon himself. He puts himself outside the sympathy of God and man. The vivisector's only excuse would be evidence—overwhelming evidence—that his tortures have conferred immense benefit upon the human race; and even then there remains the question between the man and his Maker as to whether man, for his own selfish ends, is justified in doing devil's work. Is it proved beyond dispute that the discoveries resulting from vivisection without anæsthetics could never have been attained had anæsthetics been used? Have no mistakes resulted from researches in vivisection to counterbalance the good obtained? I think you medical men are as fanatical and intolerant on your side as are the most rabid anti-vivisectionists on the other. You resent the slightest interference with the matter as though it were not a question affecting the whole world. You should remember that every cruelty you inflict is a degradation upon the human species. Your justification is as necessary to the whole of mankind as it is to yourselves individually. As to the right or wrong of science in regarding the preservation of human life as the highest aim of man I say nothing. I am somewhat behind, or before, the times in this matter. The character of a man seems to me of more importance than his life. Whether science does him good service in teaching him to take so much thought concerning himself, his health, and the number of his years I am somewhat doubtful. To my thinking it is teaching cowardice. I would have men not so terribly afraid of death as they are. As regards the question of hydrophobia, it is the horror of the death we fear—or should fear—not the death itself. If the law was sufficiently sensible to allow a doctor to end the matter calmly and peaceably when it was clear that there was no hope for the man all the trouble in that

direction might be avoided. If medicine, in return for the benefits it confers upon our bodies, is to teach us cruelty and cowardice, I would prefer to see this earth run on the lines of the ancients, when men faced death and disease without whining, lived their lives and accepted death when the gods saw fit to send it.

W. J. L. thinks I shall be glad to hear that two young beasts, named respectively Henry Edgcumbe and Charles Cann, of Plymouth, were sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour for cold-blooded cruelty to a horse. I do not see how they could well have been awarded less punishment even by English magistrates, but it is a movement in the right direction.

Sannock.—I should be quite willing to deprive the African savage of his alcohol, but then I do not consider the African savage and the British working-man as being on the same plane of intelligence; I would not give my dog a brandy-and-soda, but I would my friend.

A. C. H.—I envy you your three hours a day devotable to study. The best books are not the most expensive. Read all the standard histories: Motley's "Dutch Republic," Gibbons' "Roman Empire," Addison's "History of Europe," all of Carlyle's and Froude's and Plutarch's Lives. You would find these works interesting, and by the time you had finished with them your mind would be sufficiently attuned to take an interest in science and art, and then there is a field of delight awaiting you.

W. J. B. encloses me a circular from a Mr. Allen Bruce, dated from Ostend, inviting subscriptions for a missing word competition. These things have been pointed out over and over again as outrageous frauds, but swindlers will never lack a supply of fools.

W. G. J. H.—Have you ever read "Sartor Resartus"? It should be a second Bible to a young man. In it you will find something after the following: "Say to all manner of happiness 'I can do without you. With self-renunciation life begins. There is plenty of happiness in life, but it never comes to the seeker. You must turn your back on happiness before she will come to you; pursue her and she will flee from you. But it must be a real turning of the back upon her, not a coquetry."

Ruined.—Your letter tells a story that, alas! I know is too common a tale. Parents send their boys into the world without a word of warning. If there is a Day of Judgment many a respectable round-faced gentleman, church-goer and good citizen, will have a heavy indictment to answer for, and the chief witnesses against him will be his own children. There is always hope for a man so long as there is strength—that is manhood—left in him, and so long as he does not despair. Can you afford to travel? Is there nothing you can do to occupy your mind and exhaust your body? Force yourself into exercise of some kind. Shun solitude as you would the Devil. You are not yet old enough to talk about being ruined.

Dalkeith.—You should cut out the coupon before forwarding the paper, so that it can be produced in case of need. Your former letter was sent on to the insurance company, but the manager was away.

A. H. L.—Your letter gave me great pleasure. A want of self-respect is at the root of all evil. Nature is more tolerant to us than we are to one another. If you have won the love of a good girl thank God for it, and try to be worthy of it in the future. As for the past—well, we rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves. Your life is in the present, not in the past. No man is utterly degraded who has in him a desire to redeem himself. You ask me to recommend you a course of study that will help you to overcome the thoughts that crowd upon you, and that will enable you to make good in some way the five years you have thrown away. If those five years have taught you to hate evil they have not been wasted. Maybe the purpose of sin is to teach virtue. For the rest—live, love, and work.

R. A. Y.—I thank you for your letter, which I am sending on to the writer of the article. Cheered.—It has been a pleasure to know that any words of mine have been of assistance to you, and I thank you for your kind expressions.

B. E. M.—Your answer was crowded out last week. See answer to A.C.H. History is really much more interesting and much more satisfying than fiction, and it gives knowledge of real life. I thank you for all the very kind things you say about To-Day. I am glad to hear you say you see the paper so much in the hands of young men.

I Serve.—Write for particulars to Somerset House, Strand, W.C.

Sensitive.—You cannot do better than study Lindley Murray's Grammar. There is a very good book on composition and style by Blackman (G. W. Deacon and Co.).

J. E. N. writes to me with reference to premature burial:—"When acting as special correspondent to the *Evening Herald* in Hamburg during the cholera plague I met a gentleman who had been passed for dead and placed in the mortuary to await burial. When the porters entered some hours later to remove the hundred or so bodies they found this gentleman sitting up in great pain, and very much frightened. He was placed in a ward and recovered. About the same time a little girl came to life actually at the graveside. She had been brought in one of several four-horse vans that conveyed bodies for interment in the Ohlsdorff graveyard. Fortunately for her, she had not been placed in a coffin, the exigencies of the time rendering it impossible to provide caskets for the dead. When the disease began to die out, the people found time to ask, 'Can it be possible that life remains in any of the bodies buried?' That the doctors in the latter days cut the ulnar arteries of all subjects before passing them for dead is full of significance."

Cicero is requested to communicate with Mr Bob Archer, Connaught House, Handsworth, Birmingham.

J. S. You might involve yourself in a very unpleasant law case by refusing to give a servant a character.

G. B.—The Chairman of the National Temperance Congress certainly made a very silly speech. His brother medical men must be amused by it.

H. M. L.—My reply to the article in the *Young Man* would simply be a repetition of the paragraphs I have already written in To-Day, and it would be useless going twice over the same ground. I am glad to see that the matter is treated in that paper in a fairly broad-minded way. Of course I traverse all the statements put forth. My arguments have already been stated, and if you are interested in the subject and have not read them I would refer you to To-Day for the past three months.

G. M.—I cannot depart from my rule with respect to typewritten MS.

A. C. assures me that the banjo is a complicated and difficult instrument to play. Generally speaking the more difficult an instrument is to learn the better for it—also for the neighbours.

J. M.—I thank you for your letter and enclosure.

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

The Crimean Hero.—The other day I published some verses upon the case of John Hickley, one of the Six Hundred who charged at Balaclava. He had been summoned at the Clerkenwell Police Court having become chargeable to the parish of St. Pancras. Hickley is in receipt of a small pension, and the guardians considered that he ought to contribute something towards his support. Hickley, who is blind and infirm, hopes to leave the workhouse shortly, and is anxious to have some money to meet his immediate wants. He, therefore, refused to surrender his pension. The case, I am glad to say, has attracted interest among my readers.

A woman sends a five pound note with a letter from which I quote the following:—"I do wish some rich people would subscribe enough to keep this poor historical old man in comfort for the rest of his life. I suppose he can't have very long to live, and it seems to me so hard to have to work for one's living in old age. I wish I could send him more. It gives me intense pleasure to have the opportunity of assisting, by any earnings of mine, a man who has had the honour of serving in that memorable 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' If some others would do the same, I think I could promise 10s. or £1 a-year towards keeping the old soldier in ease and comfort."

C. W. T. (Liverpool), another woman, writes:—"May I trouble you to let him (Hickley) have the enclosed order for 10s.? I suppose there will be no danger of the workhouse people taking the money from the poor old man?"

Ada E. H. sends three shillings, "From a few girls of the Great Ormond Street High School to John Hickley, in memory of a gallant deed." She adds: "We had a Harvest Thanksgiving at School yesterday. I had told the girls about the Crimean veteran whose story was in last week's To-Day. Some of them brought money expressly for him. It is not a large sum, as most of our contributions were eatables, but perhaps 3s. will buy him a few comforts."

W. F. N. sends me a shilling, saying:—"It is a pleasure to be able to associate oneself in any way with one who has contributed to those deeds which make the blood go quicker."

F. R. sends 2s. 6d. S. L. (Lincoln) promised me ten shillings or a little more, as mentioned last week. Far the larger part of the sum has come from women. Won't a few of the stronger and richer sex follow so gallant a lead? In contests of kindliness and charity women are generally to the front. I shall be happy to add a guinea myself, just to encourage the others. Mr. Chilver Wilson offers to put the verses that we published to music, and to let the profits of the sale of the song be devoted to the case.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

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CLUB CHATTER.

In the Grand Galleria at Milan there is a saloon which at first seems sad and unhomelike to the average gregarious Englishman. It is beautifully decorated and has every moral advantage to recommend it, but it is permeated with a subtile air of melancholy. It is, in fact, worked entirely on the automatic principle. You take a clean glass from a shelf, go to the cask whose contents you favour, and, dropping your penny into the slot, help yourself to a portion of wine, liqueur, aerated water or whatever it may be. Then, leaving the glass on another shelf you depart, feeling rather glad to get away. It is not exhilarating, but when I remember the haughty reserve of the young lady at the railway station buffet, who appears to construe every remark into an attempt to drag her into an incriminating confession, and the severe chastity of the ordinary bread-shop girl, I feel kindly towards the system.

There is one shopman whom I would gladly change for an automaton. You come across him everywhere. The last time I had the misfortune was in a West-end cutler's, into which I had stepped for a few small steel rings.

"I want some small split rings," I said. "Do you keep them?"

He seemed to know exactly what I required, and presently returned with a pleased expression and what at first sight looked like a set of quoits.

"Oh, they're much too large," I said. "Let me see the smallest you keep."

"Perhaps if you would tell me what you require them for——?" he suggested, with a hurt look at my want of confidence.

"Never mind that, let me see the smallest you have," I said.

"We haven't any," he said doggedly.

"About the size used by jewellers to fasten things on to watch chains," I explained.

He relented. "If you had said at first that you required them for that purpose, sir,——," and he got out the identical things.

"But I don't," I said incautiously.

He immediately prepared to take them away again, and at the end I believe he regarded the transaction as unprofessional on his part.

I still continue to receive a number of letters on the subject of smoking-carriages. One lady, who signs herself "A martyr," protests against my statement that smoking-carriages are always filled with ladies. She says: "As to wishing to travel with men, nothing is further from my desire. They seem to have legs as long as a spider's, and one is always stumbling over them, and they scatter portmanteaux and handbags about in such profusion one might as well as be in the luggage-van. Also they persist in going to sleep and dropping their heads over one's shoulder. Such has been my experience, and now on the railway men are labelled in my mind's eye as 'Nuisances—to be avoided.'" After which letter I am sure I ought to feel sorry that I spoke—but I don't.

I am happy to hear from private sources that Mr. Edward Rose's adaptation of *The Prisoner of Zenda* has caught on tremendously in America. In this play Mr. Sothern has proved to himself and to his manager that a strong play will draw in America without any comic relief. At this happy result all Americans should be glad. Mr. Sothern's production next year will be a play by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the details of which were discussed when Mr. Sothern was last in London.

"A Lover of Good Coffee" supplements my hints on coffee-making, given a week or two ago. He says: "Use one ounce of coffee for each pint. Put it into a hot earthenware jug. Pour the boiling water upon it, and stir up thoroughly. Let it settle for six minutes, then skim it, and pour off carefully into another hot jug. If the infusion remains long on the coffee "grounds," it extracts the woody matter of the berry, which spoils the purity of flavour. Buy your coffee as fresh as possible, and keep it in a canister or bottle.

I came across some rather pretty ties the other day. They were of a bright cerise colour with white spots, and were made in a soft silk for tying in a sailor's knot. As a similar shade seems to be very fashionable for the trimming of ladies' hats, I should say that these ties will be largely worn by young men—very young men—who happen to be engaged for the first time in their lives.

A long narrow cambric bow—self-tied of course—makes a neat tie for wearing with a tweed suit in the country. As these ties require washing after one day's wear, it is as well to get them in a material that the most energetic laundress cannot injure. The best tie for this purpose is made in tubular form, with only one seam. No matter how they are ironed they always come out without a crease in them anywhere, and have the appearance of being perfectly new.

The Great Western Railway Company announces that another of their popular half-day excursions to Shakespeare's country will be run on the occasion of the Stratford Mop Fair on Saturday, October 12th, leaving Paddington Station at 12.10 noon, and allowing over four hours at Stratford-on-Avon. The third-class return fare will be 3s. 6d. Passengers will also be booked to Oxford and Leamington, and tickets will be issued at the usual receiving offices, and at Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Westbourne Park and Ealing.

In addition to the above the London and North Western Railway Company will run a cheap half-day excursion on Saturday, October 12th, to Stratford-on-Avon. The train is timed to leave Euston at half-past twelve, noon, and to return from Stratford at twenty minutes to eight. The return fare is 3s. 6d., third class. The Mop Fair at Stratford-on-Avon is a survival of the hiring fair, and many of our good old English customs, including the roasting of an ox whole, are observed in a fitting manner.

Although the cold weather has come on with a rush it is a little early yet to talk of winter overcoats. Of course the West End tailors had their usual busy time in August and September with their American customers, but the overcoats made then afford no clue to what will be fashionable in England this season.

Americans, as a rule, like to have a good show for their money, and nothing in the way of overcoats looks better worth its money than a garment made of a well-faced cloth. There is an opulent air about its appearance that somehow seems dear to the American heart. In England, of course, faced cloths have had their day for some little time to come.

I am inclined to think that the long overcoat intended for wearing over a frock will not be seen about much this winter. They were always a little clumsy, and if the frock-coat is to be made a trifle shorter this season—as I feel confident it will be—the long overcoat will be a useless garment.

A Chesterfield overcoat, with a fairly loose back, will probably be the thing this winter. Those I have seen at present have all been single-breasted coats, made as plainly as possible, with the buttons hidden. The big

buttons in the style worn by Mr. Arthur Roberts "Gentleman Joe" have about had their day.

Although sack-back overcoats will be worn this winter, frock-coats will be made to fit tightly to the waist. It is possible, too, that the waistcoats will not be so open in front as those worn last season. The slight change in the cut of the coat and waistcoat will tend to give one a smarter and more military appearance.

It is to be feared that the extraordinary dry autumn has upset many a well-planned coup. So far, the feature of Cesarewitch wagering has been the firmness of Florizel II. Every racegoer appears to be familiar with the deeds of the Prince's horse, and, of course, the victory would be highly popular.

A study of the past winners will, however, show that the Prince of Wales will be exceedingly fortunate if he carries off the race. Only once has 9st. or more been borne to victory. This was in 1890, when Sheen won under 9st. 2lb.

The Cesarewitch is one of the very few long-distance races which has resulted in a dead heat. Indeed, in 1857, when Mr. Ten Broeok, the eccentric American sportsman, finally won with Princess, three animals—El Hakim, Queen Bess, and the mare mentioned above—all passed the judge's box level.

When Fred Archer died and Charley Wood came under the ban of the Jockey Club, everyone pointed to George Barrett as the jockey of the future. Their expectations looked like being realised until Barrett himself got into disgrace, not for what is thought to be the failing of a jockey—pulling, but for over-anxiety to win. He emerged from this little trouble satisfactorily, but then ill-health began to affect his riding, and, in the last issue of the Racing Calendar I read that he has returned his riding license.

Whenever I come across a racing friend now I generally expect to hear something about the great S.P. question. S.P. betting has increased to such an enormous extent that bookmakers are up in arms. They declare they are getting the worst of the deal, and their latest move is to charge a commission of 5 per cent. upon all winnings. That backers will not submit to this extortion seems certain, and so trouble is likely to arise ere long.

All over the country the complaint is heard from bookmakers that they have had a very black season. Some do not hesitate to declare that all is not straight, and that a jockey ring is in existence again. Certainly it is wonderful how the "surprise" winners are backed, and generally by the same people, and in the face of the many alarmist rumours the Jockey Club can hardly refrain from making a most searching investigation.

Major Egerton at his best cannot be excelled, but he is overworked, his only assistant being Mr. R. K. Mainwaring. Of late numerous discrepancies have been discovered, and naturally owners and trainers are protesting. If what I hear is correct, the difficulty will soon be settled by the appointment of a proper staff of handicappers. It is obviously unfair to leave the handicapping to one man, and this was pointed out to the Jockey Club many years ago.

Thomas Richardson, the famous Surrey fast bowler, enters the married state to-morrow (Thursday), and will do so with the best wishes of all classes of cricketers. No man could in a short space of time have made himself more genuinely popular, his unassuming manner having made him many friends, both in England and Australia. As was only to be expected, he has had a number of wedding presents, one of the pleasantest of them being a purse of gold and an address on vellum from the clubs around his native place of Mitcham. A public subscription, organised by that energetic little paper, the *Morning Leader*, resulted in a seventy-five guinea piano being given to him.

Blackheath have not, I understand, any great strength in the matter of reserves, but if they can only keep their men free from injury they should enjoy a highly successful season. With C. B. Fry, Fegan, De Winton, and Latter at three-quarter, Maturin and Cattell at half, and Lohden, Finlinson, Maud, and Scott to head the forwards, the leading London team ought to be able to hold their own with any club in the country. E. M. Baker, the international, will probably be available for a good many matches; so, should Maturin break down and De Winton have to go half-back, the three-quarter will not be weakened.

Although the London Scottish proved victorious in their opening engagement, it cannot be said that the form of the team who have so often of late years disputed with Blackheath the supremacy amongst London clubs afforded satisfaction to their friends. G. T. Campbell, the international three-quarter, is captain with W. Neilson as his lieutenant, so the side will not fail for want of good backs, despite the loss of Gedge; but there is considerable reason to fear that the forwards, without McMillan to lead them, will be found wanting in engagements with clubs which possess a really strong pack.

The experimental match, under the auspices of the Northern Union last week, does not appear to have given satisfaction even to those who would have gladly welcomed an opportunity of showing that football, according to the established rules of the Rugby Union, is capable of improvement. No marked advance in dribbling seems to have been associated with the substitution of the round for the oval ball, and so far from the reduction of the pack from eight to six rendering the match more open and attractive, the game was characterised by scrambling play, in which neatness of combination and accuracy of passing were by no means so well displayed as advocates for the change had ventured to hope.

It is always regrettable that a good game should fall out of favour in any district, and I much regret to hear that the support accorded to the Eastern Counties Union has been so poor as to render it doubtful whether the organisation will be persevered with after the present season. Norfolk, it would appear, has practically no Rugby clubs; the few Essex teams around London have scarcely any following, and only at Ipswich it would appear is there any real enthusiasm for the game. Rugby men qualified for the Eastern Counties who have any time to play, or who possess any influence with possible representatives, should do their best to promote the interests of the game in that part of the country.

Stoke and Bolton Wanderers have had to yield pride of place to Aston Villa, who, drawing with Blackburn Rovers, as well as beating Everton and Sunderland within a space of eight days, are now clearly at the head of the competitors for the League championship. Everton stand second on the list, but Sunderland appear to be falling from their high estate, and will have to make a marked improvement to retain first honours. It is unfortunate that Stoke and Bolton Wanderers should not have kept up the form they displayed in September, for the renewed prominence of Aston Villa and Everton must strengthen the opinion that excellence at Association football is merely a matter of money.

The Major.

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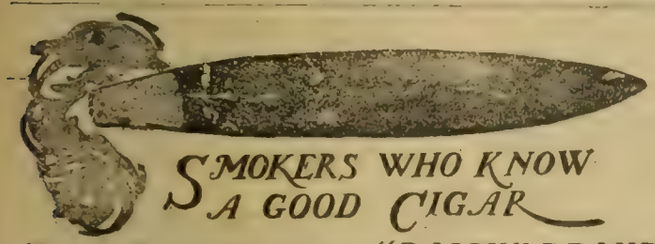

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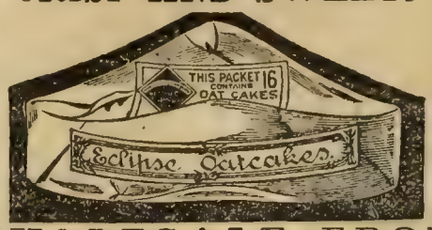

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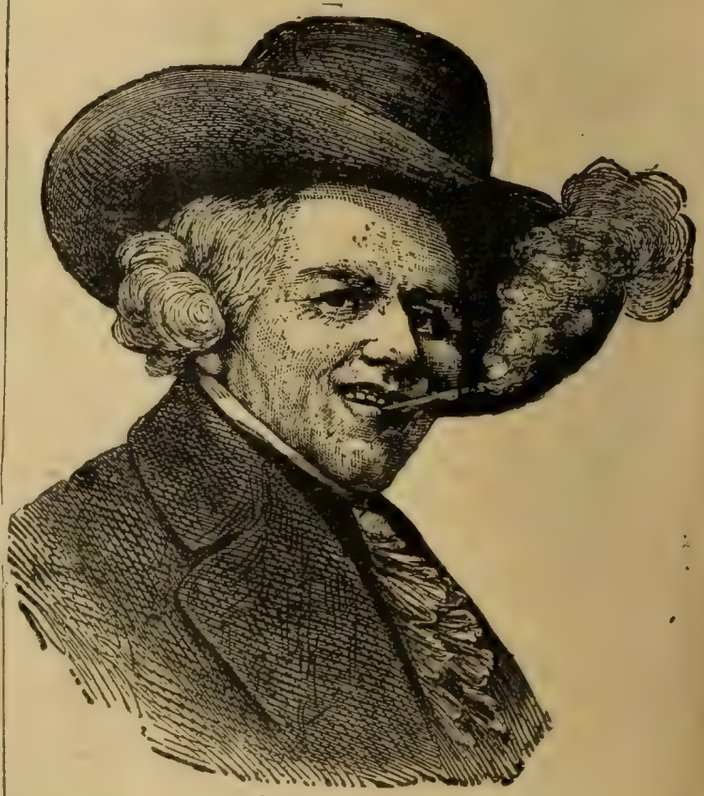

CIGARETTES.
UNEQUALLED FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It is rumoured that a well-known "religious" writer, who has made her reputation through her enmity to the critics, and the cordial reciprocation on the part of those gentlemen, contemplates issuing her next book with the following announcement as a proem:—

> Critics and other writers for the press who may be desirous of obtaining this volume can do so by depositing 6s. with their bookseller—in the case of discount booksellers (My own, alas!) 4s. 6d.

* * * *

Have just stocked Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Wonderful Visit" (J. M. Dent and Co., 5s.), and have read the book with much refreshment of mind. The idea of it is utterly new. "The Strange Bird" is in reality an angel—a beautiful youth, whom the Vicar shoots under the impression that he is some rare bird—probably a flamingo.

> It was no bird at all, but a youth with an extremely beautiful face, clad in a robe of saffron and with iridescent wings, across whose pinions great waves of colour, flushes of purple and crimson, golden green and intense blue, pursued one another.

The Vicar's parishioners at first take the angel for a beautiful girl. Then comes the angel's awakening to pain, hunger, sorrow, and—love! The Vicar's parishioners are deliciously sketched. The angel goes for a walk, and meets a drunken tinker who wants to fight him.

> "What does it all mean!" said the angel. "Why does he sway about so? Why does he keep on trying to pick up his hat like that—and missing it?"
>
> "Why?" said the other tinker. "Well, this is a blasted innocent country. Why? Because 'e's blind! Wot else? (Carm on—dam yer.) Because 'e's just as full as 'e can 'old. That's why!"

One must not give the book away by telling the end of the story. I have quoted the above passage to show that Mr. Wells knows his tinkers when he meets them. The beauty and pathos of the angel's love for Delia are unquotable. All through the book one struggles with a sense of fierce misery at the injustice, the cruelty, the sordidness, the lying lives of people who are supposed to influence others. But there is something in the story also which eludes the criticism of an ignorant old book seller like myself—something which touches me to the heart, brings back the golden dreams of youth, and dims my spectacles. Try it.

* * * *

On the first production of the new *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, when Mercutio gave out the words:—

> Thisbe—a grey eye or so,

a murmur and smile went round. The occupants of the stalls had at last discovered the origin of a certain title-

* * * *

A friend, who is anxious to know its value, forwards me a copy of "The Light Green" magazine published (one number only I think), at Cambridge more years ago than I care to remember. Old stagers will remember that this unique production contains a delicious parody on Swinburne called:—

> "Octopus."
>
> By Algernon Charles Sin-burn.
>
> Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
> That creeps in a desolate place,
> To enroll and envelop the sleeper
> In a silent and stealthy embrace;
> Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
> Our juices to drain and to drink,
> Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus,
> Indelible ink!
>
> Ah, thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
> With death in their amorous kiss!
> Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
> With bitings of agonised bliss;
> We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
> Dispense us the potion of pain;
> Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
> And *bite us again!*

The writer of the above died young, and the world was the poorer for his death.

It takes the author of "Far From the Madding Crowd" to put a thing neatly. Talking of the expurgations made by the editor of *Harper's* in "Hearts Insurgent," Mr. Hardy says:

> As abridged in the magazine I venture to think the novel a not uninteresting one for the general family circle, to which the magazine is primarily addressed—to use the editor's own words to me—while the novel, as originally written, addressed mainly to middle age readers, and of less interest than as now printed to those young ladies for whose innocence we are all so solicitous, will be published in a volume a month hence under a new title.

* * * *

I am informed that Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have in the press a new volume of "up-to-date" poems by a well-known writer, who for the present desires to preserve a strict incognito. The volume will be published under the title "Arrows of Song," and will be issued towards the end of this month. I wonder who it is. Mr. Frankfort Moore perpetrated some very creditable verses in his salad days; but "up-to-date" has an ominous sound. It cannot be anyone who is known to write verse; for the modern poetaster always rushes into preliminary announcements before his poem is finished. Ah, well, if the hen did not cackle, the world would not know that she had achieved an egg—even an addled one.

* * * *

A correspondent writes:—

> I have reviewed books in an old-fashioned way for so many years that all my ordinary tests of finding out their merits seem to be in need of revision. However, I was reading the other day an account of the performance of a new play in the country where it was produced to "try it on the dog." The Americanism struck me. "Why not," I thought, "try it on the cat." I tried a bit of Bret Harte's "Clarence" on my tortoiseshell tom. Tommy purred for more. Encouraged by this I went on with "Clarence," and then experimented with the "Raiders" on Tommy. He walked out of the room with every manifestation of displeasure, and I heard him afterwards explaining to a sympathising friend in the back garden that the dialect hurt him.

* * * *

Professor Edward Arber has just sent me (through Messrs. Archibald Constable) his catalogue of English reprints. It is more than a quarter of a century since Professor Arber began his quiet, valuable work for English literature, and he has probably lost more money than he has gained over it. But he is not weary in his well-doing, as the new catalogue shows. His "Transcript of the Stationers' Register," with its Bibliographical Summary, is a monument of learning and labour, while in his reprints we may meet with rare and curious volumes from scholars, poets, and theologians of every generation. The mystical old "Monk of Evesham," who visited Heaven, or dreamed he did, in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, and who, whichever way it was, managed to write a most beautiful account of the Holy City, and Hugh Latimer, the Spurgeon of Tudor times, can each be read for a shilling, and for those who vote theological literature a nuisance—and their name is legion—there are poems, jest books, and plays galore. All the volumes are comparatively cheap, they are printed on good paper in clear type, have prefixed to them a careful and scholarly introduction, and—give him honour, readers of to-day and readers of future generations—Mr. Arber does not let the binder crop their edges.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. T.—There is no doubt that Mr. Balfour's grant of £200 to the man Brooks was worse than a crime; it was a blunder. The Royal Bounty is not intended for such an unworthy use. Mr. Balfour has made a mistake, caused the profane to blaspheme, and should himself refund the amount. It is not very probable that Mr. Brooks will do so. For further details of this disgraceful business see *Truth* for September 24th, and *Daily Chronicle*, 26th.

"Curious."—Yes; I believe the report about Mr. Sala's pension is true. He deserves it, if only for his heroism in tasting all the dishes which he has written about in the "*D. T.*" for the last twenty years. As an old labourer once said to me: "Young man, you may break your 'eart and get over it; but if you plays larks with your stummick you're done for."

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

VIII.—THE MOUTH AND JAW.

The mental characteristics depicted in the mouth are as follow:—Application and concentration, frankness, comprehensiveness, self-control, coolness, folly, hate, delicacy, love of home, philanthropy, purity, self-esteem, weakness of character, wickedness and power of endurance. Application and concentration are denoted by the upper lip coming down to a point in the centre (Fig 1); it is the power to concentrate or fix your mind on whatever you are doing without the desire to leave off until you have finished. Love of approbation is the exact opposite to concentration, and is perceived when the upper lip rises, showing the two middle teeth (Fig. 2). It is the power of being easily pleased; its characteristic consists in flitting from one thing to another in the way of occupation, without waiting to finish anything you have begun. A person who lacks concentrativeness will commence fifty things at a time. (Fig. 2 illustrates the erratic mouth.) You will always notice that when anyone is particularly engrossed in what he is about how his lips close, and seem to fit into one another. The mind cannot be concentrated if the mouth be open, and the continual drawing down of the centre of the upper lip causes it to grow into a point. When a man thinks he closes his mouth; when he dreams or wonders he generally has his mouth open. A lack of concentrativeness is very often balanced to a certain extent by perseverance, which characteristic is shown by the length of the lower jaw downwards, under the second large molar tooth. Perseverance is will-power, and depends on the bone; it shows itself when a person is tired of doing what he is about, but persists through a sense of duty. Concentration and approbation have nothing to do with the affections or sympathies. A mouth that is open from the lower jaw shows great lack of self-control. When the lower lip hangs there is a want of firmness and decision, and is caused by a relaxation of the muscles which ought to keep the mouth closed. The mouths of self-indulgent people are mostly open from the lower jaw, but this must not be confounded with the jaw of the criminal, which juts out beyond the upper one (Fig 3). Frankness is indicated when the lips are very slightly parted. Such a mouth, if accompanied by a nose with a wide tip, denotes an outspoken, confiding, and communicative nature. Reserve or self-control closes the mouth and draws the lips backward. Lips with a fine, regular, well-defined outline always denote a corresponding delicacy with regard to taste. Thus there is a great difference between an epicure and a gourmand. Purity is indicated by the compression of the lower lip against the upper in the centre. It is the opposite to sensuality, and though the possessor may be affectionate and sympathetic, still there is a lack of passion and warmth. Hate draws the lower lip downward, showing the teeth. People, as a rule, when speaking of anyone to whom they are antagonistic, invariably hiss their hatred, and thus expose the lower teeth to view. A long upper lip—viz., a distance between the end of the nose and the cavity of the mouth—shows the ability of mind to take in a large field of ideas; it also means the power of mental endurance. Charles Bradlaugh had a very long upper lip, and so have the low Irish. You seldom, if ever, find a person with a short upper lip but what is complaining and wanting in patience and the powers of endurance. A long upper lip is not a sign of beauty, and is considered indicative of low descent, and if not balanced by means of a Grecian nose denotes that its possessor has coarseness of tastes, and a lack of refinement, but people with long upper lips are more practical and less fastidious than others. Sympathy, philanthropy, and benevolence are indicated by the width of the red part of the under lip at the angle of the mouth (Fig. 4). All benevolent people have a full and wide lower lip. All disproportion between the under and upper lip outward (Fig. 3) is a sign of folly or wickedness; when the lower jaw juts out beyond the upper one it requires a practical reasoning brain and a Grecian nose to counterbalance its propensities. Its real characteristic is strong will, coupled with a lack of scruple. Projecting jaws, as they are generally accompanied by a receding forehead, imply also stupidity. The animal is stupid in proportion to the projection of the jaws, not because the jaws project but because the brow recedes. The natural mental ability is denoted by the brain, but the natural ability, however great, is of no avail without exertion and will. The horse is a good illustration of strong will-power with small mental capacity. There is no animal with a longer jaw-bone than the horse, and that length of jaw-bone indicates great powers of endurance, excessive activity, and a strong will—hence its ability to draw loads, etc. But his small brain and lack of mental capacity makes him man's slave, instead of being his own master.

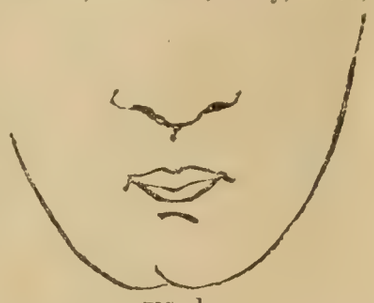

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig 4.

(*To be continued.*)

Lord Rivulet was a candidate in a certain English election, and the charming partner of his joys and sorrows was doing her best to win his election. During her canvass, she tackled a sturdy working-man who was smoking a clay pipe and wearing a cloth cap. "Won't you vote for Lord Rivulet?" "Noa, I woan't vote for Lord Rafflet," was the brusque reply; "he's one of them chaps as doan't get up till twelve o'clock, by which time I've done half a day's work; noa, I'll not vote for that kind of man." "Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you; I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early." "How do you know that?" "Because I'm his wife." Taking his pipe from his mouth, and doffing his cap, the outspoken voter said: "Well, ma'am, if I was Lord Rafflet I doan't think I should get up all day."

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, someone who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year calls upon the bereaved parents and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

As a poet and a man of wide culture and intellectual gifts of the highest order there is not of his generation a man to rank before William Morris. Swinburne belongs to the generation of William Morris. He was a young man at Oxford with Morris and Burne-Jones in 1857, at the time Dante Rossetti went to paint the walls of the Union with heroic pictures, which subsequently disappeared in flakes because of some lack of preparation on the walls themselves. There is a tradition at Oxford to the effect that these three young men were all in love at the same time with the beautiful maiden who, later on, became the bride of William Morris. Somebody has said, in view of this tradition, that, if it be true, no other woman under the sun ever had the refusal of such a trio.

From his poetry no one would have expected Mr. Morris to become a Socialist, a shopkeeper, and a friend of the working-man. "The Earthly Paradise" is steeped, if ever a poem was, in a golden sensuousness. "The Defence of Guinevere" and "Love is Enough" are misty with that glamour of the past which, once it has laid its spell upon a man, is apt to bury him in a palace of dreams that might be the Sleeping Beauty's. Yet, while becoming a man of vehement action, such as his physique points to his becoming, he has surrounded his life with such beauty as is not often workaday. Everybody knows Morris's shop in Oxford Street, London. His factory is out in the country, in Surrey, and his happy workmen live in pure air, while they make those beautiful things and co-operate as well in the profits. There are many beautiful shops near Morris. Liberty's in Regent Street, Salviati's Venetian glass shop, Benson's lamp shop in Bond Street, and its neighbouring bric-à-brac shops would be hard to beat. However, none of them have more beautiful things to show. There are beautiful sheets of tapestry after designs by Burne-Jones, and exquisite screens in silk embroidery worked by Miss May Morris and a band of maidens. Then there is the beautiful Morris wall-paper, which is an essential of an artistic house, and the scarcely less requisite Morris chintzes and cretonnes. There are all manner of lovely golds and pinks and grey-greens, but Morris's favourite colour is a grey-blue. His wall-papers and chintzes follow in their patterns some bold design in nature, palm-tree springing, or the falling of fountain-water, or the thousand beautiful spirals of vine and branch. Reeds and vines and palms and water-lilies all give their inspiration. Then the carved wood furniture, chairs and tables and settees, and great dressers, which might bear a weight of trenchers in some baronial hall.—*Boston Transcript.*

In Kentucky an unfortunate merchant saw bankruptcy confronting him, and, to save a portion of his property, he invoked the name of his wife and the assistance of a friend. The creditors instituted proceedings to recover certain property, and in the course of the proceedings his friend, a native of Virginia, was put upon the stand. The witness was subjected to a rigid cross-examination by a lawyer, himself a native of Virginia. The witness went blundering along at such a rate that his lawyer felt it necessary to interfere and tell him that he was not required to answer questions which would incriminate himself. After the close of the case, the accommodating friend from Virginia expressed great indignation at the humiliation to which he had been subjected. "I was never in my life treated with so little courtesy," he said; "the opposing counsel did not act at all like a gentleman, sir. I expected entirely different treatment, especially as I learned that he was from Virginia, and he knew I was from that State. No, sir, in the old days no Virginia gentleman, sir, would cause another Virginia gentleman the slightest embarrassment because of so paltry a matter, nor would he seek by set interrogatories to make him contradict himself. No, sir, it is unpardonable, sir, and all for the purpose of increasing the dividends of a few Yankee clients whom he never saw. I am convinced, sir, that your lawyer never came from Virginia at all, sir; he must have come from West Virginia."

She (sadly): "He died on the field."
He: "A soldier?"
She: "No, an umpire."

"MR. WHISTLER."

Although Mr. Joshua Twigg was a little man in some respects he was truly great in others. He had a little body, a little wife, a small baby, and a very little income. He wore short sleeves, and no cuffs, short trousers and large boots, a big tie and no shirt front. He had never owned a great-coat, but was the possessor of a great heart. He was a kindly disposed wharfinger's clerk, with a salary of twenty-two shillings and sixpence a week.

His greatest accomplishment was whistling. His life was a continual melody, though somewhat shrill. Summer and winter he whistled himself out of bed, whistled while he washed and dressed, and whistled himself from Upper Tooting to Lower Thames Street every day, except Sundays, of course.

He totted up the figures in his books to one tune (*sotto voce*), and totted them down again to another, and recorded the result to "God Save the Queen."

As the clock struck one he whistled himself out to his meagre meal of sausages and mashed, or bread and cheese and pickles, which he ate with bars of "Then you'll remember me" between the bites.

At seven o'clock in the evening he whistled himself back from Lower Thames Street to Upper Tooting, perhaps to the air of "We won't go home till morning," and spent the greater portion of the night in whistling the small baby to sleep to the strains of "He's a jolly good fellow," and the such like. He was a poor dear, good, ignorant, innocent soul, was Joshua Twigg, with his whistling lips and large heart.

Two years ago to-day he had his salary raised. Think of it! His salary raised, and without the asking for it! An extra half-crown a week quite unexpectedly. Twenty-five shillings every Saturday at one oclock. He nearly burst himself with whistling that evening. An extra half-crown a week, just think of it!

Let him think—Mary (that was his little wife) wants a warm jacket. She shall have it, indeed she shall. The small baby requires flannel. He shall have it, yards of it. They shall have everything they require in time. His work at last is being appreciated.

With what a radiant smile will his little wife listen to the news, how proud will she be of him. But this shall be a gala night, a feast night, a shrimps-and-black-pudding-and-bottled-stout-night. It shall so. He pants with his whistling "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," as he nears his home. And he is smiling, flushed, and happy, as he enters his three-pair back in Little Pleasant Street, Upper Tooting, just off the Common, you know.

"Raised half-a-crown a week," he thinks to himself. "Raised half-a—— but I'm not going to tell her all at once. I'll be mysterious at first, and let her down at sixpence an hour."

He opens the door and enters. His little wife is sitting on a low chair, rocking the baby on her knees. Her face is very white, and her lips are drawn. She raises a warning finger.

"Baby is ill," she whispers, "Baby has been very ill today."

The bottled stout, shrimps and black-puddings are placed in a corner quickly, and Joshua Twigg with anxious face, comes forward on tip-toe. He makes but little noise, but sufficient to rouse baby, who holds out his arms for his father to take him.

"Baby is very ill," his wife repeats, still in a whisper, "Had convulsions, dear. Teeth, the doctor says; he is coming again."

Joshua takes the baby in his arms, and, of course, begins to whistle, he whistles softly for an hour until the doctor comes. The doctor says the child is weak and wants care; keep him quiet.

Joshua whistles, and whistles low, how many tunes, God knows, till two o'clock in the morning, when he attempts to lay the baby down. But baby resents this and cries in his weak way, so Joshua picks him up again and whistles, whistles on until the grey dawn steals along the housetops, while the shadows are black in the streets, and the rising sun shines golden. Until the neighbours wake and say: "There's that confounded chap next door whistling already, what a merry time he must have!" Until the doctor comes and plucks the small baby away from the great heart, and puts him into a hot bath.

But baby cries and moans until he is in his father's arms again, and the whistling continues.

And as the little life ebbs the strains of "Yankee Doodle" rend the air, now low, now high, and then with variations. And "Son of my Soul" gets mixed with "I knew a maiden fair to see" and "In days of old" mingles with "In the gloaming." The bottled stout is finished, the shrimps are stale, the black-puddings all neglected, and Joshua's lips are dry, but still he whistles through the day, and on to sunset, on until the stiff and tiny fingers are forced from his tangled, unkempt ginger-coloured beard.

There is no time to think much in this bustling world, little time for sentiment for a wharfinger's clerk, or for you or me. So one week later saw Joshua Twigg journeying from Upper Tooting to Lower Thames Street in the morning, saw him at his sausages and mashed, or, for change, his bread and cheese and pickles at dinner time, and back again in the evening from Lower Thames Street to Upper Tooting to his little wife. But from that day to this Joshua has never been heard to whistle, no—not even in astonishment at anything.

Edric Vredenburg.

BICYCLING ON THE OCEAN.

When a fellow comes to his senses and finds himself clinging to a life-buoy there is nothing for him to do but to cling on and hope somebody will come along in a boat and pick him up. But not so with a life-buoy recently invented by a Frenchman. This is supplied with a bicycle-like gearing, into which he may slip his feet and hands, and, if he happens to be a wheelman or an athlete, he may go off on a very pleasant cruise by himself. This device consists of an inflatable rubber bag, which acts as a seat and buoy, in which is a metallic bearing sleeve for a shaft, on whose outer end is a screw or paddle-wheel, waist and shoulder-straps, preventing the person using the buoy from being washed off. The forward end of the bearing-sleeve is forked, the forks being pivoted to an air-tight casing or buoyant chest, against the rear side of which the seat may be folded up. The casing also forms a partial support, and contains the mechanical propelling devices, having at its under side bearings for the horizontal propeller shaft, and on its front side bearing for a vertical shaft, on whose lower end is a screw whose operation is adapted to uphold the buoy in the water. On the casing is stepped a mast, on which a sail may be set, and a downwardly extending frame supports a pedal shaft, by which may be operated, through a sprocket chain connection, a crank shaft having a bevel gear meshing with a bevel pinion on the vertical shaft, the latter shaft also having a bevel pinion meshing, with a bevel gear on the forward end of the horizontal shaft, both shafts and their screws or paddles being thus operated by the pedals and by hand cranks at either side of the casing. There is a rudder on the forward side of the casing, and a compass is mounted just below a lantern supported on a rod in front of the mast. The pedals and crank handles are arranged to be folded, and the blades of the screws fold down upon their shafts, all parts of the device being designed to occupy as small a space as possible when not in use.

FAMILY NAMES OF EUROPEAN ROYALTIES.

Not one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopædias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe. They are very complicated, and to know them is quite an effort of the memory. In the case of royalty the family name has been in most cases taken from the name of the castle in which the founder of the race lived. Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family, for example, are known as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs, and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Le Figaro, of Paris, has gone into this subject quite extensively, and the facts that it has brought together are well worth setting down. Queen Victoria, according to this authority, was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the house of Brunswick-Luneberg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any of the other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock, and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II., a prince of Saxe-Coburg having ascended the Belgian throne in 1831.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassilon, the first Count of Zollern having founded the race about 800. In the year 1300 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremberg. From the latter comes the present royal house of the German Empire. So William II. is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line, and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of old Count of Paris; Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain. Their progenitor was Hughes Capet, the original Count of Paris, who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburgs, founded by Count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX. of Denmark, George I., King of Greece; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Ernest, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II., Emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III., a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the Queen-Regent of Spain, and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II. of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII.'s real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I. of Servia has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I., Prince of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

Tillie: "What are the wild waves saying?"
Willie: "Can't hear them. The bathing suits are too loud."

THE MIKADO.

For valour and sagacity the Emperor of Japan has won distinction and renown this year. A sovereign of whom but little was known by the world at the opening of the year stands in the front of mankind's rulers at the end of it. Anyone who runs over the list of living monarchs, marking the character and career of each of them, is likely to be led to believe that the foremost one among them all is Mutsuhito, the Mikado of Japan. Look at his titles to fame, recall his life and work, and then think of those of any of the others, or of all of them. Under his rule the greatest and most marvellous transformation that ever took place within a short time, in any nation of the world, has been brought about. During his reign of twenty-eight years, and under his guidance, Japan has cast off the feudalism which had existed there from time immemorial, has changed her political system from that of absolutest imperialism to that of parliamentary government under the crown, has reorganised her ancient social system, has adopted all the arts and industries of civilisation, has become the first military power of the Oriental world, has developed her old resources and created new ones, has enlarged her commerce in such a measure as to alarm her Western competitors, and has established for herself a high name among the leading powers of the earth. These are a few of the things which have adorned the history of Japan since the Emperor Mutsuhito ascended the throne of his ancestors in February, 1867 when he was in the fifteenth year of his life.

The record is one without a parallel in our age, if it ever had a parallel. There is not a doubt that the Emperor has been the leading spirit as well as the master of the Government during all the period of reconstruction. He it was who, under his own absolute authority, and soon after he assumed the crown, and when not yet twenty years of age, issued that revolutionary decree by which a large proportion of his subjects were relieved from disabilities as old as his dynasty, and raised to the dignity of citizens of the empire. He it was who soon afterwards issued the decree for the entire suppression of the feudal system, which had been rooted and grounded in his country. He it was who, six years ago, voluntarily divested himself of a part of his own powers, granted a liberal constitution, and created a Parliament of two Houses, which has the right to enact measures of legislation, subject to the veto of the crown, and which within recent years has repeatedly exercised a measure of independence not often surpassed by the Congress of the United States. Praise be to the enlightened Mikado, a title which, in his case, worthily illustrates its original meaning, "The Honourable Gate." Such a gate is Mutsuhito.

It would need many full pages to tell of the Emperor's works during the past quarter of a century. Suffice it to say that while he has had the counsel of statesmen of very high ability, it is mainly to him that the new Japan owes its existence. There is the best of reason for believing that in the conduct of the war lately waged upon China he has played a leading part. When the war broke out he left his capital and took up his abode at a point upon the western coast, from which he could, as it were, the more easily survey the operations by sea and by land, at which he could obtain prompt intelligence of the course of events, and from which, as is known with assurance, he has issued orders that were quickly conveyed to his military and naval commanders. The Japanese Minister at Washington, who is not merely a courtier, but as proud a patriot as any in Japan, is the authority for saying that from the time the first shot of the war was fired in Corea until the army took up its march for Pekin, the Emperor has every day actively exercised his full and immediate authority as Commander-in-Chief. It is not the less true that in the field of diplomacy, or in the conduct of negotiations with European and other foreign Governments, the Emperor has served his country at first hand. His recent speech to the Houses of Parliament gave satisfactory proof of his thorough knowledge of all affairs relating to the interests of Japan. Who is there among the living sovereigns of the world with whom he can be compared? Not certainly with any one of them in Asia, from the imbecile Hwangti of China to the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. No other living ruler than the Emperor of Japan has a record like his, a record of great things accomplished, a record of progress and of victory. More than the reign of Augustus was to Rome, more than was that of Alfred or the Conqueror to England, or that of Gustavus Adolphus to Sweden, or that of Peter the Great to Russia, or that of Napoleon to France, or that of Victor Emmanuel to Italy, or that of William I. to Germany, more than the Presidency of Lincoln was to America, has been the reign of Mutsuhito to Japan.

Father: "Fine hoss you've got there, Dick. What does he live on?"

Dick: "Oh, most anything thet comes his way."

MRS. BROWN POTTER "EN VOYAGE."

Mrs. Brown Potter came to Europe for rest and change. Mr. Augustin Daly provided the change, and destroyed the rest. He descended on Paris and saw *Le Collier de la Reine* at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and forthwith decided to open the New York season. In his mind's eye he had pictured Mrs. Brown Potter in the leading *rôle*, and he went to her and engaged her, inflicting the inexorable condition that only one short week must she remain in the *Ville Lumière*. A week to order dresses in, to see wigmakers, to buy jewellery, and to rehearse the part, and to purchase the thousand and one things without which wild horses would not drag an American lady from Paris! It was a hard and cruel task, and when I called upon Mrs. Potter at the house of her brother-in-law, M. Réné Raoul Duval, off the Champs Elysées, on the eve of her departure for America, she was so very, very tired that it was with difficulty that she repressed a constant service supply of dainty little yawns.

"Yes," she said, "it is quite true that Mr. Bellew and I have made up our minds to join Mr. Daly in New York. We are not entering as members of his company, but shall only be associated with him as "star" artistes. I don't know how to express to you the interest with which we are looking forward to the production of the *Collier de la Reine*. Mr. Bellew and I have had to fight a good deal of prejudice on the part of the Press and the public in the past, but now the newspapers are very kind to me. Accepting an engagement with Mr. Daly is like becoming associated with Sir Henry Irving in London. Daly is more than a manager; he makes artistes. Abbey and Grau only traffic in them.

"About my dresses? I am afraid I cannot tell you much. They have been designed from those of the period, and M. Worth is personally exercising his skill with a view to making them the richest that have ever been seen on the New York stage. I may say that before the curtain rises on the *première* £6,400 will have been expended on the mounting of the piece."

MRS. BROWN POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

"Shall we see you in London, Mrs. Potter, at any time during the next season at Daly's?"

"I believe so. Mr. Daly is anxious to include the *Collier de la Reine* in his next London season's repertoire; and, although I should like to play in London, I don't mind telling you that all my aspirations are directed to pleasing the American public. Of course, a reputation obtained abroad has its value—but, there, I have told you my ambition.

"I have taken such a fancy to my new part that I am almost learning and rehearsing it in my sleep. Seriously speaking, I have often rehearsed it this week while in the hands of my *couturières*. On board the *Gascogne* I shall lose no time, as I am not afraid of sea-sickness. We are due in New York on Sunday week, and the first full rehearsal is called for noon on Monday. So you see we are not going to have much time to think of ourselves."

On taking leave of Mrs. Potter she advised me to go to Mr. Bellew's hotel, and say how tired she was, and ask him to tell the story. It was an after-dinner talk I had been having with Mrs. Potter, and when I reached the Hôtel Voltaire it was to find that Mr. Bellew had already retired to his room. He, however, made no difficulty about coming down and having a few words conversation.

Mr. Bellew bears a strong facial resemblance to Mr. William Terriss. He is a pleasant talker, and, judging from his conversation, he is as enthusiastic a lover of his profession as is Mrs. Brown Potter herself.

"There will be considerable changes in the *Collier de la Reine* in the version to be presented at New York. Mr. Meltzer, a newspaper man who is known both in London and Paris, made the original translation for Mr. Daly. The latter asked me to read it over on the voyage to Europe; and, after cutting it down and writing an entirely new scene in the fourth act, we reduced the play to about the right length for the New York stage. Our public goes to the theatre at 8.30 and wants to be out again by eleven, whereas Parisians will sit a piece out from eight o'clock to midnight. The alterations

have received the approval of the author and detract nothing from the spectacular value of the piece. Indeed, we shall have a finer show than at the Porte St. Martin, for, as you know, England and America are both ahead of France in staging a play, although all of us are still behind Vienna in this respect. At the Porte St. Martin scarcely a detail was omitted in the scenery of the piece, but the boards of the stage were left bare, and shocked the artistic eye as much in interior scenes as in landscapes."

"I understand, Mr. Bellew, that you are not taking a part in the *Collier?*"

"My intention was not to do so, but to devote myself entirely to rehearsing and staging the piece in New York until Mr. Daly's return. I have since decided to play the *rôle* of the Cardinal."

"Have you any other plans?"

"Well, we shall play *Macbeth* under Mr. Daly's direction after the *Collier de la Reine*, and it is possible that we shall be seen in both pieces in London next year. Beyond that our plans are not made."

The next morning Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Bellew sailed for New York, and amongst those who bade God speed to the *Gascogne* were the President of the French Republic and Madame Faure, who were spending their holidays at their villa residence near Havre.

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A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrations by A. S. FORREST.

A WATERMAN'S boat was lying in the River just below Greenwich; the waterman, resting on his oars, while his fare, a small, perturbed looking man, in seaman's attire, gazed expectantly up the River.

"There she is," he cried, suddenly, as a small schooner came into view from behind a big steamer. "Take me alongside."

"Nice little thing she is, too," said the waterman, watching the other out of the corner of his eye, as he bent to his oars. "Rides the water like a duck. Her cap'n knows a thing or two, I'll bet."

"He knows watermen's fares," replied the passenger coldly.

"Look out there," cried a voice from the schooner, and the mate threw a line, which the passenger skilfully caught.

The waterman ceased rowing, and, as his boat came alongside the schooner, held out his hand to his passenger, who had already commenced to scramble up the side, and demanded his fare. It was handed down to him.

"It's all right, then," said the fare, as he stood on the deck, and closed his eyes to the painful language in which the waterman was addressing him. "Nobody been inquiring for me?"

"Not a soul," said the mate. "What's all the row about?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," said the master of the *Frolic*, dropping his voice. "I've been taking a little too much notice of a little craft down Battersea way—nice little thing, an' she thought I was a single man, dy'e see?"

The mate sucked his teeth.

"She introduced me to her brother as a single man," continued the skipper. "He asked me when the banns was to be put up, an' I didn't like to tell him I was a married man with a family."

"Why not?" asked the mate.

"He's a prize-fighter," said the other, in awe-inspiring tones, "'the Battersea Bruiser.' Consequently when he clapped me on the back, and asked me when the banns was to be, I only smiled."

"What did he do?" inquired the mate, who was becoming interested.

"Put 'em up," groaned the skipper, "an' we all went to church to hear 'em. Talk o' people walking over your grave, George, it's nothing to what I felt—nothing. I felt a hypocrite, almost. Somehow he found out about me, and I've been hiding ever since I sent you that note. He told a pal he was going to give me a licking, and come down to Fairhaven with us and make mischief between me and the missis."

"That 'ud be worse than the licking," said the mate sagely.

"Ah, and she'd believe him afore she would me, too, an' we've been married seventeen years," said the skipper mournfully.

"Perhaps that's——" began the mate, and stopped suddenly.

"Perhaps what?" inquired the other, after waiting a reasonable time for him to finish.

"H'm, I forgot what I was going to say," said the mate. "Funny, it's gone now. Well, you're all right now. You'd intended this to be the last trip to London for some time."

"Yes, that's what made me a bit more loving than I should ha' been," mused the skipper. "However all's well that ends well. How did you get on about the cook? Did you ship one?"

"Yes, I've got one, but he's only signed as far as Fairhaven," replied the mate. "Fine, strong chap he is. He's too good for a cook. I never saw a better built man in my life. It'll do your eyes good to look at him. Here, cook!"

At the summons a huge, close-cropped head was thrust out of the galley, and a man of beautiful muscular development stepped out before the eyes of the paralysed skipper, and began to remove his coat.

"Ain't he a fine chap?" said the mate, admiringly. "Show him your biceps, cook."

With a leer at the captain, the cook complied. He then doubled his fist, and, ducking his head scientifically, danced all round the stupefied master of the *Frolic*.

"Put your dooks up," he cried, warningly. "I'm going to dot you."

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"What the deuce are you up to, cook?" demanded the mate, who had been watching his proceedings in speechless amazement.

"Cook!" said the person addressed, with majestic scorn. "I'm no cook—I'm Bill Simmons, the Battersea Bruiser, an' I shipped on this ere little tub all for your

"A NICE LITTLE THING."

dear captin's sake. I'm going to put sich a 'ed on 'im that when he wants to blow his nose he'll have to get a locking-glass to see where to go. I'm going to give 'im a licking every day, and when we get to Fairhaven I'm going to foller 'im 'ome and tell his wife about 'im walking out with my sister."

"She walked me out," said the skipper, with dry lips.

"Put 'em up," vociferated the "Bruiser."

"Don't you touch me, my lad," said the skipper, dodging behind the wheel. "Go an' see about your work—go an' peel the taters."

"Wot!" roared the "Bruiser."

"You've shipped as cook aboard my craft," said the skipper, impressively. "If you lay a finger on me, it's mutiny, and you'll get twelve months."

"That's right," said the mate, as the pugilist (who had once had fourteen days for bruising, and still held it in wholesome remembrance), paused irresolute. "It's mutiny, and it'll also be my painful duty to get up the shotgun and blow the top of your ugly 'ed off."

"Would it be mutiny if I was to dot *you* one?" inquired the "Bruiser," in a voice husky with emotion, as he sidled up to the mate.

"It would," said the other hastily.

"Well, you're a nice lot," said the disgusted "Bruiser," "you and your mutinies. Will any one of you have a go at me?"

There was no response from the crew, who had gathered round, and were watching the proceedings with keen enjoyment.

"Or all of yer?" asked the Bruiser, raising his eyebrows.

"I've got no quarrel with you, my lad," he remarked with dignity, as the boy caught the new cook's eye.

"Go and cook the dinner," said the skipper, "and look sharp about it. I don't want to have to find fault with a young beginner like you; but I don't have no shirkers aboard—understand that."

For one moment of terrible suspense the skipper's life hung in the balance, then the Bruiser, restraining his natural instincts by a mighty effort, retreated growling to the galley.

The skipper's breath came more freely.

"He don't know your address, I s'pose," said the mate.

"No, but he'll soon find it out when we get ashore," replied the other dolefully. "When I think that I've got to take that brute to my home to make mischief, I feel tempted to chuck him overboard almost."

"It's a temptation," agreed the mate, loyally, closing his eyes to his chief's physical deficiencies. "I'll pass the word to the crew not to let him know your address anyhow."

The morning passed quietly, the skipper striving to look unconcerned as the new cook grimly brought the dinner down to the cabin and set it before him. After toying with it a little while, the master of the *Frolic* dined off buttered biscuit.

It was a matter of much discomfort to the crew that the new cook took his duties very seriously, and prided himself on his cooking. He was, moreover, disposed to be inconveniently punctilious about the way in which his efforts were regarded. For the first day the crew ate in silence, but at dinner-time on the second the storm broke.

"What are yer looking at your vittles like that for?" inquired the Bruiser of Sam Dowse, as that able-bodied seaman sat with his plate in his lap eyeing it with much disfavour. "That ain't the way to look at your food after I've been perspiring away all the morning cooking it."

"Yes, you've cooked yourself instead of the meat," said Sam, warmly. "It's a shame to spoil good food like that; it's quite raw."

"You eat it," said the Bruiser fiercely, "that's wot you've got to do. Eat it."

For sole answer the indignant Sam threw a piece at him, and the rest of the crew, snatching up their dinners, hurriedly clambered into their bunks and viewed the fray from a safe distance.

"Have you 'ad enough?" inquired the Bruiser, addressing the head of Sam, which protruded from beneath his left arm.

"I 'ave," said Sam, surlily.

"And you won't turn up your nose at good vittles any more?" inquired the Bruiser severely.

"I won't turn it up at anything," said Sam earnestly, as he tenderly felt the member in question.

"You're the only one as 'as complained," said the Bruiser. "You're dainty, that's wot you are. Look at the others, look how they're eating theirs!"

At this hint the others came out of their bunks and fell to, and the Bruiser became affable.

"It's wonderful wot I can turn my 'and to," he remarked pleasantly. "Things come natural to me that other men have to learn. You'd better put a bit of raw beef on that eye o' yours, Sam."

The thoughtless Sam clapped on a piece from his plate, and it was only by the active intercession of the rest of the crew that the sensitive cook was prevented from inflicting more punishment.

From this time forth the Bruiser ruled the roost, and, his temper soured by his trials, ruled it with a rod of iron. The crew, with the exception of Dowse, were small men getting into years, and quite unable to cope with him. His attitude with the skipper was dangerously deferential, and the latter was sorely perplexed to think of a way out of the mess in which he found himself.

"He means business, George," he said one day to the

mate, as he saw the Bruiser watching him intently from the galley.

"He looks at you, worse an' worse," was the mate's cheering reply. "The cook's spoiling what little temper he's got left as fast as possible."

"It's the scandal I'm thinking of," groaned the skipper; "all becos' I like to be a bit pleasant to people."

"You mustn't look at the black side o' things," said the mate; "perhaps you won't want to need to worry about that after he's hit you. I'd sooner be kicked by a horse myself. He was telling them down for'ard the other night that he killed a chap once."

The skipper turned green. "He ought to have been hung for it," he said vehemently. "I wonder what juries think they're for in this country. If I'd been on the jury I'd ha' had my way, if they'd starved me for a month!"

"Look here!" said the mate suddenly; "I've got an idea. You go down below and I'll call him up and start rating him. When I'm in the thick of it you come and stick up for him.

"George," said the skipper with glistening eyes, "you're a wonder. Lay it on thick, and if he hits you I'll make it up to you in some way."

He went below and the mate, after waiting for some time, leaned over the wheel and shouted for the cook.

"What do you want?" growled the Bruiser, as he thrust a visage all red and streaky with his work from the galley.

"Why the devil don't you wash them saucepans up?" demanded the mate, pointing to a row which stood on the deck. "Do you think we shipped you becos' we wanted a broken-nosed, tenth-rate prize-fighter to look at?"

"IT'S THE SCANDAL I'M THINKING OF," GROANED THE SKIPPER.

"Tenth-rate!" roared the Bruiser, coming out on to the deck.

"Don't you roar at your officer," said the mate, sternly. "Your manners is worse than your cooking. You'd better stay with us a few trips to improve 'em."

The Bruiser turned purple, and shivered with impotent wrath.

"We get a parcel o' pothouse loafers aboard here," continued the mate, airily addressing the atmosphere, "and, blank my eyes! if they don't think they're here to be waited on. You'll want me to wash your face for you next, and do all your other dirty work, you——"

"George!" said a sad, reproving voice.

The mate started dramatically as the skipper appeared at the companion, and stopped abruptly.

"For shame, George!" said the skipper. "I never expected to hear you talk to anybody like that, especially to my friend Mr. Simmons."

"Your *wot?*" demanded the friend hotly.

"My friend," repeated the other gently; "and as to tenth-rate prizefighters, George, the Battersea Bruiser might be champion of England, if he'd only take the trouble to train."

"Oh, you're always sticking up for him," said the artful mate.

"He deserves it," said the skipper warmly. "He's always run straight, 'as Bill Simmons, and when I hear 'im being talked at like that, it makes me go 'ot all over."

"Don't you take the trouble to go 'ot all over on my account," said the Bruiser politely.

"I can't help my feelings, Bill," said the skipper softly.

"And don't you call me Bill," roared the Bruiser with sudden ferocity. "D'ye think I mind what you and your little tinpot crew say. You wait till we get ashore, my friend, and the mate too. Both of you wait!"

He turned his back on them and walked off to the galley, from which, with a view of giving them an object-lesson of an entertaining kind, he presently emerged with a small sack of potatoes, which he slung from the boom and used as a punching ball, dealing blows which made the master of the *Frolic* sick with apprehension.

"It's no good," he said to the mate; "kindness is thrown away on that man."

"Well, if he hits one, he's got to hit the lot," said the mate. "We'll all stand by you."

"I can't always have the crew follering me about," said the skipper dejectedly. "No, he'll wait his opportunity, and, after he's broke my head, he'll go 'ome and break my wife's 'art."

"She won't break 'er 'art," said the mate, confidently. "She and you'll have a rough time of it; p'raps it would be better for you if she did break it a bit, but she's not that sort of woman. Well, those of us as live longest'll see the most."

For the remainder of that day the cook maintained a sort of unnatural calm. The *Frolic* rose and fell on the seas like a cork, and the Bruiser took short unpremeditated little runs about the deck, which aggravated him exceedingly. Between the runs he folded his arms on the side and languidly cursed the sea and all that belonged to it, and, finally, having lost all desire for food himself, went below and turned in.

He stayed in his bunk the whole of the next day and night, awaking early the following morning to the pleasant fact that the motion had ceased, and that the sides and floor of the fo'c'sle were in the places where people of regular habits would expect to find them. The other bunks were empty, and, after a toilet hastened by a yearning for nourishment, he ran up on deck.

Day had just broken, and he found to his surprise that the voyage was over, and the schooner in a small harbour, lying alongside a stone quay. A few unloaded trucks stood on a railway line, which ran from the harbour to the town clustered behind it, but there was no sign of work or life; the good people of the place evidently being comfortably in their beds, and in no hurry to quit them.

The Bruiser, with a happy smile on his face, surveyed the scene, sniffing with joy the smell of the land as it came fresh and sweet from the hills at the back of the town. There was only one thing wanting to complete his happiness—the skipper.

"Where's the cap'n?" he demanded of Dowse, who was methodically coiling a line.

"Just gone 'ome," replied Dowse shortly.

In a great hurry the Bruiser sprang on (to the side and stepped ashore, glancing keenly in every direction for his prey. There was no sign of it, and he ran a little way up the road, until he saw the approaching figure of a man, from whom he hoped to obtain information. Then, happening to look back, he saw the masts of the schooner gliding by the quay, and, retracing his steps a little, perceived, to his intense surprise, the figure of the skipper standing by the wheel.

"Ta, ta, cookie!" cried the skipper cheerily.

Angry and puzzled, the Bruiser ran back to the edge of the quay, and stood owlishly regarding the schooner and the grinning faces of its crew as they hoisted the sails and slowly swung round with their bow pointing to the sea.

STOOD OWLISHLY REGARDING THE SCHOONER.

"Well, they ain't making a long stay old man," said a voice at his elbow, as the man for whom he had been waiting came up. "Why, they only came in ten minutes ago. What did they come in for, do you know?"

"They belong here," said the Bruiser, "but me and the skipper's had words, an' I'm waiting for 'im."

"That craft don't belong here," said the stranger, as he eyed the receding *Frolic*.

"Yes, it does," said the Bruiser.

"I tell you it don't," said the other. "I ought to know."

"Look here, my friend," said the Bruiser grimly, "don't contradict me. That's the *Frolic* of Fairhaven."

"Very likely," said the man. "I don't know where she's from, but she's not from here."

"Why," said the Bruiser, and his voice shook, "ain't this Fairhaven?"

"Lord love you, no," said the stranger, "not by a couple o' hundred miles it ain't. Wot put that idea into your silly fat head?"

The frantic Bruiser raised his fist at the description, but at that moment, the crew of the *Frolic*, which was just getting clear of the harbour, hung over the stern and gave three hearty cheers. The stranger was of a friendly and excitable disposition, and, his evil star being in the ascendant that morning, he took off his hat and cheered wildly back. Immediately afterwards he obtained unasked the post of whipping boy to the master of the *Frolic*, and entered upon his new duties at once.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieth far and fair
And dream-like in the harbour,
Where skies are blue and clear?
With blown sails leaning whitely—
Sure-winged 'neath storm or star,
They straightly steer, for still they hear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

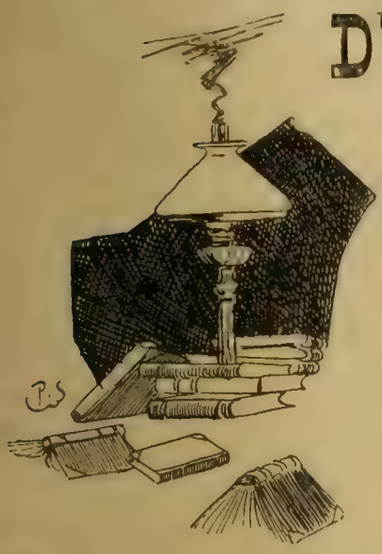
How sail the ships of Melton,
Within whose cots of white
Love dreams of love and listens
For footsteps in the night?
Like gulls their glad way winging
From loneliest lands afar,
Their white sails gleam, for still they dream
Of love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?
Love-blown across the foam;
For still the sea sings ever
The songs of love and home;
Nor spicy isles, with splendid smiles,
Can win their sails afar
While softly swells that chime of bells—
The love-bells o'er the bar!

O ships that sail to Melton
With captains glad and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars that light the land
But say for me, adrift at sea,
On storm-swept wrecks afar,
My heart still hears, and dreaming nears
The love-bells o'er the bar!

—Frank L. Stanton.

AN AUTHOR'S LANDLADY



DURING the course of a chequered career I have been looked after by many landladies, but, and in this I seem to be singularly fortunate, I have been very lucky in my accidental choice of them. Not one of my first half-dozen ever cheated me. Perhaps it was that I was then a very young author, and it is notoriously difficult to get anything out of such; not because they are acuter than other people, but because they have nothing to steal except the unsaleable. Girls of landladies may disarrange one's papers in their hideous desire for inartistic tidiness, but I never heard of any stealing MS.

So when I bought my own casual milk in the street, the cat never got at it. My tea never vanished mysteriously, because I knew very well that I too often had none. And butter being a thing that even a critic can dispense with, I spent my butter money in absolutely necessary tobacco. But after two or three years I became quite rich. I made almost a hundred a year, and took rooms in the squares, not far from the British Museum. Since then I have been doing even better than that, and I believe I owe not a little of it to my Bloomsbury landlady. For my two rooms were grossly expensive. A comic writer or a young nobleman might not think so, but they cost fully five shillings a week more than the sum I tried to live on and pay rent out of. And as they were so expensive I used naturally to get in debt to my landlady.

I OFTEN HAVE LAZY FITS.

Now there are different ways of treating a lodger who owes money. He may be given notice, and after a legal interval the key of the street. His life may be made such a misery to him that he leaves of his own accord. It is so easy to cook his breakfast badly; it is even easier not to clean his room, and as a final straw, one may let him make his own bed. But my landlady was an artist. She admired literature; MSS. were sacred to her; she never put me all awry by putting my books and papers right. When I got into her debt she went to work by beautiful moral suasion.

Now, I often have lazy fits; they sometimes last eight months at a time. When I sell a book and have money, I can't work; it is no use trying. Sometimes these idle periods last three months. That was almost my limit in Bloomsbury, for by that time my landlady had such a lien on me that I no longer felt I belonged to myself. I was lent upon, pawned, hypothecated. When I had borrowed money of her three times I used to get ashamed of myself, and would make a sorry pretence of doing something. I would throw papers over my desk, leave the inkstand open, and place half an old manuscript close by. But it was no good. She knew. And I knew she knew, because she was so sympathetic. She brought up my breakfast herself at one o'clock, and said she saw I stayed up late the night before. And was I going to work that afternoon? I brutally replied that I had no intention of doing any such thing. I found a hot fire waiting for me on my return. Perhaps the last month's account lay a little more prominently on the mantelpiece than it did in the morning when I hid it behind a picture. This often tried my wicked soul, but it couldn't always make me work. I used to hide it again, and go to bed. But when she was thoroughly determined that I should do something I finally gave in. I always got the worst of the contest.

In the beginning of February, some three years ago, I was quite twenty pounds behindhand with the rent, and, though ashamed to look the poor little account-book in the face thoroughly determined to do no work until the late spring, But I reckoned without my hostess. I did not understand her or her methods. I miscalculated my own powers of endurance. She went to work on me as one would on a fortress that was not to be taken by assault.

She had been kind before, but now her kindness was terrible. However late I reached home, there was always a brilliant fire. If I sneaked in during the day she invariably came up and suggested something nice to eat before I went to work, and the breakfasts became more and more varied and expensive. Bacon was supplanted by kidneys; chops and grilled fowls displaced both. I bore this for a long, long time, for I was so utterly determined not to work. But at last I gave in.

I had gone out late, full of a sumptuous repast, and only returned at two in the morning, after playing billiards, or cards, or chess. Outside the night was dismal and dark; the streets were muddy and cheerless; the skies threatening heavy rain. My own road was as black as a wolf's throat, and from my windows came no

gleam of welcome. I thought with a curious kind of triumph, that I had beaten her at last. I went in, stumbled through the passage, and opened my own door to be greeted by a blaze of light, new and thick curtains prevented from penetrating outside. The fire was red and piled high, on the hob was a kettle of boiling water, and on the table a bottle of "special Scotch." I gave in and wrote. After a fortnight's desperate work I squared the meek little account-book and had a balance in hand. Then my landlady allowed me to take a rest.

A LOVE SONG.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The shadows creep upon the spire,
And loud is the noise of the city,
And all things with life seem afire,
The glow that all other hearts quicken,
Is a pall of despair to my own:
'Tis evening; and like you, my darling,
I, too, am alone.

I need you, I need you, my darling;
A void in my aching heart yet
Cries aloud for the days that have vanished,
And sings of remorse and regret.
But, a star rises in the horizon;
Its rays throw a light o'er my own,
And I see the day dawning when we, love,
Shall not be alone.

MR. AND MRS. WEEDON GROSSMITH AT HOME.

How few of those who live in the town aptly described by a Yankee cousin as "five-million city," know what worlds of poetry and romance lie lost in some of the most prosaic and out-of-the-way corners of London. Most Londoners would smile at the idea of any connection between Islington and the picturesque, and yet few *coins perdus* of even time-worn Paris would compare with the stately old world-charm of that portion of Canonbury where Mr. Weedon Grossmith and his pretty young wife have set up their household gods. The Old House forms part of the famous Canonbury manor or priory, inhabited in turn by Thomas, Lord Cromwell, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and Thomas, Lord Wentworth. Within a stone's throw of the front door is the tower where Goldsmith often laid concealed from his creditors and where, under pressing necessity, he wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield." No antiquarian is more familiar with the history of old London than is the man endeared to thousands of playgoers as *The New Boy*. He is a collector in the best sense of the word, and there is scarcely an object in the house restored by Adams and Flaxman which is not a thing of use as well as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

"Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, *i.e.*, Miss May Lever Palfrey, received me," writes a representative of To-Day, "in a quaint eighteenth century parlour opening out upon the leafy garden, where once Prior Bolton and his monks spent their scanty recreations; and there, in such a room as Pamela might once have dusted, my hostess proceeded to tell me something of her short and brilliant dramatic career.

"My people have been for several generations in the medical profession," she observed, "and though my father used sometimes to take me to the opera, I went as a child very little to the theatre. But that little was enough," she added significantly, "for I can never remember a time when I was not stage-struck."

"And how did you make your way to stageland?"

"After my father's death," she answered gravely, "I knew I should have to do something, so I obtained an introduction from Sir Morell Mackenzie to Sir Augustus Harris, who kindly gave me a small part in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the pantomime he was then about to produce at Drury Lane. I also appeared as Juliet in the Shakespearian Procession, which was so charming a feature of the production. I stayed with Sir Augustus Harris eighteen months, being for a part of the time understudy to Fanny Brough in *A Million of Money*."

"And do you consider that being an understudy is a good training for a beginner, Miss Palfrey?"

"Certainly. I should always advise young girls to try and understudy some good actress by way of making a *début*. I know that some people believe that this gives a beginner mannerisms; my answer to that is if you have the imitative faculty to a dangerous extent, you will never make a good actress; then, again, the position gives one a good chance of showing what one can do. For instance, I was only second understudy to Miss Brough, and yet I took her part on Boxing Day."

"I fancy I remember seeing you at the Court Theatre?"

"Yes, I formed one of the company who acted in the triple bill. I took part in the ever-popular *Pantomime Rehearsal*, and also in *The Commission*, a little play written by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. I would have remained on at the Court Theatre as understudy to Miss Ellaline Terriss when *The Amazons* was produced, but then I might have been called upon to sing, and this I could not undertake to do, so accordingly, in conjunction with Miss Helena Dacre and Mr. Compton-Coots, I acted a number of one-act plays in drawing-rooms, with considerable success."

"And then came *The New Boy?*"

"Yes, I took part in the very first performance, and always believed in it thoroughly. You see the public are getting tired of burlesque, and are taking to sparkling modern farcical comedies. People talk a great deal about the importance of dress and scenery, but see what a small part they play in a good and popular piece. In *The New Boy* there was not a single smart gown, and the whole action passed in a humble sitting-room." And then Mrs. Grossmith showed me the beautiful silver Georgian punch-bowl presented to her husband "by the whole school," on the 300th performance of *The New Boy*.

"Do you regard your audiences with veneration or with a kindly contempt?"

"Neither," she answered promptly. "I feel really attached to the British playgoer and have only one fault to find with him, and that is he has such a constant disposition that he always likes to see a favourite in the kind of part in which he first made his or her acquaintance. I am devoted to the profession, and greatly interested in everything connected with it."

Mr. Grossmith has the finest collection of theatrical tinsel pictures in Great Britain, and, in addition to a large number of photographs of latter-day actors and actresses, he possesses many relics of the eighteenth century drama, including a couple of quaint engravings of Sadler's Wells Theatre, when it was still surrounded by water. In his study, or studio, for, as most people know, the actor is in this case also an artist, and one time exhibitor in the Royal Academy, a fine engraving of Peg Woffington hangs opposite to one of Mrs. Siddons, when that great actress was still Miss Sarah Kemble. A small silver-voiced spinet, a make-up table which might have served Lady Teazle when she first blossomed out as a woman of fashion, and a genuine Chippendale cabinet are but a few of the precious "properties" of Mr. Grossmith's sanctum, and where he is now busily engaged upon a play which will probably see the boards in course of time.

Both the master and mistress of the Old House are devoted to animals, and Turk, the pug, Richard III., the fox-terrier, Duke, the raven, and Joseph, the jackdaw, share with their owners many of the varied delights of picturesque Canonbury.

THE CANNIBAL TREE.

The most wonderful forest tree in the world, perhaps, is the "cannibal tree" of Australia, which someone has aptly called "the most wonderful of God's many wonders in vegetable life." It grows up in the shape of a huge pineapple, and seldom attains a height of more than eleven feet. It has a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at the apex, which reminds one of a gigantic Central American agave. When standing erect these broad, thick leaves hide a curious-looking arrangement, which appears to perform the same functions as those of the pistils in flowers. Naturally, these board-like leaves, which are from ten to twelve feet long in the smaller specimens, and from fifteen to twenty in the larger, hang to the ground, and are strong enough to bear a man's weight. In old aboriginal times in the antipodean wilds, the natives worshipped the cannibal tree under the name of the "Devil tree," the chief part of the ceremony consisting of driving one of their number up the leaves of the tree to the apex. The instant the victim would touch the so-called "pistils" of the monster the leaves would instantly fly together like a trap, squeezing the life out of the intruder. Early travellers declared that the tree held its victim until every particle of flesh disappeared. On this account it is called the "cannibal tree."

"How did she get to drinking?"

"She married a young man to save him!"

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I described a pretty fur-trimmed winter coat to you last week, and since then have seen a very sweet thing intended for wearing at "At Homes" in cold weather, when the warm outer wrap is left in the hall. It is a black satin jacket made to fit quite closely to the figure, and finished with a full-fluted basque, about 7in. deep. It is double-breasted, and has a square collar and moderately-sized revers in white satin, both being bordered with skunk, a line of openwork jet trimming being placed about half an inch above the fur. A bib of the white satin was sent home with this, warmly lined with cloth, and made with a high collar of the same, the whole of the latter being embroidered in jet, and the bib being ornamented with perpendicular lines of similar trimming. This bib is to protect the chest in cold weather. It is very smart.

Such a bib could quite easily be made at home. It consists merely of a square in front, but the art of the whole arrangement lies in the placing of the collar, half of which has to be sewn on, while the other half is free. Shall I send you a pattern? With the numerous double-breasted coats of the present season, the chest is too often left exposed above the revers. A black satin bib with jet trimming would be a very useful one, and would go with almost everything.

Some of the coats cross over so high up that none of the chest is left uncovered. In these days of influenza and fatal chills one has to consider carefully the effect of insufficient garments before selecting them. Doctors frown on fur, but their frowns do not seem to have any ill-effect upon the trade, and furriers now adopt such excellent modes of ventilating the skins as to reduce injurious possibilities to a minimum.

There will be many Empire coats and mantles seen this winter, and, I am sorry to say, the loose coats in boxcloth are only too frequently seen. How hideous they are! And how unnecessarily their dowdy look is enhanced by the enormous width of them round the hem!

Your black satin came home yesterday, and I dispatched it yesterday. It is a lovely one, and you are going to look delicious in it, with the evening bodice especially. It is made with a round waist, the skirt coming up over it, with a belt of finest jet. Jet straps cross the shoulders, and the sleeves droop low on the arms, the puffs being caught into wide jet bands, which, like the shoulder straps, are in an openwork design, and are as becoming as bracelets always seem to be when worn on the upper arm in Oriental fashion. The top is all filled in with white chiffon, and the revers, turned back in front and behind, are white satin with rich, deep-tinted guipure laid on flat and bordered with jet.

The day bodice is white satin covered with pleated black silk muslin, and has sleeves of black and white-striped brocade, with small roses and forget-me-nots on it. I am sending to wear with it at different times a black satin stock, a pale blue one, and a rose-petal pink, and I only wish I could see you in them.

WHITE SATIN EVENING DRESS.

Uncle Jim gave me five pounds to buy a winter coat, and I can't make up my mind whether to have a jacket or a cape. One day I decide on a jacket, the next I think I will have a cape. But the sort I should like is apt to be expensive. It must fit into the waist at the back. I quite dislike the ordinary cape and the dowdy, round-shouldered look it gives the figure.

The new coats are very smart, but it ruins the sleeves of one's gowns to put them on over them, and it is such a nuisance to have to get into an old, familiar, and comfortably flattened blouse. Don't advise me when you write, for I shall by that time have decided, and I should feel quite disgusted if you were to advise coat if I had bought cape, or the reverse.

I wish I could afford both; but that is greedy.

The newest capes are made of crêpon, a fancy that is not likely to last, I believe. I saw one yesterday, composed of bright green crêpon, and lined with yellow. It was like a parrakeet.

The new hats are tantalisingly pretty. Fancy one in white felt with groups of black ostrich feathers in threes upon the brim, and a high crown of green velvet supported by a round wall of transparent jet and chenille, through which one's pretty hair would show. Another is made of tan-coloured velvet, a very wide brim drooping towards the front and raised almost perpendicularly at the back. Under it is a crescent of apricot and orange velvet roses, and a small bunch of similar flowers reposes under a pair of lace wings on the front of the brim. Toques are going to be more elaborate than ever, if such a thing be possible. Many of them have jewelled velvet crowns, and the trimmings are both ornate and diverse, including a veritable hotch-potch of feathers, flowers, lace,

velvet, paste, jet, and brocaded ribbons. I admired a very simple one in heliotrope velvet with a group of tea roses at one side and a bow of chine ribbon at the back. It would have suited you.

The evening dress illustrated is in white satin. The large, puffed sleeves are also in white satin and fall low on the arms, the space between them and the shoulder-straps being filled in with pale green chiffon. The bodice is a full belt of white satin made with bronze-coloured beading. The upper part is filled in with pale green chiffon, headed by the beading. White Brussels lace gives softness to the finish at the neck. An epaulette of pink roses is placed over the left arm, and a small bunch of similar flowers is fastened in front of the right arm.—Ever your affectionate Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D. asks for some suggestions for substantial high tea, beyond chops, steaks, and fish, boiled or fried. She says she has to be economical. She could scarcely find a more extravagant form of food in the ordinary way than chops and steaks. Why, the former are fourteenpence a pound, and the latter fifteenpence, except at certain stores in London where excellent steaks are sold at tenpence, with the result that after 11 a.m. the supply is exhausted. Your note came a little late for this week, E.D., but I hope to answer you at length next week, and to recur to the subject at intervals. At the same time I must tell you that I strongly disapprove of high tea. This beverage when accompanied by meat has the effect of turning the latter into a tough, indigestible mass. A cup of tea taken an hour after would have no such ill-effects. Think it over. If you object to ale or wine try soda-water. I find it an agreeable dinner drink.

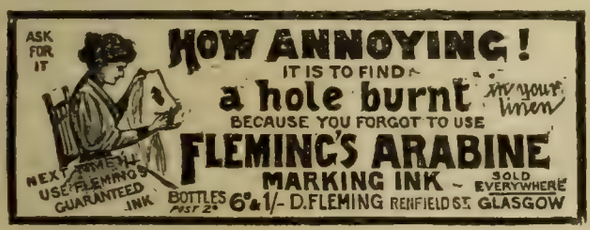
Our Cookery Column.

Milanese Soup.—Parboil some rice, let it cool, then boil it gently in strong stock. Peel some tomatoes, cut them up into dice, taking away the pips, and draining the water off. When about to serve the soup put the boiled tomato dice into the tureen, pour the boiling rice soup over them, and when dishing up send some scraped Parmesan or Gruyère cheese with it.

Sole a la Ruse.—Take a fine sole, draw the bone out carefully, so that the fish remains entire. Stuff it with small dice composed of minced truffles, crawfish tails, and oysters, thicken it with a cream sauce. Stew the sole in white wine, place it in a hollow dish with its stock, powder it with grated Parmesan cheese, and serve.

Trout With Truffles.—Stuff them with truffles, fish quenelles, and mushrooms; boil the fish quickly, drain the water off, and serve them with tomato sauce.

Roast Eels.—Take two fine eels, put them into a saucepan, adding some good stock and a glassful of white wine. Let them simmer for half an hour. Take the fish out of the saucepan, envelop them in buttered paper, roast them before the fire, and serve them with the contents of the saucepan poured over them.



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A BALACLAVA HERO.

The St. Pancras Workhouse does not, at first sight, seem to be a fitting residence for a man who took part in the famous Charge of the Six Hundred. At present, however, it is in St. Pancras Workhouse that John Hickey is staying. His case has been recently noticed in To-Day, and when I called on an official and stated my business I received a very cordial and grateful welcome. I inquired, first of all, if our notice of the case had benefited the old man in any way.

"We have been simply inundated with callers," was the reply. "All sorts of people have been here, asking to see the 'old soldier.' You must know that when we brought the case up at Clerkenwell Police-court we were not aware that Hickey—no, there's no L in his name; all the papers mis-spelt it—was one of the Six Hundred. Since then he has been staying here, and he will remain as long as he wants to. His is a very curious case, and a very interesting one."

"In what way?"

"Well, our doctor has carefully examined John Hickey, and I'm afraid there's not the slightest doubt that the old man's mind is a little deficient. The effect it has on his actions is really wonderful; but you would like to see him. Come with me."

I found Hickey in a large ward, containing perhaps about fifty beds. The place was warm, clean, and comfortable. Hickey had just finished his tea. He was lying in bed, not, I believe, on account of his ill-health, but because the beds in the St. Pancras Workhouse are very nice places to spend a day in. He seemed pleased to see a visitor, and, shifting himself slightly in bed, he smoothed the counterpane and invited me to sit down beside him.

His appearance suggests the old soldier. His hair is still iron-grey, but his heavy military moustache, which he strokes gently while he talks, is quite white. There is a noble look about the old fellow's face, and his expression is totally different from that of the other men around him. Before he opens his mouth you feel instinctively that the man before you could not do a mean action. A few minutes' conversation shows clearly what is the old man's hallucination. The Charge of the Six Hundred has been uppermost in his memory for forty years. He is a very religious man; his faith in the Bible is as simple as a child's, but the most learned theologian could not hold firmer convictions. The lessons he learned when in the Army he learned too well. They have become so ingrained in his mind that his one thought now is of military discipline. His strong faith in the Christian religion is curiously interwoven with this central idea. In his own mind he is fighting his old campaigns over and over again. The words of command are still ringing in his ears, only now they are not shouted across a battle-field, and they do not come from human lips.

I asked him why he was staying in the workhouse when he had received more than one offer of a good home for the rest of his life.

"I must stop," he said. "I'm an old soldier, you know, and my orders are to remain here. I'm in a campaign at St. Pancras, and I can't leave yet."

Asked if he knew when he would receive permission to leave, he replied—

"I know, but I can't tell you. It's a secret, and a soldier mustn't divulge a secret."

He spoke very quietly, but firmly. There was nothing of the senile, tottering old man about his appearance, and he is quite different in manner from Dr. Conan Doyle's Waterloo veteran, Corporal Brewster. I tried repeatedly to persuade him to leave the workhouse, but his obedience to his supposed orders never wavered for an instant. Moreover, not only did he know when he was going to leave, but the actual place to which he had been ordered was clearly impressed on his mind. This, too, was a secret. It was not far from St. Pancras, but more than this he was not allowed to say. Then he added—

"I have God's promises; they never fail. The Bible is the best comfort I ever had."

While he was talking his head was half supported by the pillows. His hands, which are beautifully white and well-kept, lay on the coverlet when they were not employed in caressing his moustache. After a time I asked him his opinion of the Charge of the Six Hundred. As I did so there was a slight, almost imperceptible, change in his expression. He smiled at the question, and replied simply—

"It was a pretty little bit of fighting."

"And how did you get on yourself, Hickey?"

"Well, sir, there wasn't much time for thinking. We were too close to receive them on the point, and we had to cut our way through—so." While he was talking the old man's right hand moved almost unconsciously, as though he were grasping his sword once more. It was the only time during our conversation that Hickey seemed in the least degree excited.

"Were you wounded, Hickey?"

"No, I got off all right, but my horse had one of his legs shot away. He stood right up on his hind legs, and for a minute I thought he would fall and crush me. My heart was here," pointing to his mouth, "instead of here," touching his side, "but my horse came down quickly, and carried me out of action on three legs. After that I rode a very wonderful horse. He and his rider had been taken prisoner by the enemy, but the horse managed to get free, and he galloped all the way back to our camp. We made a great fuss of him, and I rode him for the rest of the campaign."

The simplicity with which Hickey told his narrative was really remarkable. With the modesty of the true hero he scarcely touched upon his own action in the campaign, but he evidently took a keen pride in the conduct of his gallant horse. "Three legs," he repeated several times over, "on three legs, he carried me out safely on only three legs. Now I can't walk very nicely myself," he added, "I get so giddy, and fall down. I've fallen down two or three times."

"And you won't tell me where you are going to?"

The old man hesitated.

"I'm under orders, sir, I can't, but——"

I waited. It was evident that the old man wished to please me, but his stern sense of duty held him back.

"Well, Hickey?"

"It's in one of the squares," he murmured. "I can't tell you more than that—I can't really."

There was a pause.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued Hickey. "I'll show you my orders."

He leaned out of bed, opened a little cupboard, and produced a Bible. He turned over the leaves reverently until he found the verse he was looking for. It was the eighth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah:—

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward."

"Those are my orders," said Hickey, proudly. "I'll wait here."

He leaned back once more in bed as I turned to go. He still grasped his Bible tightly in one hand; and though his face was that of a noble, bronzed old warrior, his expression was that of a little child, smiling expectant at its mother's feet.

W. P.

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"THE SORROWS OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC."

At last the wretched dramatic critic is literally "hoist with his own petard." He has been blown into smithereens by the explosion for which he has himself laid the train. Whose fault is it that the stage and all connected with it has been so notoriously overpuffed, over-praised, and discussed *ad nauseam?* Why the enthusiastic critic. To whom are we to attach the blame of dragging nonentities into notoriety, of making very ordinary men and women lose their heads, and of trumpeting into fame second-hand art, that finds it's way into society, the salon, and the Royal Academy? Why the befooled dramatic critic. Who created this formidable conspiracy of first-nighters, who dare to go to a manager and say, "Do this, do that, or the other, or it will be the worse for you; we can wreck and ruin, or make and glorify, as you shall know to your cost"? Why the dramatic critics, who believed in the old ideal pit of artists and gentlemen, who longed to revive that true spirit in the drama fostered by the nightly appearance of young barristers, young solicitors, young doctors, old public school and university men sworn, like knights of old, to abjure the false and uphold the true.

What did we see in the old days, before the theatre and the stage had been puffed up into outrageous and unwarrantable importance? We saw old John Oxenford beaming from his box—scholar, student, and gentleman, respected and loved by all who knew him. He was not traduced as a low and common impostor because he wrote plays; on the contrary, his knowledge of dramatic literature and his vast experience were highly regarded by the impresario, and, as to his honour, why, as often as not he "slated" the very plays he had written when he found that the public did not appreciate them.

I remember the case of *Ivy Hall* (*Le Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre*), the play in which Henry Irving made his first appearance in London. Oxenford had adapted the play from the French novel, and he turned round and rent his own work to pieces in the columns of the *Times*.

Did anyone in these days dare to asperse the honour of George Henry Lewes, the brilliant philospher, author of the "Life of Goethe," and companion of George Eliot, because he wrote fine criticisms in the *Examiner*, and clever little plays and comedies, under the name of Slingsby Lawrence? But a William Archer or a George Bernard Shaw is not allowed to do to-day what John Oxenford and George Henry Lewes did then. Under the box where John Oxenford sat were the venerable Tomlins, the equally venerable old scholar John Heraud, the courtly and kindly Irishman Bayle Bernard, the genial and delightful E. L. Blanchard, the suave Leicester Buckingham, the honest John Hollingshead, the trenchant Edmund Yates, and many more, all of them dramatists when they could turn an honest penny by acquired experience and study of the stage, but not one of them was accused of dishonesty or trickery, for the very best of all reasons—that they were trusted and encouraged by those who employed them, and were loyally supported by their friends and brothers-in-arms, whom they met in the theatre whenever a new play was produced.

In those days the critical house was not divided against itself. We heard of no backbiting, lying, and slandering. This rampant jealousy which so disfigures our modern journalism did not exist. A young critic, coming to take his place on the bench for the first time, did not fly into a passion, and consume himself with envy because John Oxenford, by age and experience, was acknowledged to be the Nestor of the profession. There were free lances amongst them, notably Edmund Yates and John Hollingshead, but they never dreamed of imputing venality and dishonesty behind the back of a man with whom they shook hands in the stalls. They might have been old fashioned, but they went straight and acted on the square in those days, and the modern disgusting practice of "dog eating dog" was absolutely unknown.

Such a scandal as a whole number of a theatrical magazine, edited by a journalist and dramatic critic, devoted to vulgar slander and slaughter, at the expense of a prior editor, journalist, and dramatic critic, would have been denounced as contemptible in the days of John Oxenford. No: "dog *didn't* eat dog," before the stage became a mania. They were kindly good fellows, never cannibals, before these silly dramatic enthusiasts preached the stage in society, and advertised mediocrity.

And there was another factor with which the more courteous and refined school of dramatic critics had not to deal. I mean the emancipated woman and shrieking sister. A conscientious and self-respecting critic, if he had to tell a lady that he did not like her performance, was not prepared to hear from this extremely vulgar person that he "slated her because he wanted to kiss her and couldn't."

As I heard a modern dramatic critic observe one day with perfect truth, "I must be always wrong to my life's end. If I conscientiously praise an actress, I must have kissed her. If I find fault with her acting, she puts it about that I wanted to kiss her, but she objected."

It seems to me that these very inferior and second-class artists who write these tirades to women's papers about the osculatory dramatic critic vastly overrate their own importance. Why will they not get it sometimes into their heads that any personal favours they would care to grant might be positively objectionable, not to say nauseous. Why can they never persuade themselves that they are blamed for the very good and sufficient reason that they cannot act. Supposing the picture were reversed for the edification of these eminently conceited creatures, not artists, but amateurs to the backbone, and distinguished by a lamentable want of breeding and good taste. Supposing that, as a counterblast to these ridiculous feminine taradiddles of Mr. A. pitching into an actress because she wouldn't go with him to lunch; and Mr. B. persecuting her because she wouldn't be tickled like a housemaid behind the door; and Mr. C. vowing vengeance against her because she wouldn't sacrifice her saintly self to his selfishness, we heard what the men had to say about the rude advances of these impertinent young women. I should like one day to get written down the experiences of a dramatic critic who has followed the profession for some years. Supposing he were to lay bare and make public, giving evidence in his own possession of countless bribes he had been offered, but indignantly refused; of innumerable temptations showered upon him with the ingenuity of the very Devil himself, but successfully evaded; scores of traps and plans laid cleverly for him to walk into, when fortunately he was able to turn his steps in the opposite direction; of entertainments and midnight meetings prepared for him, but loyally scorned. Supposing he were to unbare his soul and proclaim the difficulty of a man preserving his honour for a quarter of a century, and getting clear out of the mud—well, I think the story would be as interesting, and I think more stamped with the hall-mark of truth than all this dreary and dirty tittle-tattle, which is hatched at women's clubs and suburban tea-tables.

But no; such a man would have too much sense of honour to give away a woman, no matter how foolish she might have been. Women can air their miserable little scandals and spiteful bits of nastiness in the journals devoted to women and their idle gossip; but men keep these things locked up in their breasts, and don't give away the men who are foolish enough to offer a clumsy bribe, or the women who deliberately tempt and are regardless if they be compromised.

But as I said at the outset, it is all the fault of the dramatic critics themselves. They have exaggerated the claims of an overrated profession; they have encouraged the admission to it's ranks of very mediocre and second-class talent; they have surrounded the stage with journalistic hornets and buzzing female gad-flies. Society is sick of the doll that it petted. It has pulled it to bits, and found it stuffed with sawdust. Dramatic critics of the first class were warned years ago of the mischief that would ensue from their own impetuosity. They were told that the men and women that they foolishly took up would turn round and rend them. Has it not proved true?

Is there a dramatic critic of influence in existence who is not equally loathed by men and women he has made as by his companions, who secretly detest his power? So what do we see? Men of untarnished honour who have waded through this mud for a lifetime, and devoted every working hour of their existence to this vainglory of the stage, slandered in one corner, libelled in another; threatened here, blackmailed there; bribed coarsely, and execrated for ever by the baffled briber; exposed to the back-biting of supposed friends and foes alike; hunted and harassed by a lot of women who think they are irresistible, when they are unpalatable to the last degree; accused of every dishonourable crime in the decalogue, by so-called men and women, who are in reality vain and contemptible boobies, but supported, thank God, by the only people whose recognition is of the slightest value —the masters whom they honestly serve, and the public for whom they loyally work.

RANDOLPH ON THE BICYCLE.

My dear Dick,—Following the fashion, and the orders of my doctor, I have taken to the bicycle. Armed with pneumatic tyres, a divided garment and a map of London, I go out before breakfast regularly every morning in search of health, and I must say that I have found it. People may be prejudiced against the bicycle, but it would not surprise me if future generations were to set it up in temples, and do homage to it as the incarnation of the Health Spirit. To the old riddle, "Is life worth living?" we used to reply "It depends upon your liver," but now we answer with a shout, "Yes. If you are a cyclist!"

My experiences whilst learning to cycle, and since, have made many things plain to me that I did not understand before. I always knew that grooms and stable lads, speaking generally, were a lazy, lying lot, and I find that they detest bicycles, because when exercising hacks and carriage horses of a morning they have to be more careful than heretofore. When they jog along, smoking, eating nuts, or going half asleep, they sometimes find that the sudden and frequent bicycle frightens their charges, and a smash up or an accident ensues. If they were minding their business there would be no danger, but as things stand there is. Young and inexperienced lads; loafing, lazy lads; careless, clumsy lads; ill-tempered, ill-looking lads are sent out in charge of valuable horses, because the head coachman likes an extra hour's sleep in the morning. A cyclist must keep his eye open in dealing with boys of this sort, for they won't hesitate to take the wrong side of the road, or run you into the kerb, if they get half a chance. Another natural enemy of the cyclist is the horse-dealer. This excellent individual has for many weary years laboured under the hallucination that the less frequented parks were supported by the ratepayers purely for the purpose of affording him quiet and convenient schooling grounds for breaking in young horses. The swiftly-moving, sharply ting-ringing cyclist has driven the horse-dealer before him, and he is cursed accordingly. I can comprehend and sympathise with the horse-dealer to some extent, but for the life of me I cannot understand why an almost open feud should prevail between cyclists and every rider or driver of a horse in London. Still there is the fact. Drivers are always complaining of cyclists, yet what do they do themselves? Not once in a hundred times will a driver give way and make room for you to pass him. He will pull out for a coach, a 'bus, or a donkey cart, but he won't pull out for you. He holds on, often in the middle of the road, until, in desperation, you hug the kerb and slip by him on the near side, and then he promptly curses you for breaking the rule of the road. By the way, the inclination of cyclists to hug the kerb does not seem to me to be properly understood. The fact is that a road, for about two feet from the kerb, on either side, is much less worn than in the middle. Down close to the kerb the going is smooth, comfortable, and safe. The cyclist finds it far preferable to the often lumpy, bumpy, and sometimes dangerously "greasy" centre of the road. The immature cyclist especially clings desperately to any place where there is least chance of a fall. If drivers would only remember this, and be content to leave the cyclist where he is out of harm's way, we should be more contented Drivers unhappily seem to hold the opinion that a cyclist has no natural rights. Let me point out to them that according to all rights, customs, and old traditions, the fastest vehicle has always the right to the road. If I am driving a team, and a man with a trotting pony comes up behind me, directly I hear him holloa, I must pull out and make room for him to pass. Equally if I hear the ting of a cycle bell behind me, I ought to make room. But how many drivers do so? Well, it is this inconsiderate spirit that breeds resentment in the cyclist's soul. Being able to command high speed, the hour generally arrives when he gets his driving enemy at a disadvantage, and he pays back incivility by incivility, and sometimes wrong by wrong. This, of course, is regrettable. But the temper of the cyclist is sorely tried, not only by drivers, but also by pedestrians. For some mysterious reason the roadway exercises a curious fascination over some people. They are generally drunk, deaf, or in love. Directly it gets dark, they desert the pavement, or pathway, and meander for miles along the road, buried in abstract contemplation. The cyclist has generally to shout, and ring at them half a dozen times before they take any notice, and then they seem to recover consciousness with a start, which invariably impels them to bound violently away from the pavement into the middle of the road. As you have courteously refrained from knocking them down, they usually abuse you vigorously. I confess that at times I am sorely tempted to slide silently alongside one of these muddle-headed moon-calves, and let go my bell at his elbow. After trying such an experiment, however, it is always best to ride on rapidly. In the parks, the road walker is a greater nuisance than elsewhere, especially after dark. So, too, is the man who drives a fast pony and does not light his lamps. The police are always down on the cyclist if he is a minute late lighting up, but vans driven by sleepy drivers, sporting publicans with racing ponies, and any and every other sort of vehicle can career unlit through the darkness to the greater public danger. What to me is more remarkable is the way these chartered Juggernauts treat cyclists if they find them in the middle of the road. They simply go right ahead. They never attempt to avoid them. The rule seems to be that the cyclist, with a brilliantly-burning lamp which can be seen for half a mile, must always be on the alert, and give way to any vehicle without lamps which cannot be noticed until it is almost on top of you. Only a few nights ago I nearly came to grief over another kind of nuisance. An enterprising individual was removing some furniture on a hand-truck, which he was gaily wheeling round Regent's Park on the wrong side of the road. Of

course he couldn't see my lamp through the pile of furniture, and as I was close to the kerb I naturally did not expect that anything would be coming *towards* me there. I only saw the truck just in time to escape a bad accident. This man had passed both a walking policeman and a mounted patrol not fifty yards before he encountered me, yet neither of these guardians of the public peace thought it worth while to point out to him that he ought to be on the left, and *not on the right* side of the road. These are the things that irritate the cyclist, and drive him occasionally to reckless retaliation. The "scorching" cyclist is, of course, a nuisance; but I do not think that "scorching" is so dangerous to the public as the lampless cart, or the idiot pedestrian who wanders all over the road without looking to see what is coming.

Talking of the road, I wish a test case could be fought in the higher courts for the purpose of determining what the road really is. Some magistrates maintain that a pedestrian has a right to be in the road as much as he chooses. This, I believe, is wrong. Horses, carts, and cycles are forbidden the footpath, which is properly reserved for people on foot. Footpaths must not be used as roads—equally, to my thinking, roads should not be used as footpaths. Foot passengers obviously have every right to *cross* the road when and where they please, but where a footpath exists foot passengers should not be allowed to walk *along* the road as though it were a footpath.

Like every other enthusiastic cyclist, I have got my views on feminine cycling costume. I am all for knickerbockers.

A neat skirt and that sort of thing is nice enough when a lady only means to meander round Battersea Park; but when she wants a run for health, and wishes to go faster than half a mile an hour, she wants a sensible dress. The objection to knickerbockers I never could understand. When a woman wears it she shows her legs. Well—what of it? Civilisation already sanctions a different dress for every different occasion. If a lady walked down Regent Street with bare arms, neck, and shoulders, people would exclaim. But when the same lady has to be presented at Court she would be "chucked" by the Lord Chamberlain if she came with her arms and shoulders covered. Supposing you are going with two ladies of your acquaintance to a very swagger reception during the season, and you suggest that you can fill up your time by going to a burlesque theatre first—what happens? You sit in a box with a couple of women whose bodies are practically bare half way down to the waist, and you look at the stage and you see a lot of other women whose legs are exposed to within a few inches of their waists. Does anyone object? Certainly not. One dress for society, another for the stage. And I maintain yet a third for cycling. Let every man who cycles, and knows what it is to struggle up a hill in a full breeze, ask himself how he would like to do his work with a blanket tied round his legs. Women are weaker than men. Then why insist on their wearing a costume that doubles their labour when cycling? Here is a delightful exercise which vastly improves the health of a woman and may improve vastly the health and physique of her children, and her children's children. We should encourage the woman to pursue the exercise under the most comfortable and advantageous conditions. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, handicap and retard the woman with clumsy and inconvenient dress merely because a few prejudiced and dirty-minded prudes take exception to a few inches of leg displayed below the knee? It is too preposterous for argument! If a woman has pretty legs I can see no reason why she should not—but I see every reason why she should—show them. If she may show us her neck, shoulders, arms, and bust naked, surely there is no harm in showing the calf of her leg in a thick stocking!

The Regent's Park has recently become the pet ground for winter cycling—Lady Jeune having discovered the advantages of the inner circle, where the going is good, and the traffic practically nil. Go there any morning about ten o'clock, and you will see lady cyclists by the dozen. Those who wear knickerbockers rarely come to grief, but those who wear skirts, even the most expert, perpetually come to grief owing to their skirts either catching the pedal, or getting wound into the back wheel.

I have hopes, however, that in the near future sense will prevail, and that ladies will go cycling in the costume best fitted for that exercise. To insist on the contrary is as idiotic as to desire that women should only be permitted to swim in crinolines and busts, and that men should play cricket in helmets and chain armour.—Your affectionate cousin, Randolph.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

We 'ad a fyir darn ar wye lawst Sat'dye. Somebody 'ad no more sense than ter leave a tom-cat and a parerfeen lamp alone tergither in the sime room. If yer 'untid the ole bloomin' yooniverse with the 'ereafter throwed in I dunno as yer cud find a bigger fool nor a ornery cat. In course the fust thing thet cat does is ter lye 'old o' the tible-cloth, and pull it darn and the parerfeen lamp with it. In tew minutes the 'ole thing were in a blize. Me and 'Ankin sees the henjins pawsin' us, as we was comin' 'ome. "Blimey, 'ere's a fyir!" says 'Ankin, "let's run." "Run be blowed!" says I. I'm thet wye, yer see, I ain't one as runs when its puffickly easy ter walk. "Fyirs ain't put art in five minnits," says I, "Yar come along easy, and if it's anywise 'andy, we'll see it, and if it ain't we wont." Well, we did see it, though not as close as might 'a bin. 'Cos why? Cos the bloomin' coppers drar'd 'emselves up acrorst the road like a lot o' tin sojers and wouldn't let the crard git pawst. 'Arrever there were the fyir right enough, flimes a shootin' art o' winders, and the henjins a wukkin', an the firemen runnin' abart, for all the world like a mely-drawmer at the Line. Theer were a boy standin' at the edge o' the crard, and I says ter 'im—"'Allo, Tommy, 'ave they gort 'em all art o' the 'ouse." "No," 'e syes, "they ain't." "Well, then," syes I, "why ain't they doin' sutthink? Wheer's the fire-escipe." "They ain't gort no fire-escipe," says 'e. "Ain't they fetchin' it?" says I. "No, they ain't," says 'e. "Then," says I," "the people as lives theer 'ull all be bunt ter cinders, sure as my nime's whort it is." "No, they 'ont," syes the boy, "'cos they was all art afore the fyir stawtid." And afore I cud cop 'im un fur 'is bloomin' impidunce, 'e'd bolted beck inter the crard.

* * * * *

It strikes me as boys 'asn't the sime respec' and rev'runce fur their elders as they yoosed ter 'ave in the dyes when I were young, and I dessay we is ter blime fur it. We don't give 'em the sime amornt of strap as ar fawthers yoosed ter give us. They needs constant lickin's ter bring 'em inter shipe. I dessay if I'd done my dooty I shud 'ave gone awter thet boy, and caught 'im, and give 'im a lessing. But I let it slide. One time it did look as if the next 'ouse were going' ter catch. 'Ankin mide sure of it. "The 'ole street 'ull be in a blize in ten minntes," says 'e. "I'm glad we come." But theer them firemen was tew artful, an' the t'other 'ouse never caught at all. Why, in one awf hower theer was nutthink left ter look at, fire put out an' the 'ole show over. "Jest like my bloomin' luck," syes 'Ankin. "I did think as it were goin' ter be a good un this time." "Did yer?" syes I. "In course if they'd knowed it 'ud amoose yer, they'd ave bunt the bloomin' distric'. Why didn't yer mention it to 'em 'an give yerself a chawnce?"

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres possess as great advantages for Carriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

IN THE CITY.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED.

A CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.

It is probable that few, if any, of our readers have heard of this company, although it has a capital of £250,000, and its chairman, Mr. Paget, is the chairman of the Midland Railway Company. The capital, large as it is, was privately subscribed, and as there was no public issue, and no advertising, the ordinary investor knows nothing about the company. And yet it is one that bids fair to have a very prosperous career. Formed to work a cycle patent, many of our readers will probably think at first glance that it is a good thing—to keep out of. There are so many cycle companies working patents that are guaranteed to work wonders, but as often as not do nothing in the way of earning dividends, that a company formed to work another cycle patent must be able to demonstrate very clearly the novelty and utility of its invention if it is to persuade the more prudent among investors that it has a future before it. So far as we are able to judge the Simpson Lever Chain Company, Limited, is able to do that.

We may take it that the objects to be aimed at by the inventor who devotes himself to improving cycles are increased speed and greater ease. The few want greater speed, the many want greater ease, and greater speed gives greater ease if speed can be increased without losing power. This is what Mr. Simpson, the inventor of the Simpson lever chain, claims to have done. There can be no doubt as to the increased speed. On Saturday the champion, Hunt, broke the record with one of these Simpson chains, from Nottingham to Skegness by 10 per cent. He broke it by twenty minutes in eighty miles. A week ago Messrs. Leitch and Pellant on a Humber tandem, and Mr. T. Osborn on a Humber safety, did the quarter of a mile in the wonderful time of 20 3·5 secs. At the finish, the riders were of opinion that they were travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Afterwards, the same riders broke the world's records over the half mile, and on the following day they did the full mile in 1 min. 39 secs. We understand that at a private trial the quarter-mile was done in 17 seconds. That is at the rate of 54 miles in the hour, which, if it could be maintained, would mean that the Simpson lever chain cycle can beat the fastest of our express trains.

The invention which admits of this extraordinary development of speed is very simple, but simple as it is it is claimed for it that it has practically solved the problem of electrical traction. The advantage gained by it wherever gearing is used is very great. The chain wheel on which the pedals work is of the ordinary description, but the chain on passing to the rear, or driving wheel, does not run on the ordinary teeth, but on a series of levers which are said to act so powerfully on the driving wheel as to enable a rider to propel a gear of 100 miles with about the same proportion as regards force as one of sixty miles.

That the rider who uses the Simpson lever chain can, other circumstances being equal, distance all competitors appears to be a fact hardly open to dispute. But speed is not the primary object of the invention. The Simpson lever chain is recommended to the public, not so much because it enables the rider to beat all records, as because of the greater ease with which it can be worked. The ordinary rider does not want to travel at something like a mile a minute. What he wants is to go at a reasonable, even a rapid pace, with the least possible exertion, and it is here in an especial degree that the Simpson lever chain will appeal to him. It is claimed for it that one may travel upon it for the whole day without experiencing half the fatigue that would have to be reckoned with upon another machine. If that be so, the benefit conferred upon the cyclist by this invention must be enormous. Nor is that all. It is further claimed for the Simpson lever chain cycle that it is in an especial degree suitable for ladies. Some of us are old-fashioned enough to regret that cycling is not confined to men—and that odious creature the new woman. But since ladies will go cycling they must wish to enjoy the pastime with the least possible sacrifice of grace. It is claimed for the Simpson cycle that it goes far to meet the requirements of ladies in this direction. You cannot whip up admiration for the prettiest of pretty maidens when you see her on a cycle moving her legs up and down as if life and death depended upon her going quicker. This painful spectacle is said to be rendered unnecessary by the Simpson cycle. The pedal is a slow, dignified, pedal. The cycle is much easier than the ordinary one, the same speed can be obtained with half the exertion—you get 33 per cent. more out of the motive power than you did before—and we are assured that it is actually possible for a lady to look elegant on one of these bicycles. If that be so, the company should soon be doing a roaring trade with the orders of ladies alone.

There remains the important question of cost. Upon a new machine, the extra cost of the chain is not more than from £2 to £3; upon an old machine—and it can be put upon any machine—it would cost £4. It has been said by some critics of Mr. Simpson's invention that this is a fatal objection; but the same thing was said about the Dunlop tyre. That not only cost some three guineas but also involved a new machine. The Trade as a whole was opposed to it, for it meant large stocks that could not be used. Yet we now know that the extra cost not only did not lessen sales, it increased them tenfold. And if the Simpson chain really does all that is claimed for it it may well repeat the experience of the Dunlop tyre. Crowds of cyclists will be quite willing to pay the extra pound or two if it gives them the comfort and saves them the effort it is said to do. We understand that the company have already very large orders on hand. The chain can be put upon any machine. The company, which is working with the Humber people, has a large factory on four acres of ground at Draycott, Derbyshire, and orders are crowding in every day.

It has fallen to us so frequently to criticise and condemn companies formed to work some new cycle patent that it is a pleasant variety to be able to direct attention to an invention which, so far as we can see, is likely to have a great and beneficial influence upon cycling. But we hope none of our readers will buy shares in the company—the £1 share was quoted on Saturday at £1 9s.—or send orders for machines merely upon the strength of what we have written here. The present writer does not pretend to be an expert in cycling, and his personal opinion upon Mr. Simpson's invention is quite worthless. He has been guided by the opinions of experts and laymen who have been much impressed by the invention, and, so far as he knows, have no private objects to serve. All that he suggests to readers of To-Day, or those of them who are cyclists, is that they shall make their own inquiries. If the chain is half as potent as it is said to be the shares of the company should be worth buying, seeing that handsome dividends may be confidently reckoned upon.

THE LAW UNION AND CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY AND "TO-DAY."

Since the last issue of To-Day went to press the actuary of this company has called upon us with reference to the remarks which appeared in our issue of 5th inst. He says: "The statement in our advertisement about bonuses is *not* 'misleading,' nor could we in our advertisements refer to the Crown bonuses. The reason in both cases is exceedingly simple. The Crown series is closed, and no new policies are issued thereunder. The existing policies in that series are valued quite separately from the other policies of the company, and do not affect them in any way whatever. In advertising our bonuses, therefore, we must naturally mention that paid on the series to which all new policies issued belong. It is the only thing we *can* advertise, and any other course would be assuredly 'misleading.'"

It will be remembered that we expressed the opinion that future bonuses would approximate, but not exceed those of the Crown. Readers of To-Day will be glad to know our reasons for such opinion. The proportion of "non-profit" business is decreasing. In 1889 it was 39 per cent. of the total, whilst in 1894 it was 32 per cent. The participating policy-holders share in the whole of the profits from the "non-profit" business. At the last division, therefore, there was a larger proportion of participants, and a smaller proportion of business producing such profits. The character of the connexions of the office has undergone a change—a Crown change—and it must be presumed it is still undergoing it, and that the change will continue to go on. Again, the expenses of the five years ended in 1889 were 14·6 of the premiums received, whilst for the five years ended in 1894 they were 17·7 per cent. As the expenses actually incurred went up, so the provision for future expenses came down. In 1889 20 per cent. of the premiums were reserved as

a provision for future expenses, but in 1894 only 17 per cent. was reserved. It is curious to observe that the rate of expenses went up in precisely the same degree as the reserve for them came down. Bearing also on the question of expenses and profits is the right of the manager to retire after a limited period of service. The actuary says the manager has no intention of retiring, and we regret we gave currency to the rumour. But all the same the power, as we have heard more than once, exists. If he does retire an expense will be entailed on the office; but in any case there is the contingency, and it does not appear to have been provided for. Taking into account all these circumstances—and if they do not arise out of the amalgamation with the Crown, what is the cause?—we must with all deference to the actuary differ from him on the question of future bonuses of the Law Union and Crown, if he is of opinion that the rates of the past will be maintained in the future.

We must, however, modify our expression of them in comparison with the Crown bonuses. We thought the latter were higher than we find them to be on looking at the actual figures. There is another point, and this the actuary regards as a personal matter. We said, "How the actuary brought out the surplus he did at the last valuation is a puzzle to the generality of actuaries." More than one actuary has made the observation, but it was in connection with the amount of the bonuses, and before the details of the valuation were known. No reflection upon the actuary's sense of duty or honour was intended, and no doubt was entertained that the methods of valuation employed by him were perfectly accurate and fair as between all interests involved. For ourselves we may say that we have a very high opinion of the actuary's abilities, and no less high of his integrity, and we are sorry if he has felt injured by the observations referred to. His own words with respect to the valuation are these: "Every step of the work has been independently checked, every precaution has been taken against error, the valuation is stringent, perfectly intelligible, and perfectly straightforward."

BRITISH GUIANA.

There is an interesting letter in the *Times* of October 14th upon this valuable but little-known colony. The writer, who has every right to speak from long experience and knowledge of the colony, complains that the Governors sent out are mostly incapables, or, if not quite that, the wrong kind of men for the colony, wanting in initiative. But we see small likelihood of much improvement in this respect. The best man for this particular post, under the present circumstances of the colony, would be its old Attorney-General, Sir William Haynes Smith, a native of the colony, who would spend money freely in developing its resources. But Sir William, who was recently Governor of the Leeward Islands, has been sent to the Bahamas. The correspondent of the *Times* goes on to say that:—

> It (British Guiana) is a grand country, of which Englishmen might well be proud, although the most of them hardly know it even by name. Perhaps if it were made clear to them that it possesses districts with quartz as rich in gold as the best "finds" in Africa and Australia, and that it is within a short distance of England, they would be disposed to give it more friendly attention.

No doubt English capital would be found in abundance if it was "made clear" to English capitalists that the colony is as rich in gold as South Africa or Australia. But though we believe it to be true, the fact has not been "made clear" as yet, and the fault lies largely with the Colonists. What have they done to make it clear?

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

It is well to hear both sides of a story. The writer of the following letter is one of the persons against whom the silversmiths complain so loudly. He writes:—

> Will you permit me to make a short reply to your correspondent's communication in yours of the 5th, with reference to "A Silversmith's Grievance."
>
> He states an unlicensed ironmonger *actually* went into public competition, etc., with two *licensed* silversmiths. I would like to ask your correspondent if the two silversmiths *actually* held the necessary licences for selling plate over thirty ounces in weight! And if not, is it not a case of the "pot calling the kettle black?"
>
> It is a fact that the ironmonger undertook, in all good faith, to act simply as an agent in submitting the plate for inspection on the understanding that, if selected, it would be supplied direct from the manufacturers. It having, however, been pointed out that it would be advisable to obtain a license, the ironmonger consented, and will make good use of it to facilitate business. Why are silversmiths so bitter with others, when they themselves are trading in cutlery, electro-plate, guns, ammunition, and many other goods formerly not recognised by them?

We observe that in the West Australian Budget £30,000 is put done for Public Works calculated to assist the mining industry of the colony, and £30,000 for a lunatic asylum. There would seem to be lunatics in high places in that part of the world.

Mr. A. F. Calvert leaves for Western Australia on the 18th inst., catching the P. and O. boat at Brindisi. Mr. Calvert expects to be in England again in the early part of February next. On Thursday the Lord Mayor gives a banquet in his honour.

We have received a letter from the secretary of the Harlequin Soap Syndicate, Limited, to whom we made reference last week. The secretary informs us that "the public have never been asked to subscribe for shares," the working capital having been provided by the directors. The secretary tells us much else about the syndicate's soap, and sends us samples of silk; but the main point is that the syndicate has not gone to the public for the capital necessary to run the thing.

Our Coolgardie files report the part hearing of a conspiracy case, in which our old acquaintance, Mr. Begelhole, figures as prosecutor. We commend the sworn statements made in the course of the case to the ingenious persons who still believe in Mr. Begelhole as reporter upon mining properties. By the way, it would be interesting to have particulars of the lady and the horsewhipping.

NEW ISSUES.

Henry Thompson and Sons, Limited. Capital £80,000, in 10,000 preference shares of £5 each, and 30,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.—Formed to acquire and work the Liverpool provision and fruit business of Messrs. H. Thompson and Sons. The capital of the company, as will be seen, is £80,000, and the vendors want £80,000 for the business. The prospectus does not satisfy us that it is worth it.

Cooper, Cooper and Co., Limited. Capital £100,000. Divided into 60,000 Five and a Half Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 40,000 Ordinary Shares. Issue of 60,000 Preference Shares.—Formed to acquire the well-known tea business of Cooper, Cooper and Co. Mr. Frewer, Chartered Accountant, certifies that "the net profits of the business have averaged for the four years £7,250 per annum," but we should have liked to have seen the figures for each year. We have nothing to guide us as to the value of leasehold properties, stock in trade, etc., to be taken over. The vendors ask £70 000 for their business, of which £50,000 is to be in cash.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Cunard Steamship Company. G. E. T. (Leeds).—We think you had better hold for the present, but sell if there should be any substantial improvement in the quotation. The company has a splendid record, but its shares have ceased to be a desirable investment. **Trenton Gold Mines, Limited.** C. H. D. (Brighton).—(1) It is for the shareholders to decide whether their cash shall be returned to them, or they will buy the other property recommended by the directors. The Board tells you that the alternative courses will be submitted to a general meeting. (2) You had better hold the other shares for a time; they will probably go better. **Respectable Brokers.** G. B. (South Bank).—We know of nothing against them. **Henry Thompson and Sons.** Rekoob (Southport).—We know nothing of the business carried on under this title. It may be a very sound and growing business, but the circular letter that you send us, upon which you are invited to buy preference shares, does not give that full information that ought to be given. There is nothing to show that the plant, stock-in-trade, etc., is worth £80,000, and without fuller particulars we do not advise you to apply for any of the shares. **Gold Fields of Matabeleland.** Tyro (Longton).—Yes, probably, but, of course, very speculative. **Bayreuth Water Works Company.** F. H. (Dublin).—There is no quotation. We do not think you could get anything for your ordinary shares. **Associated Gold Mines.** J. P. (Wallasey).—They have suffered with the rest. We expect to see them higher again soon, but as to "being cheap at anything under £5," you must take that *cum grano salis*. **Moore and Burgess.** Shareholder (Bath).—Hold. At present you could only get a rubbish price. We understand that the company is doing capital business, and we think it quite likely that the present competent management may pull it through. **North Shebas.** J. B. (Coatbridge).—No, we do not recommend you to buy North Shebas "as a safe investment." **Two Gold Mines.** A. W. Q. (Bristol).—Better leave them alone. **Royal Niger Company.** (Paris).—We are much obliged to you for the suggestion, but we question your opinion as to the feeling you say exists in places like Liverpool and Manchester against this company. It is rampant enough in Paris, but not, we think, on this side. **Slater's, Limited.** R. B. S. (Darlington).—(1) It was a very sound business when it was turned into a company. It has been branching out a little overmuch of late, but we understand that the company is doing a good business. (2) We consider Robert's shares a good investment. The company is doing well. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** Unionist (Wormit).—You had better hold. There has been a heavy fall in these shares, largely due to the delay in crushings. We understand the properties owned by the company to be of proved value, and we strongly advise you to hold. **African Pioneers, Limited.** Price of Shares. (Honor Oak Park).—None. **Three Mining Shares.** C. A. M. (Liverpool).—(1) Hold. (2) No. (3) No. **The General Trading Protection Society.** A Constant Reader (Salisbury).—It is right enough, so far as we know.

INSURANCE.

Mack (Edinburgh).—(1) It is a good office and energetically managed, but we have some misgiving that the energy will result in a decline of bonuses in the future. (2) This office we think is the best of the three. (3) A capital office, and its special scheme is liked by many. W. L.—If any alteration be made in the law with respect to infantile assurance it will not have any prejudicial effect in the direction you suggest. We have great faith in the possibilities of No. 1 office; No 6 is probably as good; No. 2 comes next; No. 3 is better than many others; Nos. 4 and 5 may be promptly dismissed from further consideration. No. 2,522.—Neither of the companies you mention make known their financial position, but of the two we should rather trust the second named in your letter. It has the larger capital. Annual Subscriber (C. C.)—The office first named in your letter is a good one, but the one established in 1896 will do much better for you. Write direct to the secretary and tell him exactly what you want. W. R. E.—The office you are assured in is a very good one, pays a good bonus, and is thoroughly sound. Ajax.—The office you mention is quite sound, and therefore good enough for an annuity. If you want a policy of assurance you will not find it more liberal than an English office, but in some respects it has disappointed the public, as have also the other offices you mention.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. Sir Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager. Every Evening, at 7.30, New Drama, CHEER BOYS, CHEER, by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Powerful cast. Morning performance every Saturday at 1.30. Box Office now open.

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"THE TIMES" December 29, 1894, asks in a Leader on

"OUR DAUGHTERS,"

"WHAT will the little stock of accumulations which paterfamilias can hope "to leave behind him, after he has paid for his son's education, provided "for his widow, and been aggregated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer "yield his girls to live on, and what other sources have they got?"

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for OCTOBER.

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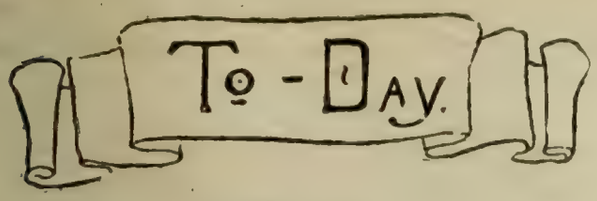

CONTENTS.

PA
A Harbour of Refuge. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest 321
The Ships of Melton. By Frank L. Stanton 324
An Author's Landlady 325
Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith at Home 327
Feminine Affairs 328
A Balaclava Hero 330
"The Sorrows of a Dramatic Critic" 331
Randolph on the Bicycle 332
De Omnibus. By the Conductor 333
In the City 334
To-Day. By J. K. J. 337
Club Chatter 341
The Diary of a Bookseller 345
Character-Reading from the Face. IX. The Chin. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. 346
A Famous Critic. A Chat with Mr. Clement Scott 347
A Bull-Fight in Barcelona 349

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Some terrible cases of cruelty, aggravated by shameful encouragement on the part of magistrates, reach me this week. One correspondent sends me the report of a case at Prescot, heard before Messrs. H. R. D'A. Willis and T. T. Rogers. A butcher's boy named Walter Wainwright was charged with pulling a pony's tongue out by the roots. Flimsy evidence was offered to prove that the tongue was torn out by the bit (this, even if the fact, would constitute gross cruelty), and not pulled out by Wainwright. Experts asserted that this was impossible. One witness proved that Wainwright was seen pulling the horse along by the tongue, which he took hold of with his apron. A police-constable named Sergeant Walker seems to have been mixed up in the horror. The magistrates, whether on this account or no I cannot say, dismissed the case. My correspondent tells me that there is a very bitter feeling against the magistrates in the neighbourhood. If there is no better explanation of their conduct than that afforded by the local report they deserve tarring and feathering. I should like to know what further steps are being taken by the Society, and what has become of the pony. Is it still in the hands of this young devil Wainwright?

Another correspondent calls my attention to a case at Ramsey in the Isle of Man. For brutal and prolonged cruelty inflicted in cold blood, and amply proved, the High-Bailiff—I have not the satisfaction of knowing his name—inflicted a fine of five shillings! The High-Bailiff of Ramsey is certainly a disgrace to his post. Such a man brings the law into contempt and deliberatly encourages cruelty. I should like to know who this precious High-Bailiff of Ramsey may happen to be. It is an insult to the law that he is allowed to remain upon the Bench.

Yet another case reaches me from nearer London. It is really terrible to reflect that so much cruelty is rampant throughout the country, while the Great Unpaid do nothing whatever to put a stop to it. Three creatures named John Mills, Charles Clack, and Arthur Tuckey, of Highworth, were convicted of fiendish, premeditated, and prolonged cruelty to a mare. These three—I really do not know what to call them—tortured the animal for hour after hour, and but for the police would have done the same thing the following day. A Dr. Lalor did little credit to himself or his profession by trying to shield the blackguards. The Bench (Messrs. E. Hanbury, C. Wykeham Martin, W. Reynolds, and T. Brain) considered the case one of the worst they had ever had before them. And what did they do? Inflicted paltry fines of £5 and £2, and allowed fourteen days' grace in which to pay. What instinct is it that teaches magistrates to apparently sympathise with brutality of this kind? Does the devil of cruelty lurk everywhere? It seems like it.

A delightful letter appears in a Notts paper devoted to the subject of football. The Notts Forest Football Club appears to be decaying in strength. The centre seems weak, and interesting outsiders are making suggestions as to how the team should be improved. One correspondent is simple and outspoken. He says:—"My advice is to sell our two centres and buy a good one with the money, or, if it is too late in the season to get one, write for poor old Sandy Higgins back again, because I am sure of this fact, the centre forward position has never been half so well filled since he left as it was in his worst days." This might be mistaken for a joke were not the subject football, and did not another letter, equally to the point, follow immediately under. Says this second correspondent:—"Why should the Club continue to pay these second-raters? The Club receives good support from the public, *and no effort should be spared* to justify this support." Was ever a great game so dragged through the mud by professionalism? The suggestion to "buy a good centre" is a delicious commentary, as also is the protest, "Why should the Club continue to pay these second-raters?" So the whole question is a question of money, and any club can rely upon the championship if its purse is sufficiently long. And this is Englishmen's idea of sport in 1895!

It is delightful to hear that the Great Western Railway Company are taking steps to increase the speed of their long-distance trains. I wish the management would look to the service between London and Oxford. The other day I left Culham station—a distance of about fifty-five miles from Paddington—at twenty-five minutes to three. At Didcot—the next station—we rested half an hour, and then went steadily on to Reading. We were timed to leave Reading at four o'clock; we left at twenty-five minutes to five. We finally reached Paddington at ten minutes to six, thus accomplishing fifty-five miles in one hundred and ninety-five minutes. Twice since I have come up by the same train, and it has never been less than twenty-five minutes late. It is one of the best trains of the day from the Oxford branch to Paddington. As to the carriages being crammed, and there only being about two smoking compartments to the whole train, I say nothing. The Great Western Railway Company's directors long ago joined the Anti-Tobacco League, and have done their best ever since to check what they evidently consider to be a degrading habit. But when a company of the standing of the Great Western Railway allows itself, according to its own time-table, two hours and twenty-five minutes for a run of fifty-five miles I think it might try to keep decent time.

The Theosophical Society must, I should imagine, shortly come to an end, and a verdict of "Death from exposure" be pronounced upon the defunct body. Had the Society been more careful to confine itself strictly to members who were either absolutely dishonest or absolutely idiotic, it might still have been flourishing; the scathing indictments of the *Westminster Gazette* and the contempt of every man of common-sense would alike have left it untouched. It would have remained sufficient for itself, pleased with itself, and as pretty a collection of knaves and dupes as ever disgraced civilisation. But it made the initial mistake of admitting some who were perfectly honest—who, though they may for a time have allowed their superstitions to obscure their intelligence, yet had some intelligence to obscure—who, finally, having found out that they were mistaken, have had the courage to acknowledge it. It might have stood attacks from without, but it is hardly likely to stand attacks from within.

Mr. Herbert Burrows writes that he is now convinced that "for years deception in the Society has been rampant—deception to which Mme. Blavatsky was sometimes a party. Both Colonel Olcott, the president of the Society, and Mr. Sinnet, the vice-president, believe her to have been partially fraudulent." There are those who will think "partially fraudulent" a phrase of delicious mildness to apply to this notorious impostor? Mr. Burrows has other charges to bring, and publicly withdraws from "this organisation, in which these and other questionable things take place." He may be congratulated on his decision. If there are any more honest and intelligent men in the Society they will come out too. When a society, which at its best was irritatingly useless, is so full of dishonesty and immorality that those who were most anxious to fight its battles are on principle compelled to abandon it, the time has come for that society to cease to exist.

Theosophists and Spiritualists alike, for reasons more or less specious, but fairly obvious, refuse fair tests. They will not perform the feats suggested by Mr. Maskelyne under the conditions laid down by him. If they do attempt it, they fail. Had the Theosophists been willing to produce in India a printed copy of the *Times* on the day of its publication here, we should all at this moment have been convinced of their professed powers, and we should all have become Theosophists. That any have been convinced at all is due to the common delusion that in evidence quantity may make up for quality—that a mass of very doubtful evidence is as good as are brief and irrefragable proofs—and to the rather pathetic credulity of mankind, of which I have no wish to speak harshly. We all believe—even the most materialistic of us—as much as we can. The curious blend of high and noble doctrine, foolish superstition, and unsuccessful conjuring tricks, which Theosophy offered can, however, no longer appeal even to the most credulous.

Another interesting commentary upon the results of professionalism in football is afforded by the pathetic announcement made by two Lancashire Members of Parliament, to the effect that it is impossible for them to subscribe to any more football clubs. These two gentlemen, Messrs. Hornby and Coddington, have been pestered into subscribing to no less than two hundred football clubs in their neighbourhood. In the good old times of football, when village played village, and town played town, for the love of the game and the glory and honour of victory, no touting was necessary. The price of a few poles and a ball came out of the modest subscriptions of the members, and no man in the neighbourhood would have refused a field to play in. Now football is a mere money-making concern. Every club touts like a begging-letter writing impostor for funds in order to pay extravagant prices for hired players. Except that the show is not yet quite so brutal, there is very little difference between an English football field and a Spanish bull-ring, where hired bravos are employed to struggle for the pleasure of a brutal, but effeminate mob.

Mr. Braxton Hicks, the coroner for Lambeth, made some strong, but necessary, remarks the other day on the occasion of an inquest held, concerning the death of a child who had been suffocated while in bed with its parents. It seems that less than twelve months ago, a child belonging to the same parents had been suffocated in a precisely similar manner. The woman, on that occasion, had been cautioned and warned, but had taken no notice. The jury were of opinion that the death was accidental. The coroner evidently believed that it was a case of premeditated manslaughter, and implied so in very plain language, which, under the circumstances, was fully justified. Mr. Braxton Hicks went on to remark that, during the last ten months, no fewer than five hundred children had been suffocated in this manner in London alone. I know that there are too many children in the world, and that it is of advantage to the community and to the parents that there should be fewer, but then the children should never be born—not be born merely to be killed. A hypocritical public, full of noble sentiments, lifts up its hands in horror at the impious suggestion of limiting families, but shrugs its shoulders carelessly at these weekly murders. The overlying of a child in bed is a well-known dodge for getting rid of children. It is largely practised throughout England. There can be no sin in refusing the gifts of Nature, and declining to accept the responsibility of children at her hands. But when once a being is born into the light of day it has an inalienable right to its life. These five hundred children never ought to have been born.

Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. may no longer claim the record for the longest-delayed letter. A doctor writes to me that in August 1864 he was professionally engaged on a ship from Havre to New York. The ship was disabled and compelled to put back. In the meantime a friend of the doctor's wrote to him, care of the ship's agents, New York. The letter, of course, was not delivered. Two years ago it was returned without explanation, from New York to the General Post Office. The doctor's address was discovered by the General Post Office in the medical directory, and the letter forwarded to him. It was a voice from the grave—the writer had died long before, This is an authentic case—I have the doctor's name and address. It completely destroys the record established by the letter to Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., and so far has distanced all competitors. I can only murmur, "Next please!" I once sent a letter which was never

either delivered or returned: but I suppose that would not be eligible.

Since my appeal last week I have received the following sums for John Hickey: "Sergeant-Major, £5 (this gentleman also sends £2 for our Gallantry Fund); G. H. W., 4s.; "A Commercial Traveller," 2s. 6d.; "Ion," 2s. 6d.; G. L., 2s. 6d.; E. P., £1 (this lady also promises an annual subscription of £1 towards any fund raised for Hickey's benefit); A. F. W., 2s. 6d.; H. C. S., 5s.; W. G. McN., 2s. 6d. This, together with the sums acknowledged last week, amounts to £13 19s. I have also received a very generous offer from Mr. Darrell Smith, of South Africa, who expresses himself willing to make Hickey's income up to £50 a year for the rest of his life. I am keeping the money received for Hickey, and will hand it over to him as soon as he leaves the St. Pancras Workhouse. My reason for this plan will be apparent to all who read the very interesting interview with the poor old fellow which my representative had last Friday, and which is published on another page.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.)

Fanchon.—My dear lady, how can I say anything favourable of your book if its merits do not justify my doing so? Would you have me deceive my readers into purchasing a work they would not care to read?

C. M. sends me the circular of an eminent clairvoyant who resides in Bloomsbury, and who "unfolds the hidden secrets of life." "Matters of business," says the professor, "domestic troubles, affairs of the heart, legal questions, the diagnosis of lingering diseases, and all the multifarious phases of human life are at once mentally analysed, and the panorama as it passes is given in detail." Why anyone should desire to see a panorama of his own domestic troubles I fail to understand, but as the *Grand Rapids Daily Eagle* says: "Professor —— is a deep and continuing mystery," and possibly the professor would say the same of human nature.

A. May.—I can understand your writing to me. When one dare not mention one's thoughts to a living soul it is a relief to put them down on paper. But advice—as you must have known when you wrote—is impossible. I could preach to you and you would agree to every word I said, and with the next gust of passion you would act on impulse. You will conquer your temptation by your own strength, or you will fall and inflict a lifelong wrong upon the woman you say you love, upon your friend, upon your own wife, and upon others as yet unborn. But no living soul can help you if you cannot help yourself. Is the desire of two people towards one another quite worth all the misery it brings into the world? If you read poetry and neurotic novels you will come to the conclusion that love, as it is called, is worth the universe. But this "love" has very sordid roots. We deck it with words, but strip it of its gew-gaws and what is it after all but an animal?

M. A. (Didsbury) and E. C. K.—A dozen times have I answered correspondents on the ridiculous question of the million postage stamps. When you receive letters asking you to collect stamps tear them up. They come either from a swindler or a fool.

C. M.—You overlook one point in Mr. Coleridge's attack. Thousands of people visited the Pasteur Institute, and only some two or three hundred died. Could you prove that of the thousands who entered every one was suffering from a fatal attack of hydrophobia we should all be compelled to admit the use of the institution. Mr. Coleridge's argument was that only a very small percentage of the people who entered the Institute stood in any danger of hydrophobia, that those who went out cured would have been well in any case. Mere figures, you see, prove anything; to you they prove one thing, to Mr. Coleridge another.

Spec sends me the report of a case of embezzlement. A young man was charged with stealing £180 belonging to the Royal Bank of Scotland. After six years' service in the bank he was receiving a salary of £30. To my mind the worse thief of the two is the Royal Bank of Scotland, who for six years have embezzled this young man out of his just salary. It is a pity that some of the psalm-singing directors could not have been put in the dock alongside him.

J. J. de Coverley Neale.—Some of my friends rather tire me. The Artistic Photograph Company, of 72, Oxford Street, has never been attacked by us. No suggestion has ever reached our ears that it is not a most respectable and honourable firm. The whole affair appears to me perfectly genuine. What we did attack was a different thing altogether, a photographic firm that offered to do portraits for nothing. There are rogues in every branch of business. There are shady surgeons, but that doesn't make every doctor a scamp.

W. A.—For the particulars you ask for I must refer you to the Lecture Agency, 38, Outer Temple, E.C. You can rely on their recommendation.

Medico.—If you consider, as apparently you do, that you are personally insulted by my assertion that people are occasionally buried alive, I fear that you must go on considering yourself insulted. To argue that such a thing hardly ever happens is childish.

W. E.—No reading will help you to become a writer. It is not the echo of other men's words that the world wants to listen to. If you have anything worth saying yourself you need no teaching to say it; if you have not, in God's name keep silence.

T. N.—I thank you very much for your suggestions, but my business manager tells me that, unfortunately for all, they are impracticable.

Ernest H.—What do you mean by saying—"The B.A. is a general degree, and I wish for a particular one?" At the universities there is a pass B.A., which would involve a certain amount of mathematics; and an honour B.A., which would involve much less mathematics, unless it was mathematics in which you were taking honours. I do not know any examination of any importance in "Latin, Greek, certain English authors, History, and Essays," for which there is *no* preliminary mathematical examination, although the mathematics required are generally very elementary.

J. K.—I wish you would read more carefully before you waste your time and mine in needless criticism. I said there must be something very wrong with a young man who "is content" with watching football. I referred to the great majority of people who are content with watching football and who never play it. The man who plays it himself, as well as watches, is not the man "who is content" with watching only. Now, here are seven lines of valuable space wasted to explain to you a thing that there is no necessity to explain. If men, as you suggest, will not throw their heart and soul into a game for its own sake then the game had better die. I gave Englishmen credit for better sporting instincts. I do not call horse-racing a game. Every village boy can enjoy playing football; every village boy cannot keep a racer—and ride him. I cannot depart from my rule about type-written MSS. You say—and I think it worth quoting, as from an independent witness—as follows: "The foul language one sometimes hears at a football match fills one with disgust. For my own part I confess that it is the thought of the mob that often keeps me away from a match."

J. F. L.—You do not possess a single opinion that is not the result of prejudice. You are prejudiced in favour of turning a game into a very sordid business. I am prejudiced against doing so. I utterly differ from your suggestion that nine-tenths of the football crowd are players. Nine-tenths of them have not a kick in them, except for the umpire.

Jay Bee, writes me a letter which I should be something more than human if I did not quote.—"I feel that I must add my sense of appreciation of your splendid paper to that of your other admirers. It is with the greatest of pleasure that I look forward to its appearance each week. It is exactly the paper that was wanted. It is truly a young man's paper, and as such, must appeal to all thinking people. I, myself, who am a youth of 20, must thank you most heartily for many new ideas regarding subjects about which I thought little before. I especially admire its frank, outspoken way of dealing with things about which other papers think 'the least said the better.' I know that I always feel better and more able to face life after reading your leaders and answers to correspondents. Don't think this is mere flattery, because I do mean what I am saying." My correspondent asks me if the papers now appearing "Character Reading from the Face" are likely to be published in book form. The authoress, Professor Oppenheim, is pretty sure to issue the articles later on as a book, and its publication will be duly announced.

Raphnells.—I know of no brief essay treating of the subject "are we better than our ancestors?" If we are, our ancestors are to be pitied, for they must have been a Heaven-forsaken gang. If you wish to think the matter out for yourself you can only do so by reading the historians whose ponderosity you so much object to. It is a current idea that knowledge worth the acquiring and opinions worth the possessing can be obtained on the cheap, so to speak, by reading a few paragraphs. There is no short cut to sense. If you wish to know anything about the world in which you live you must devote time and labour to the subject.

Hope.—I can only ask you to read again my answer to "Ruined." The two cases are extremely similar, except that Providence has been much kinder to you than you deserve. It is not a subject that I care to dwell upon. Cannot you summon self-respect to your aid? There is not a pig wallowing in a sty that has not more than you appear to possess.

The Chairman of the National Retail Jewellers' Association writes me urging retail jewellers to join him in assisting to put down bogus watch clubs.

T. W., writing on the subject of premature burials, tells me that he has gathered from a recently-issued blue-book, that in London between 1882 and 1884 there were 3,020 burials without any death certification whatever. In Glasgow between 1886 and 1890 there were 3,533 uncertified deaths, while in England and Wales in 1891 there were 26,140 cases in which the cause of death was ill-defined or unspecified. My correspondent points out that as the law stands no verification of the fact of death is necessary, the practitioner being entitled to say: "A.B. died as I am informed." "Dr. Franz Hartmann," my correspondent goes on to say "has collected over 700 authenticated cases of persons certified as dead who have afterwards been discovered to be still alive." My correspondent concludes: "In the United States, owing to the expansion of towns, cemeteries are not infrequently removed, and whenever the corpses have been examined cases of undoubted premature burial have been revealed. In New York of 1,000 cases examined six belonged to this most unfortunate category. In Holland the percentage from similar investigations was five in a thousand. It is said that the most hopeless of *cadavres* are those unfortunates who, after undergoing the examination of the police-inspector and the State-appointed surgeon, are deposited in the Morgue in Paris for identification; but here also the records show that revivication occurs to about one in three hundred. Under the existing imperfect system of medical examination in this country no thoughtful person can contemplate the burial of over half a million persons annually without mistrust and misgiving. A heart-breaking case of premature burial having occurred in my own family over half a century ago has led me to study the facts of this very painful subject, and to caution my friends against accepting a medical certificate as clear proof of death. Hufeland, a recognised authority, says: 'The appearance of decomposition is the only reliable proof that the vital energy has departed from an organism,' and every prudent man will provide in his will for evidence of this change, or for a simple surgical operation before burial."

Medical Man draws my attention to two paragraphs in the *Lancet* for September 21st. One paragraph is a gentle reproof to an eminent West-end physician for having advertised his return to town in the *Morning Post*. The name of the doctor is carefully suppressed, and the editor is anxious to imagine that the paragraph was inserted without his knowledge. In the second paragraph an East-end doctor is indignantly reproached for advertising himself throughout the district by means of a circular, and *his* name and address is given in full. My correspondent thinks that the same measure of editorial wrath should be meted out to the West-end offender against medical etiquette as the *Lancet* reserves for the poor East-end practitioner.

E. C. (Warrington) tells me that in his town he knows some works where the foreman is secretary of a watch club. The majority of the men earn only from eighteen to twenty-two shillings a week, and these men are forced to buy watches and jewellery at extravagant prices. If my correspondent will give me particulars upon which I could act I should be glad. I am sure employers have only to be made acquainted with the facts to put a stop to this most reprehensible system.

G. J. J.—I thank you for your pleasant, genial letter, and for your good wishes. Have you ever read the story of the "Old Man and His Ass?" It used to be popular when I was a boy, and from it I learnt never to attempt to please everybody. There isn't an article published in To-Day or *The Idler* but some kind friend promptly writes objecting to its appearance. This sort of thing used to trouble me at one time. Now I have dropped into a pig-headed fashion of continuing according to my own sweet will. The photograph suggests a luxurious and intellectual existence, but it is startling to notice a *Sporting Times* in the hands of a curate.

H. P.—I have often spoken in high terms of the good done by the Salvation Army, but that does not necessitate my admiring all their methods. A. H. S.—I was using the word "parsons" in its wide sense, as applying to ministers of all denominations. W. H. L. objects to little boys being brought up like little girls. He fears that before the end of the century we shall have our lads of fourteen or fifteen dressed in petticoats. I think the average lad of fourteen or fifteen would have something to say to this.

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

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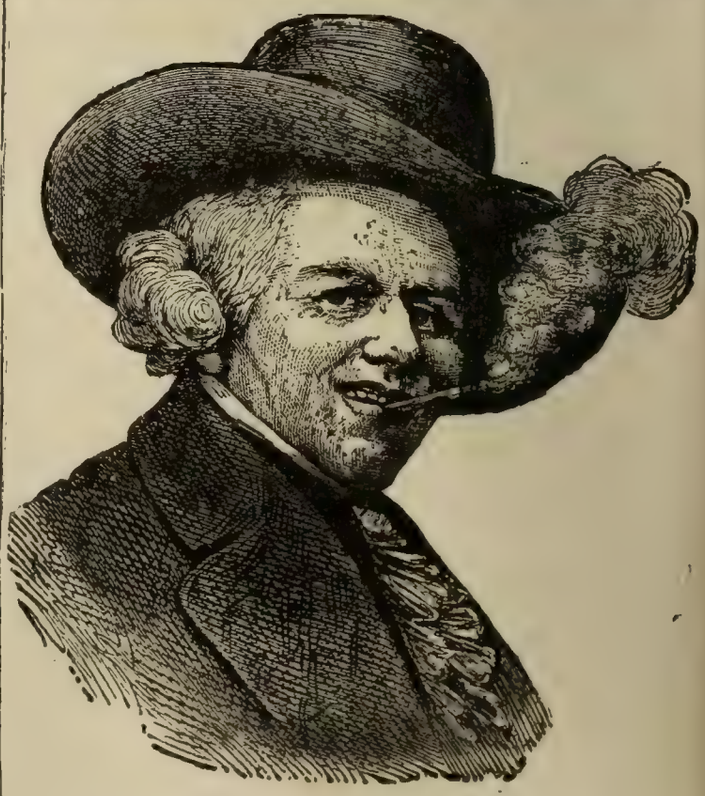

CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

CLUB CHATTER.

Most of us connected with the stage have had our disagreements, at one time or another, with Mr. Clement Scott. On occasion I have myself stood aghast at his want of appreciation of what I considered to be, and still consider to be, an extremely fine work of art. At other times I have regarded him as a most excellent judge of the drama. But, whether we agree with him or disagree with him, no one who has any knowledge of the man can ever for a moment doubt his absolute sincerity and amazing honesty—I use the adjective "amazing" with due consideration. When one reflects upon the position that Mr. Scott holds, the enormous monetary value of his good opinion, I, for one, with some slight knowledge of human nature, feel astonished that the temptation to use his position for his own purposes has never come to him. I am positive that, had he so chosen, he could to-day be the richest journalist in London. The drama has its business side as well as its artistic; the average theatrical manager is no fool, and a column of praise in the *Daily Telegraph* would always be worth £500 in connection with any piece.

Just now a very cowardly rumour is being circulated, deliberately charging Mr. Clement Scott with accepting a £10 bribe for praising a certain play. The sum of £10 in connection with such an affair is silly on the face of it. If Mr. Clement Scott were going to sell himself for anything his price would be nearer thousands than tens; but, to back up the palpable lie, it is pointed out that Mr. Scott is on terms of friendship with the manager of the theatre in question, and that he recommended to him this particular play after seeing it in Paris. Mr. Scott has passed his life in connection with the drama, and it is only natural that he should have many friends among theatrical folk. He takes a keen interest in all matters theatrical. The drama is indeed his hobby, as well as his business. But to me, it is surprising that Mr. Scott never—certainly never consciously—allows even *his* friendship to prejudice his judgment.

A very recent instance occurs to me. It is well-known in theatrical circles that Miss Olga Nethersole is a very great personal friend of both Mr. Scott and of his wife, and were there any actress he would rather praise than blame it would be Miss Nethersole. Yet he utterly damned her rendering of "Mrs. Ebbsmith." The relations between Mr. Scott and Mr. Pinero became so strained owing to Mr. Scott's criticism concerning *Mrs. Tanqueray* that at one time a libel action was seriously contemplated by Mr. Pinero. Mr. Scott could not have gone to the first night of *Mrs. Ebbsmith* with any personal enthusiasm towards Mr. Pinero. Yet who praised *Mrs. Ebbsmith* most ungrudgingly? Who helped more to make it the great success it undoubtedly was?

We are a touchy crew, all of us—actors, actresses, managers, and authors—and Mr. Scott praises or blames with equal vigour. When he praises he is an angel; when he damns he is a devil; but the whole thing is unfair to the man. He holds one of the most difficult positions possible to imagine. He is beset on all sides with every conceivable attempt to influence, to cajole, or to bully. That amid the everlasting fret he still maintains his independence and opinions, is, as I have said, to me remarkable. In a career of twenty-five years he has, possibly unconsciously, been influenced by prejudice, by natural leanings towards this particular school of thought and that particular school of style. What man living does not form occasional incorrect judgments? What critic living has not predilections and leanings? When the opinion of other critics is differed from nothing is said. Their opinion has not sufficient influence over the fortunes of the play or of the actor to arouse anything beyond a passing irritation. In the case of Mr. Scott it is different. I admit that a grave responsibility rests upon him, but I deny the possibility of finding any critic who approaches his difficult task more sympathetically, more earnestly, or with greater desire to be just.

These continual attacks upon Mr. Clement Scott are growing into a scandal. They are bred by vanity out of disappointment, and nurtured upon lies. Mr. Scott tells me that one day it is his intention to write the real history of his twenty-five years' work. When he does a good many of those who are now busy abusing him will be pleading to him on their knees to keep silence.

I am asked by a correspondent, "E. L. C.," to tell him what will be the fashion in winter waistcoats this year. I can hardly say yet what will be the fashion, but I have seen many very pretty waistcoats in a deep tan colour, with either pale blue or red spots. The other day I came across a black waistcoat with white diagonal stripes that looked very smart. These thick fancy waistcoats are made single-breasted, with a neat V-shaped opening at the neck.

Another correspondent, "A. H. M.," wishes me to give him some information with regard to dress ties and white waistcoats for the coming season. In the matter of dress ties we seem to be settling down to a happy medium. The tie now worn is neither extravagantly broad nor very narrow. The bow with the shaped butterfly ends has disappeared, and I have not seen many ties about of a fancy material. White waistcoats are still being worn a good deal by well-dressed men, but they are always in the plainest of materials, and are usually made double-breasted.

Frequently termed the "Two-year-old Derby," the Middle Park Plate, is also the best known of the many juvenile races decided at Newmarket. The prize money too generally amounts to over £2,000. Originally run on the day after the Cesarewitch, it was this year kept back until the Friday.

Naturally enough St. Frusquin is expected to be the winter favourite for the Derby, and I cannot help refraining from pointing out that only the other day I ridiculed those speculators, who were showing such precipitancy in snapping up the odds about Persimmon. To accept 5 to 2, or even 3 to 1, was the height of stupidity, especially about a son of St. Simon, who, it was already hinted, had betrayed signs of weakness.

Donovan was the first horse to copy the example set him by Melton, and the remaining two heroes are Isinglass and Ladas. Penalised horses have done wonders in the Newmarket race, as witness the victories of Macheath, Melton, Minting, Friar's Balsam, Donovan, Signorina, Isinglass, and Ladas. It is to be regretted that Persimmon did not gain a place amongst the equine champions mentioned above.

The Middle Park Plate was instituted in 1866, but despite the fact that some of the best thoroughbreds in the country competed the double event, "Middle Park Plate and Derby," was not brought off until 1884-85. The horse to break the spell was Melton, who, after winning the St. Leger, was sold by Lord Hastings for £10,000.

Albert Victor—the sire of that sterling performer, Victor Wild—won in 1870, but in the following May could only dead-heat with King of the Forest for second place. Petrarch was perhaps the most famous Middle Park Plate winner to miss highest honours at Epsom.

He won the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger. His Middle Park Plate opponents numbered 29—almost a record for a juvenile weight-for-age plate.

Friday seems to be an eventful day in connection with the racers of the House of Rothschild. Some of their greatest successes have been gained on this day. and as a set-off against them, Friday has seen many an "idol" shattered. For instance, St. Frusquin made his *début* on a Friday—and won; sustained his first defeat on a Friday, and now has beaten the Prince of Wales's horse on a Friday. The same afternoon saw Harfleur II., a great Cambridgeshire tip, succumb to Carlton Grange in a race which looked to be at her mercy.

Of late years the Jockey Club stewards have been insisting upon various improvements in connection with various race meetings in the country, but before attempting to extract motes from other people's eyes they should remove the beams from their own. I have before now protested against the totally inadequate arrangements at headquarters, and I trust that the telegraph people will insist upon the state of affairs, so far as concerns their own comfort being altered.

With the commencement of the October term comes the football season at both Universities, and as Oxford meets Cambridge under Rugby rules in less than two months' time, the captains of the rival fifteens have to enter at once upon the task of filling up the vacancies created by those men who have gone down. Last December the Light Blues had rather the better of a drawn game, the performance of the team delighting their supporters, and both Tucker, the captain, and Mitchell gained places as forwards in the English international team. This winter Mitchell succeeds Tucker as captain, the latter having left the University, and the Cantabs have also to deplore the loss of W. G. Druce (the captain of the cricket eleven), and Pilkington—both of them three-quarter backs—and of Field, the international full back. Mitchell will thus have a difficult task before him.

Oxford lose both Poole and Carey, the two Dark Blue forwards, who were awarded the international caps last season; but the Oxonians have rarely failed of late years to get together a fine set of scrummagers, so doubtless capable successors for these two men will be discovered amongst the seniors and freshmen. A more serious loss is that of W. P. Donaldson, the famous half-back who played such a determined game for Scotland against England at Richmond last March. Furthermore, it is not yet certain whether E. M. Baker, the more prominent of the two Oxford three-quarters who played for England last winter, will be available for the match against Cambridge, and much must depend upon the question whether he will join Leslie-Jones on the three-quarter line.

As the Universities do not oppose one another at the Association game until next February, there is plenty of time to build up powerful elevens if only the material be at hand. Oxford, who won last season, lose C. B. Fry, Alexander, Bliss, Salt, and Hewitt, but will still enjoy the services of G. O. Smith, the international, who is captain, as well as of Raikes, the goalkeeper, and Oakley, the back. The Light Blues retain the majority of last season's players, but will find great difficulty in finding a suitable successor to Lodge at back. Perkins, too, is no longer available. Bray, the newly-elected captain, has Burnup, the brilliant young forward, as his lieutenant, and Lawrence, the goalkeeper, Manley and Lowe are amongst the other "Old Blues" who remain at the University.

Though Blackheath—who, by the way, were strengthened last Saturday by the assistance of W. B. Thomson, the international three-quarter—continue their victorious career, disaster has already overtaken both Richmond and the London Scottish. Richmond, perhaps, had rather hard luck, as they held their own until within a minute or so of "No side," and lost through a try gained by no less capable a player than C. M. Wells, but as they had Field at back and Hooper and Leslie-Jones at three-quarter, the performance does not augur well for the prospects of Richmond once again disputing the championship amongst metropolitan clubs with Blackheath. Rosslyn Park may be heartily congratulated upon their victory over the London Scottish, as the latter enjoyed the services of Campbell, Neilson, Gowans, and Donaldson. A stronger pack is at present the great want of the Scotchmen.

Indian cigar manufacturers have had a long struggle to educate the taste of the British public. Their labours are now being rewarded by the large demand in this country for Indian cigars of a good brand. At the Earl's Court Exhibition I had the pleasure of buying a few of the Bahadur Indian cigars, which suited me so much better than I anticipated that I have laid in a stock. I was first induced to buy these cigars at the stall of Messrs. McDowell and Co., of Madras, at the Earl's Court Exhibition, by the dexterous handling of the tobacco leaf by finger and thumb of a few smart natives who have come over from the factory at Madras. The manufacture is a pretty sight, and well worth seeing, and shows the purity of the make of these cigars.

The Major.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. D. M. (Greenock).—Take no notice of such circulars. I should have thought it would have been quite obvious to you that if a man really knew how to make betting on horse-racing yield a comfortable income he would not wish to sell his secret. There is no safe and certain system.

S. E. A. (Churwell).—The mischief is done, and cannot be remedied. When you colour another meerschaum put a small plug into the bowl before filling it. Any tobacconist will know the thing I mean. I believe the plug tends to make the pipe colour more evenly.

A. S.—It is certainly usual for a widower to wear the wedding-ring of his deceased wife, but there is no law upon the point. There is no reason why, if you choose, you should not wear a wedding-ring in memory of a departed and dear friend. I know several men who wear a plain gold ring as an engagement-ring, and it is not at all unlikely that the idea will become popular.

P. R. (Newcastle).—I know of nothing that will prevent your hair from growing out over your forehead. With regard to your second query, any preparation containing paraffin-oil would tend to strengthen the hair.

M. F. G. (Bath) asks me to tell her "whether breeding Angora rabbits or Persian cats is the most lucrative? Would any of the animals in question in all probability bring in about £20 a year, and could the Editor tell M. F. G. if there is a better market for other animals than those mentioned?" If, as I understand, it is my correspondent's wish to make a little money by the breeding of pet animals I should recommend her to leave Angora rabbits and Persian cats alone. A kennel of first-rate dogs—they must be absolutely first-rate—would probably bring in considerably more than £20 a year. But I should not advise M. F. G. to risk her money in such a speculation, unless she were prepared to give her whole time to the business, and had a capital of at least £1,000 to start with. In the case of some breeds £1,000 would not be sufficient. One dog alone, a collie, was sold the other day for that sum, and one of our best wire-haired fox-terriers has just changed hands at £200. And they are the dogs that pay. I am presuming, of course, that M. F. G. is thoroughly experienced, and knows how to manage a kennel of exhibition dogs.

E. F. J.—You have been misinformed. Morning-coats are still being worn long, and the tails slope to a point as you suggest. Dress-coats are also worn very long—when they are worn at all. At present the dinner jacket seems to be having almost its own way, though, of course, there are many occasions when a jacket would be quite out of place. Suède gloves are perfectly correct for outdoor wear, but the favourite glove for evening just now is a white or pale grey kid with fairly broad black stitchings.

A. B. L.—For a useful crop you cannot have anything better than a cord-covered whalebone, a good horn handle, and a deep silver mount. About two guineas.

Rus.—Fumigate the moth-eaten saddles with bisulphide of carbon for a few days. You will find that quite sufficient

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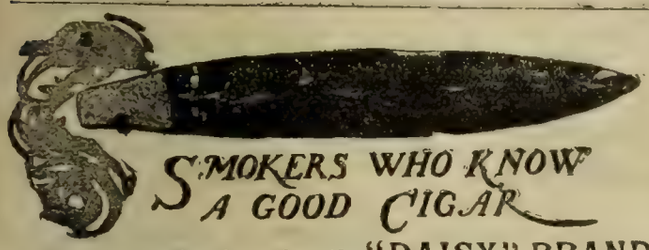
The Trade supplied by the Manufacturers, F. & J. SMITH, GLASGOW.



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SUPPORT YOUR OWN COUNTRY.

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Gentlemen are invited to write for a sample Cigarette which will be sent post free, along with a list of Tobacconists who keep our Cigarettes.

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SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

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5s. 0d. ,, containing 3 Cakes, ,, 9d. ,,
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8s. 6d. ,, ,, 4 ,, ,, ,, 1s. 1½d. ,,

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WHOLESALE PRICES TO CONSUMERS.

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FOR
Headache, Indigestion, and all Liver Complaints.

'Is a mildly aperient medicine, and a valuable antacid, being entirely free from impurity.'—*Lancet*, July, 1890.

'A medical man can safely recommend it as a household remedy.'—*Practitioner*, July, 1890.

'We have known it for forty years, always pure in quality, uniform in strength, and certain in action.'—*Hygiene.*

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A GREAT many poets have been telling us lately how good their poetry is; but there is one man who scorns the base uses of self-advertisement ("Poems and Sonnets," by H. Edwin Clarke. Simpkin, Marshall), and, consequently, has not been put forward by his sisters and his cousins and his aunts as *the* candidate for the Laureateship. If you want to see how good his verse is read the following stanzas from

A FANCY PORTRAIT.

I met a man you had ruined, dear,
  You've forgotten his name, no doubt,
We sat in the old-fashioned bar-room here,
  And drank three bottles out.

And his tongue was loosed in a little while,
  And he opened his heart to me,
And I found you holy, that I knew vile,
  In that poor fool's memory.

You are his hope this side of the grave,
  His beacon—his what you will;
How you would have laughed to hear him rave—
  For the madman loves you still.

His thin hand shook as he spoke of you,
  And there fell in his wine a tear;
And I didn't tell him the things I knew
  And I didn't laugh, my dear.

* * *

Am stocking a good many copies of "Fairy Tales Far and Near," by A. T. Quiller Couch, illustrated by H. R. Millar (Cassell and Co.). "The Goose Girl" in particular is delightful. "Wilmot's Child" by Atey Nyne (Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.), is a beautifully printed book with a monstrous Beardsley design on the cerulean cover. The motive of this little work is that "A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks." "Diana's Hunting," by Robert Buchanan (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), is written with all Mr. Buchanan's customary dash and go. "Morality is a formula, Marriage is a formula, Goodness and Badness are formulas, but Love is a fact;" and the ending of the tale is supremely moral—almost ostentatiously so for Mr. Buchanan. "Egyptian Tales" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is a second series of Professor Flinders Petrie's wonderful translations from the papyri. "South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold (Methuen), is an exhaustive, and exhausting, study in colonial administration and development.

* * * *

I am informed by Messrs. Virtue that the Christmas Number of the *Art Journal* will deal with the life and work of Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., the painter of "The Doctor."

* * * *

A literary friend tells me a story he heard the other day about a celebrated artist and a famous London church. The church is as old as Westminster Abbey, and has had as much to do with English history. It is now in process of restoration, and in the new nave has been placed a lovely stained-glass window by Mr. Henry Holliday. Visiting the church recently, he saw that part of the window had been removed, and, on asking the reason, was told the following story. The design of the window was that of a series of pictures from the best known stories of the Old Testament: among them being the scene from the Book of Daniel of the three young Jews in the fiery furnace. No control was exercised over the artist, who was left to his own imaginings in his own work. When the window was unveiled, to the horror of the clergy, it was discovered that the three young men were represented naked!

* * * *

It was not that the clergy had any objection to the nude *per se*, or that the youths were indecorously undressed. A proper and judicious use had been made of the flames, and everything had been done that the well-regulated artistic mind might desire. The scandal was that the representation was clean contrary to the description given of the event in the Book of Daniel, which says, they were bound in "their coats, their hosen, and their hats." The artist had evolved his design as the historic Dutchman did his camel, from his own inner consciousness, and had never thought of referring to Holy Writ. Entrenched behind what was written the clergy were impregnable, and the artist had to take the window out in order to put breeches on Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. My friend thinks that I ought to sell bibles in addition to other books, as artists never go to Bagster's.

* * * *

Have just been reading Mr. Frederick Rogers' lecture delivered at the South Place Institute on "The Art of Bookbinding." It is the best on the subject that I have ever seen.

* * * *

This is the way in which they used to write letters in olden days. I am indebted to the courtesy of an American correspondent for the following copy of this unique document which is carefully preserved in the Archives at Washington:—

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S LETTER.

Mount Vernon, December 31st, 1799.

Sir While I feel with keenest anguish
the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I
cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes
of respect and veneration which are paid to
the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and
as his best services and most anxious wishes
were always devoted to the welfare and happiness
of his country—to know that they were truly
appreciated and gratefully remembered affords
no inconsiderable consolation.
  Taught by the great example which
I have so long before me never to oppose my
private wishes to the public will—I must
consent to the request made by congress—
which you have had the goodness to transmit
to me—and in doing this I need not—I
cannot say what a sacrifice of individual
feeling I make to a sense of public duty.
  With grateful acknowledgement
and unfeigned thanks for the personal
respect and evidences of condolence expressed by congress, and your self,
I remain, very respectfully
sir,
Your most obedient & humble
servant
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. V. R. wants to know the author of the following lines:—

"There was never a face that was drawn with pain,
That couldn't be kissed into smiles again."

It is evident that "S. V. R." is not a married man or he would know that you may kiss and kiss a refractory baby in the night watches until you're sick, and "divvle a bit" of a smile will you get. "S.V. R." also says:—"The other day I went into a bookseller's shop not a hundred miles from the G.P.O. to get Dent and Co.'s dainty little collection of *bon mots* of Sydney Smith and Brinsley Sheridan, and was much surprised to learn from the assistant not only that it was not in stock, but also that he had never heard of either gentleman." Oh, yes, I can quite believe it. Once, before I became a bookseller myself, I wrote a little book called "Springlet Spasms," and the same thing happened to me. A bookseller's junior assistant can't master all the great works of the century.

HAROLD G. DANIELS.—The best way is to write to the editors of the series. They usually select the contributors.

G. L.—No; I have no facts to give you about the "New Woman." She isn't a fact; she's what Mr. Mantalini would call "a demnitioned horrid nightmare." Lady Bowyer is kind enough to send me some Martin Tupperisms on the subject; so is another lady; but the mere mention of the New Women makes me want to get into a quiet corner and die in peace. Lady Bowyer says:—"As man rises above the level of his physical nature, his intellect, his morality, he will ascend aerially, joyfully to share the dual spirituality with woman. The two sexes will then no longer be weighing each other's capacity and merit in the accuracy of earthly scales, but mutually intuitively govern in the combined equilibrium of human power." Quite so! Quite so! It sounds rather confusing, but I daresay "the combined equilibrium" will do what is necessary.

HARRY BELL.—Send me on the book, and I will read it. Many thanks for your note. Yes; I had a chat with Blackmore about "Lorna Doone." He gave me some roses, a few classical quotations, and an abiding reverence for himself. I quite appreciate your kindly motive in writing. *O si sic omnes!*

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

IX.—"THE CHIN."

The chin is the seat of the affections. Dr. Redfield says—"In the face the signs of the different faculties of love are in the chin; and, according to Gall, the strength of love is in proportion to the development of the cerebellum, or lesser brain, which is exactly opposite the facial sign, and which is separated from the cerebrum, as the lower jaw is separate from the upper." By the length of the jaw downward before it turns to form an angle do we average the will power and determination of the individual. The faculties of love approach very much in their character to what may be called will. Strong desire belongs to love more than to any other of the faculties, and desire is so much like will that many disregard the distinction. The way to average the mental strength or weakness of the subject you have under examination is to study minutely the various developments of bone which surround the mouth, forming the chin and jaw. Bone means intensity, will, consequently the more bone the more will-power. A man with a broad, wide jaw has fidelity and permanency; if coupled with a wide forehead in the region of causality, he can balance his actions and carry out his ideas and intentions. A full, wide jaw will indicate either *obstinacy* or *firmness*, but they must not be confounded with each other. Obstinacy is firmness without reason, thus, when the forehead slants and is narrow, the jaw being the widest, your individual has an obstinate character, whilst if the jaw be wide, but the forehead wider still, then the subject is firm and determined in his action and ideas. Broad jaws argue powerful functions for the reception of food, but these functions are not intellectual, the strength of the intellectual faculties being indicated by the breadth of the brain; thus, when the jaws are broader than the head it characterises strong passions, and a weaker intellect. Where the jaws maintain nearly the same breadth as the brain then the intellect has a fight with the passions, and is victorious, if all the other features are indicative of refinement and purity. This relative confirmation of head and jaws bespeaks a character who can exert all his intellectual powers on a subject—who is calculated for scientific and practical pursuits. When the jaws are much narrower and smaller than the head, the chin receding, then the individual is wanting in balance, he is like a balloon without power to guide the workings of his brain, and not capable of looking after his own affairs. A sharp tapering of the head and face from above to below indicates natural cunning—natural only, for the broad face may be trained into artificial cunning, and the sharp tapering face may be restrained into artificial sincerity, not however without leaving correspondent impressions on the soft parts. It is here the skill of the physiognomist is called into action to discern the natural character of the individual masked over by education and suppression. Human cunning may be said to run ultimately into the channel of self-preservation, but it has so many meanderings through all the windings and turnings of social life, and through the complicated field of human intellect, that it cannot be compared with that of the animal. The cunning of the fox is exclusively devoted to stealing prey and eluding detection, but human society is so organised that the Sternes, the Swifts, and the Voltaires are necessitated to discharge their cunning in wit. A human head and face tapering from above downwards bespeaks wit—strong in proportion to the breadth of the head, keen in proportion to the sharpness and length of the chin. Benevolence and congeniality are indicated by a round, fat chin, rather projecting in the centre. It is the chin of a *bon-vivant*, not of a person who wants to eat by himself, but one who would like others to enjoy with him, and who wish to see all his friends at his table. Engrossment is indicated by the length of the chin downward in the centre, which chin is mostly accompanied by thin lips (Fig 1). It is the selfish chin, and the thin lips denote coolness and precision. Fig. 2 is, on the contrary, the chin of a benevolent, warm-hearted person, but then the lips are full and sensual, and indicate a love of the good things of this world. Ardent love is indicated by a broad, round chin; it manifests itself chiefly in embracing and fondling, and is also indicated by the fulness of the red part of the lips. The ardent chin pertains to people who are most demonstrative in their affections, but as a rule are not so lasting. A woman with this broad, round chin is very sympathetic, large-hearted, and fond of children, animals, and all helpless creatures. The desire to love (Fig. 3) is indicated by a narrow, square chin. Such a person would love everybody and everything; but there is neither width nor permanency in the constitution, consequently he would be fickle and quickly desert one object for another. The chin of the cat illustrates fickleness, whilst that of the bull-dog denotes fidelity and tenacity. Faithful love is indicated by the breadth of the chin right far back under the wisdom teeth. Breadth means permanency. The desire to be loved is indicated by an indented chin—what is called a dimple in the centre of the chin. It is manifested chiefly in those who want everyone to love them, and who seek to make themselves universally beloved. Love of physical beauty is estimated by the breadth of the middle part of the chin, under the two large molar teeth, as in the face of Henry VIII. People with this wide chin seek beauty, and are fair judges of it. They admire beautiful surroundings, and love to feast their eyes on a pretty face; these people must not be confounded with sensualists, though there is generally a vast amount of poetic sensualism in their natures. When you perceive a chin with a deep horizontal indentation, as in Fig. 4, it indicates violent or passionate love. The lower part of the chin juts out, whilst the mouth and upper part of the chin slightly recedes. It is not sensuality, but intensity; its chief ingredient is bone, not flesh. Such a chin as this would require to be balanced with a large square, reasoning forehead, or else the violence of the affection would completely rule a man's whole life. I say man, because you seldom see this shaped chin in a woman; it is essentially a man's chin. Women as a rule are more faithful in their love than men are, but, their bones being slighter, there is

Fig. 1. Selfish Chin.

Fig. 2. Benevolent Chin.

Fig. 3. Desire to be Loved.

Fig. 4. Violent Love.

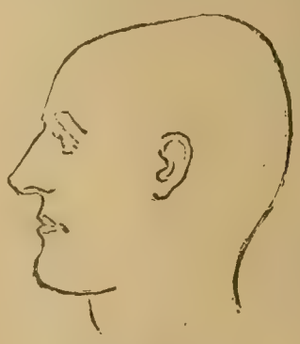


Fig. 5. Self-Esteem.

not so much violence nor intensity in their natures. Self-esteem is seen when the upper lip is full and stiff in the middle. This is always accompanied by the height of the phrenological organ at the top of the head at the back (Fig. 5). In delineating a head, provided the hair is not dressed so as to hide its shape, always take into consideration which part of it is the highest, and with conceited people you will generally notice a head that slopes upwards as in Fig. 5, with a stiff, full upper lip.

A FAMOUS CRITIC.

A CHAT WITH MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known poet and dramatist, who occupies the very responsible position of dramatic critic on the staff of our "Largest Circulation," is one of the few, the very few, British journalists who has conquered anonymity, and with whose personality hundreds of thousands of his readers are fairly familiar.

Mr. Scott has always had the courage of his opinions, and he has been more than willing to accept all responsibility for what he has written, and this rare quality cannot but rouse both the admiration and the respect even of those who disagree with his point of view and general theories.

"I found the famous critic," writes a representative of To-Day, "cosily established in one of the most charming workrooms it has ever been my lot to see. The book-lined apartment is considerably below the level of the rest of Mr. Clement Scott's pretty house, for what is now the study was not long ago one of those picturesque, quaint little gardens still to be found in leafy Bloomsbury. One of the finest dramatic libraries, rich in personal associations, is within easy reach of my host's elbow, and as he sits at his laden writing-table it is hard to believe that he is the *doyen*—not in years, but in length of work — of London critics.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Plunging at once in *medias res*, I asked Mr. Scott to tell me something of his methods of work. "Is it true," I queried, "that you never take any notes whilst at the theatre, and that you are quite ready to write out your notice after the end of an exhausting 'first night' without any reference to the 'book' of the play?"

"I have never made a note in my life," he answered. "I concentrate the whole of my attention on what is going on before me, and the article gradually takes shape in my mind as the evening advances. Still, I may tell you that I doubt if any novice or actress on the stage feels more nervous than I do on an important first night. I cannot bear to be spoken to during the course of a really interesting play, for I am so absorbed by the performance that I can think of nothing else."

"And is it true that you are one of the quickest writers in London?"

"Well, they tell me that I am, and I am bound to believe them," he replied, laughing. "Once my ideas have got into shape, and I know exactly what I want to say or write, I turn out my copy very rapidly. I remember on the night after the production of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* I wrote a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph* in an hour and thirty-five minutes. My copy is set up as I write, and unfortunately I never see a proof except on Sundays, when my good wife 'types out' my illegible scrawl. How the printers must bless her!"

"The theatrical world must have changed to an extraordinary degree since you first made acquaintance with the stage, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "and mine is much harder work than it used to be, for there are many more theatres, more actors, and more plays."

"I suppose the public taste has also gone through many phases and modifications, from, say, *Caste* to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which is a very far cry?"

"Yes, but an English audience can always be trusted to prefer ultimately what is sound, human, and healthy. As you probably know, I have always contended that theatres should be as pure and as blameless as are the average British homes which contribute the bulk of the playgoers. The time is come for us to decide whether we wish to see good and wholesome plays, or dissecting-room idylls that really only pander to a depraved and morbid taste. The New Drama, like the New Woman," he concluded smiling, "has not come to stay, and so I do not despair. There is every sign of a reaction, and of late we have had one or two really fine plays of a kind which are likely to become and remain popular."

"And who, barring the critics, make or mar a play?"

"The feminine portion of the audience," was the unexpected answer. "If a playwright can succeed in pleasing the ladies his fortune is made. You see, if a woman likes a play she tells all her friends about it, and they wish to see it too, and men will always follow where their womenkind lead him. I do not think ladies as a rule care for analytic and introspective pictures of members of their own sex."

"Then I need hardly ask you how you regard Ibsen and his followers?"

"I confess I have little patience with the Ibsenite craze. The stage should elevate and amuse, and this cannot be done by displaying the squalid and morbid side of human life. I do not deny that this side of life exists, but I do deny the necessity for dwelling upon it, especially on the stage. The theatre is not a place to discuss subjects which are generally discussed after dinner, when the ladies have gone into the drawing-room. I feel very strongly on this subject," added my host, "and during the last thirty-five years I have fought for freedom, for universality, and fair play, and I am now fighting hard to preserve the stage from its specious friends, who are in reality its worst enemies."

"You must find the increasing interest in Shakespearian revivals a hopeful sign?"

"Yes, indeed, though curiously enough my first critical work was done in connection with Shakespearian drama, and I suppose I may say I have seen every Shakespearian production in London during the last forty years. I confess I would rather see Shakespeare in a barn than most playwrights in a perfect modern theatre. It is possible to pay too much attention to dress and scenery. I would sooner hear Shakespeare well spoken than well dressed."

"I believe you are an advocate of the Conservatoire system?"

"We certainly are in need of a good dramatic school, where elocution could be properly taught and acquired, and where classes could be at least supervised by leading members of the profession. As it is, a beginner has to learn his or her business on the stage, and this is not fair to either the player or the audience. Mind you, nothing can be better than old stock companies, but then so few of them have survived. The modern travelling company simply essays to render to provincial audiences some popular London play, and there is no room for individual initiative. The members of the cast simply imitate as closely as possible all the 'business' and so on of the original production."

"I suppose your advice is constantly asked by aspiring amateurs?"

"Yes, indeed. No week passes without a number of letters from young people who are anxious to go on the stage. I need hardly tell you," said my host, "that though they ask for advice they very seldom follow it, especially when it takes the form (as it nearly always does in the case of young ladies) of telling them to give up their ambition and remain in private life. I truly believe that only those girls born, so to speak, in 'the profession' really make a good and successful thing of it."

MY LITERARY WIFE.

Sense wife has took to liter'ture
  The dirty dishes lay
About the house, she hain't got time
  To put the things away.
The childerns' socks are never darned,
  My duds no buttons own;—
Fur sense she's took to liter'ture
  She lets us all alone.

She writes about the comforts of
  A well comported house;
She tells how children should be kept—
  Hur enthuse would arouse
A bachelor, or one who has
  A wife moreover slack;
But she don't paint hur own career,
  In words that's white an' black.

Our house is helter-skelter,
  Frum the cellar to the roof—
Hur papers writ to regerlate
  A home, they soar aloof
Like messages to cheer the folks
  Who don't know how like she
The rules she teaches easily—
  But follers not you see.

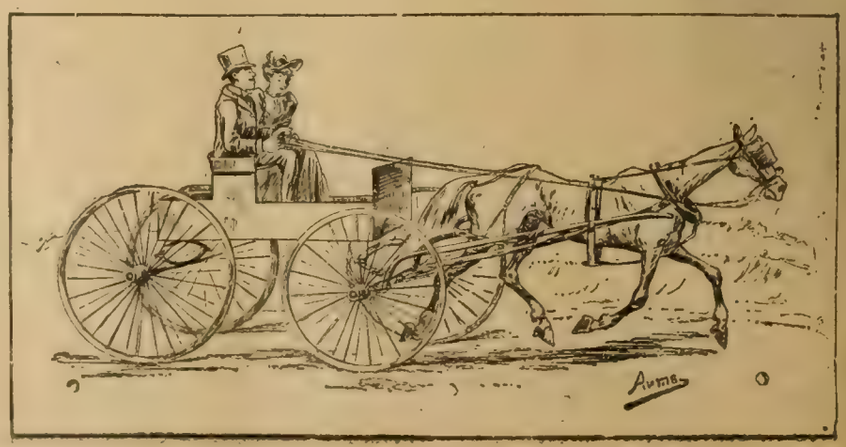
She feeds us on cold pork an' beans,
  We buy 'em by the can;
Hur published *Menu* fur a meal
  Would ster the soul of man.
We'se starvin', ragged here at home,
  While she hur hobby rides,
An' makes the world believe that she
  An Eden home presides.

H. S. Keller.

HOW COULD HE RUN AWAY?

He: "If the horse runs away and I save you from a terrible death, won't your father consent to our marriage?"

She: "Well, hadn't you better get another horse?"



A BULL-FIGHT IN BARCELONA.

A genuine Spanish bull-fight, in which "the bull is killed," is a thing to try the nerves of most people who see it for the first time. On Ascension Day, 1889, I was one of the crowd of ten thousand persons who witnessed such a spectacle in the bull-ring at Barcelona, and the sight was one which will not readily fade from my memory. It was my first day on Spanish territory. I had arrived at the Catalonian capital the same morning from Paris, and had not been many hours there before I learned that a great corrida was to come off in the afternoon. Yielding to an impulse of curiosity, I determined to avail myself of this early opportunity of assisting at the national sport, and, accordingly, shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon I left my hotel in the Rambla and made my way to the Plaza de Toros.

On entering the building I found myself in a vast amphitheatre, completely open to the sky above, and densely crowded with people. Having heard disquieting stories of bulls scrambling up amongst the spectators and playing havoc in their midst, I judged it prudent to witness the proceedings from a point situated well up from the redondel (as the large circular sand-covered arena is called) and in convenient proximity to one of the exits. From this vantage-ground I obtained a comprehensive view of the interior arrangement of the plaza. Below me lay the redondel, from which the seats ascended on all sides in concentric rows, ranged one above the other, like a flight of steps, the lowest row being situated at a safe elevation of about six feet above the level of the arena. Between the portion of the building set apart for the spectators and the redondel was the callejon—a reserved strip of ground about a couple of yards in width surrounding the arena, and separated from it by the valla, a stout wooden barrier about five feet high. When hard pressed by the bull the torero takes refuge in the callejon by vaulting into it over the intervening valla, and this is a manœuvre which he is constantly under the necessity of executing. Two passages, closed by heavy doors, lead from the redondel into the internal regions beneath the galleries, one conducting to the toril, where the bulls are kept, and the other, on the opposite side of the ring, giving access to the stables. One half of the amphitheatre was brilliantly illuminated by the direct rays of the sun, while the other half lay in the shade. The large building was packed to its utmost capacity with an eagerly expectant multitude of both sexes and all grades of society.

About half-past four a commotion in the neighbourhood of the president's box direct general attention towards that point. It is the president of the corrida himself who has just taken his place, and his arrival is a signal for the proceedings to begin. In obedience to a motion of his hand the band strikes up "Pan y Toros" the bull-fighters' march, to the strains of which the toreros who are to take part in the fight march forth in procession into the redondel. The two matadores, Lagartijo and Cara Ancha by name, come first, and are followed by a numerous train of capeadores on foot and picadores on horseback. Each of the matadores is gorgeously attired in a closely-fitting costume, consisting of a short silk jacket of the Zouave pattern, of a bottle-green colour in the case of Cara Ancha, and black in that of Lagartijo, all glittering with gold embroidery, and open in front, showing a broad expanse of white shirt, relieved by a long slender scarf of a dark shade depending from a narrow folding-down linen collar. A coloured sash girds the loins. The upper parts of the legs are clothed in gold embroidered knee-breeches of the same colour and material as the jacket, and the lower parts in white silk stockings, while the feet are shod in black pumps. The headgear is a kind of bushy fur cap, under which the hair is worn rather long, and caught behind in a pigtail or cue. The capeadores are dressed in a similar style, but less sumptuously, and each carries a red capa, or cloak, over his left arm. The get-up of the picadores differs somewhat from that of their fellow toreros. In the vicissitudes of the fight it is their destiny to roll about a good deal on the sand of the arena, and their clothing is therefore of a coarser material and more sombre in hue. They wear the broad-brimmed, low-crowned sombrero, short drab-coloured jacket and full length trousers. They are armed with a long lance or pica, and their legs are provided under the trousers with defensive armour in the shape of stout leather leggings plated with iron, designed to protect the limbs they cover from the inconsiderate caresses of the bull's horns, or from being crushed by the weight of the horse falling on them when it is overturned by the furious onset of the enemy. The horses are worthless, broken-winded jades, fit only for the knacker's. They have one eye blindfolded by a bandage drawn tightly across it.

The three picadores take up a position at some distance to the left of the toril, ranging themselves in a line close to the valla at intervals of about half a dozen yards, with their horses' heads pointing towards the centre of the ring. The peones, or unmounted toreros, group themselves about in various parts of the redondel. The band ceases playing, and in answer to a bugle call a functionary, called the alguacil, clad in a mediæval costume of black, resembling in cut that of our beef-eaters, and mounted on a spirited horse, emerges from the stable entrance, and, caracoling across the arena, reins up under the president's box. Here he doffs his hat, and holds it aloft towards the president, who tosses him the key of the toril. The alguacil catches it in his hat, salutes the president, gallops over to the toril, hands the key to the attendant stationed there, and then, turning rein, retires at full speed from the redondel.

All preliminaries are now over, and everybody is ready. The picadores sit their horses as mute and motionless as equestrian statues, their eyes riveted on the entrance to the toril whence their victim is about to issue, their left hand holding the reins, and their right firmly grasping the pica. The peones stand about on the alert. The bugle sounds once more, the gate of the toril is thrown open, and Tigre, the first bull of the day, a magnificent brute of a dark chocolate colour, bounds into the ring.

He is well-named the "tiger," for he seems to be distinguished by much of the savage fierceness characteristic of his namesake of the jungle. The Spaniards class these animals as fieras, or wild beasts, and indeed they may be looked upon as such. Selected for their strength and ferocious qualities from among herds of a special breed expressly raised for the purpose of the bull-ring at the ganaderías, or breeding stations, in remote and solitary parts of the country, they stand as regards temperament in something like the same relation to ordinary bulls as the wild boar does to the domestic hog. One person alone may approach the toro with anything like impunity, and that is his pastor, the attendant who has had the care of him in the wilds since he was a calf, and who, when the time comes for his charge to fulfil the purpose for which he was born, accompanies him to the scene of his death struggle as the only person capable of exercising any control over him.

Dazzled by the bright sunshine, and confused by the clamour of the multitude, Tigre stands for a moment stock-still and irresolute. Only when the first shock of surprise is over does he seem to become conscious of a stinging sensation in his left shoulder. This is caused by the divisa (an arrangement of red, white, and blue silk ribbon in the form of a rosette with streamers), which, as he left the toril, was dexterously pinned to the part named by means of a hook concealed on its under side, as the thorn is hidden by the rose. Suddenly annoyed

and irritated, he vainly endeavours, by a vigorous shaking of his bulky head, to get rid of this obnoxious decoration. Very soon, however, he ceases to concern himself with a matter so trifling, appearing instinctively to realise that there is work of a more serious nature on hand. Glaring around in search of something animate on which to vent his anger, he catches sight of the picadores, one of whom he singles out and rushes furiously at him with head down and tail in air. The picador braces himself up to meet the attack, and receives his assailant on the point of his lance. The bull at the same times buries his horns in the flank of the horse, which he raises, without any apparent effort, on to its hind legs, and holds it in this position while endeavouring to force his horns deeper into its body, heedless, to all seeming, of the progress which the pike thrust between his shoulder-blades with all the strength which the picador can exert is making into his own. The spectators seem to consider this a good beginning, and give vent to their feelings in yells of delight and exclamations of encouragement. "Bravo, bravo!" they shout. "Muy bien! Mátalo, mátalo!" (Well done! Kill him, kill him!) He requires a good deal of killing, however, and his time is not yet, by any means, come. The contest between man and bull (the *rôle* played by the poor horse is a perfectly passive one) is not of long duration, for the bull, beginning at last to feel uncomfortable under the pressure of the pike, presently withdraws his horns, and the horse, thus left unsupported, staggers and falls heavily on his side, carrying his rider with him to the ground. Under these altered conditions the bull has both rider and horse at his mercy, and would soon make an end of both but for the timely aid of the capeadores, who, at this juncture, hurry forward and make a diversion by waving their red cloaks in the bull's face, thereby attracting his attention away from their prostrate companion to themselves. As soon as the bull turns on them they, by a skilful use of their capas, pass him from one to another, and bring him into the vicinity of the other two picadores who have been waiting for him. The encounter with these is sharp and short. With the blood now streaming from his mangled neck he attacks them furiously one after the other in quick succession, receiving from each an additional spear thrust, and in return inflicting a vicious stab on each of the horses sufficient to make them rear and plunge, but without overturning them. Before he can renew the onslaught an episode occurs which for a moment seems likely to have a tragic *dénouement*. A capeador, passing rapidly between him and the horsemen, flaunts his capa before the bull's eyes, and makes off, inviting pursuit. Tigre immediately gives chase. Before running far the capeador suddenly doubles on his pursuer, at the same time, with the view of disconcerting him and gaining time, throwing out his cloak towards the animal's face. The bull pokes savagely at the garment with his horns, and jerks it out of the hands of the torero, who, now without means of defence, makes a bee-line at the top of his speed for the valla, the bull close at his heels. It is a race for life, and it is fortunate for the fugitive that he is both swift and sure of foot. Should he stumble or slip it may be his death. There is no time for any of his comrades to come to his assistance. With bated breath and anxious eyes the spectators watch his progress as he strains every nerve to reach the friendly shelter of the callejon. A *cogida* seems imminent. But no, fortune favours him. He gains the valla in the nick of time. Just as he rises in the air in the act of clearing it the bull's horns come with a dull thud into violent contact with the timbers of the barrier.

Meanwhile picador number one has been dragged by the ring assistants from under his horse, which has also with some difficulty been induced to get on to its legs again. The wretched quadruped has received fearful injuries in the region of the abdomen, from one of the gaping wounds in which the intestines are seen partially protruding. He seems scarcely able to stand, and I fully expect to see him led off to the stables. But it appears that he is not yet considered *hors de combat*. The picador is assisted to mount once more, being unable, owing to the weight of the armour on his legs, to do so unaided, and the poor brute is induced by an unsparing application of spur and stick to move out again and meet the bull, who is now returning across the redondel from his unsuccessful pursuit of the capeador, and who, thus provoked, unhesitatingly accepts the challenge and charges in fine style. Catching the horse full in the chest with his horns, he, without more ado, sends him and his rider crashing to the earth. The capeadors once more rush forward to the rescue and entice the bull away to another part of the arena. The dismounted picador gathers himself up none the worse for his fall, but the blood-stained and mutilated horse remains lying on the ground, trembling and struggling feebly. As it is evident that his hurts are mortal, the puntillero approaches, and with a well-directed blow from his puntillo, or dagger, puts him instantaneously out of his misery. This act of mercy has, however, been witnessed by comparatively few of the spectators. Their attention is absorbed by doings of a more exciting nature at the opposite side of the redondel, where Tigre, with undiminished pluck, is again engaging the other two picadores. Here also the services of the puntillero are very soon required, as another horse has felt the cruel horns at his vitals, and has been stretched bleeding on the sand.

Presently a blast from the bugle intimates the president's decision that this, the first stage of the spectacle, has run its course. The surviving horses are led from the ring, and the second stage, that of the "banderillas," is entered upon.

The banderilla is a kind of dart about two feet in length, surrounded with coloured papers, and furnished at the end with a sharp barbed point of steel. It is the business of the banderillero to plant these darts in the neck of the bull, a task which, to be safely and successfully performed, requires on the part of the performer great dexterity and agility. A member of the cuadrilla (so the band of toreros is called) rejoicing in the sobriquet of Torerito, advances towards Tigre, holding in each hand one of these banderillas. Arrived at a distance of about a dozen yards from the bull, he halts, and, raising the banderillas above his head with the barbed points turned downwards, remains perfectly steady, and awaits developments. He has not long to wait. Tigre stands for a short space regarding him as if puzzled to know what this manœuvre signifies. He soon appears to come to the conclusion that insult in a new form is intended, and that as a spirited bull he is bound in honour to resent and punish it. He accordingly gets himself into a violent passion, and makes a mad dash for Torerito. But Torerito stirs not a hair's breadth till the bull is close upon him. Then with a sudden simultaneous movement he brings down his arms with lightning speed, sticking the darts into the bull's neck, and pirouettes lightly on his heels out of harm's way. Tigre rushes impetuously onward with the banderillas inextricably fixed in his flesh and bobbing about on his back, and the spectators applaud lustily. This performance is repeated several times by various members of the troupe, and the bugle once again interrupts the proceedings and ushers in the last scene, in which the toro is to die.

The task of killing the bull, which, from the manner of its accomplishment, is an operation attended with considerable danger, and calling for the display of some skill and great coolness, is an honour which devolves on one or other of the leaders of the cuadrilla, who thus acquire their distinctive title of matador (slayer) or espada (sword) from the instrument used in performing the deed. This last scene of the fight is of the nature of a duel *à outrance* between the matador and the bull —a duel of which the result is generally, though not always, a foregone conclusion. Not always, for it sometimes happens that the *rôles* of slayer and slain are

reversed. In the present instance it is Lagartijo who is to despatch Tigre. Carrying in his left hand the muleta, a short stick over which is hung a piece of bright crimson cloth, and in his right the espada or estoque, a long heavy rapier, he steps up in front of the presidential box, and, addressing its occupant, delivers himself of a short oration complimentary to the province of Catalonia. This done, he salutes and goes in search of the bull.

Although, owing to the copious blood-letting he has been subjected to, Tigre is by this time in a somewhat debilitated condition, and has lost a good deal of his original fire and impetuosity, he is still *sujet à caution.* While displaying now a greater disposition to act on the defensive than to assume the offensive, his spirit is unbroken, and he presents a bold front to his antagonist. Lagartijo advances deliberately to within a few feet of him, and commences to perform various passes with the muleta before his eyes, holding the estoque in a convenient position for striking when a chance shall occur. The bull follows with his eyes the movements of the blood-red rag, which appears to exercise a kind of fascination over him, and absorbs his attention to such an extent as to prevent him from observing the matador, as he draws back his right arm and makes a lunge at him with his sword. He awakens to a sense of his danger, however, just in time to make a leap forward as the blow falls, and the point of the weapon does no more than slightly graze his shoulder. Lagartijo saves himself by springing to the side. The bull wheels round, and they are again eye to eye. The *muleta* is once more brought into play, and another thrust is attempted—with more success this time, as the point of the sword is driven a few inches into the animal's body between the shoulders. The object of the matador is to strike down deep enough to reach the heart, or to separate the spinal cord at its point of junction with the brain at the base of the skull. This sort of thing goes on for some time, until at last a favourable opportunity for striking a decisive blow presents itself. By means of a masterly manipulation of the *muleta* Lagartijo seems to have got the bull into a semi-hypnotised state. With deliberate aim he points the *estoque*, and, darting forward, plunges it almost up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades of the bull. It is all over with poor Tigre now. He advances a few paces, staggering; blood streams from his mouth, he totters, sinks on his knees, tries in vain to get up again, and finally rolls over on his side—to rise no more. The puntillero steps forward and gives him the *coup de grâce*, and from being bull he immediately becomes beef.

It is a moment of triumph for Lagartijo, who is considered to have acquitted himself brilliantly, and to have once again proved himself a past-master in the art of *tauromaquia.* He is greeted by the crowd with rapturous applause and delirious cheers. As a further token of admiration hats and cigars are showered into the ring from all sides. For a few moments the toreros are kept busy picking up the hats and throwing them back to their owners. The cigars are also gathered up, but these are retained as gifts to the popular matador. In the meantime, while the band discourses a lively air, a team of gaily decked mules, with bells jingling in their harness, are led into the *redondel.* One by one the carcases of the horses, and lastly that of the bull, are yoked to this team and rapidly dragged forth. The attendants smooth over the ring with rakes to obliterate the tracks which the trailing out of the bodies has left in the sand. The toreros, on foot and on horseback, once more take up their respective positions. The band becomes silent, the bugle sounds, and a second bull is let loose into the arena. The same scenes are enacted with it as with the first. A third, fourth, fifth, and sixth bull are successively introduced and similarly dealt with, and the *corrida*, during which, in addition to the six bulls, ten horses have been sacrificed, is at an end. When the last bull has gasped out his life under the dagger of the *puntillero*, the spectators, well satisfied on the whole with their afternoon's amusement, take their departure, and the blood stained Plaza, so lately a scene of such animation, is left to solitude.

Sitting in a café on the Rambla a few hours later I learned from a descriptive report of this bull-fight, published in a respectable evening newspaper, that the performance was considered to have been a highly successful one. "I will not," says the chronicler, "conclude this report without offering my congratulations to the management, who have succeeded in earning for themselves the good-will (*simpatías*) of the Barcelona public by giving them a *corrida* such as has not been seen in our circo for years." These words are instructive, inasmuch as they indicate the light in which the institution of bull-fighting is regarded by public opinion in Spain. They convey no suggestion of a consciousness on the part of the writer that there may be anything to be ashamed of in what he records. Quite the reverse. Indeed, it is idle to remonstrate with the average Spaniard on the barbarity of his national sport. He has an inconvenient *argumentum ad hominem* way of meeting your criticism. "It is true," he will say, "that we breed these bulls for the express purpose of doing them to death in the *redondel* for the diversion of the public. But while you blame us for doing this, are you sure that you are yourselves quite free from reproach? What about your English practice of fox-hunting, for instance? You cannot defend fox-hunting on the ground that it is necessary in order to destroy a troublesome pest. Such a pretext might have held good at one time, but it will no longer pass muster. If you really wished to rid your country of foxes you could very easily have done so long ago, just as your ancestors did in the case of the wolf. The fact is, you don't wish to get rid of the fox. You are so very much afraid of his becoming extinct that you carefully preserve him, and practically breed him, just as we do our fighting bulls; and your sole end and purpose in so doing is to derive amusement from hunting him over the country and seeing him worried to death by your hounds—an amusement which is absolutely identical in nature with that which is obtained from the contemplation of a bull-fight. In a bull-fight the number of victims is certainly greater than in a fox-hunt, but the cruelty is not greater, it is even less, for the bull is a courageous animal, and his sufferings are limited to the physical pain arising from the wounds inflicted on him, whereas the timid fox has to endure the additional agony of extreme fear while being hounded to his death by the tender-hearted Englishmen and Englishwomen, who are so noisy in their denunciation of the wicked Spaniard for his indulgence in the sister-sport of bull-fighting." And it must really be conceded that there is some force in the Spaniard's way of putting it, in so far at least as it serves to show that he is not necessarily any worse than some of his neighbours because he is fond of bull-fighting. As a defence, however, it is defective, for two blacks can never make a white. And then, if fox-hunting is a vice, it is not, at all events, like bull-fighting—a national one, for we don't all hunt foxes in England, whereas in Spain nearly everybody goes to the bull-fight.

A little boy, after helping himself several times to water, finally upset the glass, upon which his mother exclaimed impatiently—

"My son, I knew you were going to do that."

"Well, mother, if you had only told me in time, I would not have done it," said the boy.

"Are you a district messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted old gentleman of an urchin in the street.

"No, sir," was the reply, "it's my sore toe that makes me walk that way."

He: "Give me your hand."
Miss Upperten: "You must ask mamma first."

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THE BLEMISH ON OAK TREE VILLA.

BY

ALFRED HURRY.

Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.

TO find a perfect dwelling-house is harder than to find a perfect wife. I had found Her; consequently, I wanted the house. I spent a large sum in advertising, and materially damaged my eyesight by reading advertisements. At length I thought I had discovered the paragon of houses. And but for one blemish it was a paragon. This is the story of the blemish.

She and I were returning to the railway station. We had been inspecting a house in the pleasant suburb of Grass Hill. She had seen it advertised, and had immediately decided that this house had been erected by a perceptive builder especially for us. But the agent had made one main omission, besides a variety of smaller ones—exactly opposite the house was a Board School.

As we returned to the station we saw the paragon. It stood at the corner of a leafy road, and had a lot of trees and a nice garden round it. A board announced that it was "To be let or sold."

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" said she. "Do ring the bell, and ask if we can go over it."

The master of the house was an elderly gentleman, whose clothes hung so loosely upon him that I thought he must be recovering from a severe illness. But physical illness was not the cause of his misfit, as I found subsequently. When I stated that we were possible tenants he nearly embraced me.

We went over the house. Its inside was worthy of its outside. There was a perfect duck of a drawing-room, as She said afterwards. There was—but I am not trying to let or sell Oak Tree Villa, because I did not take it. The garden at the rear was lovely. Grass smooth as a board-room table, and a plantation of trees at the bottom like a section of a wood. There was one big tree, a grand old fellow—but more of him anon. She pinched my arm enthusiastically, according to a prearranged signal, and I struck a provisional bargain on the spot. If my surveying friend found the drains as they should be we would take the house.

The drains were pronounced in rule, and the contract drawn up. But the evening before I was to sign, I received the following note from the owner:—

"Oak Tree Villa, Tuesday.

"Dear Mr. Keeling,—Sorry though I shall be if you do not take my house, I must, as a man cursed with bowels of compassion and a conscience, request that you will spend an evening in the place. Will you do so, and when? Pardon brevity, but I am an honest man.—Yours faithfully,

"Johnson Hadley."

I showed this letter to Her. We both gave it up. I was inclined to think that Oak Tree Villa had a ghost, or else that, in addition to his specified curses, Mr. Hadley possessed that of a crack in his brain.

"I will accept his invitation, I think," I said, after a pause.

"But you won't want me to come, too," said She plaintively. She had just thought of the ghost. She does not believe in ghosts, but stands in great terror of them.

"Certainly not, pet," I replied. "It's going to be a bachelor's party of two."

I called on Mr. Hadley during the morning, and it was arranged that I should spend the evening at Oak Tree Villa. I kept the appointment, fortified with a briar and a wholesale consignment of kisses. After dinner, of which Mr. Hadley ate little, we smoked and drank whiskey. At least I smoked. My host used a box of wax matches. But he drank a large quantity of whiskey. I began to fear that he would get intoxicated. If he was humorous when drunk, I thought, it wouldn't matter. But I didn't want to fight my future

landlord in the magic square of my future drawing-room. All three might be damaged. I didn't care about *him* particularly, but the drawing-room and myself were virtually Her property, and as such to be cherished.

But Mr. Hadley showed no signs of getting drunk. This did not reassure me, for the man who drinks fifteen glasses of whiskey and yet retains his normal manner is an uncanny companion.

Presently the owner of Oak Tree Villa commenced to inspect his watch at frequent intervals. At length he said—

"A quarter to ten! The time's coming. Mr. Keeling, will you come upstairs to my dressing-room, and finish your smoke there? It'll be cooler than this. But first let me pray."

He knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer. Then we went upstairs. Mr. Hadley carried the whiskey and the glasses; I carried the poker. I was very considerably astonished.

The dressing-room was a snug little den, looking on to the garden. My host opened the window, and laid his watch on a small table. It was ten minutes to ten. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the lonely garden at the rear of the house looked like the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, viewed from the balcony. The lawn shone a mystic green, and the trees at the bottom made a clump of solid blackness, save where a branch of the oak tree shot out into the moonlight like a leafy finger-post.

We were both silent. On ticked Mr. Hadley's watch. At five minutes to ten I was about to speak, when—

"Hush!" said my host, in a loud, impatient whisper.

I subsided, a little ruffled. At ten o'clock Mr. Hadley, who had been staring at the bottom of the garden with his eyes almost starting from his head, motioned me to listen. He himself appeared to listen with the intentness of a Red Indian.

From the bottom of the garden, out of the darkness of the trees, came a horrible and startling sound. I can best describe that sound by saying that it resembled the choking gurgle of water emptying itself through the discharge pipe of a lavatory basin.

"Oh, my God, did you hear that?" gasped Mr. Hadley. Little drops of perspiration shone on his forehead.

"Yes. What on earth is it?"

"On *earth?* It was—oh, what did it sound like to you?"

"Well, I once tried to hang a cat when I was a youngster, and she made some such unpleasant noise as that."

"A *cat?*" Good Lord, how horrible. That was no cat. Hark! there it is again."

WE SMOKED AND DRANK WHISKEY.

He stuffed his fingers into his ears, and groaned under his breath. The noise came again much louder and more pronounced. It died away with a hideous gurgling rattle. I jumped up. There was something human in that last note. I was about to quit the room and leave Oak Tree Villa a good distance behind me, but Mr. Hadley stopped me.

"Don't go," he said, "you won't hear it again. It's over for to-night. Only for to-night."

He drank another glass of whiskey.

"What in the name of ghosts is it?" said I. "You seem to know all about it."

"Yes, I know all about it. God help me, I wish I didn't. It's driving me mad. I've heard it every night for the last six months. I heard it on New Year's Eve first, and now it's the 18th of May. It's been as regular as the lamplighter, curse it."

He took some more whiskey. The stuff seemed to have its proper effect at last. The sweat on his face dried up, and he commenced to talk.

"Yes, I heard it on New Year's Eve the first time," he said. "It was a fine, clear night, and I was walking about the garden with a big ulster on and a cigar. I was seeing the Old Year out, you know. I used to be a jolly old bachelor, and do that kind of thing. But I'm not jolly any longer. Look here. This waistcoat used to fit me."

He gathered in a large fold of his waistcoat round the waist.

"Yes, it's done that! Well, as I was saying, I was strolling about the garden humming "The Ivy Green," when, just as the clocks were striking ten, I heard that sound. I was close to the big tree, and the sound

seemed right in my ears. I was rather startled because it was so sudden. Then I thought it must be either cats or boys, so I called out 'Hsh, hsh!' and 'What do you want here, you young rascals, I see you,' so as to startle either. And then—it seemed to be there all of a sudden as if by magic—I saw a man's body dangling from that bough."

"Good Lord!" I said under my breath.

"I was petrified with horror. The body was jumping and jerking and twisting about, and the man was clutching at his throat, and making that loud choking row. At length I recovered myself and ran forward to help him. But—there was nothing there."

There was a pause. Mr. Hadley laid his head on the table and moaned. I said nothing, but I perspired copiously. Mr. Hadley raised his head and went on.

"I ran up the garden and into the house quicker than I had run for twenty years. I bolted the door, and when I went to bed I am ashamed to confess that I kept the gas turned on at the full. I dreamt of that sound."

"Are you sure that you didn't dream of it the first time?" I asked.

"As sure as you are that you didn't dream of it just now."

I was silent. One is always ready to accept the dream theory in the case of other people's ghosts, but when he sees or hears one himself, the theory never strikes him.

Mr. Hadley proceeded.

"I went into the garden the next night, and at precisely the same hour I heard the sound again."

"Did you *see*—the—the whatever it was."

"No—er—it was rather dark and—well, not to lie over the matter, I didn't dare to look. I am ashamed to say so, but I would not have gone to the bottom of that garden for five hundred pounds. No, and I wouldn't go now for five thousand. I'll tell you——" Here Mr. Hadley lowered his voice and leaned across the table till his face nearly touched mine. "I screwed up my courage to go down the garden two or three nights after I first heard the sound. I heard it again, and I saw the man hanging just as before. The moonlight fell on his face, and so sure as I'm sitting in this armchair now that man was myself. I've heard myself commit suicide every night for the last six months."

He buried his face in his hands again and groaned.

"Pooh, pooh," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "That must have been fancy. I can believe in that noise—probably it was a bird or a cat or a mouse or—or—something—but I can't believe in a man standing on the ground seeing himself hanging to the bough of a tree. I tell you what I'll do. I'll come again to-morrow night, and if we hear the noise we'll search the shrubbery till we find what it is."

Mr. Hadley was now slightly maudlin, which was not remarkable, seeing that he had punctuated his narration with more whiskies. He shed a few tears as I bade him good-night.

I did not tell Her what had passed. I lied ingeniously. I said the house was scarcely likely to suit us, as there was a drunken husband next door with a beautiful wife whom he beat. She said she was sure Oak Tree Villa was a horrid place, and begged me not to go there again. But I had given my promise to Mr. Hadley, and I had to keep it.

I kept it. We took our seats at the smoking-room window as on the preceding night. I soon discovered that Mr. Hadley was completely but passively intoxicated, and on his behalf I was grateful. At ten minutes to ten he staggered to his feet, and said with a weak laugh—

"Going into gardensh—going smash infernal old—hic—shpectral warbler. No, donshukum." He smote himself on the chest. "Wipe him out by shelf. Tra-la-la. Back present—hic—ly."

He went downstairs, and I heard him say to the wondering maidservant—

"Gimme yard-broomsh, Mary, and closhe-line. I'm—hic—deshperate man."

He went forth into the garden with his implements. I was about to get out of the window and slide down the grape-vine, but he heard me and turned.

"Go back, go back," he called querulously. "I tell you I'll excommunicate tin-pot ole shpectre by myshelf."

He crossed the garden stealthily, and walked into the blackness of the trees. At ten o'clock a cloud slid across the moon, and the garden was plunged in darkness. Simultaneously I started up and cried aloud. Mingled with the creaking of a tree bough came that hideous kck—kck—the sound of strangling. Out came the moon again, and the back of the house was once more bathed in pale light. Hanging to the bough of the tree was a gyrating figure, whose legs kicked convulsively, and whose hands clutched madly at its throat. It was the phantom which Mr. Hadley had described.

HE WENT DOWNSTAIRS.

I scrambled down the grape-vine with my head over my shoulder, expecting every moment to see poor intoxicated St. George rush out and strike at the spectre with his yard broom or lasso it with the clothes-line. But he did not appear. I ran up the garden, and flung myself on the thing that dangled from the bough, half expecting to grasp air. Instead I grasped flesh and blood, and then I knew that my host's madness had cul-

minated. I pulled out my penknife and cut wildly at the clothes-line. At the third stroke the unfortunate wretch fell to the ground. I fumbled at the noose, and managed to slacken it just as the purple face seemed literally on the point of bursting.

The madman sprang up with extraordinary agility, leaped the fence, and stampeded up the road uttering triumphant yells. I scrambled over after him and started in pursuit. A policeman emerged from the shade, and endeavoured to stop the maniac, who was tearing along in the middle of the road. Mr. Hadley skilfully dodged him, leaped a couple of feet into the air, clapping his feet together, and proceeded with a laugh like a volley of musketry.

For several hours myself, three policemen, and a hybrid *posse* of residents, mostly in slippers and smoking-caps, chased that maniac through the semi-detached villas of Grass Hill. Sometimes we would lose him temporarily. We would plod on in the direction we thought he had taken, when lo and behold, he would come whisking up from behind like a hare, flash through our ranks, and disappear before anyone could say damn.

At length we found him under a rose-bush in a front garden, sleeping like an infant. He is now in a private asylum.

She and I have found a house, but it is a good distance from Grass Hill. I did not tell her my experience with Mr. Hadley, but I told Knowell when he dined with us the other evening. I related the strange thing with a certain amount of pride, expecting Knowell to be thrilled and dumbfounded. But he remained cool. He said that there was nothing remarkable in what I related. He said—

"That old bounder—Hadley, didn't you say his name was?—was mad all along, and he made up his mind to hang himself on that bough a long time ago. I suppose he put off the evil day, and used to go and look at the bough just as you look into the water when you funk diving. Then, by-and-bye, he got to imagine that instead of standing on the ground, looking up at the bough, he was hanging to it. Don't say bosh, my dear chap, you're only exposing your obsolete ignorance. Such a delusion is by no means remarkable."

"Well," said I, "how is it that *I* heard and saw him the night before he really did attempt to hang himself?"

"You *heard*, but you did not *see*—you said yourself you didn't see anything. That's a slight difference—although it is literally slight. It is quite possible for a person suffering from a delusion to communicate that delusion to another person. Look at a panic. One man in a crowd gets the delusion that he has something to be terrified at, and see how that delusion communicates itself to the rest of the crowd. It really would not be surprising if you had seen something as well as heard. In fact, it's rather surprising that you didn't. Got a light, old chap?"

ABOUT MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE.

Within a stone's throw from the Oratory you may come upon their house—if you know the way. It has a modest air, ranging its unassuming self alongside its neighbours, and exactly expressing the reposeful personality of its popular master and mistress. There is nothing about it to attract remark. It looks "home"—that is all. And not until you got inside would you guess it to be an actor's abode. Once there, however, you find much to enlighten you. Portraits of players, present and past; scenes from plays, old and new, some of which you know, and some of which you don't, and a sprinkling of which you could never want to—these, and many slim, brown-paper quartos, bearing typewritten labels, assure you that here is a stronghold of the stage. The theatre enjoys no monopoly, however, even in the home of Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude. A glimpse of bicycles and an open gun-case, and what looks suspiciously like a book of "flies," suggests that, dear to them both as acting may be, they admit a rival now and again. Indeed, it is an open secret that once upon a time Mr. Maude aspired to distinction by the aid of canvas wholly unrelated to "back-cloths," pigments utterly dissimilar from grease-paints, and a brush only remotely connected with a hare's-foot. But however this may be, the talk is of the stage.

Mostly it is of others—fellow players—and always the tone is kind. I listen to eulogies of Mr. Brandon Thomas as the great-hearted physician in Miss Clo Graves's connubial drama, *Dr. and Mrs. Neill*—to still more, as eloquent, of Mr. C. W. Somerset, in *Her Advocate*. Mr. Maude recurs to this performance again and again. His adjectives are as graphic and as forcible as those of Mr. Clement Scott, or of the "Dramatic Duologues," in To-Day. Mr. Maude is at one with them all. He sat spell-bound. He could not sleep until he had let some of his admiration off in an approving letter to the conscience-stricken murderer. He never saw acting to equal it, and hardly believes it *could* be excelled. Evidently, not even "Mathias the Mesmerised," and "the tintinnabulation of The Bells," ever affected him as did this. And the value of it all—not only as the praise of an expert, but as a sidelight upon the generous nature of the man himself—lies here—that it was in precisely such a part, startling, lurid, weird, in *Handfast*, that Cyril Maude made the artistic success of his life, and precisely to this range of parts—"strong 'character,'"—that he loves to return.

The modern comedy men, the "Colonel Cazenoves," and "Cayley Drummles," and so on, are, we learn, difficult to differentiate, and leave their young "creator" oppressed with a fear that he has managed merely to repeat himself. He is very diffident, this brilliant young actor, who in a dozen years has made a name second only to that of Mr. John Hare. Almost under protest he speaks of his art. With him it is no question of "inspiration," "illumination," and the rest of the heaven-sent artist's creed. *Tout au contraire*, as Tommy Atkins said to his foes at Waterloo, Mr. Maude's exquisite pieces of portraiture are the result of infinite labour and thought. His mind is no highly-sensitised plate, which readily receives a sharp impression, to be almost automatically developed and reproduced. He can boast neither a pliant temperament nor a flexible physique. He practises, so to speak, not the photographer's, but the miniature painter's, art. Laboriously he "draws in" his first sketch; next comes the "body colour"; and then with infinite patience he "stipples and stipples," until the modelling is complete, and there stand out from the ivory such diverse gems of "speaking" humanity as "Mr. Watkin" in *Sowing the Wind*, the old beau in *Dick Sheridan*, and that good, comfortable, easy man, "Cayley," in *Mrs. Tanqueray*.

Mr. Pinero has warm admirers in Miss Emery and Mr. Maude. Nor is the famous dramatist indifferent on his side. Ever since "Lady Windermere," at any rate, his belief in Miss Emery has been profound, and "Mrs. Tanqueray" was offered to her, only to be sadly (one may be sure), on grounds of health, declined.

Talking of this production, Mr. Maude tells me of the dramatic finish to that great "first night"—how, after the curtain had fallen and the cheers had died away, and most of the company had left the house, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and he at midnight paced up and down the narrow yard by the St. James's stage-door and talked of what it all might portend. She knew that "Paula" was the chance of a lifetime, but was terribly anxious and harassed, uncertain of success. "Have I really succeeded? Have I?" The question came again and again, and up and down that yard they paced, "Cayley" in mufti, playing "Cayley" still, and sure of her triumph, trying to rout the fears and banish the doubts of the actress who on the morrow was, like Byron, to wake to find herself world-famous. Nor was "Cayley" the only prophet in his household, for presently Miss Emery was able to see the play, and, carried away with enthusiasm, she hailed the "Paula" as "an English Bernhardt!"

It may have been observed that up to now Mr. Maude has been chief *raconteur*. So it was that sunny afternoon. Eloquent as Miss Winifred Emery can be—eloquent, as "Rosamund," "Ophelia," "Frou-Frou," "Marjory," "Clarissa," to draw a thousand times as many tears as ever Demosthenes and Cicero, Gladstone and John Burns, together, drew; when an interviewer is present she sits dumb. And were it not that Mr. Maude is readier to speak of his accomplished wife than of anyone, facts about Miss Emery would be as scarce as water in the East. From her husband, however, I learn that the terrible illness of the winter and spring has happily left Miss Emery stronger than before; that her energy knows no bounds; that it is nothing out of the common for her to do twenty-five miles on her bicycle one day, and four-and-twenty (as an easier spin) the next; and that he thinks Mr. Pinero has in the new play fashioned for her a part which exceeds in naturalness all that he (Mr. Maude) knows.

But I think Mr. Maude hankers, as Miss Emery confessedly does (and the wonder is that Mr. Grundy has yet has not taken the hint), after another "Miss Tomboy" for her. "My wife feels terribly a strong emotional scene, and is greatly exhausted by it. She cries bitterly over anything that moves her; and, generally, in proportion as she herself is deeply moved, her audience is moved also. A point of interest, this, to Mr. William Archer, who once sought material for his curious volume, "Masks and Faces," by interrogating the profession upon this and kindred topics. It is interesting, too, to learn that Miss Emery has no need to labour at the composition of her characters. She "gives a brilliant reading at once," and "rarely has occasion to reconsider it." "Whereas I——!" says Mr. Maude. "Well, my wife tells me that if I were judged by my first two or three rehearsals, I should never get a chance of acting at all. And such is my own deadly self-mistrust that, to this day, if I see the author and manager having a quiet talk in a corner, I am seized with a horrible doubt lest this should be the procursor of a gentle hint that I'm 'not right, you know,' and that perhaps I'd better resign!" Once the first night ordeal is past, however, the pleasure begins—the pleasure of elaborating and polishing and fining down; the pleasure of getting more and more into the skin of the part; the æsthetic enjoyment of almost—"if the phrase did not sound so absurd"—living the character assumed.

This interesting theory of self-absorption was paving the way to discussion when an interruption occurred. The door flew open and in darted Miss Marjory Maude, a sweet Kate Greenaway mite, with close-clustering, tumbled chestnut curls and big, bright, wondering eyes. Naturally, the future became the topic of conversation—her future and her present. Already a "past" is a thing out of date. Miss Marjory's present is bounded by fairy tales. She is, like Mr. Gladstone, an omnivorous reader, and her preference in fairy literature is for the fairy tales which are—no, not Lang's; no, not Jacob's; but—in a very demolishing tone—"Mine!" As for the future, this blue-eyed, dainty little fairy has already settled that. She is to be an actress. And certainly, in her case, one cannot do as did the "Grand Old Gardener," smile at the claims of long descent. For she can unroll an unmatched pedigree—father, mother, grandfather, and great-grandfather—all illustrious upon the stage—a pedigree which links this beautiful child and her love of acting with the palmy days of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Kean.

USED TO IT.

1. Smoky Smoke: "See man? We kill him quick."

2. With clubs they pounded him for an hour.

3. He: "It's no use, gentlemen. I used to be a football umpire."

A LONE WOLF.

THE black wolf that belonged to Seth Briggs, of Blue Rapid, had a howl which was as far superior to the howl of a common uneducated wolf, as Patti's notes are to those of an ordinary street singer, and it was believed by Seth's neighbours that Seth himself derived considerable æsthetic gratification from the fact. But Sydney Stockton had no musical tastes beyond a concertina, and, being located within two hundred yards of Briggs's house, the wolf worried him and his old mother dreadfully.

"What's wrong with the wolf—that cussed wolf of yours, Briggs?" he asked, desperately.

"Wrong?" said Briggs, with great surprise. "Why, nothing. He's the healthiest, rightest kind of intellectual animal ever you see."

And he expatiated on the qualities displayed by the cub when he first got him by shooting his dam, and showed how he had improved. But Stockton, though he was as mild as new buttermilk, sneered at it and took no interest.

And yet Seth's wolf knew "considerable," and had never been above learning from dogs. His voice was trained to the highest pitch of perfection. When he sat well back and opened the throttle-valve to its fullest extent he was capable of lifting the roof off a little place like the Albert Hall. He could fill a square mile block, and on a calm winter's night, when there was not a breath of air to shake a snowcrystal from a thin twig, the vibrant quality of his vocal chords was distinctly discernible at a distance of a mile and a half. There was a legend that he had been heard ten miles away when he went to the river and howled down stream to the reflected moon. For water carries sound wonderfully.

And his compass was just grand. He could climb down from the mountain peak of the upper C to the darkest abysses of the lower G. In times of lofty excitement he even sprang into the empyrean, and, surpassing himself, touched the highest possible note. He went into theoretical realms of music far out of mortal sight. A stray musician once asserted he heard him breathe the profound bass note of Niagara. He touched the infinite at both ends of the scale.

And he put colour into his work. He was no mere machine, coldly perfect in vocalisation, but without soul. He could be like a whole opera. He could be savage, tender, terrible, fierce, and pathetic. To see him sit on his black hind-quarters and yawn tremendous chromaticisms would have put joy into the heart of an impresario. But poor old Mrs. Stockton would much rather have put arsenic in his grub.

"Sydney," the old woman said one morning, "I couldn't sleep a wink last night all along of that wolf. I wish you would speak to Briggs again."

"I did speak, and I'm fair sick of speaking, maw," said her dutiful son. "But I'll try it again."

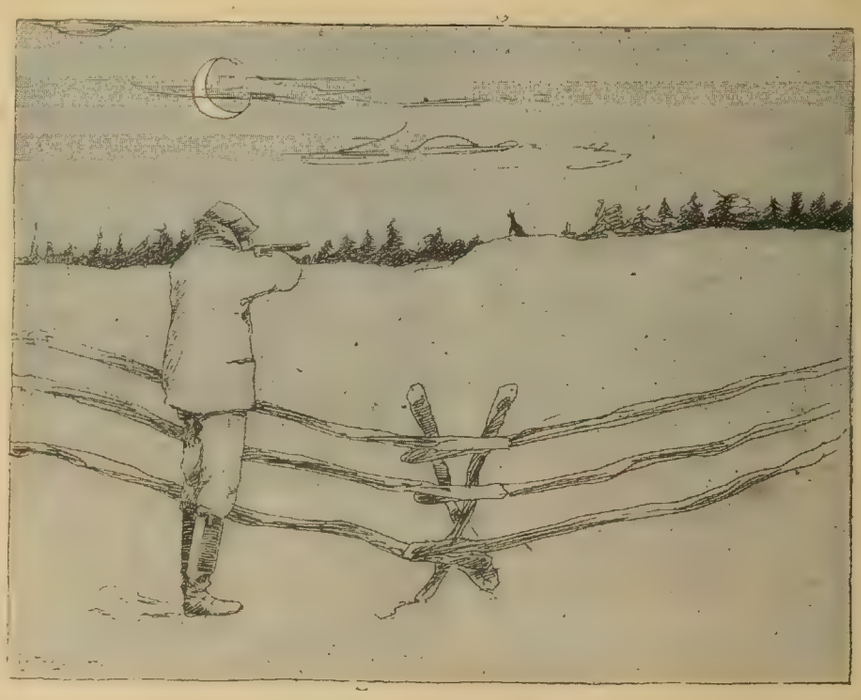
And he climbed a fence and interviewed Briggs.

"Say, Briggs, that doggoned wolf of yours kept my mother awake all last night. I wish you'd clap a muzzle on him."

"I've a right to keep a wolf on my premises if I've a mind to, and he ain't used to bein' muzzled," said Briggs. "But you can buy a muzzle and put it on him yourself, if you like."

But the prospect of interviewing the open head of the wolf awed Stockton. He went back home dolorously.

The next night was crisp and wonderful. Under the moon the long prairie gleamed like polished silver, and till midnight the silence was as deep as the winter's frost. But then the wolf slipped out of the stable window, and, slinking through the shadows of the barn, came out on a dry manure pile to contemplate the infinite. It sank deep into his inmost soul. Whether he recognised in that moment his own cosmic insignificance and then rose suddenly on the wings of a great intuition to see his own necessity in the majestic scheme of the universe, cannot now be known. But he began a sad adagio in C sharp minor, and into the first movement of his new moonlight sonata he put the sufferings and aspirations of all wolf-kind. The music wound in and out tenderly, but into the painful dream of the past came stronger hope, and finally, growing more and more personal and objective, he pulled out all the stops, jammed his paws on the pedals, and whooped a magnificant and triumphant pæan of passion. He believed in his own destiny.



THERE WAS A SHARP CRACK.

But the poets and musicians of the world are visionaries. They are not necessary in the world of those who have no ideals. They lose the present, and, seeing into the future, are but blind.

Briggs's wolf, as he soared again above the particular, and mingled with the universal, was oblivious of a shadow by the dividing fence. Against the sinking moon on the lofty manure pile, the dark shape of the maker of music was outlined with the utmost distinctness. The same moon that shone through the great gap of his open jaws gleamed down a rifle-barrel, and as the wolf came to a cadence that was inclusive of all philosophy, there was a sharp crack and another dying fall.

"He should have kept the howl on his premises, too," said Stockton, as he went back home.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE.

BY

LAURA B. STARR.

The spirit of superstition pervades the whole atmosphere, and influences the performance of the simplest act in China. The all-powerful idea in the mind of the celestial is that the whole universe is peopled by evil spirits and demons, whose sole purpose is to make the poor human creatures suffer by reason of their wicked machinations.

The Mongolians as firmly believe in demoniacal possession as did the people in early Bible times; they credit these demons or evil spirits with the power of inducing disease to linger at their door, as well as a multitude of misfortunes. As these evils can only be averted by prayers and offerings to the gods, or to the spirits themselves, it follows that the Chinese are busy a good part of the time trying to ward off trouble. In spite of the powerful attributes with which these demons and gnomes are credited, the celestials believe that they are themselves wise and sagacious enough to circumvent their evil deeds. For instance, if a Chinese father is very fond of a son, he has an idea that nothing would please these miserable spirits better than to deal him a cruel blow through his child.

To avoid this he persuades a friend to adopt the boy, trusting that the demons will believe him devoid of affection for the little one, and so pass him by without opening their Pandora box of evils. Again, a child is often given by adoption to a banyan tree, bamboo, or to an idol within the temple, or the stone lion which guards the entrance to it, the superstition being that the spirits inhabiting these different objects will thereafter protect the child, and secure for it immunity from disease and disaster. A piece of red paper, bearing the name of the child, that of its parents, and the statement that it is given in adoption, is fastened to the object selected, to inform the spirit what has been done; joss sticks are burned, and offerings of samshu, rice, and other food are made.

A common custom among the merchants, which is supposed to bring them good luck for the day, is that of shaking the balls of the abacus—their arithmetic or calculating machine—back and forth, slowly at first, but gradually increasing in speed until a sharp clicking sound is produced; this done at daylight when the shutters are being taken down, and as they all open their shops at the same time, the air is filled with this sharp sort of rattle, which is very trying to ears unaccustomed to the never-ending clatter of Chinese life.

Every junk that puts out to sea has fastened upon its masts, or suspended from the rigging, strips of red paper, upon which are written legends breathing a spirit of prayer and hope that the craft may weather the storms, and come safe to port again. The most common of these are:—"From every side of the compass may fair winds blow." "May this mast scorn the tempests from whatever quarter they come." "May winds not cause angry waters to rise."

The pirates who for many decades infested the China sea, used to carry one junk in their fleet which was a sort of floating temple dedicated to the goddess Ma Chu, who is supposed to rule the waves, and to have power to regulate the violence of the storms. The junk was devoted to the priests and to the image of the idol before which the priests burnt incense, made offerings, and prostrated themselves, and it is said that their cries to Ma Chu during a severe storm could be heard for miles.

The smaller craft belonging to fishermen resort to various devices to ward off baleful influences and protect themselves from the wrath of the water dragon; they often throw overboard quantities of rice, and occasionally a roasted pig, to satisfy his appetite, and reduce him to a state of quiescence. Old nets are frequently tied to the sails with the vague idea of propitiating some sea demon.

If any boat of whatsoever size chance to meet the "dead boat," conveying all that is mortal of some one of the river population to its last resting-place, the huge staring eyes which are painted on the bow of every boat are covered with a piece of matting or cloth, which is let down over them in great haste. Dire disaster and destruction would, it is thought, be certain to overtake the junk and its crew if those dreadful eyes were allowed to look upon the dead.

The geomancer is consulted before a Chinaman will build a house for the living, or decide upon a resting-place for the dead. His decision is relied upon implicitly, and if, in spite of his advice, bad luck comes after the house is built, it is torn down, but none the less seems to be thought of this superstition-breeding individual who is again consulted with regard to the location for the new one. It is laid down in the Book of Rites that no house must stand directly in line with another, nor one to be higher than its neighbour, for to overlook another is not allowed.

On the walls of their houses, on the lintels of their doors, on the posts of their outer gateways, the Chinese hang gaudily-coloured pictures of their deities, and scrolls of paper upon which are transcribed selections from the writings of Confucius, hoping, nay, even believing, that by so doing they will gain the goodwill of their gods, and avert any danger or ill luck which may threaten them.

Fire crackers are their most formidable weapon against the sorcery of evil spirits; from morning until night, from night until morning again, the air is laden with the smell of burnt powder, and the din of exploding crackers, and the regular rhythm of beaten gongs; this uproar they implicitly believe will frighten away the demons who would do them injury if possible.

Women and children and most men wear curiously-shaped little bags tied round their necks. These bags contain some one of the many Chinese emblems of good luck, which is to protect them from misfortune, and avert the wrath of the desolating angel.

Two pictures adorned with all the crudities of primary colours, are annually set up in every kitchen in the Dragon Empire; on the twenty-third day of the last month of the year the celestials hold a festival in honour of these kitchen gods. It is universally believed that these two paper figures have the power to ascend to heaven, and that they do so on this day, and for the purpose of reporting to their superior the good and bad actions of the households which have been in their charge during the twelve months just passed.

To remain in the good graces of these gods, that they may carry a favourable report of them to their chief, the various members of the family prostrate themselves before these hideous images, paying most devout homage, while a multitude of crackers are let off to frighten away the evil ones—they seem never to think that the good spirits might be frightened as well. When they have done all in their power to propitiate the gods who have reigned over them for a year they tear them down, and set up new ones in their places, before which they make congratulatory sacrifices of rice and vegetables.

Miss Antique: "How time flies! It seems but yesterday that I was a schoolgirl."

Her Brother: "Oh, make it the day before."

May: "Isn't that a heavenly little dog?"

Eva: "Which?"

May: "That Skye terrier."

A woman is the mightiest power in the world, and in her hand it lies to guide a man whither God Almighty would have him go.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—I want to tell you about some delicious gowns and coats I saw at Sandown. I know you will be interested. One was a cut velvet coat and skirt in a rich shade of chestnut, lined with prawn pink silk. When the coat was thrown open in front it showed a blouse of prawn and green-and-blue-printed velveteen, a marvellous mixture of colours, which probably reads quite impossible. But if you had seen it you would quite understand its perfection. The toque worn with this handsome toilette had a light green velvet crown embroidered with small gold sequins, and with lace appliqué upon it. The flat brim was covered with plain chestnut velvet, and was tilted in a slight upward curve at the left side, showing silk and velvet-petalled roses in tones of green and pink and blue, all deftly mingled.

Another sweet gown was a sort of serge, cardinal red with a black check in silky loops very thickly-placed together, and resembling astrakhan. This was trimmed with black satin and Persian lamb. The revers began on the shoulders, dwindled in size till the waist was reached, and then spread out again gradually to the hem of the skirt. You will perceive that the front was Princess. Not so the back, however. The bodice, very long-waisted, ended in a full basque. The skirt, well off the ground all-round and beautifully hung, was bordered with black satin, and wherever this material appeared it was headed by an inch-wide band of jet trimming.

SKATING COSTUME.

We noticed a girl of about thirteen who was exquisitely dressed in black velvet, her skirt edged with chinchilla. The double-breasted coat, also in velvet, was turned back with a square collar of the fur, the revers in front being faced with it. Her wide-brimmed black velvet hat was bordered with a band of the soft grey fur and trimmed with feathers in the natural grey-and-brown of the ostrich. These, it seems, are to be the height of fashion this winter. This child's mother wore a plain green cloth dress, simplicity itself so far as cut went, but trimmed with a marvellous galloon, richly strewn with gold and silver, ivory, jet, and steel, and held down at intervals with equally handsome and intricate ornaments, evidently very costly. The short coat was lined with white brocade and faced with white satin, covered with raised Venetian lace in a deep ecru tint that went very well with the green.

The toque worn with this made up for the sombre tone of green in the costume. It was bordered all round with roses in every tone of natural pink and red. Loops of rose pink mirror velvet rose from the centre, and écru lace wings supported them on either side.

Toques, as I told you before, are to be things of beauty this winter. All kinds of elaboration are lavished on them. I heard of one the other day the embroidered crown of which alone cost £5.

Niagara is now started again, and it was like meeting an old friend to go and renew our acquaintance with it. We met several people we knew, and saw some pretty gowns. The blouse is still the sort of bodice accepted for skating in, though the skaters look ever so much better in well-fitting tailor-mades, which accurately define the figure and make them look graceful in the swift evolutions on iron heels. It seems to be an accomplishment easily forgotten. Some who were skilful enough last season are now very shaky and unsteady.

We noticed that the hats were not nearly so much overcrowded with trimming as they were a month ago, and the beauty of the artificial flowers was quite striking. Poppies with curdled silken petals were accurate reproductions of Nature's blossoms, and the tones of mauve, heliotrope, and purple were lovely. A toque with crown of pearl-coloured satin was painted with groups of small purple flowers, green leaves and poppies in every shade of purple forming the trimming, with a tall aigrette of poppy buds and light grasses.

A girl who sat at tea was dressed entirely in white cloth, her full skirt and coat being in this material. Both were lined with bright royal blue satin, and her large hat was in royal blue velvet, with tea-roses for trimming, and the usual plumes of black ostrich tips. Her coat was double-breasted, and fastened with three very large enamel and gold buttons, three more balancing them on the right side of the front. The jacket was very short, as are all the new ones. There seems to be no medium between these and the very long ones resembling ulsters.

Do you remember your trousseau gown of bright grape-green cloth? Well, we saw its very counterpart at Niagara on a smart woman with quantities of bright bronze-gold hair. And the green coat was faced with

blue velvet! Fancy it. After the first surprise of seeing two such bright colours together, we began to rather like it. There were shaded blue-and-green wings in the hat, which was a brown felt, with a very becoming curve on the left side of the brim, where a deep red rose with foliage was tucked in, nestling on the hair.

Skating Costume Sketched at Niagara. — The material of this dainty skating costume is green cloth in the tint of the lightest watercress leaf. The bodice is full from the yoke, which, like the epaulettes, collar, skirt, and mousquetaire cuffs, is finished with light-toned sable. The ribbons on the shoulders and at the waist are black satin. The round toque is made of the same materials as the dress.

Hoods are in again this year. I don't think I like them. They have such a useless look, that even when they are in themselves ornamental, one regards them as the farmer does poppies—as inconvenient irrelevancies. And where there is no fitness, how can there be beauty?—Yours affectionately,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

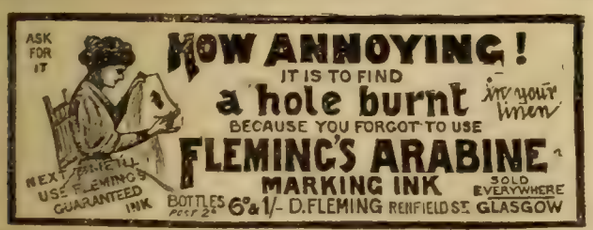
E. D.—Here are a few suggestions for high tea of an inexpensive kind. (1) Fish-balls made of any kind of fish, including the good brands of tinned lobster and salmon. Flake the fish, mix it with cold mashed potato, flavour it with pepper, salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Bind the mass together with the white of an egg, cut it into portions, roll them into balls with well floured fingers, and fry them in boiling fat. (2) Filleted plaice fried and served with mashed potatoes and a bottle of Lazenby's salad-cream, or with fried potato chips, or with plain boiled potatoes. (3) Stuffed steak stewed slowly for an hour and a-half, and served with small suet dumplings. (4) Jugged rabbit, cooked after the ordinary fashion of jugged hare, but first browned on a pan with no dripping, butter, or grease of any kind; simply fried till brown. Ox brains, first boiled very quickly, then allowed to cool, cut in slices, egg-and-breadcrumbed, and fried in good dripping. Or they may be fried in butter. (5) Veal or mutton cutlets, egg-and-breadcrumbed, and fried in oil, butter, dripping, or lard. (Milk can be used as a substitute for egg, costing less.) (6) Home-made forcemeat fried and served very hot. Ox-cheek stewed with an onion and some carrots. (7) Curry made of any kind of cold meat, and served with well-boiled rice. (8) Two mutton cutlets with stewed mushrooms. If these are of any use I will give you some more next week.

Our Cookery Column.

Turkey à la Benjamine.—Choose a plump bird, and after it has been well washed inside and out, and dried on a cloth, season it with pepper, salt, and a little pounded ginger, stuffing it with pâté-de-foie gras, truffles, and half a pound of steak all chopped up together, and flavoured with grated parsley. Hang before the fire, and then melt in a little pipkin four ounces of salt butter with a tablespoonful of flour, and throw it over the bird. Now mix together two-thirds of a pint of tomato juice, into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, and a glass of Chablis, or any white wine. Throw these into the dripping-pan, and afterwards baste the turkey constantly until it is done. The gravy is then quite ready, and merely requires to be emptied into the dish or sauce-tureen, after removing all fat.

Tomato Butter.—Put one pound of the best butter in a stew-pan, and let it dissolve over a cool fire. Meanwhile crush four pounds of ripe tomatoes, and season them with one teaspoonful of red and black pepper, half each of pounded mace and ginger, and two heaped teaspoonfuls of salt. Then pour it into the melted butter in the pan, and stir it thoroughly; put it back on the hob, covered, but occasionally stir it well. It takes about three quarters of an hour to cook. It must then be taken off and set in a cool place, with the cover on till it is cold. Skim off every scrap of butter, put it into a jar by itself, and press it firmly down. Securely corked it will keep for months. The tomato mixture is itself a pleasant condiment.

Afternoon Teacake.—In a pound and a half of the finest (thoroughly dried) pastry flour mix the same weight of ground almonds, half a pound of castor sugar, one oz. of mixed cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, and one of grated orange and lemon peels. Rub among it six ounces of fresh butter, and beat three whole eggs, and the well-strained juice of two sweet oranges into it. The whole must then be thoroughly and completely worked about for twenty minutes; line a china mould with well-buttered paper, pour in the cake, and bake it in a brisk oven for quite an hour and a half or a little longer. Stand it on the trivet, so that it shall not be possible for the undercrust to become too much done—it should be of a light yellow tint only. Let it remain in the mould overnight, so that it may be properly set; it will then be much easier to cut up.



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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

One sees strynge things at times tikin' of the lawst 'bus art. Theer's gents whort 'as 'ad just thet one extry glaws whort's the turnin'-point. Sometimes yer kin see whort's the matter with 'em, an' sometimes yer cawnt. When a man gits on ter my 'bus with a 'iccup fit ter brike the winders, a smile like a dead cod-fish, an' a cigaw stuck be'ind 'is ear fur a bloomin' pen-'older, well I know whort '*is* 'ead 'ull be like next mornin' withart any tellin'. But, bless yer, some on 'em don't 'awdly give it awye at all. Theer was a pile-ficed young gent come up ter me in the Strand the other night. "Do you go ter 'Yde Pawk Corner?" syes 'e. "Yessir," syes I. Blimey, if 'is speech wornt as good as my own—never missed 'is tip gettin' on ter the 'bus, never did nutthink ter show as 'e'd gone a bit orf! 'E took 'is ticket hall right and pide fur it hall right. But, 'arrever, presintly 'e tikes off 'is 'at very keerful, and reaches up ter put it in the 'at-rack. Well, in course, there ain't no bloomin' 'at-rack, so 'is tile come darn agin. 'E picked it up, looked at it, brushed it with his sleeve, and then did the sime thing once more. Darn bumps the tile agin. Hev'rybody in the bus stawts gigglin'. 'E looks rarnd at 'em very dignerfied, and then puts is 'at on and stan's up, 'oldin' the strap with one 'and an' touching me on the shoulder with the other. "I beg your pawdon," says 'e, "but is this a rilewye-kerridge." "No," syes I, "it's gin'rally surposed ter be a 'bus." "Ah!" syes 'e, sittin' darn agin, "then I *am*." Ho yus, and so 'e was, but if it 'adn't bin fur thet one thing nobody couldn't 'ave told it. I dessay thet's a sort o' thing as comes with practice. Bein' a joodishus man myself, I ain't practised. It's a very unyooshal thing fur me ter whort yer might call exceed. In course, with the cold weather a-comin' on, and the need fur old rum bein', as yer might sye, more notisable by the yooming system in cornserquence, a man mye mike a mistike. I 'ont sye as I've never mide a mistike myself. But as fur gittin' inter the 'abit of it, why I'd sooner drink lemernide nor 'ave it 'appen. And thet's syin' a good deal.

* * * *

'Ere's a 'awd kise as I come acrorst the other dye. A driver as I knows, a respec'able man by the nime of Jeckson, walked out with a grite, showy, 'igh-steppin', red-'aired gel. I won't sye as the bans was ackshally up, but 'e'd give 'er a ring as were well worth fifteen bob of any man's money, fur I seed it myself. It were quite a understood thing as they were to be fixed up next month. Well, she brikes it horf. Thet were bad enough, but it weren't all. You'd a thought as she'd 'ave sent thet ring back, sich bein' the lyedy-like thing ter do. Well, she didn't. She swopped it ter another gel fur seven bob and a velvit 'at. Then she took up with a sojer, and spent that seven bob in ridin' with 'im up an' darn on the top o' Jeckson's 'bus. Jeckson 'e cud 'ear 'em torkin' at 'im, and, in course, 'e 'ad 'is 'orses ter look arter, and couldn't do nutthink. They alwise got horf, too, jest afore the end o' the rowte, else 'e might 'ave took 'is chawnce with thet sojer then. As it was, theer weren't no setisfection for 'im any wye. Reg'lar crool, I call it.

ELIZA AND THE INK.

By Barry Pain.

The ink-pot contained a shallow sediment, composed of short hairs, adipose deposit, grated bricks, and a small percentage of moisture. It came out on the pen in chunks. When I had spoiled the third postcard, Eliza said I was not to talk like that.

"Very well, then," I said, "why don't you have the ink-pot refilled? I'm not made of postcards, and I hate waste."

She replied that anybody would think I was made of something to hear me talk. I thought I had never heard a poorer retort, and told her so. I did not stay to argue it further, as I had to be off to the City. On my return I found the ink-pot full. "This," I thought to myself, "is very nice of Eliza." I had a letter I wanted to write, and sat down to it.

I wrote one word, and it came out a delicate pale grey. I called Eliza at once. I was never quieter in my manner, and it was absurd of her to say that I needn't howl the house down.

"We will not discuss that," I replied. "Just now I sat down to write a letter——"

"What do you want to write letters for now? You might just as well have done them at the office."

I shrugged my shoulders in a Continental manner. "You are probably not aware that I was writing to your own mother. She has so few pleasures. If you do not feel rebuked now——"

"I don't think mamma will lend you any more if you do write."

"We will not enter into that. Why did you fill the ink-pot with water?"

"I didn't."

"Then who did?"

"Nobody did. I didn't think of it until tea-time, and then—well, the tea was there."

I once read a story where a man laughed a low, mirthless laugh. I did that laugh then. "Say no more," I said. "This is contemptible. Now I forbid you to get the ink—I will get it myself."

* * * * *

On the following night she asked me if I had bought that ink. I replied, "No, Eliza; it has been an exceptionally busy day, and I have not had the time."

"I thought you had forgotten it, perhaps."

"I supposed you would say that," I said. "In you, it does not surprise me."

* * * * *

A week later Eliza said that she wanted to do her accounts. "I am glad of that," I said. "Now you will know the misery of living without ink in the house."

"No, I sha'n't," she said, "because I always do my accounts in pencil."

"About three months ago I asked you to fill that ink-pot with ink. Why is it not done?"

"Because you also definitely forbade me to get any ink to fill it with. And you said you'd get it yourself And it wasn't three months ago."

"I always knew you could not argue, Eliza," I replied. "But I am sorry to see that your memory is failing you as well."

* * * * *

On the next day I bought a penny bottle of ink and left it behind me in an omnibus. There was another bottle (this must have been a week later) which I bought, but dropped on the pavement, where it broke. I did not mention these things to Eliza, but I asked her how much longer she was going to wreck our married life by neglecting to fill the ink-pot. "Why," she said, "that has been done days and days ago! How can you be so unjust?"

* * * * *

It was as she had said. I made up my mind at once to write to Eliza's mother—who really has very few pleasures. I felt happier now than I had done for some time, and made up my mind to tell Eliza that I had forgiven her. I wrote a long, cheerful letter to her mother, and thought I would show it to Eliza before I posted it. I called upstairs to her "Come down, darling, and see what I've done."

Then I sat down again, and knocked the ink-pot over. The ink covered the letter, the table, my clothes, and the carpet; a black stream of it wandered away looking for something else to spoil.

Then Eliza came down and saw what I had done. To this day she cannot see that it was entirely her own fault.

"JOHN ALLINGHAM v. DICK HALWARD."

Two cases of very remarkable interest were tried last week. John Allingham, a blonde, middle-aged man of the world, who seemed to feel acutely his unfortunate position, and was not very distinct at nervous moments, was defended by that eminent and now severe counsel, Arthur Wing Pinero. There was a time when this learned barrister was wont to smile in court and crack jokes at the expense of magistrates, but of late gravity sits solemnly on his wigged head, and it is evident that he is going into training for the Bench.

Dick Halward, the second hero of a *cause célèbre*, not charged this time with breaking women's hearts, but with a serious misappropriation of trust funds, had the benign and gentle air of a healthy country clergyman, and had the good luck to be defended, with skill and heart, by that rising and popular young lawyer, Jerome K. Jerome, whose brilliant oratory might surely have saved him from some very rude and unnecessary interruptions in court.

John Allingham has the misfortune to be married to the most detestable specimen of womanhood ever created —a jealous shrew. She blows hot and cold, cuddling poor John at one moment, and the next throwing things at him. Now John is a perfect gentleman, but he cannot stand the Laodicean temperament of his wife. So he seeks consolation at the cheerful hearth of the wife of a friend, a cold and calculating Scotchman. Mrs. Fraser is just the sort of woman to console a "misunderstood" man. There is no nonsense about her. She is ill-bred, slangy, badly educated, and apparently devoid of conscience. This is the way this lady in high society talks:

"Yes, they shall have a pretty picture in their minds of me *t'other* side of the Channel, with my finger to my nose like a cheeky urchin. Oh! my heavens, how *I hate 'em, hate 'em, Hate 'em.*"

It was not at all surprising that "Fraser, of Locheen," did not get on very well with this cigarette-smoking, vulgar little creature. He would have found more educated diction in the servants' hall at Locheen, but Mrs. Fraser is a "new woman," and as such is excused by the up-to-date bike-riding Battersea set. One of her peculiarities when her husband is away in Scotland is to get her "affinity" to walk outside her house, when she is at the opera, just as the policemen, soldiers, and tradesmen's boys do for Mary the housemaid, and Jane the cook, and then when the house is still, and midnight has sounded to ask the cold or damp "affinity" into my lady's parlour, to warm himself, drink himself "cumfy," smoke himself, and to get "understood" until four o'clock in the morning. There was no evidence whatever that Mrs. Fraser ever exceeded in any way except as regards cigarette-smoking and slang.

One of the witnesses called down a very strong rebuke from the Bench for implying that, because on one occasion when Mrs. Fraser being tired out, hungry, and as nervously prostrated as a woman well could be, and gulped down two glasses of champagne, which got into her head and made her hysterical—she was therefore an habitual drunkard if not something worse. I will give the words of the witness, because they form the most remarkable misrepresentation of fact ever presented in a court of justice.

"But the notions of a woman of this type are so curious and inconsequent that we can quite understand her husband's anxious doubts when he heard of the affair. A lady who smokes cigarettes, and tosses off champagne by the tumblerful may not remember every little trifling physical endearment which passes between her and her Platonic friend all alone in her chamber at three o'clock in the morning."

This glaring inaccuracy was too much for the judge, who had to point out that the champagne drinking did not take place until long after the midnight meeting, and occurred, not at South Kensington, but at a cottage near Epsom! However, John Allingham got into a scrape. His wife was no disciple of Plato. She was far more inclined to believe in the "physical endearments" of John, so this second case of Rebellious Susan was brought into Court. Our worthy John had not even the excuse that he was at church with Mrs. Fraser. It was not Christmas Eve, and there were no midnight services anywhere, but an ecclesiastical tone was introduced into the case when the Judge gave Mrs. Fraser the Benefit of the Doubt; he punished the poor thing very severely by handing her boldly over to a prosy old Protestant Bishop.

John Allingham, during his trial, received the sincere sympathy of all men of the world, for when he got clear of the Divorce Court and all its worry, he was hunted out, not only by his jealous wife and his vulgar, Platonic friend, but he was set upon by all their nagging, and nagging relations who chivied him from one room to another in his own house, making faces, and "girding" at him. Any port in a storm. I really don't believe John broke his heart when Rebellious Susan—I mean Mrs. Fraser—went off with the Bishop and his apron in a hired fly, and he was left with his Protean wife.

In this case of John Allingham the most brilliant and convincing evidence was given by Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Lily Hanbury, who were cheered to the echo by the crowded court. Mr. Leonard Boyne bore his troubles nobly, and Arthur Pinero may be congratulated on the happy termination of a very difficult and intricate case.

Dick Halward's trial was a far more serious affair. In it there were the true dramatic elements of humanity and pity. A woman was, of course, at the bottom of the trouble of Dick Halward. "Cherchez la Femme." Poor Dick loved a girl to distraction, but she was rather a worldly young woman, and did not believe in "bread and cheese and kisses." She turned up her pretty little nose at a suburban villa and £1,000 a year, but hinted that if it were multiplied by five, perhaps she would think the matter over, and consent. Then there came a terrible temptation in the way of Dick Halward. An old friend of his died in Mexico, leaving a large fortune to Dick Halward the barrister, in trust for his legitimate son, whose mother he had deserted years ago. Now, Dick knew that son, and the secret of his birth. But love so burned at his heart and consumed his soul that he destroyed the evidence of the trust and banked the capital in his own name. Then the proud but saddened heir to £5,000 a year went back to Miss Marion Terry, who, with more than the usual slice of woman's inconsistency, point-blank refused both Dick and his fortune.

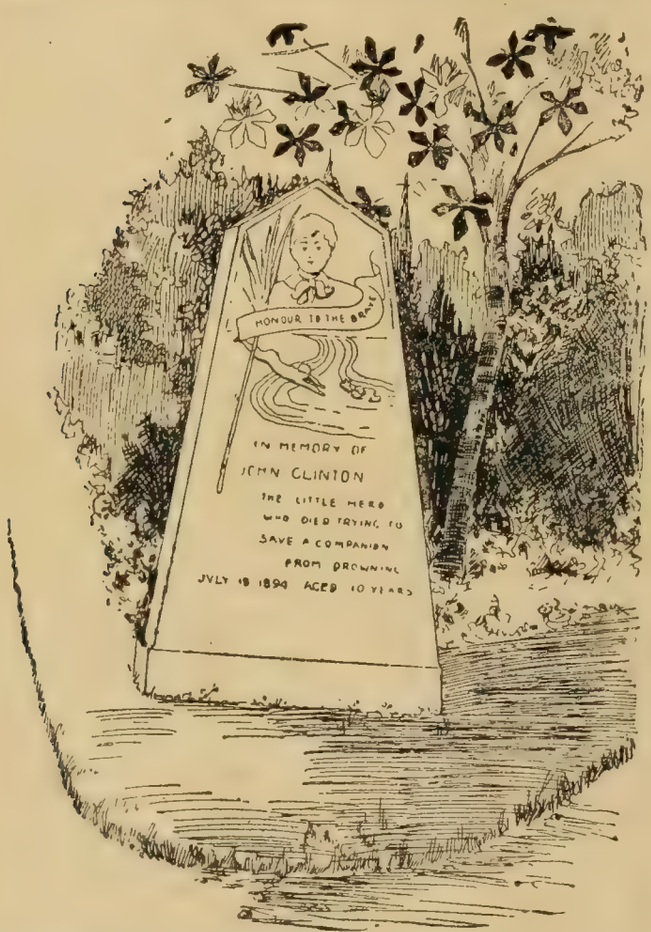
When he had £1,000 a year she was not going to marry a pauper; when he had £5,000 a year she was not going to be bought as a bribe—she was not for sale. So Dick had committed a fraud all for nothing. But, thanks to a very officious photographic journalist, fate was hunting him down, step by step. At last the evidence against Dick was so conclusive that there was nothing left him but confession, and a "cup of cold poison." He made the confession first, and so beautiful was it that there was not a dry eye in the court, and Mr. E. S. Willard, whose assumed name was Dick Halward, was declared to have done one of the very best things in his life.

He and his counsel, Jerome K. Jerome, had brought human nature back to the stage of life. But Marion Terry was not the kind of girl to allow poor Dick to "peter out" with any prussic acid that ever came out of a doctor's sideboard or medicine chest. When has Marion Terry ever done an unfeminine or ungracious thing, save when she refused Dick and his £5,000 a year, merely to allow the play to go on? Had she not done so, it would all have been over long before. So, when all his friends had turned their backs on Dick Halward, Marion Terry was heard murmuring to herself—

"Come, rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd have fled from thee, yet I am still here."

And the very dramatic trial ended with a charming picture. The prussic acid was returned to the surgery, and once more "love was lord of all." Mr. Willard, Miss Marion Terry, and Mr. Jerome left the court amidst the cordial congratulations of their many friends.

And what are we to derive from the result of these trials? Well, this, I think—that up-to-date plays are trembling in the balance, and that there is a strong market for Human Nature!



Memorial erected by the Gallantry Fund to the late John Clinton, a little boy who lost his life in rescuing his friend from drowning, July 18th, 1894.

A MOMENT'S GLANCE.

I saw her once, once only in the street,
A moment's glance caught in the motley throng
Of one whose steps seem'd measured to a song,
And traced some graceful dance with fairy feet.

Was she a naïad stray'd from her retreat?
Her face was fair as is a forest flower,
Her hair and eyes as bright as day's mid-hour,
Her form an Eden where all raptures meet.

Strange, that a girl one chances thus to see
An instant one may not as soon forget!
Her face, her lips, her eyes form dreamily
In smoke that rises from my cigarette,
She was a nameless stranger unto me,
Alas, and I to her, and yet, and yet.

Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres possess as great advantages for Carriages as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

THE ARMY AS A PROFESSION.

A CHAT WITH ANOTHER BALACLAVA HERO

The interview with John Hickey, which appeared in last week's To-Day, was the means of obtaining for me an introduction to another Balaclava hero. William Colson is sixty-five, is now in St. Stephen's Ward, Guy's Hospital. His clear intelligence presented a striking contrast to that of poor old Hickey. In appearance, too, he is very different. Colson is a thin, wiry man, with a face that betokens an inflexible will and a dogged determination, a face that reminded me both of Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Carson, Q.C. But, like Hickey, Colson was modestly reticent when speaking of the famous charge.

"It was one big crash—that was all, although we found afterwards that it lasted half-an-hour. It was a case of cut and thrust the whole time. My horse was shot almost at the outset, and I fell down in a heap with about twenty or thirty other horses and men. I picked myself up, found another horse, mounted, and came out of the engagement without receiving a scratch."

"Do you consider that the Charge was the bravest thing the English have ever done?"

"It was the most foolhardy," replied Colson warmly. "Of course, it was a mistake, but no one will ever know who was to blame, as the aide-de-camp who brought the news was the first man to be killed—as you probably know. He was a fine fellow."

"And what would you say is the best thing Englishmen ever did in the way of fighting?"

"Rorke's Drift, without a doubt. I wasn't in that, of course."

"What were your sensations when you heard the command to charge?"

"There was no time for thinking much, but I don't fancy many of us quite realised the danger. It's when you face powder and shot for the first time in your life that you have the sort of feeling you mean. When a young fellow sees his mates being shot down all round him, and he's not at all sure whether it won't be his turn next—that's the time he starts thinking about his mother, if he's got one. But there were some good women to the front about then, as well as men. Miss Nightingale was there—a perfect angel. Every man in the army worshipped her."

"What did you do when you had finished?"

"Oh, we went in and had a grog all round—jolly good old rum—we wanted it, and it did us good. No, I don't fancy there were many teetotallers about that winter."

"You served your full time—the long service—didn't you?"

"Yes, and if I were to have my life all over again I'd still be a soldier. This short service that you hear so much about now-a-days doesn't do at all—at least, not to my way of thinking. Why, by the time they've turned a raw recruit into a good soldier they start him off. What's the good of it?"

"And your late Commander-in-Chief—how did you like him?"

"Oh, he was all right when you knew him; but you'd got to know him first—a good man."

"And the present one?"

"The best man they could have got for the job."

"Now it's all over, are you quite comfortable?"

"Well, I get my pension, and my son, who's in the army, is very kind to me. I am glad I came here. I have everything done for me that can be done, and everybody is as attentive as they can be. I'm getting better, too."

"And what do you think of the army as a profession for young men?"

"Capital—first-rate. Not but what there are some things I wouldn't like to see altered, mind you. There's the question of promotion. Now, I daresay you often see notices that so-and-so has been promoted from such-and-such a rank to such-and-such a rank. That looks

very nice, but too often it only means that the men have been what we used to call "Sandhurst failures." A young fellow goes up to Sandhurst, can't pass his exams., gets hard up, and enlists as a private. Of course, he stands a much better chance of promotion than the ordinary recruit. Still, I have seen many cases of men who have risen from the ranks to very high positions in the army, and there's no reason why a man shouldn't do so if he makes up his mind to get on. I know one man who fought his way up from a private to a colonel."

"Then you'd recommend young men to enlist?"

"Rather! It's a splendid life. You have the chance of seeing other countries and other nations, without any expense to yourself, to say nothing of the pleasure of marching about England and seeing your own country properly, and—er——"

"And having all the girls falling head-over-heels in love with you," I suggested.

"You soon get tired of that," said Colson, with a knowing smile.

W. P.

THE SNAIL'S TALENT FOR SLEEPING.

The common snail has lungs, heart, and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air-breathing creature. This notwithstanding, he can live on indefinitely without inhaling the least atom of air—that which is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs. Leppert says: "To all organised creatures the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment, and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made, he does not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of organised beings," for the experiments made by Professor Spallanzani prove that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in its case without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

It is a fact well-known that the common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of the frosty weather, and that the opening or mouth of the shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to both air and water. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three out of the four elements of life mentioned by Leppert, viz., air, water, and nourishment.

Taken after he has been thus handicapped for months, he may be plunged into a chemical mixture 100 degrees colder than the degree marked at Fahrenheit's zero and allowed to remain in that chilly solution for weeks. Yet as soon as restored to normal temperature life is renewed, and the snail soon regains his natural powers, clips the silken curtain from his house door, and begins to feed as naturally as though just awakening from a winter's sleep. Spallanzani kept a snail of the great helix family hermetically sealed in a glass tube, from which all air had been carefully removed, for a period of four years and two months, yet he declares that the creature regained all its normal functions within less than an hour after being exposed to a temperature of 90 degrees.

Coats—I understand that when Lord de Loode proposed as Dolly Cashface, she nearly twisted his neck with her exuberant embrace.

Notes—Sort of engagement wring, I suppose.

THE HOXTON BREWERY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

SHARE CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

Divided into 6,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each and 6,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each.

The Preference Shares will be entitled, out of the profits of the Company, to a Fixed Cumulative Preference Dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, and will also rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares as to capital.

The whole of the Ordinary Shares will be allotted to the Vendors as fully paid up, in part payment of the purchase-money.

The Debenture Stock will be a first charge secured by a specific Mortgage to the Trustees on all the Freehold and Leasehold Properties of the Company and generally by a Floating Charge on all the assets of the Company. It will be redeemable at the option of the Company at any time after January 1st, 1906, at a premium of 10 per cent:

Interest on the Debenture Stock will be payable on the 1st April and 1st October in each year, the first proportionate payment to be made on 1st April, 1896.

Applications are invited for £145,000 Four and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, which will be issued at par in multiples of £10.

£60,000 divided into 6,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each.

Payable as follows:—Debenture Stock—On application, £10 per cent.; on Allotment, £90 per cent. Preference Shares—On Application, £1 per Share; on Allotment, £4 per Share; and the balance within two months after Allotment. Payment in full may be made on Allotment under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

Trustees for the Debenture Holders.—ALLAN FIELD, Esq., 17, Chester-terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.; J. M. GRAHAM, Esq., 51, Burton-crescent, W.C.

Directors.—*GEORGE WYATT, Esq., East Harding-street, E.C., Chairman and Joint Managing Director; Sir ALBERT ALTMAN, 54 and 55, Aldersgate-street, E.C., and Elm Court, West Norwood; *HUGH B BELL, Esq., The Brewery, Hoxton-street, N., Joint Managing Director.
* Will join the Board after allotment.

Solicitors.—Messrs. NASH, FIELD, and Co., 12, Queen-street, E.C.

Bankers.—THE CITY BANK (LIMITED), Threadneedle-street, E.C., Shaftesbury-avenue, W., and all Branches.

Brokers.—Messrs. FITZGERALD and COHEN, Gresham House, Old Broad-street, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. A. ALTHANS and SON, Thornhill-road, Leyton.

Secretary.—Mr. H. GODBOLD. **Registered Office.**—The Brewery, Hoxton-street, N. **Temporary Office.**—12, Queen-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the old-established business known as "Bell's Brewery," Hoxton, London, N., belonging to Mr. Hugh B. Bell, together with the thirteen Licensed Houses held in connection therewith. And also for the purpose of acquiring and incorporating with the business the eighteen Licensed Houses belonging to Mr. George Wyatt, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, all of which are fully licensed, except one freehold Beer House.

The Properties have been valued by Messrs. Collier and Bowdich, Brewery Valuers, and they report as follows:—

24, Coleman-street (late of 28, Moorgate-street), London, E.C.
14th August, 1895.

We have surveyed the Leasehold Brewery at Hoxton, belonging to Mr. H. B. Bell, with the Plant and Rolling Stock, and 13 Leasehold Licensed Houses connected therewith, also the 18 Freehold and Leasehold Licensed Houses, with the Fittings and Furniture belonging to Mr. G. Wyatt, and we value the said properties and effects at one hundred and ninety-nine thousand two hundred pounds (£199,200).

Nothing is included in this amount for the general Goodwill.

COLLIER & BOWDICH.

The Books and Accounts have been audited by Messrs. Andrew Althans and Son, Brewers' Accountants, who report as follows:—

Thornhill-road, Leyton, 26th August, 1895.

We have carefully examined the accounts of "Bell's Brewery," Hoxton, and of Mr. George Wyatt, and before charging interest on capital and after making ample allowance for depreciation on leasehold properties, plant, and rolling stock, we certify the total net profits of the two businesses, worked separately, for the year ending 31st July, 1895, were eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds..... £8,759 0 0

Some of the properties have been acquired during the last year, and were purchased on the basis of payments; for this reason it is impossible to give more than one year's profits.

And we find, from the accounts of Mr. G. Wyatt, that his houses consumed for the year ending 31st July, 1895, 14,459 barrels of London Beers, which, when added to the present output of the Brewery, will give an additional net brewing profit per annum of seven thousand two hundred and seventy-nine pounds ten shillings £7,279 10 0

Total net profit per annum £16,038 10 0

ANDW. ALTHANS and SON.

By the amalgamation the present trade of the Brewery will be increased by about 300 barrels weekly, with a corresponding increase in the Brewing Profit, as is shown in the Auditors' Report. A considerable economy will also be effected by carrying on the whole of the business under one administration.

The security of the Debenture Stock will, therefore, consist of the whole Assets of the Company as follows:—

Brewery Premises, Licensed Houses, and Inventories, Plant, Casks, Drays, and Horses, as per Valuation.....	£199,200
Working Capital	20,000
Total.....	£219,200

The amount required to pay interest on the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares is £6,525 and £3,600 per annum respectively. It will thus be seen that there is ample margin to provide a substantial dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

Applications for Debenture Stock and Preference Shares should be made direct to the Company's Bankers. If no Allotment be made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and forms of Application may be obtained at the Company's Offices, and of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

The full prospectus was published in all London and leading provincial papers on Saturday, the 19th inst.

IN THE CITY.

WATCH CLUBS AND THEIR WAYS.

We have received a batch of correspondence from a victim of one of these clubs, which illustrates the way in which they carry on their business.

In November 1893 a representative of a firm which for the present shall be nameless, called on our correspondent at his place of business and asked him to start a watch-club there. Our correspondent declined to have anything to do with it, but a few days afterwards the firm sent him a watch, with price lists, etc. The watch was said to be worth 30s., and our correspondent was to get twenty per cent. for selling it. Having already refused to have anything to do with the firm, he simply put the watch away until he should hear from them. This he soon did. At first he got persuasive, then threatening letters, followed by a notice from a debt collecting society. Our correspondent taking no notice of this latter document, he was summoned to appear at the City of London Court on the 8th July of the present year, for 24s., with 2s. for cost of plaint, making in all 26s.

Our correspondent duly attended, with the result that the Registrar adjourned the summons for a month, and ordered the defendant's costs to be paid by the plaintiff, the Registrar remarking that if the case came before him again he would allow our correspondent full costs and expenses. On July 19th he received the following communication from the solicitors of the plaintiff:—

> Between Henry Edward ——, trading as the —— Company (Plaintiff), and C. Gibbs (Defendant).
>
> We, C. J. Smith and Gofton, solicitors for, and on behalf of the above named plaintiff, from this day forth will abandon his claim against the abovenamed defendant in this action.
>
> Dated this 19th day of July, 1895.
>
> Yours, etc., C. J. Smith and Gofton.
>
> 16, Mark Lane, E.C.
>
> To the abovenamed defendant and the Registrar.

Our correspondent had always been willing to give up the watch provided the firm sent for it and paid costs as ordered by the Court. These expenses remain unpaid, but on the 16th inst. our correspondent received the following letter from the plaintiff himself.

> New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus,
> 16th October, 1895.
>
> Sir—You have a watch of *ours* in your possession. We must know by *return of post* what you are going to do. If you wish to purchase it we will accept easy payments if made at once. If not then we will send stamps for return to us.
>
> But, understand we mean business, and if we don't have a speedy reply, shall place the matter in the hands of our solicitors, and shall make this transaction an expensive one for you.
>
> Yours etc.

It is all very impudent. The order of the Court is quietly ignored, the formal notice of abandonment sent by the solicitors of the company is also ignored, the expectation apparently being that our correspondent would be frightened into taking the watch; as it happened he is not to be caught in that way. But the extent of this system of annoyance will be understood when we say that on the day when our correspondent was summoned to the City of London Court there were 200 similar cases down for hearing in which the same firm figured as plaintiffs. Is the law quite powerless to stop such annoyance?

THE COMING BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

The financial section of the Committee of the Brussels Exhibition of 1897 have hit upon a very ingenious plan to raise the wind. They propose to issue 500,000 shares, or lottery tickets of the value of 25 francs, or £1, each, equal to 12,500,000 francs, or £500,000.

Each of these shares in the first place does duty as a season ticket for the Exhibition. Twenty-five tickets, or coupons, of the nominal value of one franc each, accompanies every share, and will be accepted as money on the Belgian and French railways from all provincial and foreign travellers to Brussels.

These twenty-five tickets or coupons can also be employed, if preferred, as payments at the theatres and concerts of the Metropolis or the side-shows of the Exhibition.

Each shareholder will also receive, as a free gift, a portfolio containing a general plan of the Exhibition, and historical notices and statistics of the Exhibition, of the town of Brussels, and of Belgium.

All these shares, although refunded twice over in the shape, firstly, of a season ticket for the Exhibition, and then twenty-five one-franc coupons, available for railway fare or theatres, concerts, etc., give the holders the right to participate in a series of six lotteries, which will be drawn every three months, the prizes to be in money, or in goods convertible to cash, at option of winner.

These lotteries will consist of a prize of £4,000: one of £800, one of £400, two of £200, four of £40, eight of £20, forty of £4, eighty of £2, and one hundred and sixty of £1, in all two hundred and ninety-seven prizes, of the total value of £6,400, or for the six lotteries, 1,782 prizes worth £38,400.

Furthermore, each of these £1 shares will give the happy possessor a chance in the *Grand Exhibition Lottery*. This contains the following prizes: the Grand Prize of £8,000, one of £4,000, one of £2,000, one of £1,000, one of £400, four of £200, ten of £40, twenty of £20, two hundred of £4, five hundred of £2, and 2,400 of £1; altogether 3,140 prizes, of the value of £21,600.

Nor is this all, for the bondholders will partake in the profits of the Exhibition to the tune of 30 per cent.

Some enterprising English syndicate might do worse than make a "corner" and boom the lot at a big profit.

THE LAW UNION AND CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY AND "TO-DAY."

We have received the following letter from the actuary of the Law Union and Crown Insurance Company:—

> Law Union and Crown
> Fire and Life Insurance Company,
> 126, Chancery Lane,
> London, W.C., 18th October, 1895.
>
> Sir,—I thank you for giving publicity to my replies to your statements as regards the advertisement of our bonuses, the nature of our valuation, and the rumoured retirement of the general manager.
>
> You now practically admit the fact that there is no connection whatever between the bonuses which have been, or may be, paid on "Crown" policies and those applicable to the policies we now issue. Obviously there is no connection whatever between the two; and the bonuses declared on "Crown" policies have no more effect upon our general business than those declared by an entirely separate company; in other words, they have no such effect at all.
>
> With the arguments you adduce in support of your opinion that our present bonus will not be maintained, I do not think I need deal, this being a matter on which you are fairly entitled to any opinion you please. I strongly hold that nothing is to be gained by entering upon a technical controversy with a public journal; my sole object in intervening in the present case has been to correct what were, doubtless, unintentional misrepresentations on your part.
>
> I regret that one of these, and that rather a serious one, still remains outstanding. When I told you that the statements as regards our general manager were without foundation, the remark was intended to apply to *all* those statements. While admitting the inaccuracy of the rumour as to his retirement you add, "but all the same the power, as we have heard more than once, exists." Your informants are mistaken. The power does *not* exist. This is so obviously a matter of fact, upon which we alone can be in possession of correct information that I feel sure I have only to mention it to settle the question: which I am the more anxious to do as the general manager, being now abroad on business, has not the opportunity of doing himself.
>
> If you will be so good as to print this letter, the question at issue between us may be considered as closed.
>
> I am, Sir, yours obediently,
>
> S. G. Warner, Secretary and Actuary.

We have, of course, no hesitation in accepting Mr. Warner's assurance that we were mistaken as to the general manager.

COMPANY REGISTRATION.

The Mining boom of the last few months has added immensely to the revenue received by Somerset House in the form of stamp duty on registrations. If we take the nine months ended September 30 of the last three years we find that the Somerset House receipts for 1893 amounted to £83,000; for 1894 to £105,000, and in the present year to £150,000, giving round figures. The largeness of the development in recent months will be seen from the following figures:—

Month.	1893.		1894.		1895.	
	No. of companies Registered.	Total amount of Capital.	No. of companies.	Total amount of Capital.	No. of companies.	Total amount of Capital.
January	174	5,802,849	191	5,004,554	286	10,872,331
February	202	4,341,577	192	5,783,362	246	8,043,339
March	200	5,599,203	224	9,016,851	288	19,872,077
April	197	6,472,323	216	7,253,922	246	15,263,095
May	209	11,182,387	217	12,297,457	301	15,964,659
June	197	8,404,860	234	11,926,397	218	11,178,055
July	200	7,003,082	200	8,117,152	314	20,270,623
August	155	11,516,756	167	4,913,811	328	25,123,310
September	156	4,579,795	200	5,667,237	327	28,810,232
October	177	5,414,445	255	9,289,938	—	—
November	179	5,152,146	306	13,261,040	—	—
December	201	6,962,258	261	13,224,457	—	—

Take the month of September in the three years. In 1893 the number of companies registered in the month of September

was 156, representing a capital of £4,579,795; in September 1894 the number rose to 200, and the capital to £5,667,237; whilst last month 737 companies were registered, with a capital of £28,810,232!

THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE.

It is a little amusing to find that excellent paper, the *St. James's Gazette* taking credit for its exclusive information about Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch, in which he advises the British Guiana Government to get an additional Maxim gun. The dispatch in question, together with several others, was published in the Georgetown newspapers, which were over here a couple of days before our contemporary made reference to the matter. However, the important thing is to know that the Government has at last insisted upon a settlement of the frontier difficulty. Now that the gold industry is developing in British Guiana, and some of the best of the goldfields are believed to be in the debatable land, amicable settlement is more difficult, but there must be a settlement even though troops have to be sent to the frontier.

Meantime we observe that the Governor of British Guiana is over here to discuss matters with Mr. Chamberlain, and it is to be hoped that he will take the opportunity of advising Imperial assistance in the development of the Guiana Gold Fields. Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that a syndicate should pay a large sum for the mineral rights over a wide area is not practicable. The first want of the colony is better communication with the goldfields, and if there is to be that it must be done by the Colonial Government, helped, if need be, in the way of guarantee, by the Mother-Country.

A SULPHIDE ORE COMPANY.

We hear that in the course of the next few days a company will be put before the public which claims to be in the possession of patents for the treatment of complex and other ores in a much more complete and satisfactory way than they have been treated hitherto. We are always a little sceptical as to patents warranted to work marvellous results, and we have had many patents for the treatment of complex ores. But if the process here referred to can do anything like what is claimed for it it should not only mean very big dividends for its shareholders, but also salvation for many of the silver companies. We are informed that the process has been at work on a small scale for some months past with very satisfactory results, and that it has satisfied very practical men who have seen it at work. The advent of the company—it should be out in the early days of next week—will be awaited with much interest.

MR. BEGELHOLE AGAIN.

Referring to our paragraph of last week upon the Coolgardie Conspiracy Case, in which Mr. Begelhole figures as plaintiff, a correspondent sends us the following cutting from the *Sydney Town and Country Journal* of August 31st.

> A rather exciting incident occurred in Bayley Street, Coolgardie, on Saturday. Certain charges against Messrs. Pettigrew and Urquhart in connection with the sale of a mine are being heard, and the defendants were further remanded on Saturday owing to the illness of some witnesses. Captain Begelhole, the well-known mine promoter and expert, is concerned in the prosecution, and it is alleged that as he met Mrs. Pettigrew, the wife of one of the defendants, in the street, he jeered at her. Mrs. Pettigrew was in a buggy at the time, but she drew up, and replied to Captain Begelhole's remarks by thrashing him with her whip. There was much excitement over the incident, as well as some amusement.

It must have been a moving scene.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED.

Since our reference to this company in our last issue sundry adverse criticisms have appeared in the columns of London contemporaries. Something like a "dead set" has been made at the machine by a section of the London Press. It is no new thing this rather bitter opposition to any new invention whose success must materially and prejudicially affect many interests. The best answer to it is the appeal to Time. The inventor is confident that the superiority he claims for his machine is a genuine superiority. He invited riders who wish to get at the truth to try the machine, when he is confident that they will agree with him that it is an easier and quicker—a much easier and quicker—machine than any with which it has to compete. We do not know what better test can be asked for. Meantime, we are informed that on Friday Hunt covered a mile on the machine in 1 min. 39 4-5 sec., and that this performance is 13 4-5 sec. better than Gibbons-Brooks' record mile at Catford.

THE "SLUMP" AND HATTON GARDEN.

A Glasgow correspondent sends us the following letter. He knows nothing of Mr. Edward M. Marcosa:—

> 23 Hatton Garden,
> London, E.C., October 1895.
>
> Dear Sir,—The slump in the Share Market will hit some of the Hatton Garden fraternity heavily, and for a few days a lot of fine jewels can be bought cheap.
>
> Is there anything you could do with, and, if so, would you allow me to send you a parcel on approval?
>
> It is quite an exceptional moment.
>
> Assuring you at all times of my best services, I am yours truly,
> E. M. Marcosa.

The "exceptional moment" is good.

Mr. F. J. Kenworthy, of 18, Westminster Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, is distributing a circular broadcast, from which we take the following:—

> I presume that you are willing to invest a little (in African and Australian gold mining shares), but are not sufficiently acquainted with the markets to know what to buy. As I am a buyer, and am constantly watching the prices, I invite you to send me any small sum, say £10 and upwards, and I will include it in my next purchase and divide the profit with you. I guarantee your receiving at least 5 per cent. per annum upon your investment, but the probability is that you will get 50 per cent. and upwards, but I do not undertake to state what stocks I invest in.

A little impudent, eh? Mr. Kenworthy guarantees, but who is to guarantee Mr. Kenworthy?

We understand that Sir Joseph Renals sails for Australia, where he will join Mr. Calvert's party, immediately upon the expiration of his term of office. Sir Joseph will be accompanied by Lady Renals, and, we have no doubt, will find a hearty welcome awaiting him in Westralia.

Mr. D. J. MacCrae sailed for the United States on Saturday, and expects to be away about a month. Barring the sling, he shows no outward signs of his very nasty accident.

NEW ISSUES.

The Hoxton Brewery, Limited. Share Capital £120,000. Debenture issue of £145,000 Four and a Half Per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.—The company is formed to acquire and work the old-established business of Bell's Brewery, Hoxton, and the present debenture issue will be a first charge, secured by a specific mortgage on all the freehold and leasehold properties of the company, and generally a floating charge on all the assets of the company. The leasehold property, plant, etc., has been valued by Messrs. Collier and Bowditch at £199,200 which, with the working capital of £20,000, together with £219,200 will be the security for the debenture issue. The amount required to pay interest on the debenture stock is £6,525, and the net profits per annum are certified to have been for the year ended July 31st, 1895, £16,038.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Tetuans. R. H. (Bola).—We know of nothing that is likely to make them valuable. **Four Shares.** Minet (Birmingham).—You should hold them all. They are all pretty certain to go better before the date you mention. **National Benefit Trust.** C. C. (Fallowfield).—We should prefer some others. We are obliged for your good wishes. **Gwelo Matabeleland Exploration Company.** J. W. S. (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—We do not recommend purchase, unless you can buy, lock up, and forget that you have them. They may turn out all right. **Great Boulders.** W. G. H. (Cricklewood).—There is sometimes a difficulty in these busy times. We will do what we can. **Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** Unionist (Wormit-on-Tay).—We do not think you could go wrong in buying to average at the price you name. Anyway hold the shares you have for a better price. The recent fall is due in part to a good many shares in Australian hands being thrown upon the market. Besides, it is time to have some news as to crushings. **Outside Brokers.** D. McL. (Portree).—We advised you, as you asked, to have nothing to do with these people and the shares they recommend. You would be very foolish to follow their advice. The shares in question are those of a company about which little or nothing is known that is reassuring. **Development and Finance Corporation.** Subscriber. (Herne Hill).—Yes, fairly so, on the terms you mention. **Murchison Diamond and Gold Mines, Limited.** Cocoa. (Belfast).—If you can get out at the price you bought at you will be lucky. **Standing of Company.** J. B. M. (Downpatrick) — We know nothing against the company, but it is wiser to buy through a member of the Stock Exchange. We cannot advise you to buy any of the shares you name. **Wabash Debentures.** J. A. C. (Belfast).—It is quite possible, but confidant prediction would be absurd. We should hold both the other bonds. It is reasonable to assume that there will be improvement in the question within the time named. **British Home Investment Corporation.** T. M. C. (East Dulwich).—Not suitable for your purpose. **Two Mining Shares.** J. G. K. (South Boldon).—They are not the kind of shares to buy for "investment" purposes. Sell if you can do so without loss. **Sundry Mining Shares.** J. L. S. (Hanley).—You might have made a worse selection. No. 3 represents shares in a company that may have a further long spell of prosperity, but has at present to reckon with some serious difficulties. You should do well with No. 4, and probably with No 5, if you have bought upon the recent fall. **Bayley's Reward.** Nemo. (Sheffield).—We should not sell just now, but get rid of them when they have another spurt.

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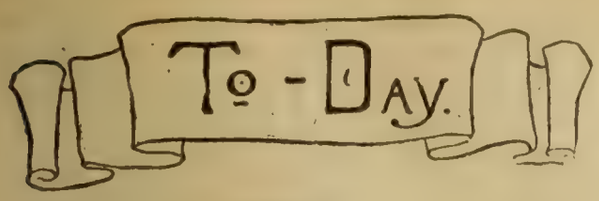


CONTENTS.

PAGE
The Blemish on Oak Tree Villa. By Alfred Hurry. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer ... 353
About Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude ... 356
A Lone Wolf ... 358
Superstitions of the Chinese. By Laura B. Starr ... 359
Feminine Affairs ... 360
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 362
"John Allingham v. Dick Halward" ... 363
The Army as a Profession ... 364
The Snail's Talent for Sleeping ... 365
In the City ... 366
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 369
Club Chatter ... 373
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 377
A Prisoner of War. Words by G. K. M. Music by H. Chilver-Wilson ... 378
Character-Reading from the Face. X. The Throat and Neck. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. ... 380
"The Business Girl." A Chat with Miss Ada Reeve ... 380
Some Celebrated Literary Forgeries ... 383

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* is angry with me because I interfere in matters which that newspaper evidently considers to be exclusively its own property. The hack journalist, with his one-compartment mind, is always astonished at discovering that other men are capable of viewing life from two or three different standpoints. Because I have written books and plays, the *Newcastle Daily Leader* stands aghast at my temerity in daring to have an opinion upon any other matters. I am sorry if I irritate the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, but the only way out of the difficulty that I can conceive is for that journal to come round to my view of questions, as I very much fear that I shall continue to hold opinions upon most subjects, and that I shall continue to express them without reference to the opinions of others—that being my habit and nature.

My contemporary is indignant with me because I wish to stop street collecting. Likewise it is hurt because I object to the cold-blooded murder of Englishmen by Chinese, and because I would stop Turkish brutality by a strong hand, when milder measures have proved futile. The *Newcastle Daily Leader* thinks it is wrong to interfere with people in this way (for a Radical paper to object to interference of any kind is quaint, seeing that the Radical programme for the last twenty years has been a programme of tyrannical interference with everybody and everything, and a suppression of free opinion by the help of the police) it would leave cruelty to stalk rampant through the world unchecked, it would leave Chinese mobs to murder Europeans at their own sweet will, and Bashi-Bazouks to exterminate Armenians by torture and pillage.

The *Newcastle Daily Leader* is also of opinion that I am among those who would divide the United Kingdom into groups. This, again, from the Radicals, whose watchword has always been "class against class," is also quaint, but I can assure my Newcastle friend that my object is by no means to assist in dividing a house against itself, and that whatever influence I may possess among young men (which influence my contemporary is good enough to assume is not unimportant), will never be used for any other purpose than that of helping to bind together all the strength and manhood of the nation in one strong whole. I argue with the *Newcastle Daily Leader* because it is typical of a large—though happily daily diminishing—section of thought. These hide-bound politicians, with their ill-fitting sentiments, made by the party caucus, and fitted upon them by the party whips, have divided the nation too long into quarrelling sections. They consider not the country as a whole, and its greatness and its honour and its usefulness to humanity are naught to them.

To their thinking it is impious that young men should think for themselves. They would make them all the slave of some worn-out shibboleth. They will permit no opinion that is not signed by the party leader, and approved of by a hired Press. They do not know it themselves; but the whole tendency of papers of the stamp of the *Newcastle Daily Leader* is to stifle thought, and to substitute platitudes for reason. In spite of their opposition I should be glad to see the old labels struck away, and a new party arise, knowing neither Conservatism nor Liberalism, knowing only that they are Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, joint heirs of a great inheritance, with a great duty and a great responsibility before them. Let the old men read their papers, and shudder with alarm at the thought that the country must be rushing down to ruin because the young men are beginning to think. But some of us are tired of being everlastingly preached at by journalists hired at a few pounds a week to write whatever opinions may be considered best by the business manager of the particular newspaper that has engaged them. The future of the country lies with men who have convictions, and opinions of their own, and who are going to dare to express them, who speak, not because they are paid to speak, not because they have been taught to speak, but because they think and feel.

William Cowan lays before me some correspondence which reads curiously. It appears that eighteen months ago William Cowan thought he would like to stand for the School Board at Glengarnock, and accordingly got himself nominated by the required number of electors. Both he and his nominators, however, happened to be *employés* in the service of the Glengarnock Iron and Steel Company, Limited, and the General Manager of this Company also wished to enter as a candidate. This being so, Mr Richards, the manager in question, wrote to Mr. Cowan, as follows:—"24th March, 1894. Dear Sir,—School Board Election.—I consider those who have nominated you have meant a joke, but have carried it too far, as it is simply making a fool not only of you and themselves, but also of Glengarnock and the Company. I must, therefore, ask you to withdraw your name at once, and hand in your paper duly signed to me, and I will return it.—Yours truly,—The Glengarnock Iron and Steel Company, Limited. — (Signed) E. Richards, — General Manager.

Mr. Cowan declined to resign, but it seems that the enforced withdrawal of a candidate can be brought about by his nominators unanimously signing a request to the

Returning Officer to that effect. As Mr. Cowan's nominators were *employés* in the Company's service their worldly wisdom suggested to them the advisability of their taking this course after a chat with a foreman of the works; and Mr. Cowan, therefore, did not go the poll. Thinking there might be another side to the question, I wrote to the Manager of the Glengarnock Iron and Steel Company, inviting comment. This gentleman—Mr. Edgar J. Windsor Richards—writes me, under date October 10th, 1895, as follows:—"In reply to yours of the 5th inst. I am not aware of any correspondence having taken place in connection with the School Board candidature of Mr. William Cowan in the spring of 1894, which, if published, would be in the public interest. Of course you have not given me a copy of what has been sent you, and I only express my opinion of the only letter I know of, the publication of which will be at your own risk."

The risk suggested by Mr. Richards I venture to face, as I consider that the matter *is* one of public interest. Mr. William Cowan may be a most undesirable candidate for a School Board, and Mr. Edgar J. Windsor Richards may have proved himself an ideal member, but if this little incident at Glengarnock in 1894 is the sort of thing that was intended to be tolerated when the School Board Act was passed, then School Board elections are a pure farce. It would be much better, so far as the Glengarnock district is concerned, were Mr. Richards, in future, to select his own candidate, and not trouble the district with the expense of a contest.

My Local Veto friends appear to be in high feather. They are satisfied that they have come forth from the General Election triumphant. They are on the high road to victory, their goal being total prohibition throughout the kingdom. They are fully determined upon this, and there is no stopping them. Mr. Caine is indignant at being interfered with, and dictated to by newspaper editors uninformed upon the question. The Temperance party are, indeed, quite shocked that, in this free England, anyone should attempt to interfere with them or dictate to them. Was ever such tyranny heard of? Mr. Caine is evidently all in favour of freedom of opinion and action—for himself. I would suggest to Mr. Caine, and men of his kidney, that they know nothing whatever about this matter, concerning which they talk so much, and they never will know anything until they go about and learn.

They shut themselves up in each other's back parlours and in flag-decorated halls, and spout by the hour about the condition of the country and the workingman. They get excited, make wild and utterly nonsensical statements, which, after a while, they come seriously to believe themselves. I have lived in the poorest quarters of London, and the most drunken quarters of London, for a good many years. I have not occasionally walk down a slum with a smelling-bottle to my nose; but, owing to circumstances over which I had, at the time, no control, I resided in close proximity. If Mr. Caine and the rest of these amiable, comfortable-living, well-fed, and well-dressed young ladies and gentlemen knew a little more about what they were talking, they would perceive in a moment that they were quite on the wrong tack—that they were doing nothing towards mitigating the evil they pretend to be shocked at. Half of them are self-advertising frauds, and the other half are folks with good hearts but weak heads, utterly ignorant of their subject, utterly incapable of learning from observation.

The sympathy of magistrates with cruelty is becoming a gross scandal. For torturing horses nearly to death they consider a fine of a few shillings ample punishment, and now at Bath for hideous cruelty to a child they inflict a fine of fifty shillings! The magistrates present were Sir R. S. Blaine (in the chair), Colonel Arnoll Davis, and Messrs. Moger and Hill. The defendants, Sydney and Mary Graves, were a married couple in a decent position, living at 2, New Bond Street Place, Bath. The victim of their cruelty was their little girl, aged six. One day, because the child had taken a peach, they beat her over the face with a bamboo cane, and then, holding her tongue, beat that also. The child was often confined in a room from morning until night without any food. It was constantly beaten and always covered with bruises. The father also joined in the sport of beating her. Screams from the child were heard day and night by the neighbours from year's end to year's end. The mother, Mrs. Graves, admitted herself to the police that she had beaten the child until she was tired and that her husband had then beaten her until the little creature could not stand. A constable visited the house on the 25th September and found the child's eyes black with blows from a stick.

On another occasion the mother beat the child about the face and neck with a stick She had caught her by the hair of her head and thrown her across the room. The father had beaten her with a horsewhip about the neck and arms. The child was often made to hold out her tongue while the parents struck it with a cane. Afterwards her mouth would be full of blood. Hearing this evidence these magistrates, who, no doubt, pose about old-fashioned Bath as Christian men, inflicted a fine, as I have stated, of two pounds ten shillings. To say that Sir R. S. Blaine, Colonel Arnoll Davis, Moger and Hill are unfit for the Bench, that the law is desecrated by their being allowed to abuse it, is saying little, because the same observations would apply in the case of two-thirds of the magistrates in England. These men have no natural bowels of compassion. They can never feel a moment's indignation against cruelty and wrong. A man who had poached a partridge they would probably commit to six months' imprisonment. Upon parents, who appear simply to have brought a child into the world for the pleasure of wreaking upon it their evil passions, they inflict a fine of a few shillings. It is a serious question whether the presence of Judge Lynch is not becoming necessary in England. In a civilised community, where the law is fearlessly and justly administered, he is an interfering curse. In a country where such things as I have put forth above are possible, he is needed.

Other cases of cruelty reaching me through the kindness of correspondents are as follow:—Before Sheriff Henderson, at Cupar (Scotland), the other week, two labourers were convicted, not of poaching, but the one of being in possession of a rabbit-net, and the other of trespassing. The first was fined seven-and-sixpence, with one guinea expenses, the other one pound, with

the same expenses. A carter, named David Macdonald, of Ashlar Lane, Cupar, was at the same court charged with placing a quantity of burning whins below the belly of a horse and then harnessing it to a loaded cart. The horse was severely burned. Sheriff Henderson fined him twenty shillings. At Belfast, a cattle-dealer was charged with sending cattle into the boats before the wounds caused by dishorning had been properly healed. The horns had been screwed out of the animals' heads, leaving deep wounds. The veterinary inspector proved that they must have been suffering extreme pain. The magistrates, Messrs. F. G. Hodder, R.M., James Jenkyns, and William Masterson, imposed a fine of twenty shillings.

One bench of magistrates appear to be honest men. A marine-store dealer of Bristol was charged before Admiral H. C. St. John and Mr. Edward Harwood with cruelly ill-treating a horse by working it when in an unfit state. The horse dropped down from exhaustion. The magistrates sent him to gaol for two months with hard labour, without the option of a fine. It is an oasis in the desert of magisterial love of cruelty to meet with such men as Admiral St. John and Edward Harwood on the English Bench. The Blackburn Borough Magistrates, on the other hand, have expressed themselves as full of determination to put a stop to cruelty to dumb animals. John Edward Wirwell, of 23, Princes Street; Edward Parker and William Clarke, both of Amberley Street, thrashed a horse with sticks, in which they had placed rusty nails. This excellent bench of cruelty-hating magistrates fined each of these young blackguards forty shillings and costs. Really, the majority of magistrates seem to be either fools or knaves.

Can any East-end friend give me any information concerning the character and antecedents of a Hoxton job-master named James Silverton, who appears to want looking after. The other day he sent out four horses in a brake. Two of the horses died on the way, one going, and one returning. The man who hired them, and who was very properly punished for taking them out at all, said that he had never seen such "shocking old crocks" in harness. That Silverton regarded the horses as worn out and done with seems to be proved by the circumstances that he made no claim for damage against the hirer. What is the meaning of a job-master keeping horses in his stable that drop down dead in the course of an ordinary journey? The police would do well to keep their eye on some of these job-masters, and the S.P.C.A. would do well to have an inspection of James Silverton's stables.

Those who object to their lives being shortened by street noises, should make a note of the date, Tuesday evening October 29th, at eight o'clock, when Mr. Charles Fox will speak upon the subject at 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

An old Crimean comrade of Hickey's is now in Sunderland Workhouse. Roach—that is the old fellow's name—was summoned for begging in the streets. In the dock he burst into tears, and informed the magistrate that he was ninety-nine years of age. The Bench told him that he must go to the workhouse, but it was only when threatened with imprisonment that he consented to do so. If the poor fellow's story be true, and I see no reason to doubt it, his history is a disgrace to the nation. Surely there might be some annexe to the Chelsea Hospital to shelter in old age such honourable wreckage.

I have to acknowledge the following subscriptions towards our Gallantry Fund:—W. T. T., 5s.; H. S., 5s. I have also received 10s. from S. W. H., 10s. from C. B., and 2s. 6d. from a correspondent, whose letter, I regret to say, has been mislaid, for John Hickey. I am in communication with Mr. Darrell Smith's solicitors respecting that gentleman's kind offer to provide for Hickey, and shall have more to say on the matter next week. Meanwhile, the old man is well looked after at St. Pancras Workhouse. On another page will be found a sketch of the John Clinton memorial, the expense of which was defrayed by our Gallantry Fund. A portrait of John Hickey will appear next week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(*I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.*)

J. W. B. R. writes in praise of Tommy Atkins, and suggests that British tourists wishful to gather impressions of the nation's greatness should take a run round Ireland and note some of her magnificent harbours and forts.

E. T. C. opines that the religion of the future will be ethical rather than priestly, and based on reason and scientific truth. All these matters are matters of conjecture. I should have no more faith in scientific truth than I have in dogma. To talk about the reason of mankind as applied to things outside this world is quaint, and as to science—well, it has not yet taught us how we came to exist or what we are. The greatest scientist that ever lived knows a little more than does a street arab, but not very much when you come to add it up.

R. C. K. writes me as follows:—"I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing to you the most grateful thanks for the help and strength I derive from your paper. I feel that it is almost impossible to be mean and cowardly after reading some of your energetic, yet sympathetic remarks." My correspondent suggests that medical advice might be given to subscribers by letter; but this is impossible. It is absolutely necessary that the doctor should see and study the patient with his own eyes. For a layman to dabble in drugs is absolutely dangerous.

R. W. P.—I have once or twice pointed out the absurdity of believing that a million used postage stamps, even if ever collected, could be of the slightest practical benefit to anybody. It may be, as you say, a dodge on the part of stamp-collectors.

J. H. McL.—The first thief was certainly entitled to the benefit of the First Offender's Act as much as the second, but I do not see any need to pity her over much. She undoubtedly committed a theft and was punished for it. H. B.—I could not tell you. D. G. O. (Leeds).—It is perfectly easy to write a grammatical sentence that is utterly bad English. The phrase "I want this letter writing," is clumsy and meaningless. H. E. J. I am sending your communication on to the writer of the articles. G. O. W.—You might try *Le Journal Amusant* (weekly, about 2d.), and *La Vie Parisienne* (weekly, about 5d.)

Barber Surgeons.—Write to Noseda, of 109, Strand. Your print is worth about two pounds.

Emig.—Apply to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. F.W.L.—The lady you mention is married. She is known professionally by her maiden name.

F. C. W.—I am glad to find a medical man agreeing as to the necessity of a careful supervision of vivisection. In England, I imagine, very little cruelty is committed upon this excuse, but the reports that reach us continually from the Continent, made by perfectly reliable men, are loathsome and horrible, an injury to science, and an eternal disgrace to your profession. Every unprejudiced man examining into the matter would be bound to admit that the highest excuse that can be offered for two-thirds of this cruelty is idle curiosity.

Medical.—I think you must have written your letter before reading my note on vivisection. I should call chemistry, perhaps, a science, but medicine pure and simple is undoubtedly guesswork, founded upon an extremely slight knowledge of the general principles underlying animal existence. Your argument simply proves that diagnosis is guesswork, and pleads very properly that it cannot be anything else. No one is arguing that it is the fault of medicine, all one argues is that every doctor knowing this to be a fact would do better to acknowlege it frankly than to hide it under a cloud of pedantry. I never supposed that vivisection was *always performed* without an anæsthetic. Your marriage suggestion would not fit in with human nature. You are presupposing the absence of individualism and of the gravitating power of natural instincts. With your suggestion that malformed and hopelessly

diseased children should be painlessly exterminated at birth I most cordially agree. It is not impossible that the sense of the community may before long arrive at the same conclusion. If the thing were done with careful restrictions it would be a great blessing. If done immediately at birth there would be no outrage on the affections of the parents, and an enormous amount of misery and suffering would be saved.

G. H. W.—It would be difficult to recommend you a better work for your purpose than Ollendorf, but you would probably get through as much work in half the time, and with the advantage of acquiring the correct pronunciation, by attending some educational institute in your vicinity.

J. D. R. (Wigan).—You would probably learn all you can from books in regard to black-and-white work by a perusal of Mr. Joseph Pennell's work, and there is a little handbook published by Upcott Gill which might be useful to you. Most artists have their own peculiar methods of getting over difficulties, but these can only be learnt in the school of experience.

Perplexed.—Every man must follow his own conscience in these matters. Never be guided by another man if your own mature judgment leads you to another conclusion. To me it seems that Nature intended us to marry about seventeen or eighteen, and to have no difficulty in keeping our offspring, nor did Nature, pure and simple, ever intend marriage as we have come to understand it. In old days, you must remember, polygamy was legal, and justified on religious grounds. If you wish to know the meaning of the word "adultery," it means the defilement of the marriage-bed. An unmarried man and woman cannot commit adultery. You must remember that civilisation has interfered with Nature's laws to a tremendous extent, and we are all of us living, as it were, an existence of compromise.

Saint of Baliol.—When I spoke of dismay at the unlimited numbers of mankind continuing through eternity I did not think of the quantity. The universe is large, and the confines of the endless are, of necessity, somewhat elastic. I was thinking rather of the quality of the crowd. Everything is eternal in one sense, of course. You cannot destroy matter, you can only change it. In this sense a cabbage is as eternal as a man.

G. M. is emphatic in saying that Mr. Gladstone has never been regarded as an orthodox Christian by those whose opinion is the only possible one worth having, namely true Christians themselves. G. M. is also emphatic as to his being one of these Christians.

Copy.—I should advise you to have nothing to do with the concern mentioned.

L. R. C.—I quite agree with you that no sane person could doubt the existence of a controlling power in the universe.

Subscriber and Others.—The Lord Rivulet paragraph was a vulgar and objectionable joke, which never ought to have crept into the paper, but it is impossible for an editor to keep his eye on every corner. I was extremely annoyed, and I thank you for drawing my attention to the matter.

J. M.—Your letter gave me the greatest of pleasure. I am sincerely glad if words of mine have been of any help to you. The story you tell me is a sad one, but, alas! not original. As you have suffered so have many. Weak wi l power is evidently a characteristic of your family. You would do well to strain every nerve to cultivate strength in case the temptation ever comes to yourself. It would be as well, under the circumstances, if you never touched drink, but do not depend on this alone. I have known men who have been teetotallers for twenty years, and then died a drunkard's death. Strength of will and self-respect are the weapons you must trust to. Your admiration of the passage you quote from Carlyle shows you to have the instincts of manhood. You must not ask me to criticise your story. I have made a rule never to do so.

Ernest H.—Write, by all means, whenever you feel inclined. I am always pleased to hear from young men who are fighting their way in the world, and fashioning themselves as they go. Do not be afraid to try any path to which you feel you are led. The cautious advice of friends is good in its way, but they too often argue as though life had no other goal beyond the obtaining of a "comfortable position." A comfortable position is not to be despised, but we cannot sacrifice for it our individuality and our ideals. The world's successful man, looking back upon his own hopes and aims, has often to confess to himself that he is a ruin. The so-called unsuccessful man may often be the greater. There is an inner standard of life as well as an outer, and the inner is the more important.

Cockton.—Take no notice of the pamphlet you send me. The man stamps himself as a mere quack.

E. M. R.—Mr. Newton is receiving a good deal of well-deserved attention from the daily newspapers.

Chota Sahib.—I thank you for your kind letter. The article in question appeared in issue November 3rd, 1894.

W. E. S., who wrote me sometime back on the subject of Indian tea-planting, is invited to communicate direct with my correspondent, "Chota Sahib," who is an Indian tea-planter. If W. E. S. will write under cover to this Office the letter will be forwarded.

H. C. S.—I thank you for your letter, but you must see how difficult it is to please all tastes. Things you object to other people think best in the paper, and so on. It is impossible that the pictures could have appeared elsewhere, as I have secured the English copyright at a very fair price. If any other paper prints them it is theft, and they will be proceeded against.

G. W. W.—I was expressing a doubt, not propounding a dogma, nor was I suggesting that you or I or any other human creature should be the judge as to who was to be given a soul or who was to be denied one. I like to talk about these matters because they interest me, and I think such speculation is fit and proper for the mind, and is strengthening to the brain. So far as knowledge is concerned, you know as much as I do, and that is as much as any living man does.

H. B. G.—Legal answers can only be given to annual subscribers through the post. L. B. D.—Yes, the numbers you name can still be had, and the price of each of the covers is 1s. 9d., post free.

C. W.—I regret, with yourself, that there are not greater opportunities provided in our towns for the playing of football; but the motive power towards this is that our lads should long to play the game. While they are content to scramble in the mud for an occasional glimpse at a few hired performers nothing can be done. I do not blame professional players so much. It is their business, but I do not call it sport.

H. M. R. writes me:—"I wish to tell you how much benefited I have been by constantly taking in your splendid paper. It is with the greatest delight that I sit down every Thursday evening, after a hard day's work, to peruse To-Day, with my good old pipe between my teeth. I am proud to say that I have been the means of getting no less than nine men (young fellows about my own age)—great chums of mine—to buy To-Day weekly, and I can assure you they read it with as much pleasure as I do. Your manly, straightforward remarks and interesting articles are thoroughly appreciated by all of us, and often on Sundays a lot of us meet together in each other's lodgings and have a very pleasant chat over some of the leading topics. Of course, we don't meet for the express purpose of discussing To-Day, but it always forms an interesting topic for conversation whenever we do meet together for an afternoon's smoke and chat." One blesses the printing-press that introduces one to such friends.

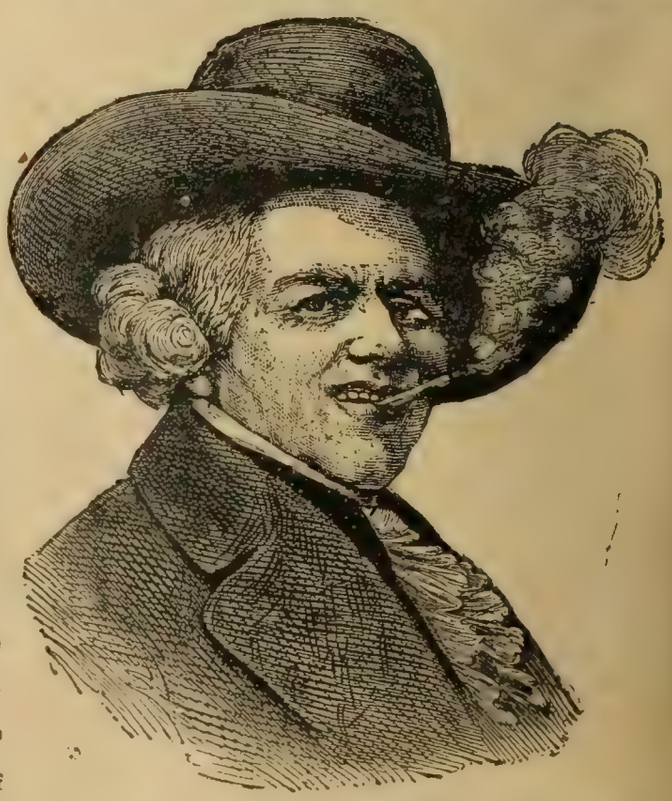
Grapho.—The number of books published containing selections for recitation is legion. It is impossible, without knowing your requirements, to recommend a particular book. Any bookseller would give you a list.

M. Scott-Scott.—You should write to Samuel French, 89, Strand, for a list.

B.E.R.E.—See answer to F.T.S.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

RICHMOND GEM



CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

CLUB CHATTER.

I have not the slightest conception who wrote "In a Ladies' Carriage" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for 17th October. (By the way, I am much obliged to the many correspondents who sent me marked copies of the paper.) The article reads to me as though it were written by someone who is either peculiarly ignorant, or, for the base purposes of "copy," chooses to substitute imagination for fact. Surely nothing but imagination could describe a train in which all the carriages were packed full except the smoking compartments, thereby making it necessary for a woman to travel smoking, if she is to travel at all.

The accommodation provided for smokers is always insufficient on every line. The first compartment in a train to be crowded is invariably a smoking compartment. The lady who writes this article describes smoking carriages as "occupied as a rule by one man, stretched from corner to corner." This would take a good deal of man. Can this lady ever have been to a railway station, or seen a train? She goes on to say that there are not nearly enough ladies' compartments, and yet she herself never voluntarily enters one. What *does* this good lady want? Does she know herself, or is she merely trying to make a cheap bid for originality by differing from a strongly-felt and general objection to ladies in smoking carriages?

Some weeks ago I commented upon the difficulty experienced by racegoers in discovering the names of horses parading in the paddock at Sandown. A correspondent, writing from Quorn, Australia, says—"Out here we meet the difficulty you allude to at Sandown by having the saddle-cloths numbered on both sides. The cloths, which are provided by the club, are of white serge with red braid, and the numbers are stamped in black, the figures being about two inches long. The number on the cloth corresponds with the number on the card, so all one has to do is to turn to one's card to find the name of the horse. The boys return the cloths after the race."

Mobbing the referee, as an amusement amongst the baser portion of the crowds attracted to football matches, is unfortunately no new thing in any part of the country, although more popular in some districts than others. Only the other day the gentleman officiating in a League match at Wolverhampton was subjected to personal violence, and the other Saturday at Neath the threats of the spectators towards the referee in a game between Neath and Penarth, were so pronounced that the officials of the home club took the strong step of stopping the game. No doubt an attack on the referee was thereby obviated, but it is to be hoped that the Welsh Union will administer a lesson to the brutes who, likely enough few in number, brought disgrace upon everybody present at the game.

The next play to be produced at the Criterion after Mr. R. C. Carton's will be one from the joint pens of Mr. L. N. Parker and Mr. Murray Carson. The action of the play extends over a considerable time, as forty-five years are supposed to elapse between the last and preceding acts. In the last act Mr. Charles Wyndham will present a fine study in senility, his part being that of an old man of eighty-five.

I am glad to see that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to benefit under the will of the late Mr. F. O. T. Delmar, who died on the 14th inst., leaving £100,000, with directions to his trustees to form a fund to be called the "Delmar Charitable Trust." Among the numerous institutions mentioned in the will I notice the Battersea Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, which is to receive a gift of £200.

The half-day excursions to Shakespeare's country organised by the Great Western Railway Company have become so popular that a continuation of the service has been called for. On Thursday next, 24th October, a train will leave Paddington at ten minutes past twelve, returning at eight o'clock in the evening from Stratford-on-Avon, where a stay of over four hours will be allowed. The third-class return fare is three-and-sixpence. Passengers will also be booked to Oxford and Leamington, and tickets will be procurable at any of the receiving offices of the Company.

A good story is going the rounds of the clubs concerning the impossible American in Paris. He alighted at an hotel, which can be named at the pleasure of the man telling the tale, to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenders; the Queen of Montegaria occupies the second, the Duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said, and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard-table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course——" "Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the young lady at the desk. "All right; I'll marry her after lunch." And, giving his valise to the speechless Boniface, he added, "Now, you can take my baggage up to *our* room."

There will be a revival, I fancy, in the use of coloured handkerchiefs. I saw some remarkably pretty specimens the other day in fine cambric. They were salmon tinted, with a white stripe pattern. I admit that I prefer a pure white, but a variegated handkerchief does not jar upon me if it is not carried with a light suit.

Does everybody know that pears as well as claret are improved by being put down to the fire for a few minutes before consumption? Nothing is more hideously cold than a raw pear, besides, a slight warmth brings out the flavour.

Cycling has reached such a pitch that folk should not be surprised at any machine they come across. However, it is most unusual to see a "quad" careering through the streets of London, and I am sure few people have seen a quintette of riders mounted on a delicately constructed machine. Strolling through Peckham the other day I came across five well-built cyclists, who enjoyed themselves immensely until the back tyre burst. The maker—a local man—has great belief in his handiwork, and certainly little difficulty was experienced in steering, even round most awkward corners.

The most fascinating and, accordingly, the most dangerous, of the confidence trick men have been driven out of London by the harassing policy adopted by Scotland Yard. London's loss has, however, been Paris's doubtful gain, and to-day they are quite at home in their new headquarters and reaping a wonderful harvest. Their victims are, of course, the Americans, who, for some reason or another, seem to take kindly to these games. The cases reported to the police represent some hundreds of thousands of francs, and the authorities are disposed to treat the victims with the contempt they deserve. For the benefit of any of my readers who are antiquarians I may say that the trick is played in Paris in the old way, without the slightest attempt at introducing any novelty.

One of the best-known English detectives once told me a lot about these sharpers. Many are men of education, who have, for one reason or another, widely travelled, and are keen students of American history and politics. With a good presence and a suave manner they find easy victims in Americans thousands of

miles from home with never a soul to speak to. In the winter, when the American invasion is over, many can afford to go to Monte Carlo, where they reap another swindling harvest at the card-table and the pigeon shooting contests.

There is a story told, which has the advantage of being true, but which I have never seen in print. Some years ago a bomb was found at the Casino at Monte Carlo. The authorities were appalled. If the secret crept out the season was ruined, so the employés were sworn to secrecy. While they were still pondering a couple of well-dressed men presented themselves, and declared that they represented some Parisian journals and wanted the full facts of the bomb story. A tremendous sum was given them to keep all references out of the papers, and they went away. It was afterwards discovered that the bomb was a "fake," and these two sharpers had themselves placed it. Monte Carlo abounds with many little stories of this character.

A correspondent asks me to give him some particulars as to the working of the *pari mutuel*. This week I am afraid my space is too limited. It is a much misunderstood machine, and plays extraordinary tricks with backers. Frequently the 10 francs machine returns less than the one at 5 francs. Often those who have bought tickets for a place only win more than those who have played to win outright. It is a complicated affair, and is not so fair and above board as is thought.

It adds nothing to the brightness of life to know that the syphon is twice as destructive as the average Anarchist's bomb. Within a month two lives have been lost in Paris by their explosion, just as the unhappy *consommateur* had pressed the lever. The pressure in the syphon, is, I am told, twice as great as that allowed by engineers for the boiler of an Atlantic liner.

A noteworthy feature in connection with the Cambridgeshire, and one that appears to have escaped the notice of sporting writers, is that the first Cambridgeshire was won by an animal—Lanercost—trained in Scotland; whilst in the succeeding year an Irish horse—Roscius—proved successful.

The Cambridgeshire is one of the few big English handicaps in which the foreigners are always dangerous. As far back as 1854 Scherz defeated eighteen opponents, and since then Adonis, Palestro, Montargis, Peut-être, Jongleur, Plaisanterie, and Alicante have taken the prize across the Channel.

I have omitted Foxhall from the "foreign" list because a horse, and an American one in the bargain, that carried off the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire deserves special notice. Such a feat has only been accomplished by three horses, viz., Foxhall, Rosebery, and Plaisanterie.

There is not much doubt now but that St. Simon will again head the list of winning sires. His grand total can hardly reach last year's mammoth sum of £12,092, but it will probably exceed £35,000. The surprise at the time of writing is the prominent position held by Barcaldine. The Irish-bred horse occupies second place, and this he may hold to the end, for Isonomy's stock are not doing very well just now.

Barcaldine, Isonomy, and Wisdom, who respectively figure second, third, and fourth on the list, are dead.

Naturally enough, St. Simon's stock always sells well. The average price of the six yearlings sold in 1894 was 1,160 gs. The record was made by Roquebrune, who fetched 4,100 gs. She has run once, winning the New Stakes at Ascot, a race worth £1,894.

Of late years such enormous retainers have been paid to jockeys that engagements made by the knights of the pigskin are always the subject of much comment. I am given to understand that some startling changes will be made before the 1896 season comes round.

Tom Loates is first jockey to Mr. McCalmont, but, strange to say, Captain Machell, who is the guiding spirit of Jewitt's stable, never gives Loates a mount on one of his horses, but always engages Cannon. The Captain is very anxious to have first claim on Cannon, but the Danebury rider will, I hear, remain staunch in his allegiance to Kingsclere. Bradford will probably be secured by the patrons of W. Stevens and J. Dawson, whilst Tom Loates may accept a retainer from Colonel North.

I read with some interest the other day, in a Parisian journal, that the Café Américaine was closed. If there was one place in Paris that every Englishman regarded as typical of the night-life of the city, I suppose it was the "American"—to see the Moulin Rouge in the evening, and stop till two o'clock in the morning at the café, was a liberal education in the frivolous, thoughtless existence of the Parisian, and more particularly of the Parisienne. It was a desperately over-estimated place. No doubt the supper-rooms upstairs could have told tales that are better left untold, but the café itself was a dreary waste of forced and unmeant gaiety.

In the Exhibition year it reached its zenith, and after that the rot set in. Parisians got tired of these nocturnal debauches, and Hill's night house was turned into a respectable Duval restaurant. The American still remained to fight with Julien's and two or three others, whose names I have forgotten for the moment, but the night café was dead for all practical purposes, and the hours of closing were brought down to two and three o'clock.

The point that interests me the most is the certain but rapid extinction of the Paris café. Between the Madeleine and the Bastille you can count them on four fingers. The old Café Anglais still remains with a simple outside appearance and an extortionate price-list inside, but Tortoni's is gone, and Riche's is now a *brasserie*. All along the boulevards there are hoardings up outside the old-fashioned cafés, and inside the workmen are turning them into huge beer-drinking saloons.

France has become a nation of beer-drinkers. Wine is still drunk at dinner, but that is all. It is the light German beer always, and the whole of the cafés are being turned into German beer saloons, even to the extent of adopting the semi-ecclesiastical windows, and the sombré black oak fittings.

The alteration is responsible for a great change in the temperament of the Parisian. Wine excites and produces a certain gaiety, but beer soothes, satisfies, and is responsible for a certain lethargy. Hence to-day the Parisian, after taking his two or three bocks, goes home at midnight, and leaves the boulevards and the night houses to a few misguided Englishmen and a class of women who seek, but are not much sought after.

With the extinction of the American passes a gay old institution of the days that are now grouped up and labelled "years." The dancing-halls are dying out in the same way. The Elysée Montmartre is dead, the Moulin Rouge struggles on with a certain reputation, the Casino is now a variety show, practically, even in the Latin Quartier the Bullier is tottering. The Jardin de Paris relies on other attractions than the "quadrille" to-day. Only twenty years ago many of us can recall a couple of score of these places. The dancers'

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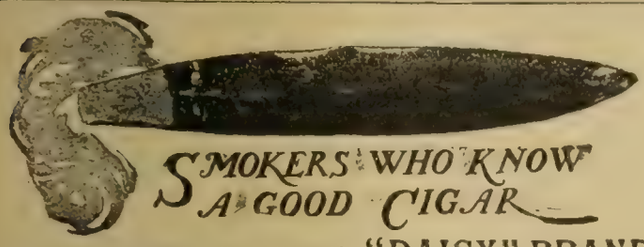

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photographs are now hardly ever seen. The celebrated Grille d'Egout (nicknamed by Henri Rochefort) was dancing, I believe, recently at country fairs; La Goulue is said to have become one remove from a saint; Nini Patte en l'air has relied on England; Rayon d'Or still dances; Môme Fromage got an advertisement recently through ruining some tame clerk who robbed his master; but the names of the old brigade are hardly mentioned in Paris to-day. No; with German beer and English music-halls Paris is changing, changing!

Pressed by the builder, and unable to meet his demands, the owner of a boat on the Seine, has named it "The Floating Debt."

As a correspondent tells me that he is quite certain that the introduction of the *Pari Mutuel* would tend to reduce the elements of risk, I may mention that at a Paris race-meeting last week the investment of ten francs returned over 2,600 in a field of a dozen. If that does not tend to gambling, what will?

The Major.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(*Correspondents cannot be answered through the post.*)

R. A. (Newcastle).—I know of no brace that would be likely to improve your figure. A pair of *light* dumb-bells used properly night and morning would do more to set you up than any brace could.

G. R. D.—I thank you for your kind and complimentary letter. I am afraid, however, that no amount of petitioning would secure this much needed reform. Meanwhile, several new ideas have been submitted to me, and I shall probably refer to the matter again shortly.

Q. C.—Your statement that a clean-shaven face is rapidly becoming fashionable is quite correct. At the same time, many men find that a moustache adds to their appearance by hiding little defects of lips or teeth. I know that barristers almost invariably shave their upper lips, but I have always understood that they do so from an idea that a moustache impedes the travelling power of the voice. In the Church of England, a clean shaven face is, for some mysterious reason, usually associated with High Church views. Actors sacrifice their moustaches on the score of convenience.

J. H. S.—Possibly you will find your trouble decrease as you grow older. If you do not, I believe there is a certain electrical cure which is very efficacious, but it would have to be applied by a skilled man; you couldn't do it yourself. Outward applications never effect a lasting cure. W. G.—Thanks, I won't forget.

Squire Greenacre.—I am obliged for your long and amusing letter. If the women who go into smoking compartments were all of them old North country women wishing to have a pipe "on their own," neither I nor anyone else would object, but they are not. They are women who don't want to smoke, and who don't like men to smoke in their presence. Why they get into smoking compartments at all is a problem that must be solved by someone with a deeper knowledge of feminine cussedness than I have.

An Indolent Idealist.—I should give up trying to discover that vein of irony. They call it something else in Fleet Street.

Vicuna.—(1) It is a matter of taste. I prefer a perfectly plain sleeve, and this is likely to be more fashionable than those you name. (2) Yes, they add to the style of the coat. (3) No, do not have them exaggerated; they only look clumsy and get in the way. (4) I should recommend a tail in the middle as overcoats will not be so long as they were last year. W. W. W.—(1) I gave the information you require two weeks ago. (2) Either black, dark grey, or blue, or a mixture in which there is a faint suspicion of green. This, of course, is also dark. W. M.—See answer to W. W. W.

A. T.—If you have a license to shoot game you do not require a gun license. About forty yards is the record cast with a nineteen feet salmon rod.

Curio.—Some war medals are very valuable; others are only worth the silver they contain. The Victoria Cross sells for about £30.

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THE CELEBRATED SCOTCH "ECLIPSE" OATCAKES!

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OXFORD: W. HEDDERLEY, Turl St. and High St.

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HALF-DAY TRIP TO SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

On THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24th, A CHEAP HALF-DAY EXCURSION to STRATFORD-ON-AVON will leave PADDINGTON STATION at 12.10 noon, returning at 8.0 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN FARE 3s. 6d. Passengers will also be booked by this Train to OXFORD and LEAMINGTON.

Tickets and Bills can be obtained at the Company's Stations, and at the usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, *General Manager.*

MR. E. EVERETT, 85, Great Portland Street, W., has for some time taken up this department

CORSETS FOR GENTLEMEN

and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A few days ago a friend dropped in who is now one of the librarians at a certain Free Library. This is his version of a personal experience :—

> Librarian (*to reader who is in great doubt as to what book to select*) : "Why not try the 'Last Days of Pompeii'?"
> Reader (*scratching his head*) : "W'y, wot did 'e die of?"
> Librarian (*chuckling*) : "Of a violent eruption"!

* * * *

Have stocked "Some Annals of an Italian Village" (Horace Cox) by Mde. Galetti, with whose work I am unfamiliar. It is a cleverly written story, the character of Sor Tito being consistent throughout. "A Sin of the Soul," by Lady Fairlie Cunninghame (Horace Cox) has for its motto :

> "When the dead red leaves of the year lie rotten,
> The cold old crimes, and the deeds thrown by,
> The misconceived and the misbegotten,
> I would find a sin to do ere I die."

It is a little difficult to discover the sin of the soul; but the avenging mother-in-law bears down upon the bold, bad hero, and polishes him off in vigorous style.

"Lively Plays," by T. S. Denison (Chicago) appear to be published by the author. The title is correct save for two things: they are not, strictly speaking, plays, and they are not particularly lively.

* * * *

"Yes," said my clerical friend, as I handed him his copy of "Kitty Alone" (an indiscretion for which he fined me twopence in the shilling), "I know something about Baring-Gould. It is a fine face; quite the face of an ascetic, you would say. Clean-cut features—clean-shaven too—remarkable for their perfect self-control. He is a fine-looking fellow, with a bearing (no pun) which rebukes frivolity. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* No; but I prefer him as a writer of hymns rather than as a novelist. Naturally, you'll think, perhaps. Yes; but his great *forte* is antiquarian research. He wallows in it. You should see him on Dartmoor with his shovels and wheelbarrows, unearthing some forgotten domicile, and then you would see the real man. Give him an old church register—like mine, which dates from 1538—and he'll spin you yarns about it by the hour. Ecclesiologist, hymnologist, novelist—that is Baring-Gould as the world knows him. But he's an antiquary to the backbone in real life. G' morning."

* * * *

I strayed out to the quaint old town of Enfield the other day, and spent an hour vainly searching for the house of the Cowden Clarkes. It may be remembered that Mary Cowden Clarke, the author of the Concordance to Shakespeare, will in June next be eighty-six years old. This is the venerable lady to whom Douglas Jerrold once said : "On your first arrival in Paradise, madame, you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare, even though your husband should happen to be there."

* * * *

"In my girlhood, down in the country," remarked a middle-aged customer of mine last week, "I used to visit at a house where Miss Charlotte Yonge stayed frequently. It was an event in the village when she arrived. She used to sit out in a quiet part of the garden writing, writing, writing! What tons of foolscap the dear woman must have covered with her neat, precise penmanship! I would pay proper formal calls when she was in the neighbourhood, hoping that she would lay aside her pen and relapse into gossip. But she never did; she was always too busy. It was notl n but writing morning, noon, and night."

* * * *

Have just stocked "The Fortune of a Spendthrift," by R. Andom and F. Harewood (Constable and Co.). If you want to read a really exciting treasure story here you are. Then go on to "The Curious Case of Mr. Gully," and gradually find your hair rising with a sensation of not wholly unpleasing terror. This is a new departure for Mr. Andom from the light vein of "We Three and Troddles." "On Getting Up Early" is quite in his best form, and will appeal to us all.

* * * *

Have also stocked "An Isle In the Water" (A. and C. Black) by my old friend the Irish poetess, Catherine Tynan. I began to read the first of these short stories in a great hurry one day, and went on to the end. "The First Wife" is a beautiful piece of work. The husband marries again and forgets her, but—

> Every night as twelve o'clock struck, the old dog came down the attic stairs. He was suddenly alert and cheerful and trotted by an invisible gown. Some said you could hear the faint rustle of silk lapping from stair to stair, and the dog would sometimes bark sharply as in his days of puppyhood, and leap up to lick a hand of air. The servants would shut their doors as they heard the patter of the dog's feet coming and his sudden bark. They were thrilled with a superstitious awe, but they were not afraid the ghost would harm them. They remembered how just, how gentle, how pure the dead woman had been.

And the husband was the only person in the house who did not know of the ghost of his first wife. It takes a good many ghosts to waken some husbands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G.—No, I don't think you will ever do any good with your so-called "Realism." Your "Realism" seems to me to be the realism of the gutter and not of the sunbeam. I should like to give you six months in a literary reformatory, and set you to work carting manure in the intervals of study. Be wholesome, man. I know we're only insects at the best; but there are insects and insects.

G. S.—People say that the new Laureate is to be Sir Edwin Arnold. The man whom you mention is an impudent ass, whose manners and verses are equally bad. He hasn't the slightest chance. Mr. Swinburne won't take the post, Mr. William Morris can't; Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr. Eric Mackay would like it; Mr. John Davidson in another twenty years might deserve it; and Sir Edwin Arnold will probably get it.

W. A. S.—I've never met a crocodile personally, and don't want to. You'll find a lot of information about birds and beasts in the October number of *Nature Notes*. "The whale is the fish that received Jonah into its belly, even as the Old Testament telleth, and it seemed to him that he did descend into the jaws of hell, so great was the opening thereof. When the whale desireth to eat it lieth still with its jaws wide agape, and a certain fish goeth forth and gathereth to itself other fishes and leadeth them into the whale's mouth . . . . And when they are led in the decoy fish escapeth, and the whale swalloweth its meal." Wish I were a whale. It seems an easier way of getting one's living than by selling books.

F. A. Jeremy kindly points out that Mr. Allen Upward was a Parliamentary candidate for Merthyr Tydvil, and not for Denbigh, and that he was defeated by a majority of 7,000. He adds that Welsh colliers have more respect for commerce than for belles-lettres. Politically speaking, Allen "Downward" would be a more appropriate name in future. But the time is coming when literary men will have to take an active part in political life.

A. G. S. wants to know what I think of the following stanza from "Work A-Day Poems" :—

> "Left a widow in your prime,
> With a family of nine,
> Your troubles, mother, were not few,
> But bravely you have battled through."

There are some things I prefer not to think about. This is one of them.

A. W. writes to me :—"I must send you a line of remonstrance about an article on 'The Eldest Sister' from *The Idler*, recently printed in To-Day. I am one of five, and the youngest. My experience, I grieve to say, in my old home, and from observation in other people's homes, is that the eldest rarely has a good time of it. As the young ones grow up in their girlish bloom the poor eldest, though, perhaps, not far advanced in the twenties, is often considered an old fogey and a frump. Sweet sixteen laughs at twenty-six if she 'pretends to be young.' I frankly own that I was a *brute* to my elder sisters, and that it is only in advancing years that I see how unselfish, tolerant, and long-suffering they were. Even now, as another generation springs up around me, I see the old story repeated. Many a slighting, stinging, disparaging remark is hurled at the poor 'eldest sister.' Many a hard day's work of housekeeping and mending falls to her lot, while the younger ones are 'busy' with their own pursuits. Please, as in justice and charity bound, temper the bitterness and unfairness of the article in question with a word of kindness to those who have the misfortune to be born eldest sisters."

A Prisoner of War.

Words by G. K. M. Music by H. CHILVER-WILSON.

Voice.

Accompt.

1. I am

Con anima.

f

Meno mosso.

down, sir, in the fight, As good men have been be-fore; I am blind, sir, and in-firm, And a
take a-way my pen-sion, You'd dis-arm me for the fray; Oh, give me but a chance for it— I

p

più animato. *crescendo.* *Energico.* *f*

pri-son-er of war: But set me once at large, With my hos-pi-tal dis-charge, And I'll
on-ly ask fair play; And I'll stick be-side my gun Till I make the foe-man run, Or

animato . . . e . . . . crescendo.

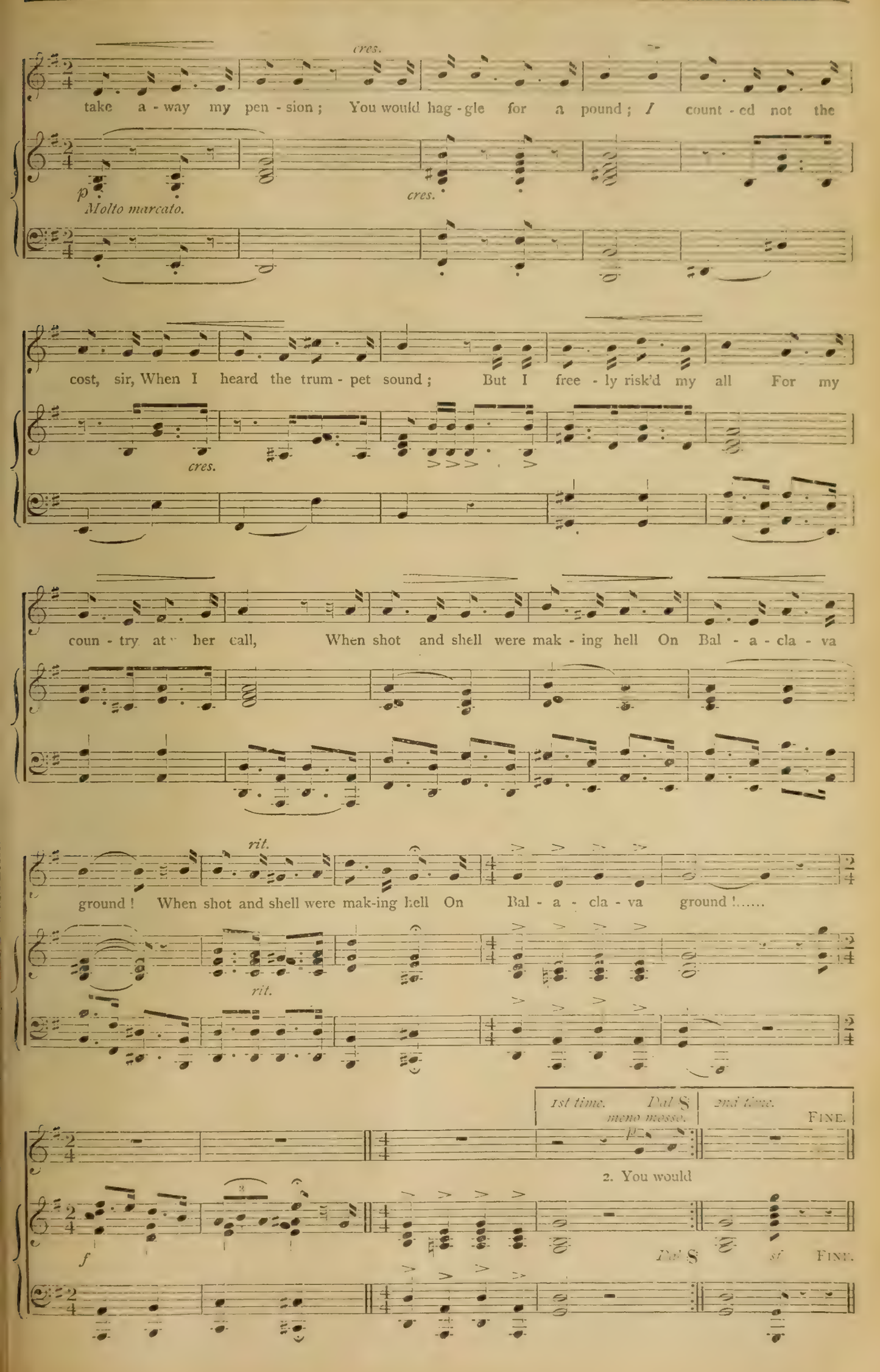
8va.

poco rit. *Molto marcato*

fall in once a-gain, sir, And I'll fight one good fight more! You would
per-ish at my post, sir, As the Light Bri-gade has done! You would

f *ff*

poco rit.


cres.
take a - way my pen - sion; You would hag - gle for a pound; I count - ed not the
p
Molto marcato.
cres.
cost, sir, When I heard the trum - pet sound; But I free - ly risk'd my all For my
cres.
coun - try at her call, When shot and shell were mak - ing hell On Bal - a - cla - va
rit.
ground! When shot and shell were mak-ing hell On Bal - a - cla - va ground!.....
rit.
1st time. Dal 𝄋 meno mosso.
p
2nd time.
Fine.
2. You would
f
Dal 𝄋
sf
Fine.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

X.—THE THROAT AND NECK.

Next we take the throat and neck and see what human characteristics are displayed in them—independence of spirit, love of freedom, submission, subserviency and masculine energy. Independence and love of freedom are indicated by the length of the trachea, or windpipe. People with long throats and heads erect are always very independent in spirit and unable to brook authority or restraint. By exercising a little forbearance one can cultivate humility, but that is not character, but education. All long-necked animals are more independent and fond of freedom than short-necked ones. The former seek exercise and fresh air, whilst the latter are more domesticated, and remain by the hearth and home. Whatever the other qualities be which may counteract it, the length of throat will show that the spirit is independent, even if the body be too weak to fulfil its will. The neck is the stalk upon which the senses are held up to take their survey of the necessaries and comforts of life, so the posture or attitude of the neck must mark the earnestness of the character in the pursuit after these necessaries and comforts. The earnestness of the animal is indicated by the direction of the neck. The more the neck is bent forward the more are the senses bent upon their object. Bending forward of the neck indicates earnestness or keenness in whatever pursuit; whereas pride, confidence, and indifference are all characterised by a neck bent backward. The earnestness represented by the head bent forward is liable to degenerate into cunning or meanness, whereas the pride represented by the neck bent backward is apt to degenerate into supineness and apathy. The heads of proud maniacs are bent backwards—the heads of melancholics are bent forwards. In all strutting and vapouring the head is carried back, whilst in humility and respectful homage of all kinds, and by all people, the face falls forwards. Subserviency is indicated by the loose skin on each side of the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe, extending upwards under the chin. You will invariably notice old servants and retainers who have served a master for years mostly have this loose skin under the chin. It is seldom seen in youth, because young people, as a rule, are quick and independent. This looseness of the skin is caused by a contraction of the muscles of the throat, because in subserviency and humility the head hangs forward. People who are submissive incline their heads, whilst those who are independent keep head and back erect. These rules do not apply to persons suffering from curvature of the spine brought on through physical weakness, nor, in fact, to any form of disease. To judge a character the subject must be fairly healthy and sound of limb. Without attention, without concern, without earnestness, without eagerness, the human mind can arrive at nothing that is great; but it does not follow that every person with this characteristic of attention and eagerness in his pursuits shall always succeed. For, notwithstanding all the wisdom of foresight, all the resolution and perseverance, coupled with enthusiasm, the most calculating man is so much the creature of circumstance, and the competitors for the same prize so numerous, that success is more often than not a matter of chance, though the indifferent and inert have not even got the chance of success in the great fight for distinction. The larger the throat is in circumference, the greater the masculine energy and physical power of the individual. The neck and throat are composed mostly of cords and muscles, the nature of muscle denotes physical strength, and thus the thicker the throat the greater the physical energy of its owner.

"THE BUSINESS GIRL."

A CHAT WITH MISS ADA REEVE.

"What has made the greatest hit in *All Abroad*? Well, I should say 'The Business Girl' song sung by Miss Ada Reeve." The speaker was Miss Kate Cutler, and those who could have heard the enthusiastic way in which the words were said would have realised how untrue is the common assertion that actresses grudge praise or tribute to one another.

"Miss Ada Reeve," writes a representative of To-Day, "is best known to the music-hall public, and it is to be hoped that her triumphs in variety burlesque work will not induce her to entirely give up her old and tried friends at the 'halls.'"

"Yes, I was literally born in the buskin, both my father and mother belonged to the profession," she said brightly. "I made my *début* at the age of six in Mr. Fred Wright's touring company, taking the part of Willie Carlyle in *East Lynne*."

"Then you may claim to have been an infant prodigy?"

"Well, I played the Old Man of the Sea before I was seven in a pantomime entitled *Sinbad the Sailor*. In fact, it would take a long time to go over the list of *rôles* I held during my childhood. I may mention that I took part in *Hoodman Blind*, *Proof*, and *Human Nature*, and also did a great deal of pantomime work with Charles Danby."

"And when did you begin your career as a music-hall artiste?"

"When I was twelve years old. By that time I was too big to play children's parts, and too small to play women's parts, so I obtained an engagement with Messrs. Gatti, and made my *début* at their Charing Cross music hall, being billed," added Miss Reeve, smiling, "as 'Ada Reeve. The talented child actress.' I was very ambitious. My father thought that I would probably be successful in Arab street songs, and promised to write me one if I would learn to do Katharine wheels! I need hardly tell you that after that I spent all my spare time acquiring this novel accomplishment and I was, by the way, the first lady to do the wheel on the music-hall stage. I was dressed as a street arab, and my song made quite a sensation."

"You used to make a speciality of childish songs?"

"Yes, I may claim to have introduced the romping child kind of song. "I'm a little too young to know" and "What do I care?" were immensely successful. The latter song, which proved more popular than any other, was the best and cheapest investment I ever made. It was written by Mr. Richard Morton, who later made such a hit with his 'Tar-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.' It was with these two songs that I went to America, where I had a most delightful time. Of course, an American audience, when they come to see an English performer arrive with ice in their pockets, but little by little it melts," she added brightly, "and they are very appreciative and enthusiastic. I must say I should very much enjoy visiting once more the land of the 'Stars and Stripes.'"

"Do you consider that the popularity of a song depends on the words or on the music?"

"It is almost impossible to reply to such a question. Of course, I attach great importance to the interpretation, for I think any writer of music-hall ditties will tell you that everything depends on how they are sung. My own father wrote several of my songs, including "Now, will you be good?" which was very popular. I need hardly tell you that when singing this kind of song I wore very simple little frocks, and really tried to enter into the character."

"You have really scored a tremendous success in *All Abroad*."

"Yes, greatly to my surprise. Of course, my 'Business Girl' song has about it several new features; to begin with I change my costume on the stage five times, and this adds to the interest of the audience."

"And how do you manage these transformation scenes, Miss Reeve?"

"Oh, well, they are what are technically called 'trick changes,' and were at first by no means easy to manage. You know I appear in turn as a country girl, a nursemaid, a barmaid, a chorus girl, and a principal boy. The song goes simply splendidly, and I get often three encores, and yet," confidentially, "anyone could sing that song! By the way, I also dance a clog dance in this piece; I never did anything of the kind before, but I picked it up somehow, for I love dancing."

And then Miss Reeve went on to tell me with wifely pride of the exploits of her husband, Mr. Bert Gilbert, well-known in the provinces as the best exponent of the parts made famous by Mr. Arthur Roberts.

"We are still quite young," she said, smiling. "He is twenty-two, and I a year younger, so we have, I trust, plenty of time before us. As to future plans, I can't say anything as yet. *All Abroad* is doing so well, and I thoroughly enjoy the play and my part in it."

FRENCHMEN IN LOVE.

"A French gentleman is never in love, while a French peasant is never out of it." So wrote George Sand, to a friend in Italy, not long before the close of her remarkable life, and it is possible that this may account for the fantastic fabric of superstitions which the humbler people of France have woven about the divine passion.

Anyway, there is scarcely an incident likely to occur in the ordinary course of daily life to which these ardent devotees to fatalism do not attach some quaint significance, and not infrequently with a tragic degree of earnestness. From kisses to cows, from cheese to charcoal, from pretty much anything one can think of to something else which is wildly divergent therefrom, does the long list run. It is quite wonderful, as a matter of fact, that these romantic folk have the courage to personally concern themselves with anything which they hold to be so fraught with perils and paradoxes. The current rumour being true, that marriage as an institution is loosening its hold upon the people of France, it would not be illogical to believe that fear has done a fair share of the unclasping.

If one in a hundred of the dread "signs" and symbols were true, facing a cannon would be child's play in comparison with risking love. Here, to modify a familiar aphorism, eternal vigilance is the price of life; for otherwise vitality and reason must needs ooze out through the pores like perspiration in August.

So many things there are of which a girl must beware. If, for instance, when she has attained a marriageable age, she is so unfortunate as to soil any of her white head-gear, or her neck-kerchief, with the veriest atom of mud, the first time either is worn, none of her friends could be persuaded that she would not soon become a woman of easy virtue. In such circumstances, Marie or Jeanne would turn about and hasten homeward, no matter where she had originally intended going; and during the whole of the succeeding night she would weep and pray with about equal volubility; and long before the setting of another sun, all of her acquaintances would have smelled out her secret, and the very atmosphere would curdle with their dismal croakings.

"Is it not terrible—of course you know little Jeanne—well, yesterday the mud-stain fell upon her? Of course, we all know what that means. No one would be surprised if it were *some* girls, but to think such a thing of Jeanne is really quite shocking."

In such cases, to prophecy is to provoke; and the much reiteration of this grim augury, to the accompaniment of wise head-shakings and pitying side-glances, speedily generates a kind of propulsive force which soon lands the poor girl in the depths of desperation. Convinced that the shafts shot by Fate can not go wide of their mark, she makes no effort to dodge them. Finally, grown morbid by much brooding, she fairly starts halfway out across the bridge by which the much-looked-for temptation is to come, the sooner to have it over, so that a new start in life can be made.

And these Jeannes are as numerous in France as the Marguerites are in Germany.

On the other hand, it is counted the sublimest height of good fortune if the feet come into contact with filth; and the worse the character of the smearing substance, the better the luck. For a betrothed girl, it forecasts a virtuous, love-filled life; and to a man whose heart serves as a setting to the same jewel-seal of gentle thraldom, it is a guaranty that the women of his household will ever invariably be chaste, should he accidentally spoil his boots with visible unpleasantness. To both sexes, furthermore, whether married or single, loved or detested, it forebodes a plentiful abundance of property or money. For an unmarried person to have such an experience, for three successive days, is proof positive that Cupid will ever, in all things, be the obedient servant of the being so favoured.

It might, perhaps, be argued that a slender rivulet of philosophy trickles through all this, since it is a tacit denial that anything which stains can be wholesomely encountered except with the feet.

A French peasant, whether youth or maiden, always approaches the first cow he or she is set to milk, with fear and trembling. Not because it is an irksome task, but because if Nature has unkindly decorated the mammillary apparatus of that primal beast with even a single speck of black, an immediate jilting is sure to befall the unfortunate milker.

For the week following her betrothal, a girl who does farm work must carefully avoid spilling either milk or hot water; and if butter-making falls to her lot, at such a time, she must religiously see to it that no one calls her away from her work. Either of these things contains enough germs of fatality to always keep her on bad terms with her husband's family, and if she is overtaken by all three of them, she must reconcile herself to the fact that the most pinching poverty will sit astride of the necks of her spouse and self for the first third of the period of their married life. And to this is attached a side issue which serves as another cause for worriment; for if this unavoidable poverty, superinduced as aforesaid, lasts only a year, the poor woman's heart congeals with despair, since that would mean that the charms of some fairer female will win her husband away from her within the next two years.

From the first fruit which is offered to her, after betrothal, a girl knows the character of her future life. All sweet fruits are propitious, as far as they are indicative of peace and bliss; the larger the fruit, the greater the approaching joy; but all sour fruits are held to be auguries of coming quarrels and disputes, while the gift of a lemon would preclude every possibility of domestic felicity for all time.

In consequence of this, no French peasant girl ever neglects the opportunity of proclaiming her consuming fondness for sweets, and her equally violent abhorrence of anything sour—a shrewd acceptance of the principle that prevention has certain advantages over cure. So firm a hold has this curious superstition upon the female mind in the French rural districts, that many a girl is said to have broken her engagement and lived her whole life in single-blessedness, because the untimely gift of a lemon foretold more misery than she believed herself strong enough to endure.

A girl must also take care that the left side of her lover is nearest to her the first time she is kissed by

him; otherwise his loyalty to her will not reach to their wedding day.

If, when they are walking together, a girl's shoe comes off, a prudent man will at once break off his attentions to the damsel in question, as such an event would betoken her inability to keep her marriage vows.

No betrothed girl must ever begin going down a flight of stairs with her left foot foremost, for it means that all her future children will be born blind or deaf or speechless. She must, too, observe the same precaution in descending a hill.

Should a betrothed pair see the new moon together immediately after they become pledged to each other, they can rely upon it that no very considerable cloud will ever mar their happiness; but they must beware of gazing upon a waning moon in such circumstances, as it fortells that at least one of them is fated to die unmarried.

When a brace of French peasants begin to look with favour upon each other, they usually have recourse to a mathematical experiment which smacks strongly of Orientalism. They add together their ages, the number of letters in their names, and the age of whichever of their mothers is eldest. If the result is an odd number, the twain can only safely begin love-making in some month whose number of letters, when added to the foregoing, still leaves the sum total odd. But if the added names and ages form an even number, then no courting must begin except in a month with an odd number of letters in it. To disregard this, so these imaginative people believe, is to lay themselves open to the spite and malice of all the demons, goblins and other evil spirits in existence—a coterie which no well-regulated French peasant would ever dream of defying.

More than they would shun excommunication from the Church do these peasant folk dread running counter to their love-superstitions; but as these are so numerous that it would require about as many words as the Bible contains to adequately cite them all, it is very evident that it is impossible to avoid always doing the wrong thing. The society of any person who has the temerity to express a doubt of the efficacy of these fancies is shunned as if the apostate one were a walking pestilence. But few there are, indeed, among the peasants who ever think of committing the sacrilege of doubt, for they are solemnly instructed in this fantastic fate-love from their cradles up, and by the time what would otherwise constitute "the age of discretion" is attained, there is no more chance of their challenging it than there is of their declining to speak their native language.

1. Miss Foot Flinger receives a handsome square floral design after her famous dance.

2. Rushing behind the scenes she makes it a diamond shape, and—

3. Has it passed over the footlights again, amid thundering applause.

4. Then dexterously twisting it, it comes over the footlights again.

5. One more twist makes it round, and—

6. The next day critics speak of "the five magnificent floral tributes."

SOME CELEBRATED LITERARY FORGERIES.

We are here dealing, it must be remembered, with a high and refined order of crime, even if we do not go so far as Andrew Lang, who speaks of literary forgery in one of his essays as a not altogether impossible tenth Muse. This species of fraud certainly does require a man of most painstaking nature and acute intellect, for he has not only to reproduce the style of his original, but also to colligate the most trifling interdependent statements, and avoid all anachronisms whether of facts or language with scrupulous care and accuracy. Nor does his trouble end here. He has in addition, to construct his MS. of exactly the right material, be it parchment or paper, and discolour it so judiciously that it looks its supposed age. His writing-fluid must not only appear right but must also be able to defy the most searching chemical analysis, and the handwriting must be firm and bold, copying at the same time, if required, that of a particular model. Despite the great difficulties attending such an enterprise, it is remarkable what a number of forgeries have been perpetrated in the history of written literature. One of the earliest recorded was the work of the guardian of the oracle at Athens, who was in the habit of inserting amongst the utterances of the gods topical verses to suit the events of his own day. At last he was caught red-handed by a rival poet, and the fraud was exposed. Subsequently, whenever any of the real oracles failed to come true the citizens averred that it must be one of the spurious works of this old vagabond. Another classical forgery (which, by the way was not proved to be such till the close of the seventeenth century A.D.) was the collection known as the letters of Phalaris, supposed to have been written by a tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily six centuries before Christ. In 1697 the great English critic, Bentley, however proved conclusively that the writing was of considerably later date, and the work of one who knew neither the dialect nor geography of the island.

England first made herself prominent in this form of double-dealing as early as the thirteenth century, when we first have mention of the spurious history of the Abbey of Croyland, alleged to have been written by one Ingulphus, abbot of the place a hundred years before. Only one of five original MSS. survives and is preserved in the British Museum. The internal evidence is strongly against the genuineness of this monastic chronicle.

Not until 1760 do we hear of any further exploiting in this field of crime. About that time Macpherson produced the two great epics of Ossian turned into English prose, which he said he had collected among the Highlands of Scotland, where they were still handed down orally among the clans. It will always be a disputed point how much Macpherson really found existing and for how much he had to draw upon his imagination. The poems at the time of their first appearance were most admired, but are now justly condemned for their tedious length and bombastic language.

Of all literary forgeries, those of Chatterton have excited by far the keenest interest, and provoked the greatest sympathy for their hapless author. The romantic story of his life, his precocious talent, and the motives which led him to perpetrate these frauds have combined to give him an altogether higher position in the field of literature than any other forger has ever attained.

At the age of twelve when Bristol Bridge was reopened with much ceremony, this youth produced (as he said, from Canynge's coffer in the muniment room of St. Mary, Redcliffe) a description of the friar's first passing over the old bridge in 1248. Many of the prose and poem works were subsequently discovered in this convenient coffer, and printed in the *Town and County Magazine*, where they provoked considerable interest, and a great deal of learned criticism. At the same time Chatterton took in a fellow-townsman who had a penchant for heraldic honours, with a spurious pedigree dating back to the Conquest, and a religious enthusiast was equally deceived by a sermon "wroten by one Thomas Rowley," a monk of the fifteenth century.

It was not until Chatterton had the audacity to submit some of his writings for critical inspection to Horace Walpole that Rowley's identity was revealed, for the language was a confused jumble of several epochs, and full of modern words and phrases, but thinly disguised or altered. Chatterton, having failed to achieve that measure of success which his talents deserved, committed suicide in London before reaching his eighteenth year. It has rightly been said that none of the greatest English poets have, at the same age, produced work to be compared with these juvenile efforts. Curiously enough, the poetry which appeared over his own name does breathe half so true a poetical spirit as that which was supposed to have come from the pen of Rowley, the monk.

At the very end of the last century, William Henry Ireland (inspired, no doubt, by the example of Chatterton), the son of a great Shakespearian enthusiast, began to forge and circulate love-letters, keepsakes, and other relics of the great dramatist, who had left them, it was alleged, to one W. H. Irelande, a seventeenth century ancestor, out of gratitude for being saved from drowning by the latter.

In due course a play was discovered called "Vortigern," and Sheridan took up the affair with such spirit that it was produced at Drury Lane on April 2nd, 1796, when almost immediate hisses showed clearly that the audience realised they were not listening to genuine Shakespeare.

In consequence of this harsh treatment, a second drama, which Ireland had in preparation, entitled Henry II., was not proceeded with. Ten years later Ireland made a public confession and retired into private life.

Amongst the literary forgeries of this century those of Simonides, Shapira, and Vrain-Lucas are the most memorable examples. Constantine Simonides was a most painstaking and prolific producer of MS., chiefly the Greek classics, between 1850 and 1860. Sir Thomas Philipps of Cheltenham, a great book-collector, was one of his principal dupes, and bought largely of him. Dindorf eventually proved his duplicity in connection with a supposed MS. of one Uranius of Alexandria. Shapira is chiefly remembered for having had the effrontery to ask in 1883 a million sterling for what he alleged to be a very ancient fragment of the Pentateuch. Amongst other interesting variations on existing manuscripts, this contained an eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother."

Vrain-Lucas was an autograph letter writer, who sold M. Charles, a member of the French Academy, as many as 27,000 different epistles for a sum exceeding £5,000. Included in this wonderful collection were letters from Pontius Pilate to Tiberius and Alexander the Great to Aristotle. The whole fabric of deceit fell to the ground when M. Charles submitted a supposed letter of Sir Isaac Newton's, involving some technical point to two fellow-Academicians to examine. After a sensational trial, Vrain-Lucas was condemned. With this romance, the history of literary forgeries has for the time concluded.

Ned—You never know what to tell a girl.

Ted—Now what is the matter?

Ned—I got turned down the other night for telling a girl that I had never loved another.

Ted—How was that?

Ned—She said there was one thing she wouldn't do; she wouldn't marry a liar.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Gravel Banks: "Say, Sandy, which kind o' bathin' does yer prefer, eh?"
Sandy: "'Throat.' Why?"

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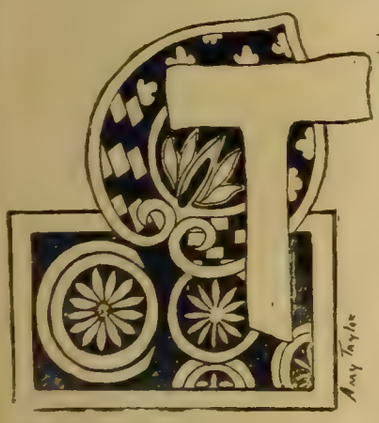
THE THEFT OF THE KÔH-I-NOOR.

BY
ALLEN UPWARD.
Illustrated by WALTER WILSON.

CHAPTER I.
THE QUEEN MAKES A DISCOVERY.



THE source from which the following remarkable story was derived must remain a secret. The risk of laying bare a Court scandal of such magnitude, and involving such exalted names, has hitherto prevented its publication in England. Even now to furnish any clue to the writer's informant might lead to very grave consequences. But that this narrative is absolutely true in every particular will be denied by no one connected with the English Court, least of all by the high personages whose names are introduced in the following pages.

The Tower of London is the most famous building in the world. The most famous apartment in the Tower is the Jewel Room, where has been guarded for many centuries the regalia of the British Crown. The huge State diadem, its wrought gold frame thickly encrusted with flaming rubies and great gleaming sapphires and emeralds, reposes in the centre, surrounded by an array of lesser crowns of the same precious workmanship, together with sceptres, orbs, State swords, gold spurs, and other rarities. This splendid hoard, worth millions, rests under the protection of massive iron bars, and of armed sentinels, renewed night and day, whose orders are to fire instantly on any person attempting to lay hands upon the treasure.

But among all these magnificent objects what most strikes the eye of the spectator is a small block of cut glass, resembling in everything but lustre a gigantic diamond. This is a model of the far-famed Kôh-i-noor.

As is well known, it is only within the present reign that the British Crown has come into the possession of this costly crystal. Preserved for centuries in India, where it received almost divine honours, and was the spoil of contending rulers, it was there that the great diamond received its boastful name of "The Mountain of Light." When it was brought to Europe the process of cutting it into the facets required to display its full brilliance greatly reduced the size of the enormous gem. Nevertheless, the cubic inch of diamond which remains is generally reckoned to be the most precious object on the surface of the globe. The glorious crumb of carbon is, of course, priceless, but its value is roughly estimated at a million pounds sterling.

It has long been known that the Queen has a particular fondness for this gorgeous pebble. She always wears it on occasions of ceremony, and in the recent coinage Her Majesty is represented with it on her bosom. It is for this reason that it has been found inconvenient to keep it in the Tower with the other Crown jewels, where it is represented by the model already described. The original stone is carried with her by the Queen wherever she goes, of course, with the strictest precautions to ensure its safety. Its greatest security, perhaps, lies in its own unique character, which would render it impossible for any ordinary thief to dispose of it. A stone of such world-wide celebrity would find no purchaser, unless its identity were first destroyed by breaking it up into fragments. It is true that each splinter would even then be worth a fortune.

The year of the Queen's Jubilee is still well remembered. At that time the country was visited by an unusual number of Royal personages from abroad, who were the guests of Her Majesty. A series of State banquets and other festivities were held in their honour, and night after night the Queen dazzled all eyes with the splendour of the Kôh-i-noor. It was while the gala was at its height, and Buckingham Palace was crowded with illustrious visitors, that the startling incident occurred which it is the purpose of this narrative to relate.

On the night of the 24th of June a State banquet, followed by a ball, was given in the Palace, among those invited being the King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Germany, with his Princess, the Prussian Czarevitch, the Duke of Naples, heir to the Italian throne, the hereditary Prince and Princess of Schaumberg-Lippe, and other persons of exalted rank. The Queen presided at the banquet, and afterwards showed herself in the ballroom for a short time. She finally retired to her private apartments at about a quarter to eleven.

Here she was waited upon by the Mistress of the Robes and two of the Bedchamber Women. The position of Mistress of the Robes was held at this time by the late Dowager Duchess of Westmoreland. The Bedchamber Women in attendance were Lady Caroline St. Maur and the Honourable Miss Honor Mackintosh.

Her Majesty's first act on reaching her room was to relieve herself of the great diamond, which she had assumed before dinner. The stone was set in a simple circlet of gold, and attached by a gold ring to a plain black velvet band round the Queen's neck. Unfastening this necklet with her own hands, the Queen passed it to the Mistress of the Robes, who was waiting to take it.

The Duchess, detaching the jewel, next placed it within a small box of silver, lined with white satin, which, in its turn, was deposited within a strong outer case of steel covered with red leather. All this was done in full view of the Queen and the two Bedchamber Women. The Duchess then locked the casket with a key which she carried about her own person.

A bell was then rung to warn the Lieutenant of the Jewel Closet that his attendance was required. This officer presented himself immediately afterwards at the door of the Queen's apartments, with a guard of two soldiers fully armed. There the casket was transferred into his hands by the Mistress of the Robes.

Having received his charge, it was now the duty of the Lieutenant to convey it in safety to the Jewel Closet, situated in an adjoining quarter of the Palace. In order to do this, it was necessary to traverse three corriders. First came the one leading from the Royal apartments. This ended in a wide passage, or gallery, serving as a general means of communication for that wing of the building. Turning to the left, and proceeding some forty or fifty paces down this gallery a short corridor branched off to the right, giving access to some half-dozen rooms. It was in the last of these that the Kôh-i-noor had to be deposited.

THE OFFICER PRESENTED HIMSELF WITH A GUARD OF TWO SOLDIERS FULLY ARMED.

The Jewel Closet itself was a small inner compartment, built of stone, and iron lined, constructed at the back of a large chamber known as the Plate-Room. This outer room was under the charge of the Keeper of the Plate, a functionary who passed in the Royal Household by the name of Silver Stick, from the wand which formed his emblem of office. Every evening, towards the hour when the Queen usually retired, it was the duty of this official to repair to the Plate-Room, of which he alone possessed the key, and wait there for the arrival of the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant, on being admitted to the outer room by this means, made use of his own key to open the inner door of the Jewel Closet, in which the case containing the Kôh-i-noor was thus deposited by him in the presence of the Keeper of the Plate. This done, each of the doors was locked in turn, and the contents of the Jewel Closet could only be again disturbed by the combined action of the two officers.

On the following evening the Lieutenant received the usual intimation that it was Her Majesty's intention to wear the Kôh-i-noor. Accordingly he attended at the door of the Royal apartments punctually at half-past eight with the casket, which he duly placed in the hands of the Mistress of the Robes.

The Duchess opened the casket with her key, and as soon as Her Majesty was ready took out the jewel inside, in full view of those present, as on the previous night, and passed it to the Queen to put on. But no sooner did the Queen, who possesses an unusually intimate knowledge of gems, take hold of the object than she astonished her attendants by snatching it abruptly from the Duchess, scrutinising it for an instant with horrified glance, and then exclaiming—

"This is not the Kôh-i-noor! It is a paste imitation!"

The terrified women, who were the same as those in attendance on the night before, at once fell on their knees, and the Duchess promptly demanded that assistance should be summoned, and that the persons of all three should be subjected to a strict search.

But this the Queen would not hear of. Bidding them stand up, she assured them in the kindest manner of her entire confidence in their fidelity. A suggestion that the apartment should be searched was also dismissed as idle by Her Majesty, whose strong commonsense at once told her that a robbery had been committed. The presence of the fabricated stone showed that it had been carefully planned.

Finally it was decided to call in Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, who had served her for a great number of years, and was entirely in her confidence. Lady Caroline was despatched in search of him, with strict injunctions to say nothing about the reason for which his presence was required.

In less than three minutes she returned, accompanied by the Secretary to whom the Queen herself disclosed the circumstances. Like the lady attendants, Sir Henry was overwhelmed with dismay when he heard what had happened. A short consultation followed as to what was best to be done. The Queen was particularly urgent that the steps taken to recover the diamond should be such as would not allow the fact of the robbery to become public. Her Majesty pointed out that otherwise it must necessarily cause a grave scandal,

and produce a most painful impression on the minds of her numerous Royal guests. Moreover, as she pointed out, by concealing the fact that the theft had been discovered, it might be possible to throw the guilty party off his guard.

delicate and difficult task of tracing the robber could be safely confided. The first name which occurred to Sir Henry Ponsonby was that of the celebrated Verriter. The services which this able man had rendered to more than one crowned head in affairs of equal im-

"THIS IS NOT THE KÔH-I-NOOR! IT IS A PASTE IMITATION!"

In the end it was decided that this course should be adopted. The Queen was not willing to wear the false stone, but it was arranged that it should be replaced in the casket and returned to the Jewel Closet by the hands of the Lieutenant at the usual hour.

It only remained to select the person to whom the

portance had made the Queen acquainted with his name, and she at once approved of the choice. It was determined that Sir Henry should go at once to his private address, and if possible bring him straight back to the Palace.

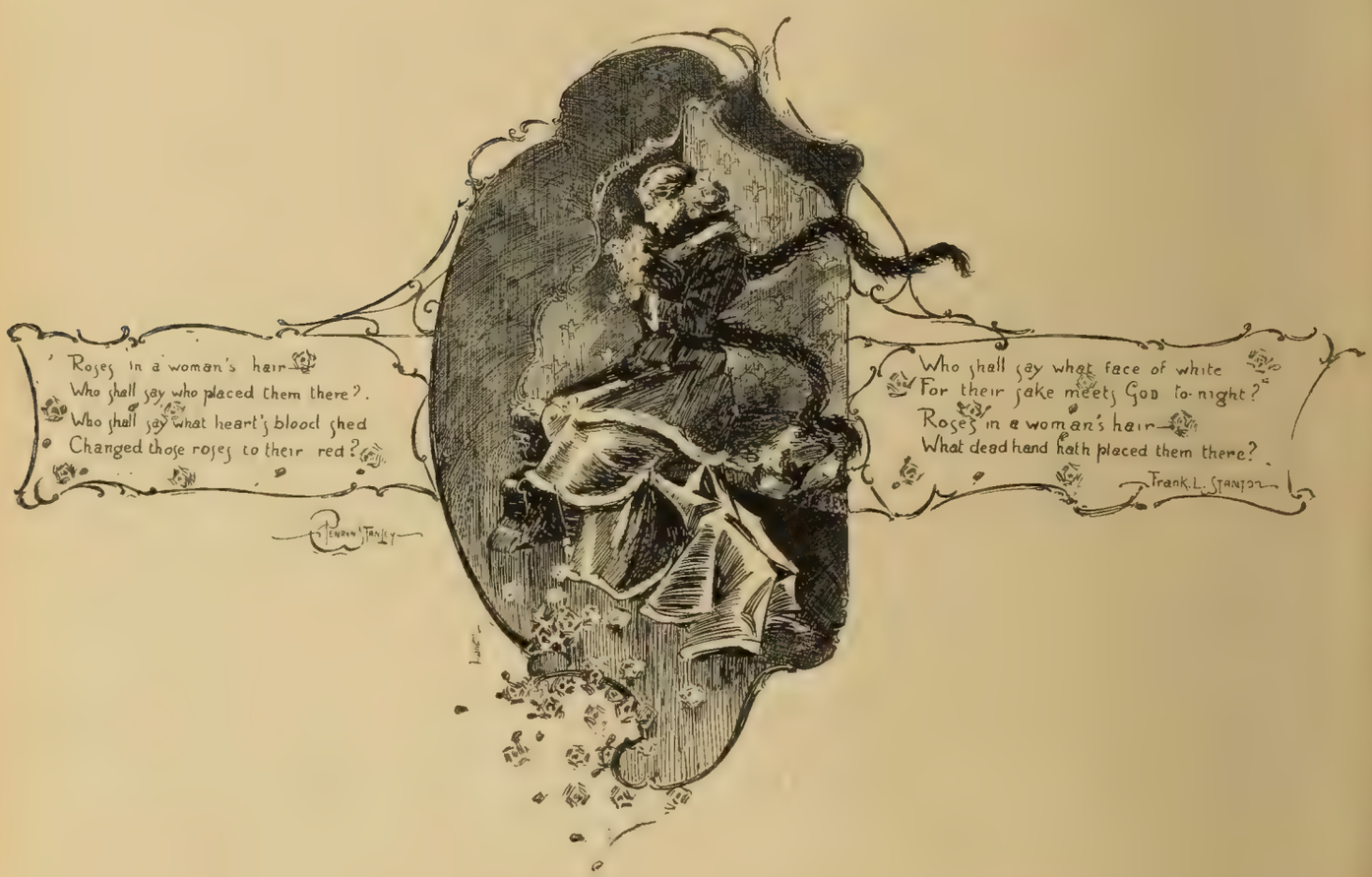
These arrangements made, the Queen renewed her

injunctions to the four persons present to observe the strictest secrecy, and descended to the State apartments.

Forty minutes later Sir Henry was in Mr. Verriter's presence.

(To be continued.)

ROSES IN A WOMAN'S HAIR.



PADEREWSKI AT HOME.

The Hôtel de Paderewski is a delightful retreat on one of the boulevards of Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opera. Of the many celebrities in this city of pleasure, surely no one has more charming apartments than this "human duster," as the concierge called him on the occasion of my visit. The room at his home in which he works is sombre and picturesque. Paintings line the walls, and crimson hangings shade the windows. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers, the gifts of those known and unknown who, during his stay in Paris, surround him daily with these silent tributes to his genius. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is a portrait of the great musician by a famous Austrian painter, and to the right, on a velvet plaque, is the beautiful silver laurel wreath presented to Paderewski by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A picture of Chopin on his deathbed and a landscape of great value adorn the wall on the left, while, standing loftily in a luminous golden atmosphere, is a marble bust of Chopin crowned with a wreath of exquisite workmanship, presented to Paderewski in Paris.

I was not allowed to linger long, so I passed to the tables, where rare and valuable gifts from admiring friends were scattered—miniature pianos, musical instruments, and endless pocket souvenirs. A painting of Paderewski by Alma Tadema, a magnificent work, hung opposite, and from it I turned to the sketch of the greatest of living pianists by Burne Jones, which is so well known. The piano, a Steinway grand, was reflected in the polished floor, which a priceless rug only half concealed. Pictures of his favourite composers—Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, &c.—and photographs of friends were numerous. Draping the door in the hallway are the Polish and American flags presented to Paderewski at the close of the first season at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the occasion of his concert for the Washington Monument, now completed in Washington Park. An entire wall is occupied by the superb laurel wreath presented at Leipsic.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

Those supremest of all jewels, Life and Love, are soon to have a new French setting. It is a book by a Parisian writer whose fame is world-wide, and it courageously expounds some new theories of existence whose boldness has never been surpassed. It is now in the hands of the printers, and the public is to be allowed to pass judgment upon it shortly, but in a somewhat novel way, for the name of the author is not to be divulged until two months after the date of publication. Upon the condition that no definite particulars will be disclosed a representative of To-Day has been allowed to make the following translations from the proof-sheets—

"All ideas and tastes, every passion and emotion, all health and illness, all, in fine, that constitutes life, and everything which life contains, is an exemplification of the same set of laws—those which govern active chemistry, human chemistry, the chemistry of character. In their fundamental entirety, these sub-laws undoubtedly combine to form the now lost Law of Laws, so often darkly hinted at in the ancient mystical writings of Egypt, India, and Persia, which was only taught under oath of secrecy, to initiates.

"Chemistry, solely hard, cold chemistry alone, has within itself an explanation, clear and lucid, of the seeming contradictions and inconsistencies which otherwise stamp human life as an evolution of fickleness and falsity, hideous of proportion and aspect, and horrid of hue and abode.

"But once you weigh him in his true balances, the alleged total depravity of man fades into utter disappearance. There is positively no phase of either virtue or vice which does not cease to have a moral aspect, wholly and uncompromisingly, the moment you flash the light of truth upon it and truth in this case is one with chemistry.

"No one would be so foolhardy as to deny the chemical attributes of the mineral kingdom, while not a few of the ripest scientific minds of the age are willing to admit that the mineral and vegetable categories are close fellows in this particular. Others (though in the main half-heartedly), grant that there are 'certain chemical elements in animal life; but no one has heretofore dared to acknowledge that each and every animal life is a mere conglomerate of chemical atoms and agents, and that these, and these alone, are responsible for everything that man thinks, and does, and wants to do.

"Man's 'moral nature' is a phrase-maker's fiction. He has nothing of the kind. That which is usually accepted as such is but an effect of external influences and agencies upon man's chemical qualities, under favourable conditions. In different circumstances, man is described as 'immoral,' which is another verbal vacuum, for it is simply the same man changed by outward compulsion to a temporary state of chemical ugliness.

"Vice and virtue, which are mere geographical incidents, are often spoken of as if man had no other business in life than to pursue one or other of them. Normal man has no natural consciousness of either. Whether he confesses to it or not, man is first of all a seeker of pleasure. If that purely chemical process, called impulse, sends him in one direction, he is declared virtuous, and is made the recipient of praise; but, if perchance, his feet tread the opposite path, condemnation falls upon him in proportion to his so-called viciousness. Neither virtue nor vice was the goal of either man. The one was not in the slightest degree actuated by the desire to be good, nor had the other any aspirations toward evil. Each solely sought personal happiness or personal comfort, and in either case are praise and blame most impudent intruders. But then praise and blame must needs be inconsequent, for they are the chief handmaids of Conventionality, that modern Gorgon whom no justice-loving Perseus has yet drawn the sword upon; the one ever-living and all-swaying lie, which, whatever its guise or purpose, conscienceless denies and defies fact, and has part and parcel with neither natural nor spiritual law.

"Love, that daintiest and sweetest product of the subtle chemistry of sex, is, when its true character is admitted, the easiest understood of all life's manifold phases, though many philosophers have denied its existence, because their materialistic, ethical systems were too brutal to define it.

"Some other of these wiseacres have declared that love is nothing better than animal passion, while other extremists still, of a less grovelling type, have pronounced it the highest order of spirituality. It is neither of these, in fact; but something better than either, because more rational.

"Love, at its best, is active chemistry in its most exalted state. At its worst, it is a perfectly natural disintegration of the same. There are, of course, still lower grades of sexual attraction which are quite apart from love; but even these are strictly the phenomena of chemistry.

"Volumes beyond number have been written to prove that mind is superior to matter; perhaps it is; but, if so, then both mind and matter are subject to chemical force.

"To make this clear, man, as a problem, must first be more precisely stated than usual. In man, then, are all the potentialities of the universe. There is nothing outside of man which he does not also, to some extent, contain. As the atom, so is the all; as the part, so is the whole; and since man holds within himself some portion of everything which is and can be, there is direct active relation between himself and the entire realm of general existence. He is, consequently, a vortex through and about which the most powerful of influencing factors are ever sweeping; and it necessarily follows that each instant some one or another of these dominating ties is bound to affect him a little more energetically than its fellows, and that, as time goes on, each is in turn displaced by another, only in like turn to be in the same way displaced.

"Thus, without understanding why, he is at one time gay and at another grave; now brilliant and now stupid; and so on down to the end of the long gamut of human fluctuations. His tastes, too, vary most astoundingly, and his mental bent is likewise subject to strangely sudden and unintelligible alterations.

"This is simply because some branch or other of external nature is ever forming an active compound with some one of man's innumerable groups of atoms, with which it most nearly forms a unison, and because each particular atomic group directly affects the especial department of his emotional or intellectual machinery with which it has sympathetic connection. When this selected portion of the inward chemical compound has been acted upon until it vibrates in exact harmony with its outward influence the latter withdraws its activities, and permits some other set of atoms in like manner to fall under the sway of fresher external influence.

"So long as man lives these processes never cease to go on; and as each is displaced by its successor, man is said by his fellow-beings to have 'changed his mind' —which, to be precise, is chemical alternation.

"These principles, of course, apply to mankind generally. There are special instances where the will and the mental organisation have sufficient potency to act with more or less independence of the externalities of impulse, which Nature blindly affixes to whatever set of capacities it finds receptive.

"In the case of love a somewhat different thing takes place. The influence is still external, and still chemical, but its transmission is due to either immediate proximity or direct contact, or both. Here, general external influence is made secondary to special external influence, so that the former is, for a time, powerless to act.

"There can be no attraction between man and woman

except where both possess at least a few chemical qualities which are developed in each to a like degree.

"A man and woman meet for the first time. Her colour deepens and her eyes fall under his gaze; and he feels his pulses quicken at the sight of her. If their hands meet, each is conscious of a slight tingling thrill. If they are idealists, they attribute this to likeness of soul, and if they are materialists, they say it is the awakening of animal passion. Neither theory describes the fact.

"It is pure chemistry. They are attracted to each other by close similarity of chemical condition—which, however, has not yet become exactly the same in both. Exact harmony is necessary to music. It is fatal to human association. Once the chemical resemblances, which attract a man and woman to each other, are, by continued physical contact, reduced to a like condition, so that there can be no further chemical activity, all attraction ends. Once association with each other has made a unit of their chemical sympathies, then that which at first was attraction is made by chemical absorption into repulsion. To make it still clearer, each originally possessed a great many chemical particles, whose like, in the other, had either ceased to be aggressively active, or had never been aroused into activity at all. And in each these unlike particles constituted the major portion of the whole. Each had a few chemical resemblances. As soon as direct association has amalgamated the latter they fall into a state of chemical inactivity or dormancy. There being, then, no other active chemical sympathies between this man and woman, they are now repelled from each other, just as naturally and inevitably as they were formerly drawn together. The world, in judging such a circumstance, pronounces these people fickle, or says that they became 'tired of each other.' It is simply a kind of chemical exhaustion."

The writer also goes on to say that in every human being there are certain chemical elements which are malevolent and antagonistic to other persons; and that, if they are stirred by the "external influences" aforesaid, they impel their unhappy possessor to do thieving, murder, and all other varieties of mischief and violence. The book is expected to make a "literary and scientific sensation," and there seems to be little reason for doubting that it will at least prove successful in this respect.

A SAFE HARBOUR.

Some years ago, when the boom was raging in Southern California, a great seaport city was about to be built. It was called "Ballona." Beautiful chromolithographs of a magnificent harbour, with great ships riding at their anchors, while long trains of cars were loading at vast docks, were scattered through Southern California. It was whispered that "the Santa Fé road was behind it." People began to think they had better "get in on Ballona." A party of gentlemen went down from Los Angeles to look at it. Some of them were financially interested in Ballona, and some of them were not—yet. Among the latter was a foreigner, a genial French baron. The party dined copiously at an adjacent hostelry, and then went to look at "the harbour." Most of the party were a trifle surprised when they saw the narrow slough which was called "the harbour." However, three of them got into a boat to cross "the harbour." The baron was one. Of the other two, one was a hardened joker, and the third an officer high in the United States army. On the way over, the joker conceived the idea of rocking the boat and scaring the baron. The general seconded him. They succeeded beyond their expectations. The baron protested that they would all be drowned, but the joker and the general kept on. Finally, the terrified baron stood up, but being very tall, his centre of gravity was too high. He fell out of the boat, amid cries of alarm from those on shore, for the baron had fallen into the fathomless waters right in the middle of the "harbour." However, to the great surprise of the intending investors on dry land, as well as to his own, the baron picked himself up out of three feet of water and waded ashore. The jest was an excellent one in the beginning, but as it practically squelched "the harbour" scheme, the joke may be considered to be on Ballona instead of the baron.

Rebecca (*to Ikey, who has ordered one plate of cream and two spoons*): "Ven ve vere keeping gompany, Ikey, you used to order two plates of gream."

Ikey: "Vell, dot's aller right, ve're von now, ain't ve?"

EXPENSIVE.

Smythe: "What does a typewriter cost?"
Wythe: "Well, mine cost me a divorce and two thousand pounds alimony."

INTERVIEW WITH MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.

Since the heir to the Lyceum stage became, like Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once," a change has come o'er the spirit of his room. While he was an artist-actor only, the familiar study in Bedford Square proclaimed itself despite the absence of "top-light" and chilling acreage of glass, as first and last a studio. But now that "manager" has been added to his two-fold title to success, the sanctum has become transformed. Bits of Japanese armour still ornament the walls. Above the mantelpiece still hangs a beautifully-carved crucifix. Easels and pictures still abound. But the difference is manifest.

The floor is now littered with books—authorities upon costume, archæology, and the like. Sheaves of telegrams and bushels of letters encumber the escritoire. A place of honour has been found for a Hollyer portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. A highly characteristic portrait, a roguish head silhouetted against a latticed casement—"Only a face at the window, only a face, nothing more." And the last issue of *The Album* lies upon the chair. A "Bogey" spirit of unrest has ousted the dreamy genius of the room. The atmosphere no longer betrays the student, the recluse; it breathes of business, worry, a hundred active interests. And Mr. Forbes Robertson himself, weary and worn, new to the cares and distractions of management, completes the impression of feverish, fatiguing work.

But he is radiant, nevertheless. How could he be otherwise! Think of the solid blocks of human beings wedged nightly against the Lyceum doors, waiting with the patience of Job for a seat! Recall the box-office, with its throng of place-seekers, crowding about poor Mr. Hurst as though he were a bride at a fashionable wedding! Yes, it is easy to explain both the worn look and the bright smile that Mr. Forbes Robertson wears. *Romeo and Juliet* is a huge success. The awful heat of a few weeks back did not affect it. "Eighty-six in the shade," and every theatre like a Turkish bath, made no difference to them. Their audiences far surpass his utmost expectation.

Then, too, the general satisfaction has been very gratifying. True, Mr. Forbes Robertson admits they seem to have given umbrage here and there, because the play has been stripped of "traditional tinsel and gag." But that he had to expect. Long-cherished beliefs die hard, and there was sure to be an outcry because Juliet didn't scream, or shower penny roses upon Romeo from the balcony, or because Mercutio didn't introduce consecrated bits of "business," of which Shakespeare gives never a hint. All these little discords, however, Mr. Forbes Robertson cannot seriously deplore. His ideal is to present Shakespeare as he finds him in the printed page, and this ideal and his managerial policy are one.

Nothing that is in any way "illuminating" will he reject, and in proof he instances the innovation of Mercutio's death upon the stage.

"Now there was a fine idea. Coghlan brought it to me, with just a little hesitation. He fancied, I suppose, that it might not commend itself to that monument of egotism, the 'actor-manager!' I was delighted. I said, 'Splendid! Now, why didn't *I* think of that! Of course, it's stronger for Mercutio, stronger for Romeo, stronger for the scene. In it goes.' That's one thing. But all the shameless gags with the Nurse—gags which old actors have become so accustomed to that they really believe they are all in the text—these and pictures for the sake of pictures, and so on, things that don't in the least help the play . . . no, no, no!"

Mr. Forbes Robertson is generosity itself in his praise of the new Juliet. "Mrs. Campbell is, I think, the best Juliet I have acted with. Her conception is certainly the most beautiful: it is all childlike purity from beginning to end, and, to my thinking, exquisitely imagined and expressed." Moreover, Mr. Robertson finds her, after Madame Modjeska, the most "inspiring" actress he has met. And from eulogy of his leading lady, and chat about the extraordinary vogue which she now enjoys, he glides into talk about the future.

As to the trend of things, Mr. Forbes Robertson is at one with Mr. Clement Scott and others skilled in feeling "the public pulse." He thinks that a powerful reaction has set in against "the problem play," and that the bent will be towards romance, perhaps poetical romance, for at least a year or two. And curiously enough he finds, from his experience of plays now being submitted to him from every side, that authors seem working in a groove. More than half of the dramas he has read bear some resemblance, startling or vague, to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Since Hall Caine's "Manxman" appeared, itself towards the close suggestive of the New England tragedy, Arthur Dimmesdale seems to have taken possession of half-a-dozen minds. Oddly enough, however, no one has yet thought of going to the fountain head and fashioning a drama for surely the ideal Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale of all time.

Mr. Robertson finds a good reason for this "revolt," as he considers it, against the "problem" piece; and he finds it in the fabric of his own enthusiastic admiration for *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. With this play a certain form of drama achieved perfection. There was no greater height to tread. All that followed marked, almost insensibly, perhaps, but still marked, a decline. Until suddenly one day the public woke to the fact that it was being bored. Its boredom took the shape of protest against this whole school of thought, and for relief it wheeled once more in the direction of simplicity, and active as opposed to reflective, interest.

Towards "simplicity"—of motive, in character drawing—Mr. Robertson naturally leans. That is patent in his work. He believes in the complex creation, when handled by a Shakespeare. But for the audiences, actors, dramatists of our day he thinks that "deep-sea dredging" is apt to become a little toilsome. And he echoes Louis Stevenson in desiring that all works of art might issue "from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious."

To Romeo, to anything of Shakespeare's, Mr. Forbes Robertson comes with a horrible nervous dread, and a certain fear of the bigness of the undertaking. But he also feels sustained by a sense of elevation. It may look a huge hill to climb, but there is encouragement to be drawn from the mere effort to climb it. Then, too, in Shakespeare an actor can "let himself go." He need not be frightened lest in suggesting passion he should find himself hideously out of harmony with the prevailing dreadfully unemotional "modern" tone.

As to what will follow *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr. Robertson at present adopts the tactics of Brer Rabbit. He lays low and says nuffin'. He has the refusal of *The Manxman*—the new version which opens with the famous scene in the glen, and ends with Philip's confession and renunciation; and naturally Philip greatly attracts him. Then there is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, of which there was a private reading only two days since. And this, too, is modern romance. Again, there is a version ready of Maeterlinck's mystical eerie *Pelleas et Melisande*. But a good deal depends upon the run of *Romeo and Juliet*. "Miss Anderson's revival of *A Winter's Tale*," Mr. Robertson reminds me, "ran seven months!" And obviously, in this most generous and modest actor-manager's opinion, it is merely a question of Miss Anderson versus Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Which vogue will prove the greater? Possibly—and thousands will hope it may be so—nothing new will be wanted before "Sir Henry's" return.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Your question about the fashionable colour for carriages is an easy one to answer. Citron-yellow carries all before it at the present moment. The new victoria does not look very different from the old, the chief point being the straightness of the back, so that it gives support to the shoulders without obliging one to lean far back for it. The springs, however, are simply perfect. Red wheels look quite vulgar, now that citron is so much in vogue. Chocolate seems quite the favourite colour for liveries, as well as for the upholstering of carriages. A deep nut-brown comes next. The Duke of Montrose has green liveries, in spite of the old saying—

"A Graham in green should never be seen,"

in allusion to the old superstition that the verdant colour is unlucky to all of the name. The smartest turn-outs in London are those of Earls Cadogan and Spencer, Lord Londonderry, Lord Sefton, and Lord Wimborne. Lord Lonsdale's yellow carriage and magnificent chestnuts is as well-known as the Achilles Statue. Lovely Lady de Trafford has been going about in a yellow victoria with a pair of splendid greys. Town is now so full that a stroll through the Park is quite pleasant, and Bond Street furnishes forth many a charming costume that I resolve to tell you about, but I generally manage to forget the details before I can jot them down.

A VELVET TEA GOWN.

I wish you could see Winifred Emery in the sweet gown she wears at the Comedy. "Mrs. Fraser" has had it made expressly for the Divorce Court case, her sister remarks, and that she could devise such a dress for such an occasion shows the whole tone of the character she portrays. For Sandown, a wedding, or a garden party it would be a *chef d'œuvre*; but the flighty, fast, frivolous-minded heroine of the play has evidently had an eye to a "killing get-up" in the witness-box. At the same time, it is a sweetly effective gown, and Miss Emery graces it most charmingly. The skirt is a very soft, rich surah silk, shot with pinkish heliotrope—a rhododendron blossom tint—and pale green. The bodice is made of rhododendron-pink silk, almost covered with perpendicular bands of embroidery in green, pink, brown, and cream-colour. At the neck is a small pink velvet collar, turned back in points from the white throat. The skirt is lined with silk in the same mauve-pink, and has a very full, thick ruche in the bright colour under the hem. Over the gown, when she first comes in from the Divorce Court, she wears a short cape made partly of heliotrope and partly of green mirror velvet. The folds hang straight from the neck to an inch or two below the waist, both back and front, the connection being by means of a kind of yoke in heliotrope. The hat is in the same materials, with a glittering coronet of green and amethyst jewellery, and a very tall aigrette in the two colours. In the third act she exchanges the elaborate bodice for a pale green blouse, with creamy lace falling over the shoulders and sleeves. In both she looks delightful. Her hair is short, and curls in little rings all over her head. I suppose it had to be shaved when she was ill.

Miss Lily Hanbury looks very handsome in a black gown, relieved with orange. The skirt is black watered mohair, and the bodice is orange silk, with lengthwise bands of open-work jet. A collar, and very stiff, square epaulettes, are in orange velvet. When she first comes in she has an egregiously wide toque, with a circle, or rather, a semi-circle of huge black and orange bows round the back, each of them as big as a peony or a small cauliflower. From a front view it is very becoming, a large yellow rose resting on the very centre of the hair, above the forehead; but at the back it has a wild appearance. When she takes it off, and her lovely auburn hair is seen, she looks splendid.

Miss Esmé Beringer is at her best in a striped black and white gown, with a pink silk bodice; but in the last act is spoiled by the top-heavy look imparted by her quite enormous hat, overladen with long, thick ostrich plumes, curling over each other in snowy abundance, like the crest of an Atlantic roller when it breaks.

Here is a sweet evening blouse: The low bodice is covered with white muslin, a deep fall of cream-tinted

lace serving as bertha. The design of this lace is in imitation of Brussels, and is very light and soft. Over the short, puffed sleeves falls similar lace, set on very full. It is long on the outer side of the arm, but short on the inner. Over the top of this lace is a bias band of mirror-green velvet, crossed diagonally every two or three inches by a fold of black velvet fastened down with a paste button. Of course a diamond brooch or clasp can be substituted should circumstances permit.

The tea-gown shown in our sketch is in pale sea-green mirror velvet, the yoke and the lower part of the sleeves being in dark green embroidered velvet. The lining is pale blue flowered silk, and the fronts are so arranged as to fall back and show it. The Empire front is in white accordeon-pleated crêpe-de-chine, and the wide, full vest is white silk.

I am getting so clever at marketing! You would not know your own sister if you could see her with a little maid behind her, poking fowls in the breast, inquiring about their nationality, investigating veal, and actually buying the best Scotch and English beef at 10d. per pound, prime joints!

How is it done? Well, one has only to know one's London. Sometimes there is a difference of 5d. in the pound for precisely the same class of provisions, and with only a couple of streets separating the two shops. Poverty teaches us useful secrets, and I feel that I am rapidly qualifying for the proud position of a Poor Man's Wife. All the same, I dislike poverty very much, and I hope, when the fortunate person arrives who is to carry off your Susie, that he will have an agreeable width of income, and allow me a pleasant amount of pin-money. Should I not appreciate it, after these long months of direst impecuniosity!

To those who live down South the difficulty in getting a good crisp Scotch oatcake is great. I have been trying some of the Eclipse oatcakes which were sent to me by the manufacturers—the Eclipse Baking Company, of Tradeston, Glasgow—and enjoyed them exceedingly. They are made from excellent oatmeal, are nicely baked, and sent out in neat sample packets to carry through the post.—Your affectionate

Susie.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Theer is some people as sims ter me ter think they was sent inter the world ter mike noosinces o' theirselves. One of 'em gort onter the top o' my 'bus the other mornin'. An oldish gent 'e were—I knowed 'im through 'avin 'ad trouble with 'im afore. "I refuse ter tike a ticket," says 'e. "You can 'ave my twopence, but I won't tike a ticket." "Suttunly, sir," says I. Thet disappointed 'im rawther. Whort 'e wanted was ter 'ave a awgymunt, and 'e couldn't bear ter miss it. "You, and men like you," says 'e, "sim ter think the preporstrus reggilitions of your idjyotic 'bus-comp'nies are the laws o' this land, and I mike it my business——" "Oh, I've no time to talk to yer," says I. "I 'as my dooties ter attend to." Presintly a jumper gits on, and I gives 'im the office—'im bein' a man I knowed. So 'e goes up, and awsks fur all the other tickits, but leaves art that cantank'rus ole gent altogether. "'Ere, inspector, or whatever yer call yerself," says the ole gent, "yer ain't awsked fur my ticket." "No need to, thank yer, sir," says the jumper, an' darn 'e comes lawfin'. Theer were that pore ole idjyut, stawvin' fur a row with somebody, and couldn't pull it off no 'ow. 'E didn't feel 'appy at all, and e'd 'ave been still less 'appy if e'd known. Yer see, while 'e was gassin' abart the laws o' the land, I was pinnin' 'is ticket onter the back of 'is coat-collar.

Blimey if it wouldn't 'ave bin wurth the price of a pint ter 'ave seed 'im when 'e farnd it art. I dart if 'is langwidge was hall as a thoughtful Chrischun cud desire. Myebe it 'ull teach 'im—'e wornted a lessing.

* * * *

I ain't much on Poler Experditions. That is ter sye, I shouldn't keer ter tike a 'and in no sich myself. Top o' the 'bus on a frosty mornin', with a heast wind blowin', is all the Poler as I wornts. Still, there's them as does it, so I surpose the enjyment comes in somewheer. Whort with drivin' dorgs and shootin' o' walruses, and gettin' the scurvy, they fills in their time some'ow; but, I awsks, whort do they do it fur? The hideer is, so 'Ankin tells me, ter find art more abart the Poler reguns. Stow it. We knows enough already ter know as it ain't no plice ter live in. The 'ole show's like a 'ipe'ny ice with the fliv'rin' left art. It's no plice fur yooming bein's. Why, I wunner as the very seals don't pawn their bloomin' sealskins ter buy theer passidge ter a land with a more Chrischun climit to it. As fur the whyles—well, yer tork abart the instink of animuls! Whyles goes and lives 'andy fur the only rice of yooming bein's as 'as got the stummick ter eat whyles' flesh. Plucky lot o' instink theer is abart thet. Bloomin' foolishness is whart I calls it. No, the pawts abart the North Pole is no clawss at all. The fac' o' the kise is as theer's some men as likes 'awdships, reg'lar loves 'em, ain't 'appy egscep when theer bloomin uncomf'table. Thet's the on'y wye as I can expline these 'ere experditions. I dessay as it's 'eroism, an' very fine, and all that; but it ain't joodishus. I ain't no 'ero myself, an' I gits all the discomfut as I warnts withart goin' experditions ter look fur it.

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ELIZA AND SHAKESPEARE.

By Barry Pain.

I led up to it, saying to Eliza, not at all in a complaining way, "Does it not seem to you a pity to let these long winter evenings run to waste?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "I think you ought to do something."

"And you, too. Is it not so, darling?"

"There's generally some sewing or the accounts."

"Yes; but these things do not exercise the mind."

"Accounts do."

"Not in the way I mean." I had now reached my point. "How would it be if I were to read aloud to you? I don't think you have ever heard me read aloud. You are fond of the theatre, and we cannot often afford to go. This would make up for it. There are many men who would tell you that they would sooner have a play read aloud to them than see it acted in the finest theatre in the world."

"Would they? Well—perhaps—if I were only sewing it wouldn't interrupt me much."

I said, "That is not very graciously put, Eliza. There is a certain art in reading aloud. Some have it, and some have not. I do not know if I have ever told you, but when I was a boy of twelve I won a prize for recitation, though several older boys were competing against me."

She said that I had told her before several times. I continued:—

"And I suppose that I have developed since then. A man in our office once told me that he thought I should have done well on the stage. I don't know whether I ever mentioned it."

She said that I had mentioned it once or twice.

"I should have thought that you would have been glad of a little pleasure—innocent, profitable, and entertaining. However, if you think I am not capable of——"

"What do you want to read?"

"What would you like me to read?"

"Miss Sakers lent me this." She handed me a paper-covered volume, entitled, "The Murglow Mystery; or, The Stain on the Staircase."

"Trash like this is not literature," I said. However, to please her, I glanced at the first page. Half-an-hour later I said that I should be very sorry to read a book of that stamp out loud.

"Then why do you go on reading it to yourself?"

"Strictly speaking, I am not reading it. I am glancing at it."

When Eliza got up to go to bed an hour afterwards, she asked me if I was still glancing. I kept my temper.

"Try not to be so infernally unreasonable," I said. "If Miss Sakers lends us a book, it is discourteous not to look at it."

* * *

On the following night Eliza said that she hoped I was not going to sit up until three in the morning, wasting the gas and ruining my health, over a book that I myself had said——"

"And who pays for the gas?"

"Nobody's paid last quarter's yet. Mother can't do everything, and——"

"Well, we can talk about that some other time. To-night I am going to read aloud to you a play of Shakespeare's. I wonder if you even know who Shakespeare was?"

"Of course I do."

"Could you honestly say that you have ever read one—only one—of his tragedies?"

"No. Could you?"

"I am going to read 'Macbeth' to you, trying to indicate by changes in my voice which character is speaking." I opened the book. Eliza said that she couldn't think who it was took her scissors.

"I can't begin till you keep quiet," I said.

"It's the second pair that's gone this week."

"Very well, then," I said, shutting the book with a bang, "I will not read aloud to you to-night at all. You may get along as you can without it."

"You're sure you didn't take those scissors for anything?" she replied, meditatively.

* * *

"Now then," I said, on the next night, "I am ready to begin. The tragedy is entitled 'Macbeth.' This is the first scene."

"What is the first scene?"

"A blasted heath."

"Well, I think you might give a civil answer to a civil question. There was no occasion to use that word."

"I didn't."

"You did. I heard it distinctly."

"Do let me explain. It's Shakespeare uses the word. I was only quoting it. It merely means——"

"Oh, if it's Shakespeare I suppose it's all right. Nobody seems to mind what *he* says. You can go on."

I read for some time. Eliza, in reply to my question, owned that she had enjoyed it, but she went to bed before her usual time.

* * *

When I was preparing to read aloud on the following evening, I was unable to find our copy of Shakespeare. This was very annoying, as it had been a wedding present. Eliza said that she had found her scissors, and very likely I should find the Shakespeare some other night.

But I never did. I have half thought of buying another copy, or I dare say Eliza's mother would like to give us it. Eliza thinks not.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—The action of the County Council on the licensing question is enough to sicken every sane man with the very name of popular self-government. If this sort of thing can go on in the capital of the Empire, what might we expect outside it? No more Home Rule all round for me! My soul is beginning to thirst after a Benevolent Despot with *thick boots*. How a man like Sir Arthur Arnold could give his casting vote against the unrestricted license of the Palace I wholly fail to understand. His excuse was that he wanted to preserve the "continuity of the Council's policy." Whereupon the Council showed how much it appreciated the views of its Chairman by promptly reversing its verdict of last year on the question of the Empire promenade. There is a lot of "continuity" about that, isn't there? The Licensing Committee knew what the public wanted, and recommended Free Trade all round. The Chairman voted for a "continuity" of persecution and restriction. As a result, there is only a "continuity" of muddle and injustice; next year the fight will be fought all over again, only more bitterly and more acrimoniously, and the chance of sensible legislation during a period of peace and repose has passed. I am more than ever convinced that our present system of dealing with the control of amusements, locally, is rotten to the core. The amusements of a people are part of their national life. They should be dealt with from a broad national point of view, and should be entirely removed from the prejudices and fads of a sublimated vestry. We expect our local authorities to look after our drains and our water. These are not things about which it is possible to theorise very largely. With amusements it is otherwise. The interests connected with them have now become so vast that a responsible minister is wanted to control them; and, what is more, legislation is required which will free all sorts

and kinds of amusements from the absurd and irritating restraints now imposed on them. I maintain, and I always shall maintain, that, granting a building is certified as healthy and safe, its owner has a perfect right to give in that building any entertainment that he pleases. If he offends against decency, plenty of laws exist for his punishment. The Licensing Committee of the Council was on its way to a reform on these lines, when the Council itself upset the apple-cart. And now the Council stands convicted of being one of the most utterly hopeless and futile bodies on earth. It cannot deal with our water supply. It lets the most necessary improvements in our streets stand still while bickering over "betterment." I almost believe that if a bold politician came along and proposed its total abolition he would be welcomed with one huge shout of popular applause.

Talking of reforms, it is high time that there was less talk and more action regarding London cabs. I have received a letter from Mr. E. J. Lonnen, the well-known comedian, on this subject. A clumsy cabman has hit him in the eye with the lash of a whip, and nearly blinded him. Happily, I have never been seriously hurt by the whip of any cabman driving me up to now, but, in common with many other people, I have often got the polish taken off my hat, and have been stung in the cheek by a cabman's lash. Curiously enough, the cabman is less to blame for this than his horse. A badly-broken pig of a horse won't keep up to his collar. He goes into it by jerks. If the driver is trying to hit him at one of these moments, the whip takes a backward "flick," and, instead of hitting the horse on the quarters, jerks inwards and strikes the fare in the face. The risks run by the public in cabs are far greater than they are aware of. It is a common practice to put into cabs horses that have never been driven in harness before, or, at least, not more than a few times. As a consequence, they pull, and shy, and generally play the giddy goat. No horse ought to be driven for hire unless he has been to Scotland Yard and the police certify that he has been properly broken to harness. Any cabman driving a horse not so certified ought to be liable to a heavy fine, if not to imprisonment.

Personally, I would go even further than this. I would allow no horse to be driven in London at all that was not certified by the police as properly broken. A small sum charged for the certificate would defray the cost of having the horse properly examined.

It is a remarkable thing in this country to observe how pig-headed and selfish some people are with regard to the safety and comfort of others. Hyde Park has just been thrown open to cyclists before ten in the morning. Now there follows a notice cautioning cyclists against taking dogs with them, and threatening to close the park again if the dog nuisance is not abated. Now every cyclist, other than a Battersea Park potterer, knows that a dog is always a source of danger. A dog will frisk up against your front wheel and upset you in a second.

You will be glad to hear that all the theatres are doing well, and some phenomenally just now, though there are rumours that the new play by Henry Arthur Jones will soon go into rehearsal at the Lyceum. The next play for the Adelphi has not yet been settled on, but there is every reason to believe that the Gattis will incline towards the joint work of George Edwardes and Seymour Hicks. This may be called "The Soldier," "A British Soldier," or perhaps something else. It deals with the Chitral Campaign, and one big scene shows the storming of the pass by the Highlanders. Over 200 soldiers will be required for this. Another scene will be the degradation of an officer, *à la* Dreyfus, who takes his punishment like a man, and winds up by shouting "God save the Queen"—but why I don't know. There is one slight difficulty in the way of this scene. No officer has ever been degraded in our army for over forty years. The punishment is practically non-existent. So perhaps the authors will reconsider the social status of the hero, and make a "non-com." of him.

The Prince of Wales's Club is going to be resuscitated after all. Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Fitch, two gentlemen formerly interested with Mr. W. Greet in the Avenue Theatre, have come to the rescue, and bought in the furniture. There is also some talk about the old Pelican Club being revived in all its glory.—Your affectionate cousin, Randolph.

LETTERS TO A CANDID PLAYGOER.

CONCERNING TRILBY.

My dear Randolph,—I shall be curious to see what you and your *confrères* have to say respecting *Trilby*. We have been crowding the theatre to see it all this week, but I fear it is only curiosity that has drawn us, and I am inclined to think that a good many of us—even in this provincial quarter—are disappointed. The first act of the play is interesting, although Tree makes up as such a dirty scoundrel that a shudder goes through the house when he touches Trilby's face with his loathsome paws. I really doubt if any decent fellows would allow such a greasy, filthy creature to stop for one moment in their studios.

Miss Baird struck me as very sweet and winsome, but she has not much strength. Her best opportunity comes in the last act; but then it is easy to die on the stage, and the situation always makes the acting effective. How Messrs. Yardley and Stephenson are going to burlesque the piece, I cannot for the life of me see. It will be like burlesquing *Gentleman Joe*. Most of the play is rank farce. Tree's little ostrich kick always brought a shout of laughter, and rarely, even in pantomime, have I sat out a wilder scene than the second act, where the principals come on—as Ibsen would put it—with vine leaves in their hair, some of them wearing false noses in addition. They are backed by a chorus suggestive of the Cremorne crowd towards closing time.

Allan's comic clergyman is amusing, but it plagiarises dear old Blakeley's part in *Pink Dominoes*. Allan's clergyman buries his head in portfolios containing nude sketches, and addresses everyone as though he were intoning the psalms for Athelstan Riley. It is funny, but it is not comedy. Maurice has little to do but look big, and practice with the dumb-bells in a corner. Lal Brough, whose Scotch is very much like his French and whose French is very much like his Scotch, has to resort to some rather old stage tricks to keep the ball rolling. When I tell you that the greatest laughter was aroused by the two men struggling to get into one overcoat at the same time, you will be able to judge of most of the stage business.

I thought it was a mistake to allow Trilby to sing off. It had been impressed upon us that her voice was something between that of Patti and an archangel, and then an excellent contralto at some three or four pounds a week gives us "Ben Bolt."

In the third act Tree has nothing to do but to wear a fur coat and to die. In the fourth act we see him for a few minutes—clean for the first time—as a living picture.

Miss Baird shows her feet enclosed in "fleshings." They are decidedly the best thing in the piece.

If the play succeeds with you, it will succeed as it did with us, by reason of curiosity. It is certainly not a good play. The sentiment which passes muster in the book on account of the charm of the writing, comes out the veriest fustian on the stage, and the larkiness depicted in the novel becomes rough-and-tumble pantomime behind the footlights.

The play has been cut out of the book without any attempt at construction. To anyone who has not read the novel it has neither rhyme, reason, nor sense. Nor has Tree a part at all worthy of his powers.

The most important person in the whole production is the wig maker.—Your affectionate cousin, Dick.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY NEXT, the 31st of October, 1895, at Four p.m., for both Town and Country.

For the acquisition and working of a new chemical discovery and process of the highest value and importance.

(See Professor Ramsay's Reports.)

THE SULPHIDE ORE COMPANY, LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1893

CAPITAL - - - - £100,000,

Divided into 100,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 25,000 Shares are reserved for future issue.

Present ISSUE of 75,000 SHARES, whereof 25,000 Shares have been agreed to be allotted to the vendors in part payment of the purchase price, and the balance are now OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION.

Payable 5s. per Share on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. at two months from date of Allotment, and the balance, if and when required, at intervals of not less than two months.

Note.—32,000 Shares are appropriated to produce working capital.

DIRECTORS.

Henry Brandon, Esq., 4, Kent Gardens, Castle Hill, Ealing, London, W., Director of the British Broken Hill Proprietary Company (Limited).

*Alderman C. W. Cope-Proctor, Esq., J.P., The Arches, Clevedon, Somerset.

James Dole, Esq., Redland House, Bristol.

*John Wesley Hall, Esq., J.P. (John Hall and Sons), Broadmead, Bristol.

* Being interested in the Vendor Syndicate, will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS.—Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell, and Co. (Limited), 50, Cornhill, London, E.C.; and at Old Banks, Bristol and Bath.

BROKERS.

London: Messrs. Malcolm Cooke and Lemon, 65 and 66, Old Broad Street, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Bristol: Messrs. Harry James and Co., 34, Corn Street, and Stock Exchange.

Glasgow: Henry Keith, Esq., 49, West George Street, and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Kingsford, Dorman and Co., 23, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

METALLURGIST.—Thomas Clarkson, Esq., M.I.M.E., A.M.I.C.E., A.R.S.M., M.I.M.M., M.I. and S.I., Wh.Sc., 59, Mark Lane, London.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Alfred Good, Son and Co., 57, Moorgate Street, E.C.

SECRETARY and Offices (pro. tem.)—Ernest Parnell, 57, Moorgate Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed for the following purposes:

1. To acquire the Patent Rights for the United Kingdom, Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, New Zealand, Western Australia, and Tasmania in respect of an invention for an Improved Process for the Treatment of Complex and other Ores, and for obtaining the metals therefrom in a marketable form. The complete specification for the British Patent (No. 11,233 of 1894) was filed in March, 1885. The Company will also have the option of acquiring the patent rights for France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, if the same shall be applied for by, and granted to the Vendors, upon payment by the Company to the Vendors of the expenses incurred by them in and about obtaining such Patents.

2. To grant Licences to work the above-mentioned process, or to form subsidiary companies to purchase and work the Patent rights.

3. To acquire suitable Works, and to erect plant for working the process if deemed desirable to do so.

4. To carry on generally the business of Metallurgists.

One of the most important commercial questions of the day is as to the manner of successfully treating sulphide and other complex ores.

The attention of metallurgists, chemists, and scientists has been given for many years past to this question in the hope of discovering, if possible, a process which will economically and successfully deal with this class of ores, which are not restricted to one locality, but are met with in nearly every mining district producing zinc and lead, whether in combination with silver or not. There are vast deposits of such ores at the present time in the Australasian Colonies.

The patented process, after being subjected during a lengthy period to exhaustive experiments, has proved, in the opinion of practical men, to be a complete solution of the problem of treating such complex ores.

It would appear impossible to over-estimate the importance of the discovery, which not only opens up sources of great profit by the successful treatment of sulphide ores, but also ought to have the effect of materially improving the earning power of some of the greatesst Mining Companies in the world.

The new process was submitted in June, 1894, to Professor Ramsay, Ph D., F.R.S., F.I.C., Dean of Faculty of Science and Professor of Chemistry at the University College, London, who stands foremost amongst metallurgical chemists.

After the receipt of his report, works were rented and a small plant erected for the purpose of testing the process upon a commercial basis. Several tons of ore were treated, and the results were submitted to Dr. Ramsay, who thereupon reported as follows:—

University College, Gower Street, London, W.C.
20th February, 1895.

DEAR SIRS,—Referring to my report, dated June 10th, 1894, on a process of treating complex ores of zinc and lead, I am now in a position to report that since that date I have satisfied myself as to the successful working of the process on a commercial scale. By this process complete separation of the lead, zinc, an silver can be obtained; and the costs are such that, allowing a very considerable margin for contingent expenses, I estimate a profit of at least £2 10s. per ton of ore. This estimate I regard as a reasonable one, and it has been arrived at with due care.

I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM RAMSAY, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.I.C.

The Directors have reason to believe that Dr. Ramsay has taken an exceedingly cautious view as to the minimum amount of profit to be realised.

Dr. Ramsay's calculations are based upon the assumed purchase of the chemicals required in manufacture, and no allowance is made for by products.

The actual figures in dealing with similar ore to that experimented upon by Dr. Ramsay would approximately show a profit per ton of ore of £5 2s. 5d.

Assuming that only 200,000 tons of ore be treated annually under licence from the Company at, say, a minimum average royalty of 5s. per ton, this return alone would show a dividend of 50 per cent. upon the share capital of the Compony, subject to expenses of management; but in the first instance it may be desirable that the Company should erect or acquire works, and to this end the Company has acquired the option to purchase certain leasehold works and site, over five acres in extent, situate near Bristol.

If the Directors should decide to acquire these works, or to erect works elsewhere, then inasmuch as the £32,000 of capital available (after payment of the purchase price) for issue by the Company will be more than ample for acquiring and equipping the works and providing working expenses, the Directors may elect to proceed to allotment on less than that total issue. If works be acquired or erected capable of treating 150 tons of sulphide ore per week for 50 weeks in the year, or 7,500 tons per annum, this alone, without reference to any other source of profit, would show, on the basis of Dr. Ramsay's estimated profit of £2 10s. per ton of ore treated, an annual profit of £18,750, or at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum on the Company's present issue of Share Capital, or, if the figures shown above are realised, a profit of double that amount, or 50 per cent. on the Company's present issue of Capital, will be shown.

Before applying for the patents, the Vendors consulted Messrs. Edwards and Co., Patent Agents, of 65 and 66, Chancery Lane, London, and on 23rd April, 1895, Mr. Edmund Edwards, C.E., a member of that firm, and Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Patent Agents, reported that, having carefully considered the complete specification, and having had a search made through a very large number of previous specifications, he was of opinion that the claim for the patented process as a whole had not been anticipated.

The Company will acquire the patent rights for the United Kingdom and the seven Australasian Colonies at the price of £43,000, whereof £25,000 will be satisfied by the issue to the Vendors or their nominees of 25,000 shares of £1 each, fully paid. The balance of £18,000 will be paid as follows: As to £8 000 (or such less sum as the Vendors may agree to accept) in cash, and as to the residue in cash or shares, or partly in cash and partly in shares, at the option of the Company. The Vendors, who are the promoters of the Company, and who are selling at a profit, will pay all expenses of, and incidental to the formation and registration of the Company up to and including allotment

The Vendors have entered into certain contracts relating to the expenses of the formation of the Company and of issuing the capital offered for subscription, which will be paid by them; and applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of such agreements and to waive their right to any further notice thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise. The only other contract entered into is a contract dated the 1st day of May, 1895, made between the Smelter' Syndicate (Limited), of the one part, and Ernest Parnall, as trustee for this Company, of the other part, and intending shareholders may inspect this contract and copies of Memorandum and Articles of Association at the registered Office of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Company's Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company

October, 1895.

This form must be sent entire, with the deposit of five shillings per share, to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell, and Co. (Limited), 50, Cornhill, London, E.C., or Old Banks, Bristol or Bath.

THE SULPHIDE ORE COMPANY (LIMITED).

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Sulphide Ore Company (Limited).

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Bankers of your Company the sum of £..... being a deposit of 5s. per Share on application for ..... Shares of £1 each in such Company, I hereby request that you will allot me that number, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any smaller number you may allot to me, upon the terms and conditions of the Prospectus and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company. And I request you to place my name on the Register of Shareholders in respect of the Shares which you may so allot to me, and I agree to pay the balance due in respect thereof as required by terms of the Prospectus. And I agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any claim I may have against them for non-compliance in the said Prospectus with Section 38 of the Companies' Act 1867.

Signature.....
Name (in full).....
Address (in full).....
Occupation.....
Date of Application.....

IN THE CITY.

"TO THE CREDIT OF BARNEY BARNATO."

Our contemporary, the *African Critic*, enters a much-needed protest against the adulation showered upon Mr. Barney Barnato because he assisted the shareholders in his so-called "Bank" to carry over their holdings, and so prevent their being thrown upon the market. It is not necessary to quote the rubbish written by the evening newspapers, and some of the other journals quoted by our contemporary. But we are so accustomed to look to *Truth* for service in exposing humbug that it is a little trying to find our contemporary delivering himself as follows over the Barnato business :—

> It is very much to the credit of Barney Barnato that, with these surroundings, he courageously stepped into the breach. His brokers were instructed to buy whatever Barnato Bank shares were offered up to 2¾, and every facility was given by the firm to men in good credit to carry over the shares at moderate rates.

Very much to his credit? Very much to his interest would be a good deal nearer the mark. Mr. Barnato did what he was expected to do, what it was to his plain interest to do, and what he would have been an arrant ass not to have done. A lot of idiots bought shares, at a huge premium, in a so-called bank, about which they knew nothing, except that it was the creation of a man who has made a huge fortune by jockeying his fellows, and when pay-day came many of them found themselves in a hole. Thereupon Mr. Barnato advises them not to sell, and enables them to act upon his advice by lending money on their shares at interest. What if he had not?

Really, it looks as if we shall soon have arrived at a state of things when it will be almost as difficult to get an English newspaper to avoid ridiculous puffing when it is speaking of Mr. Barney Barnato as it has been for a long time past to find a South African journal able and willing to be more than his mere pawn.

THE SIMPSON LEVER CHAIN.

The Challenge Accepted.

In the *Sportsman* of October 26th, a letter appears from Mr. W. S. Simpson, in which, replying to critics, he makes the following proposal :—

> To arrange a series of races, six in number, on a path (Catford) from one mile to one hundred, arranged as follows : 1 mile, 5 miles, 10 miles, 25 miles, 50 miles, and 100 miles, the opponents of the Lever Chain to select their own men and any machine of the present-day type (the present-day type is mentioned, because it is upon that type their criticism is based). The Lever Chain machine to be also of the present-day type. The races to be run as agreed upon by both parties. I am willing to deposit £1,000 against their £100 that the Lever Chain machine beats them four times out of six.

With respect to this challenge Mr. A. W. Gamage, of 126-9, Holborn, has called upon us and intimated that he would like to take it up, but instead of the Catford path he would prefer that of Wood Green. Mr. Gamage has handed us a cheque for £100, and in the event of his winning the wager he would hand over Mr. Simpson's cheque for £1,000 to be divided equally between Mr. Jerome's "Pluck Fund," and Mr. Sims' "Robin Dinner Fund." In accordance with the terms of Mr. Simpson's challenge we have handed Mr. Gamage's cheque to the Editor of the *Idler*—that is to say, to Mr. Jerome—and upon hearing from Mr. Simpson we shall communicate with the Editors of the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, who are to appoint the referees.

We regret that Mr. Simpson's absence from town to-day (Monday) makes it impossible for us to publish his reply to Mr. Gamage. This we shall do, with any correspondence that may arise out of it, in our next issue.

THE SULPHIDE ORE COMPANY, LIMITED.

In our last issue we made brief reference to this company. It will be seen from our advertising columns that it is now before the public. The prospectus says truly that :—

> One of the most important commercial questions of the day is as to the manner of successfully treating sulphide and other complex ores, which hitherto have been regarded, more or less, as a waste product owing to the impossibility of successfully separating and obtaining all the constituent metals therefrom.

Nor can it be doubted that if a process has been discovered that can successfully treat such ores, then

> It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the discovery which not only opens up sources of great profit by the successful treatment of Sulphide Ores, but also ought to have the effect of materially improving the earning power of some of the greatest mining companies of the world.

The question of present interest is whether the process patented by the Smelters' Syndicate, and to be bought by the Sulphide Ore Company, is this process.

Professor Ramsay, who stands in the front rank of Metallurgical chemists, says it is. His opinion is to be found in a report dated June 19, 1894 :—

> I have seen the whole process worked on a small scale, and the produce, both as regards the amount and quality, is all that can be desired. It is simple and straightforward, and would present no difficulties in being worked on however large a scale. . . I estimate a profit of at least £2 10s. per ton of ore.

The Smelters' Syndicate, who are the vendors, have been engaged for some months in testing and perfecting the process, and they submit a calculation which shows a profit of £5 2s. 5d. per ton—a calculation based, as they claim, upon very cautious figures.

The vendors ask only a very small sum in cash. It cannot be said that the Company is over-capitalised. The Board, with Mr. Brandon, of the British Broken Hill Proprietory Company, as chairman, is a very practical one; and, having regard to the importance of the discovery, if it be such as it is said to be, and the character of the men behind the issue, we think the shares now offered may be fairly recommended to those of our readers who are prepared to incur the speculative risk inseparable from the working of a new process, though not, as we believe, very considerable in the present instance.

EVANS ON OPTIONS.

A Birmingham correspondent sends us some correspondence that has passed between him and Messrs. George Evans and Co., who describe themselves as "Stock and Share Dealers, and Dealers in Options," and address from 24, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. It seems that our correspondent was impressed by some communication he had received from Messrs. Evans and Co. on the subject of "Options," and requested them to send him fuller information. Thereupon, under date September 2, they sent him what they described as their "Explanatory Book," a bulky pamphlet "showing how to use profitably from £5 to £500 and upwards." Our correspondent may have read in this fascinating *brochure* that "the *ne plus ultra* of success is by dealing in options, the working, meaning, and advantages of which we now proceed to explain." The explanation was so satisfactory that our correspondent sent Messrs. George Evans and Co. £10, which they acknowledge under date of September 10 as follows :—

> Many thanks for your letter of yesterday, enclosing cheque value of £10, which we place to the credit of your account.
> To-morrow we will write you fully as to how we have acted.

"To-morrow" came and with it this from Messrs. George Evans and Co. :—

> We beg to advise having this day placed to your account the undermentioned option, the same to be closed at your request at any time within thirty days, at market price of stock at period of closing.
> Call option on £1,000 Great Western Railway Stock at 165½.

Upon this our correspondent wrote to express his satisfaction at being put upon the high road to fortune, and Messrs. George Evans and Co., good people, played the gentle and sagacious advisers. They wrote under date September 13th :—

> We have your letter of yesterday, contents of which we note, and now beg to send herewith Call Option Certificate relating to £1,000 Great Western Railway Stock.
> Small but quick profits being much the safest and best, we assume if we can secure for you the return of the £10 paid, and another £10 for clear net profit in addition, you will be satisfied. If, however, you wish us to act otherwise, please let us hear at once.

Our correspondent felt disposed to agree with Messrs. Evans and Co. that a net profit of 100 per cent. would do very well, and wrote accordingly. He heard nothing more from Messrs. George Evans and Co. until October 12th, when he received the following :—

> We regret to say that your call option on £1,000 Great Western Railway Stock has expired, and the result is unfavourable, the market selling price at the time being 163, which is under your option contract figure of 165½; therefore the money you paid for the option is lost.

And so ends our correspondent's dream of 100 per cent. "clear net profit." If it is any consolation to him, he may rest assured that he is not the first by a good many who has discovered by painful experience the difference between promise and performance, as illustrated by Messrs. George Evans and Co.

INSTITUTE W. SCHUMILFFENG.

A Manchester correspondent writes to us as follows :—

> "I received enclosed by this morning's post, and for a specimen of pure, unadulterated, cheek, I think it takes the biscuit."

Our correspondent's language is unconventional, but the "enclosed" excuses some epithets. First, we have a pamphlet headed, "Why a Merchant should furnish to the Institute W. Schumilffeng a statement of his financial condition"; next, a letter from the Manager of the Institute (A. Reinhardt), who writes from 137, Cheapside, asking our correspondent to answer certain questions, and assuring him that the request is "simply

an act of courtesy and justice to every merchant," and finally a long list of questions which include such inquiries as the following :—

Value of personal property and of what composed ?
Real estate owned ? Mortgage on real estate ?
Total assets and liabilities ?
Names of 1, Principal creditors ; 2, Witnesses who can furnish definite information.
Annual turnover. Was the business successful ?

When it is remembered that our correspondent does not know the person who makes these inquiries, that he never in fact heard of him until he received the papers he has sent us, his strong language will seem to many to be justified.

WAS IT GENUINE?

WE print the following letter because it touches upon what is no doubt a very common form of imposition. We shall be glad to hear from others who have had demands made upon them for deposits of considerable sums of money upon appointment. Our correspondent writes :—

About the beginning of October my niece (living in London), saw an advertisement in a London paper asking for one to take charge of e firm there, who would give security and testimonials. My niece answered the advertisement on my account. After some days silence she received a note from the firm dated October 2nd, telling her to call at the address given, to-morrow morning at 12 o'clock. On Thursday, 3rd October, she called, and met Mr.——, whom she understood to be the partner managing there.

He asked if I knew shipping business and bills of lading ; said that the buying and selling part of the business could be be easily understood, and that whoever would suit, would take charge of the business till the other partner arrived. This my niece wrote to me that night, and I received her letter next morning, Friday, 4th.

I at once by that day's post wrote to the firm stating my qualifications, etc., giving names of references, and saying that their letters would be sent by next post through my niece. My letter reached the office Saturday morning : and that day, without waiting for testimonials from the references, a letter was written and posted to me direct here, offering the post on conditions of £150 *cash down* being paid as security.

Now arose suspicion, for it seemed so unreasonable for a respectable firm of standing and repute to require *cash down* for security. The letter and the signature were written apparently by the same hand, but disguised in the latter, underneath which were initials as it were of a clerk. The letter finished by stating, " we cannot entertain the application under any other circumstances,"

On receipt of this I wired to my niece, " Company give billet. Want £150 cash down. Only terms. Are they safe ? "

She at once replied, "Cannot say if safe, will call at office to-day and write you."

She wrote me by same evening's mail as follows :—" I went to see M. to-day but did aot find him in. I cannot say anything about the business, and not seeing him I found out nothing new. I did not leave the testimonials with the clerk."

Thus you will note that the offer of the post was made to me immediately after receiving my letter, unsupported by the testimonials I promised to send through my niece. The demand for *cash down* was also made, and the letter was signed presumably by a clerk—not by M.

I, on the 8th, answered the firm's letter, thanking them for the offer of the post, and *inter alia* asked them to let me know if a promissory letter written by any party of position and means, to undertake responsibility to make good any defalcations pre-supposed I might make hereafter, would not meet their object of safety as well as cash down : and asking for further information.

The reply I received to this was : "9th October, 1895. Sir,—Yours to hand of the 8th. The post of which your application refers to has been since filled."

GOLD IN NORWAY.

A correspondent who has been spending some months in Norway writes to us as follows :—

Since 1883, gold mining in Norway has been carried on mainly at Bommel, an island off the West Coast, where gold has been known to exist for many years.

In 1883 two telegraph clerks, a schoolmaster, and a farmer of enterprise, formed a small local company to prospect for copper in the island, and in sinking a shaft found gold in considerable quantities a few feet below the surface. This discovery produced some sensation at the time, and various small local combinations were formed to search for gold, and ultimately English capital was introduced to mine for gold on a large scale.

The property now possessed by the Bremnaes Gold Company covers an area of 2,000 acres, and possesses fourteen miles of lodes, all visible from the surface. Some of the ore is very rich, but the crushings show that the mass runs about 9 dwts. to the ton, while the cost of working does not exceed 3 dwts.

The machinery, which is modern and complete, is capable of crushing 2,000 tons per month. Altogether about £80,000 of capital has been expended in purchasing the property, the erection of machinery, and development, and so far gold to the value of over £20,000 has been raised.

In the process of gold mining, the quartz raised is first made to pass over a screen through which the fines and small stones fall, while the larger stones continue their course to the "Blake" Crusher, which reduces them to a suitable size. With this material the stamp mill is fed and the quartz is ground to an extremely fine powder. This powder is mixed with water by the aid of a series of fine jets of water, and is made to pass over copper plates coated with quicksilver. The quicksilver seizes the gold and forms an amalgam. The copper plates are kept bright by the application of cyanide of potassium, which removes all salts of copper which may have been formed.

The amalgam is removed daily and at the end of the month is retorted. This process consists of volatising the quicksilver and smelting the gold into bars. The quicksilver is saved by passing the vapour through a condenser. The loss of quicksilver by this process is about half an ounce to the ton of rock treated, and is worth about three-halfpence.

The process described is practically that now used in South Africa.

COMFORTABLE PROFITS.

In that excellent publication, The Post Office London Directory, Mr. G. A. Gillett, of 90, Old Kent Road, and other places, comes under the heading of "Oil and Colour Men," and is further included in the list of "Italian Warehousemen"—whatever they may be—and "Tallow Chandlers." In a circular letter that has reached us Mr. G. A. Gillett describes himself as a "Wholesale Oilman and Pickler." We have lingered over the description of the kind of business carried on by Mr. G. A. Gillett, because we like to let our readers know, whenever information comes to us, the kind of thing, in the way of jog-trot industry, that pays in these competing days. Apparently it is the "wholesale oilman" who rakes in the dollars. Mr. G. A. Gillett's letter, dated "90, Old Kent Road, London, October, 1895," is as below :—

I beg to inform you that I am turning my business into a public limited company.

I will send you a copy of the prospectus before it is issued to the public, enclosing a coloured application form, so that an application from you thereon will receive special consideration.

The total capital of the company is £100,000, in £1 ordinary shares, and the net profits during the past three years average over £12,000 a year.

£100,000 seems to outsiders to be a pretty big capital where with to run oil shops in the Old Kent Road, even with "a coloured application form" thrown in.

NEW ISSUE.—Halifax Breweries, Limited (Nova Scotia, Dominion of Canada).—Share capital £110,000 divided into 4,000 5 per cent. Preference Shares and 7,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, the whole of the latter being taken by the Vendors. 3,500 Preference Shares are offered for subscription, together with £45,000 6 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures. This Company is formed to acquire five freehold breweries—four in Halifax and one in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island—the certified profits of which are stated to be £11,835 per annum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company. A TO-DAY MAN (Sheffield).—We have no doubt that the price will improve again, but the company is too much under the control of the Barnatos to make its shares a desirable investment. **Louise and Co., Limited.** SHAREHOLDER (Dent).—We think you may safely increase your holding. **Shebas.** SHEBA (Levan)—We should hold. We are obliged to you for your kindly references to TO-DAY. **South Larcombe Slate Quarries.** SLATE (Pontypridd).—It would have been better to have made the inquiries you make now before buying the debenture. We do not advise you to buy more. **Outside Brokers.** WILTON (Taunton).—The firm in question has been established many years, and whilst you must take their circular statements *cum grano salis*, we have never heard anything to their discredit, as bearing upon their treatment of clients. **West Australian Mining Shares.** P. A. (Belfast).—We should prefer to put the £600 into West Australian Gold Fields. **Sound Investment.** E. M. (Saltburn-by-the-Sea).—Each of these concerns must be judged upon its own merits. Many of them are sound ; some not. **Appalachian, Limited.** IN THE DARK (Formby).—We regret we cannot help you. **Two Mining Shares.** G. H. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Better hold for a time. Sell upon anything like substantial improvement in price. **J. and P. Coats' Ordinary.** ANTI-SPECULATOR. (Middleton). — It is a splendid business, but we do not think the shares "will go up £5 or £10 in about six months." You seem not to know that at their present price they only give the investor about three per cent. for his money. **London and Paris Exchange, Limited.** J. A. (Glasgow).—Hardly suitable. **Palace Shares.** H. B. (Nelson).—They are good to hold. **Universal Corporation, Limited.** PREMIUM (Edinburgh).—The public issue has been made. It would be a very speculative investment. **Corporation of London Bonds.** W. L. B. (Forest Hill).—Safe. Yes. All the issues are specially secured. **"A Fascinating Circular."** J. W. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Better avoid "fascinating circulars." **United Mines Ore Reduction Company.** V. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We have no information. **Imperial Western Australian Corporation, Limited.** J.P. (Edinburgh).—We think you and your friend have cause of complaint. **Jackson's Gold Fields, Limited.** J. W. (Ealing).—Yes, a fair speculative purchase. **Three Mining Shares.** J. C. W. (Stockport).—A poor list, but you had better hold for a time. **Five Industrial Companies.**—They are all sound concerns. Nos. 2, 3 and 5 for preference. **The Universal Stock Exchange, Limited.** MIDDLEBERG.—We are obliged to you for the paper. We agree with you. **Various Shares.** J. C. (Haslingden).—You must have a little mercy. Your list is a highly speculative one, and we advise you to sell if you have the chance of doing so without loss. **Barberton Reefs, Limitsd.** T. E. (Cardiff).—It is not a purchase we shall recommend.

INSURANCE.

BROOK.—1. Your policy is a bird in the bush, and personally we would rather have a wing of it in hand. The Company is not making profits enough to make the policy payable in your life time. Take the surrender value, and assure in another office. 2. We do not. 3. It is a splendid offer in all respects. W. B. C.—Most of the ordinary accident companies take such risks, but being hazardous the premium is rather high. There are no apprentice rates. J. F. S. (Notting Hill).—The company you are in is able to pay twenty shillings in the pound to policy-holders, but the money will come out of the shareholders' pockets. Our opinion is that untoward circumstances will compel it to transfer to another company. The advice given you with respect to the other company mentioned is quite sound. We have great faith in it. T. F.—We have not seen it. Nobody can have a monopoly in an insurance scheme. BONUS.—The society whose name you mention is both safe and good in all senses. L. C.—All the offices named are perfectly secure. Nos. 1 and 3 will probably give you the best return for your premiums. In selecting these two we are taking into account the prospects of the future. K. T. C.—We are not aware of such an institution. Had you not better address your enquiry to a scholastic journal ? A SUBSCRIBER.—The office is perfectly sound, but we question the value of insurances where the bonuses are continued. WEST COUNTRY.—The company is quite sound, and will fulfil its policy engagements. Are the sums you mention expressly contracted for in the policy, or are they only estimates ? If only estimates, reject them.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES possess as great advantages for CARRIAGES as for cycles. Exhibition of carriages with these tyres at (and full particulars from) 14, Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

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CONTENTS.

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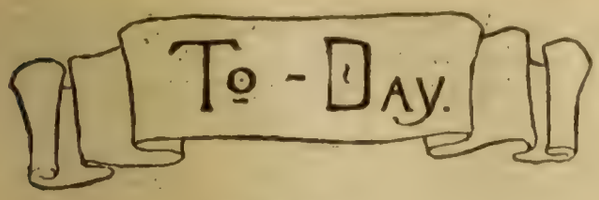

CONTENTS.

PAGE
The Theft of the Koh-i-noor. By Allen Upward. Illustrated by Walter Wilson ... 385
The Chemistry of Character ... 386
Interview with Mr. Forbes Robertson ... 391
Feminine Affairs ... 392
De Omnibus. By the Conductor ... 394
Eliza and Shakespeare. By Barry Pain ... 395
The Ruminations of Randolph ... 395
Letters to a Candid Playgoer ... 396
In the City ... 398
To-Day. By J. K. J. ... 401
Club Chatter ... 405
The Diary of a Bookseller ... 409
How the Major Kept his Promise. By Louis Tracy. Illustrated by W. Dewar ... 410
Aunt Fan's Letters.—I ... 413
Character-Reading from the Face. XI. The Hair. By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A. ... 414
Very High Play. By Barry Pain ... 415

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The kindest conclusion to come to upon Lord Salisbury's "climb down" in the "Armenian Question," is that he anticipates a strong possibility of having to go to war with Russia over the Chinese matter, and, therefore, does not desire to be embroiled with Turkey at a time when England will need every ship and every man to protect her own interests in the East. That England under his generalship has succeeded in cutting a very sorry and very contemptible figure in Constantinople there can be no question. A barbarous third-rate Power, that civilisation ought not for a moment longer to permit within the confines of Europe, by its hideous cruelty and misgovernment calls down upon itself the wrath of Christendom. England, full of virtuous indignation, steps forward as the champion of an oppressed people to demand that massacre, bloodshed, and robbery shall cease.

She brings her warships to within a few miles of Constantinople, and, for two or three months, talks very big. In the end she creeps off with her tail between her legs, followed by the derisive laughter of the Yildiz Kiosk. Not since Mr. Gladstone pleaded for mercy to a handful of Dutch freebooters, has England suffered such a humiliation. For us to pretend to be satisfied with the paper promises that Turkey, with unconcealed contempt, has flung in our face, only adds to our pitiful disgrace. Either we should never have entered into the quarrel, or, having entered, we should have borne ourselves so that our enemies might beware of us. We have simply played the part of a blustering bully, quickly quieted by the amused imperturbability of our adversary. It is evidently time that England gave up trying to pose in Europe as a first-class Power.

Cruelty cases reaching me this week are as follows:—At Bradford, before Mr. Theo. Peel (chairman), Mr. W. Anderton, Mr. Joseph Craven, Mr. Asa Briggs, Mr. W. Croft, and Mr. L. Roberts, a hawker was charged with cruelly working a lame horse. He was fined ten shillings and costs. Gray, a butcher, of Yeadon, spurred a horse, whilst showing it off, until it was covered with blood. The case was dismissed. A man named Wilkinson, for a similar offence, was fined ten shillings. Proctor, a horse-dealer, of Horsforth, for cruelty to a horse, was fined ten shillings and costs. Another hawker, for cruelly beating a horse, was fined two and six. At Bournemouth, before Captain Elwes (in the chair), General Sir Charles Shute, K.C.B., and Mr. T. J. Hankinson, Henry Luther and Frederick Hardy were charged with cruelly working a horse that was worn out and lame. It was suffering from inflammation and disease of the fetlock and side bones. Luther, who had been previously convicted of a similar offence, was fined two-and-six. Hardy, against whom there were two previous convictions, was fined one pound.

At Dorchester Petty Sessions, before the ex-Mayor (Mr. G. Davis) and Mr. W. Durden, a grave case of cruelty was tried. John Batten, a dealer of Hermitage, was proved to have continuously worked a horse while it was suffering from terrible and painful wounds. The animal on arrival at its destination was saturated with blood and matter. Mr. Davis declared that it was the worst case ever brought before the Bench. "They could fine the defendant £5, but they would not be so hard upon him as that. He would be fined three pounds and costs." In Messrs. Davis and Durden we have another example of magistrates who are either too stupid or too cowardly to do their duty. How do they think they are going to stop cruelty in their district by deliberately telling a criminal that his crime is one of the worst they have ever had before them, and then going on to say that they will not be hard upon him?

I have received the following characteristic letter from the High Bailiff of Ramsey:—"Ramsey, Isle of Man, October 19th, 1895.—Sir,—Alleged Cruelty to a Horse in the Isle of Man.—In your issue of this date you have a short account from a correspondent calling your attention to a case of cruelty here. I wish to say that the report of your correspondent is a wicked lie, and you have published it in a wicked libel. The facts of the case were such that it was doubtful if there had been any cruelty at all. The evidence was most contradictory, and to say that 'Brutal and prolonged cruelty was inflicted in cold blood, and amply proved,' is a lie of the worst description. The fine, with the costs, amounted to eighteen shillings and sixpence, and was ample. Your comments mark your paper as a low paper when you dare to libel a person in my position without even inquiry, except from some Irresponsible, whom you call a 'correspondent.' Such a person, whoever he be, is a disgrace to society in misrepresenting me as he has done.—Yours truly (signed) John C. Lamothe, High Bailiff of Ramsey."

In commenting upon the case I took the evidence of the local newspapers, and their very full and very careful reports were before me when I wrote. Four or five independent and trustworthy witnesses proved that the driver, from mere wanton temper, dragged the horse into the middle of the road and unmercifully thrashed it for a long and continued period. Their evidence was not contradicted, was not even disputed. What does High Bailiff Lamothe mean by saying that it was doubtful if there had been any cruelty at all? Does he disbelieve all these witnesses? And, if so, why does he fine the man even the eighteen shillings and sixpence? And, if

the man was guilty, as the local reports proved, what does he mean by saying that eighteen shillings and sixpence fine was ample? It is only another proof of this man's utter incompetence to sit upon the Bench. The matter is a serious one, or one would be amused by this pompous Dogberry's blustering indignation. The idea that a paper should dare to criticise "a person in his position" evidently seems to him an indication of the overthrow of civilisation. Anyone who dares to call attention to his conduct is a "disgrace to society." If this letter of High Bailiff Lamothe is a sample of his sense, one can understand why his "justice" is the contemptible nonsense that it is.

It would seem as if poetic justice, disbelieved in by the critic, still existed in real life. The other week I commented upon a case where a horsebreaker's assistant, named Wainwright, pulled a pony's tongue out. I was glad to read the other day that this young wretch had been severely injured by being thrown from a horse, and that he is suffering from concussion of the brain. He was riding an animal, when it reared. Not knowing enough about horses to stick on, he tumbled off on to his head. It is a pity the young blackguard was not killed outright, but one sincerely hopes that he has received injuries that he will not easily forget. The Lancashire Secretary to the Society tells me that at Brown's stables, at Prescot, the stable boys are in the habit of continually ill-using the horses. She also tells me that Brown, the employer of the lad Wainwright, is a brother-in-law of one of the magistrates, named Dennett. I now begin to understand how it was that the Prescot Board of Magistrates pretended that the case against Wainwright was not proved. I hope Messrs. H. R. d'A. Willis, T. T. Rogers, and T. Dennett are satisfied with their travesty of justice.

The *Sun* has done good service in calling public attention to the attitude adopted by Messrs. Lyons and Company towards their unfortunate waitresses. Messrs. Lyons started excellently. They gave the public clean, sweet-looking restaurants, they provided neat girls to wait, they catered at cheap prices, and what they sold was good and well-cooked. Having established themselves, they at once commenced to raise their prices. That was all fair enough. If the public did not like to pay the increased prices, the public could go elsewhere, but their steady encroachments upon the wages of the girls was a very disgraceful thing. The heads of Messrs. Lyons are German Jews who, in one way and another, must have made a very handsome fortune out of the pockets of Englishmen. We have no objection to their doing so, but we do object to their treating our girls, in return, after a fashion that is a regular inducement to the poor creatures to go upon the streets.

Messrs. Lyons seem determined that no girl in their employ shall possibly earn more than eight to ten shillings a week. Everybody knows that it is impossible for a girl to live upon such wages, and in what other way, but one, have they the opportunity of increasing their income? But, further than this, by their system Messrs. Lyons almost lead the girls towards this terrible precipice. A large proportion of the miserable sum upon which the girls have to exist has to be obtained by tips. Now, tipping is a bad system in every way, but where men are tipped by men the argument against it is purely economic. In the case of girls cadging for coppers from young men it is another thing altogether. It is only by allowing a certain amount of loose conversation, and permitting a certain amount of familiarity, that these poor girls can hope to make enough to live upon.

Their characters become degraded, their finer feelings become quickly blunted, their eagerness from morning until night is to detect the better-off customer, and to wheedle from him a few coppers towards their support. No blame whatever can be attached to the girls. The blame for the whole thing lies upon Messrs. Lyons. When some poor, struggling tradesman, making about thirty shillings a week for himself, grinds down his unfortunate employés, one can only pity him; but when men, already up to their eyes in wealth, cannot rest satisfied without adding to the useless hoard by such contemptible means as these, it would be good if the callous public could be awakened into action. I am sure, if Messrs. Lyons's customers once grasped the sort of work in which they are assisting, Messrs. Lyons would find it better policy, even from the most sordid point of view, to act as honourable men.

This is a free country, and it is open to every employer of labour to take advantage of the helpless position of these girls, and to grind them down to starvation wages; but it is not good policy in the long run, and such policy does incalculable harm to the community. It forms the excuse of the agitator and the Socialist. It is the policy that a hundred years ago drowned the Paris capitalists in their own blood. There must be many smug-faced Christians amongst Messrs. Lyons's shareholders congratulating themselves upon big dividends, and thanking God each night for their bank balance. Business cannot be conducted upon philanthropic principles, but business can be conducted upon the principles of fair dealing as between man and man, and I am inclined to think, if the Press does its duty, that Messrs. Lyons will see the wisdom of paying their girls fair wages for a twelve hours' day of harassing and exacting work.

I have to acknowledge a subscription of 2s. 6d. for our Pluck Fund from A. J. I have also received the following sums for John Hickey:—"A Few Assistants" 2s. 6d., E. W., 2s., A. E. P., 10s. This brings the total up to £15 16s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(*I must decline to take notice of anonymous correspondents.*)

G. H. W. has possibly been taking an over-dose of *Trilby*. He is anxious that I should make To-Day the centre of an agitation for the abolition of boots. I have no objection to people going about bare-footed, but I do not think the time is ripe to make it a public question, nor do I think that October is a good month to select for the introduction of the subject. Most of us are getting out our sleeping socks and our snow shoes. My correspondent thinks children would greatly enjoy being allowed to trot about without boots. I am confident of it. There are many other things they would also be willing to dispense with if they were consulted. I once knew a young lady of two whose chief enjoyment in life was to walk about stark naked patting her stomach. But civilisation hampers many of our simplest joys.

Mr. Herbert Manley, Medical Officer of Health for the West Bromwich District, writes me as follows:—"May I express my delight at finding that you are taking up the question of death certification in such an earnest fashion? Nothing is easier under the present state of the law than to get a certification for a child

who may not be dead at all, or who has only been seen by the certifier perhaps once; it is difficult at any time to determine the true character of a child's illness, and there can be no doubt that in most towns there is at least one doctor who gives certificates, without much inquiry, for the sake of the fees. It then rests with the Registrar to refuse a certificate if he thinks fit; but in most cases he possesses no training which enables him to judge in so delicate a matter. The first remedy, in my opinion, is to appoint in each place a skilled certifier, not engaged in ordinary medical practice, to whom the Registrar may refer all doubtful cases; and, further, to insist that every case must be seen after death before a certificate is given. I am sure that every Health Officer in the kingdom will give you any help in this matter, and, not least, the writer of this letter."

"An old Methodist" draws my attention to a letter in the *Nottingham Daily Express* signed, †Bishop of Nottingham. This good bishop writes: "I am requested in your paper to say frankly what will become at death of a man who from birth to death never heard of our Bible, never heard of either Papist or Protestant, or of Jesus Christ, and who lived a pure, honest, and industrious life. I say, then, that the man who was 'only' pure, honest and industrious would go to Hell." Methodist truly says that Christianity must be strong indeed to live and flourish under such advocacy.

E. M.—The use that your aunt put the postage stamps to seems to be excellent. It must have kept her out of mischief for years.

Senex.—Thinks that my remarks on professional football will not commend themselves to the average Yorkshireman. I confess that I did not stop to consider that point when I wrote, and I fear that my views will remain unchanged even for the pleasure of agreeing with the average Yorkshireman. I hate the connection of money with sport, and I cannot understand any man with the instincts of a sportsman agreeing to play a game for money, or caring to see a game played by hired players. We have always been sneered at as a nation of shopkeepers, but until a few years ago we were gentlemen as regarded our sports, at all events.

J. C. B. tells me that my friend Labouchere is not popular in Baptist circles, that at a committee meeting the other day he was denounced as an "Atheist," as a "perverse person," as a "Home Ruler," and also as "a paradox."

T. M.—It is hopeless to try and teach logic to the Post Office. Many have tried, but none have succeeded. I thank you for all the kind things you say about To-Day.

J. S.—I thank you for your enclosure, which I will take care to read.

A. G. P.—I am with you in sorrow at the marriage of the Princess Osra, but even married women have their romances, and I fancy the Princess is just the type of lady who would; and, if so, perhaps Mr. Hope will introduce us to her again later on.

L. S. sends me a tract which commences thus:—"'This way to the pit.' Often, when passing along the crowded streets of London I have been struck with the sad significance of the words: 'This way to the pit,' inscribed above the entrance doors to the various theatres. Unwittingly the Devil give's warning to his dupes. 'Beware! this door leads to *the pit.*'" I did not know that these good folk ever made puns, but it seems they do, and very bad puns.

G. H. C.—I can see an objection to the knickerbocker costume for ladies from an artistic point of view. Knickerbockers are not suited to the female figure, and every woman looks ugly in them, but anyone who objected to them on moral grounds I should be inclined to designate as dirty-minded.

E. T. C. S. points out to me that the phrase "immortal soul" never once occurs in the Bible.

J.G. and A.W. are thanked for their letters. They will see that the matters they refer to are being dealt with in my notes.

C. B.—Imprisonment for a month for the brutal kicking of a wife seems a sadly inadequate sentence, but under the circumstances, it is a thing to be grateful for. Most English magistrates would have laughingly fined the man half-a-crown.

F. T. S.—The moral teaching of nearly all creeds is excellent, and also much alike. The moral teaching of Theosophy is by no means essential to it. Strip this new religion of its quackery, and nothing would be left to distinguish it from a dozen other creeds.

A. E. M. D. tells me that To-Day is not well known in sleepy little Rochester. He suggests that the paper is perhaps dispatched to Rochester by the South Eastern Railway, and, that if this be so it is, of course, possible that the first numbers have not yet arrived.

Bayswater.—If there is any real probability of the money being obtained for you you might easily find a speculative solicitor who would take the risk of proceedings, but you would have to be very guarded in your arrangements with him.

S. (Bombay)—tells me that Stiggins is to be found in India. The Indian Stiggins has his opinion concerning Dickens, which is interesting, as expressed in the *Times of India* for the October 3rd. He thinks that Dickens is an improper author to be read by members of the Young Men's Christian Associations of India. He regrets the tendency of the times, and states that thirty years ago no respectable person would have kept a copy of Shakespeare on his drawing-room table. But then, as he very properly observes towards the conclusion of his letter, Christians of his stamp are not altogether human—they are more, they are divine! My correspondent in India concludes his letter with the following pleasant paragraph: "Let me tell you how much I enjoy my To-Day. It does me as much good in this humid atmosphere as a breath of fresh air straight from the moors."

A Correspondent.—I sympathise and sorrow with you. I do my very best with the printers, but my only excuse is that To-Day is not alone in this matter. A few copies of every paper on the first day of its publication get passed out in this condition. I find my hands dirty every day at breakfast through reading the morning paper. You unfortunately got hold of a copy which had not been long enough in the drying room. For months our printers have been experimenting with the ink, and I am glad to say that every week they get it drier, eventually, I hope, to arrive at perfection.

Desmond.—Of course clairvoyants and such like fortune-tellers are humbugs. They afford you a certain amount of fun for your money, and, if you do not put any faith in what they say, there is no objection to your going to them.

R. J. P.—I am sending your letter on to the printers. Wherever there is a large circulation a few copies that ought to be destroyed escape notice, and one of these you seem to have got hold of. If you will send it back I shall be happy to forward another in its place.

W. S. H.—The case you send me is not bad enough to comment upon.

F. M.—I fear you have no remedy, The Post-Office is autocratic.

W. R. D. P.—You think too much about yourself. Sensitiveness is very often another name for self-consciousness and egotism. You have raised yourself by your own industry and wit from a very humble grade to one decidedly less humble. The rise is not a very great one, but even the smallest rise is difficult to accomplish in this overcrowded world. You have nothing to be ashamed of, and, on the other hand, you have something to be proud of. Make no secret of your origin. No one whose friendship is worth having will despise you for it. You will find good fellows in every class. Intelligence and geniality are of no position. Think less of yourself and more about the things around you. Join a club, take to some sport and mix with your fellows. You are not a man until you can do this with ease and confidence.

Working-man.—There may be watch clubs and watch clubs. I object to watch clubs managed by foremen, in whose power it is to make the life of the workmen under them an utter misery.

F. P.—I thank you for your kind letter, and for cutting enclosed. Mr. George Harwood, M.P., speaks like an intelligent man. Of such there are not many among politicians.

J. G. S.—Many thanks for your enclosure. David McD.—Thanks for the amusing cutting you send me.

P. W. M.—It is refreshing to find magistrates occasionally giving adequate sentences.

J. A. M.—In this case the cruelty seems to have been the result of oversight. There was evidently no intention. Under the circumstances the fine and costs may perhaps have been just.

George Nicholson, the Curator of Kew Gardens, writes me a very pleasant letter, and is of opinion that the cannibal tree, as described in To-Day, is impossible.

Fiction.—Study will never make you a good writer, as, in spite of a certain school of critics, something else is required for perfection beyond mechanical style. The best style comes from the inside of a man and can never be acquired. All you can do is to perfect yourself in the dry laws of composition. Lindley Murray's Grammar (unabridged) still remains the best text-book, though many others have since been published, and amongst them a very good book on style and composition by Blackman (G. W. Deacon and Co.).

J. O.—You have led the life that most young men have lived. Yours has been neither worse nor better than the average; if that be any consolation to you either way. As for drinking, I hold that in moderation that is good for a man. I think if you gave up your cigarettes and took to a pipe that it would be healthier; but a non-smoker is not uncommonly a prig. As for the rest I can only refer you to an answer I gave to "Medicus" in To-Day for September 21st. I should only repeat myself in speaking to you. At twenty, with nothing to trouble you, your fits of despondency must be due to temperament. You will grow out of them if you keep yourself healthy, and get some honest work to do in which you take an interest. Despondency of this kind is simply a disease to be treated medically. To fly to drink as a refuge from it is the conduct of a contemptible cur. Fight it good-humouredly, and it will go.

F. L. is torn between love and ambition—at least he calls it love. Reading his letter, I should say he has not the faintest notion of the passion. It certainly has not come to him yet, and, under these circumstances the choice between the two is easy for him. He fears that if he does not marry a certain damsel, for whom I gather he entertains a feeling of vague kindliness, he may be throwing away his only chance of real happiness. That is quite so. On the other hand, by marrying her he may be throwing away the only chance of happiness for both of them. These things lie in the future and cannot be argued about. I should advise F. L. to push on with his career,

and when he really falls in love he will know it, and then he can begin to think about choice. At present there is no problem before him whatever, and he will be extremely ill-advised to think about marrying a woman for whom he entertains such feelings as he describes to me. It would be an ill-fraught marriage, and the probability is that it would end in bitterness.

CHICKEN BREEDER.—The only one who could advise you would be someone who is personally familiar with every habitable spot upon the globe. You want a climate that will suit yourself, you possessing a weak chest, and also a climate that will suit chickens. From what I know of chickens, they appear to fatten in an atmosphere which I should say was injurious to people with weak chests. Then again, this place suitable to you and to your chickens must possess plenty of grass land, with trees and bushes. Then again it must be near a market for such produce. Frankly, with every wish to be useful to my readers, I give the problem up. Perhaps some reader of TO-DAY may know more about the matter than I do, and may help us.

HISPAMA.—I know of no songs dealing with the theme of friendship as between man and woman. Music-sellers tell me there is no demand for such.

C. A. S.—The atmosphere of the Channel Islands would be better than that of Scotland. Texas is also a good climate for those with lung diseases, as also the tableland in South Africa. I should not like to advise you as to the employment of capital. You might not succeed, and then you would curse me. Run down to the Channel Islands and make inquiries for yourself on the spot. That is the only safe way.

O. F. writes me traversing Mr. Herbert Burrows' statement as to deception having been rampant for years in the Theosophical Society. Madame Blavatsky, he tells me, whom he knew intimately, never tried any tricks on him, but perhaps, that may be due to O.F.'s remarkable cuteness. My correspondent thinks that even if fraud were proved as having been practised by the leaders and founders of the society such a fact should not damage Theosophy. Will my correspondent apply this argument to Christianity, and then see where he stands.

D. W.—I thank you for your letter, but why not work the situation out for yourself. Never give away good ideas.

SCOTTISH SPORTSMAN.—I thank you for the cutting. *Scottish Sport* gives me credit for great industry. It evidently considers that I write the whole of TO-DAY myself. It might, as as you say, have had sense enough to guess that "miles" was a printer's error for "inches." Even a writer in *Scottish Sport* might have grasped the fact that a bicycle chain could not be a hundred miles long.

W. A. D.—Thanks for your very amusing verses.

J. McM.—I thank you for your letter. Your suggestion will be carefully considered.

R. H. G.—Your letter was very interesting. Your theological policy, however, appears to be pure opportunism. I quite agree with you that dogma is an absolute necessity to the great mass of the unthinking. My chief objection to the acceptance of dogma is that, consciously or unconsciously, it stifles thought; and if the development and exercise of our reason is not the chief object of our existence, I hardly know what can be. I expect I should differ from you on one or two fundamental principles. To begin with, I do not view the world as you view it, and I doubt not we should split over the definition of sin.

A. J.—Your letter gave me much pleasure. Your contribution to the gallantry fund is acknowledged in another column.

D. J. Y. tells me that on the Great Western he once achieved the feat of travelling from Swindon to Daunkey, a distance of 10½ miles, in 1 hour 7 min.

"ONE OF YOUR YOUNG MEN," whose contribution is also acknowledged, writes me: "One who speaks the truth so honestly as you do is bound to make many enemies; but it must be a great satisfaction to you to know that you also make a great many friends." I always hold that the price of a friend is well worth two enemies.

A. O. tells me that upon a poster of Sydney Grundy's play—*The New Woman*, exhibited in a South Wales town, someone has scribbled under the title "won't wash clothes."

J. B.—Thanks for cutting. I am glad to see that friend Terry gave Mr. Brown such a dressing down.

F. T. T.—In the case to which you draw my attention it is difficult to come to a conclusion. The only question is, did the father lose his temper and chastise the boy brutally. A great many lads are worse than young demons, and need a good deal of the strap if ever they are going to be made into decent men. In fact, I often think that modern boys would be better for a little more of that highly necessary aid to education.

A. D. (Yarmouth).—"Agentisbus" should be "agentusbus." A free translation would be, "Opinion is the sacred anchor of life to those who act with caution, but veritable perdition in the hands of one inexperienced." I thank you for your very kind letter.

H. R.—There is a broad common-sense line where fun ends and vulgarity begins. I have every wish that TO-DAY should never cross this line; but do not run away with the idea that it is going to be a Sunday-school paper, or issued in the interests of the Vigilance Association, because, if so, you will be disappointed.

SHERLOCK.—The circular has quackery written in every line of it.

G. H. G. tells me that by means of cleverly putting the untouched parts together, a million used postage stamps could be used to defraud the postal authorities, and thinks that this is often done.

ROBIN.—I am sorry to say that your suggestion is absolutely impossible or we would gladly adopt it.

R. C. H.—Certainly the play should be typewritten, but there is no means to ensure its being read. You must take your chance with the rest.

R. W. (Bow).—I thank you for your pleasant letter, but must tell you, as I have often told correspondents, that I cannot undertake to criticise MSS.

W. E. M.—The address of the Rate and Taxpayers' Assessment Protection Association, Limited, is 10, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and you might drop a line to the managing director, Mr. John Hitchings. With regard to your other question. There are, of course, "Chambers of Commerce" in most big towns. If you wish to assist in the formation of such a chamber you should drop a line to Kenric B. Murray, the secretary of the London Chamber of Commerce, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

A. D. M. (Macclesfield).—Excuse my not replying to you under your pseudonym of "Nebuchadnezzar." I so detest the sight of eccentric pseudonyms. They always appear to me comical. I have no wish to attack the Church, which I regard as a necessity of civilisation, and one of man's best friends.

F. McA.—Your letter gives no definite information.

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

All Young Ladies Should Read
AUNT FAN'S
LETTERS TO HER NIECES.

See Page 413

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CLUB CHATTER.

"Where do the fashions come from, and how do you know what is going to be popular?" asks a correspondent. This is not an easy question to answer "in once." I believe it is the general idea that manufacturers are responsible for the changes in men's clothes. Many people firmly believe that the mills have only to turn out a novelty in the shade or texture of a cloth to create an immediate demand for that material. But the enterprising manufacturer knows better than this. Experience has taught him that however novel his wares may be, if the public don't like them they won't have them.

Other people imagine that it is the retail man, the tailor with the persuasive voice, that forces all fashionable men to present the same appearance. There is certainly some truth in this. If a man mistrusts his own taste, and, at the same time, does not want his clothes to appear out of date, he cannot do better than leave the matter in the hands of a first-class tailor. But how does the tailor know what particular style to follow?

It will generally be found that there is one reason, and one reason only, for a particular shade or style being fashionable. Whatever the novelty may be, it is only popular because it is becoming to the average man, the man who is neither handsome nor ugly, neither particularly well-built nor partially deformed. When a man sees a novelty in the cut of someone else's clothes he immediately asks himself, "How would a suit like that do for me?" He goes to his tailor, who probably has a pattern coat for him to try on. The man then sees that the new fashion is becoming; he orders a suit to the same pattern, and so the ball is kept rolling.

Some years ago trousers were made to fit so tightly that it was almost impossible to sit down with comfort when wearing a really fashionable pair. But the fad never caught on to any extent, and will probably never be seen again. The reason for this is that the majority of men don't possess good legs, and therefore cannot, if they value their appearance at all, clothe their limbs in skin-tight garments. But take the case of the sack-back overcoat. It has been with us for several seasons, and I have not the slightest doubt it will be worn all through the present one. Why? For the simple reason that a sack-back coat will make the very worst figure appear passable. We don't, as a rule, wear our overcoats unbuttoned; consequently, if the overcoat is "waisted in" and buttoned up tightly, the wearer does not depend upon his clothes so much as upon his own figure for a smart appearance. And when this condition exists, that particular style is never likely to remain popular.

With ladies' dress, of course, the case is different. We have it on the Highest Authority that "the glory of the woman is her hair"; but now-a-days a shapely, symmetrical figure is considered to be quite as attractive, even if the lady learns a lesson from *The Shop Girl*, and wears "her golden hair hanging down her back." It is because ladies know what attraction a good figure has for a man that they wear tailor-made gowns, and I am half inclined to suspect that the same reason accounts for the sensible way in which they ignored the crinoline, when an attempt was made to reintroduce that monstrosity a year or so ago.

A few seasons ago boots were worn with very pointed toes. It was quite evident to everybody that no man had a foot so pointed that it would fill what was then the fashionable boot. First one man and then another tumbled to the fact that his boots had to be a little longer than his feet in order to get that finely tapering toe to the boot. Now, apart from the question of comfort, the majority of men did not wish their feet to appear longer than nature had made them, and so the very narrow-toed boots went out of fashion. Of course the present style does not compel a man to wear square-toed boots. It may or may not be due to "Trilby's" influence, but it is certainly a fact that the most fashionable boot now corresponds as nearly as possible to the shape of the foot.

I notice that several critics doubt the possibility of the photographic incident in Mr. Jerome's new play. Now, Mr. Jerome tells me that he secured the services of a practical photographer to test the point when writing the play, with the result that the device was incontestably proved to be not only possible, but very probable. If any of my readers are sportingly inclined, I am prepared to bet any one man a level £100 that writing can be deciphered in a photo taken as described in the play. First come, first served.

Unless some very big change should come over their fortunes, Blackheath can scarcely fail to retain first place amongst the Rugby football clubs of the metropolis, but there should be an interesting struggle for second position between London Scottish, Richmond, Old Leysians, Harlequins, and Old Merchant Taylors. The last-named have made great strides of late years, and although beaten the other Saturday, they were by no means disgraced in losing to Blackheath by a couple of tries. Old Leysians have before now challenged the supremacy of the strongest teams in London and Richmond. Although of late they have fallen away they were, it need scarcely be recalled, the great rivals of Blackheath and occasionally their conquerors.

The London Scottish, it appears, will have to deplore a very heavy loss from the fact that R. G. McMillan is retiring from the game. It may be that he will turn out for some engagements, but he has bidden farewell to the ranks of Middlesex, of which team he was captain. This decision is presumably only the first step in abandoning active participation in the game at which he has earned such well-merited distinction. Captain alike of his club, his county, and his country McMillan did sterling work for all, and as a forward had few equals. The Scottish will have great difficulty in filling his place amongst their scrummagers.

The new regulations which govern the Rugby County Championship should have the effect of directing more attention to the various games in this competition than they have hitherto attracted. The four districts into which, for the purpose of this struggle, the county used to be divided, are reduced to two—North and South—and when the champion counties of these two divisions have proved their title to represent North and South respectively, they meet and contend for the County Championship of England. Big clubs are rather jealous of county matches, but now that the old antagonism between North and South is so directly introduced into the contest, the final struggle must arouse very keen feeling.

It is gratifying to note that the Bolton Wanderers, despite a quite unexpected reverse on their own ground from Bury, have almost as many points as Aston Villa, and, moreover, have gained a considerable share of them in out matches. The success of the Bolton team has surprised even their followers. Stoke, after a strangely victorious opening to their programme, entered up a set of three games away from home, and in the most approved manner of League teams, lost them all, but, appearing once more on their own ground, ran up a big score. Are football professionals exceptionally sensitive to their surroundings, or is it possible that referees, with a view to their personal safety, give anything doubtful to the home team?

If anything may be deduced from a victory over Guy's Hospital, the Light Blues should have little doubt about getting together a powerful team to represent them at Rugby football, but it will be necessary to see the Cantabs win against a club of proved excellence before arriving at the conclusion that they are likely to be very strong. Still, the big score run up in the opening engagement must be of hopeful augury for the prospects of the Cantabs. Matters went scarcely so well with the Light Blues at the Association game, the eleven failing to beat the Casuals, but there will be plenty of time to build up a capable side in the course of the next four months.

Aston Villa have at length succeeded in winning a League match away from home, but as the victory was achieved on a ground which their followers could reach without undertaking a long railway journey and over no more formidable a side than Small Heath, the performance will scarcely suffice to engender great confidence in the ability of the team to win at Sunderland, where they appear at the end of next week. Bolton Wanderers and Derby County, whose records are nearly as good as those of Aston Villa, also won their matches last week, but have difficult fixtures impending, Derby County going to Sunderland at the end of the week, and Bolton Wanderers playing away from home four times in November.

Not a great deal of importance attached to the victories over Guy's and Thomas's, as the two hospitals, to be really formidable, have to combine their forces; but the triumph over the Leysians, following upon the two previous successes, stamps the Cambridge fifteen as a team of more than ordinary promise. Up to the present the Light Blues have scored something like eighty points to none, though, no doubt, this record flatters their ability, the attack must be very strong, whilst as the defence has been equal to all the demands made upon it, no weakness can be pointed out in that respect.

In direct contrast to the record achieved by the Cantabs, have been the opening performances of their rivals. Down at Cooper's Hill, they had to be content with a draw, as a result of their engagement with the R.I.E.C., and last Saturday, with the worst of the luck, they suffered defeat at the hands of the London Scottish. A drop-kick gave the Scotchmen their victory, so the defence need not have been seriously at fault, but that in neither of their two first contests should the Oxonians have been able to score, suggests a distinct weakness in the attack of the Dark Blues.

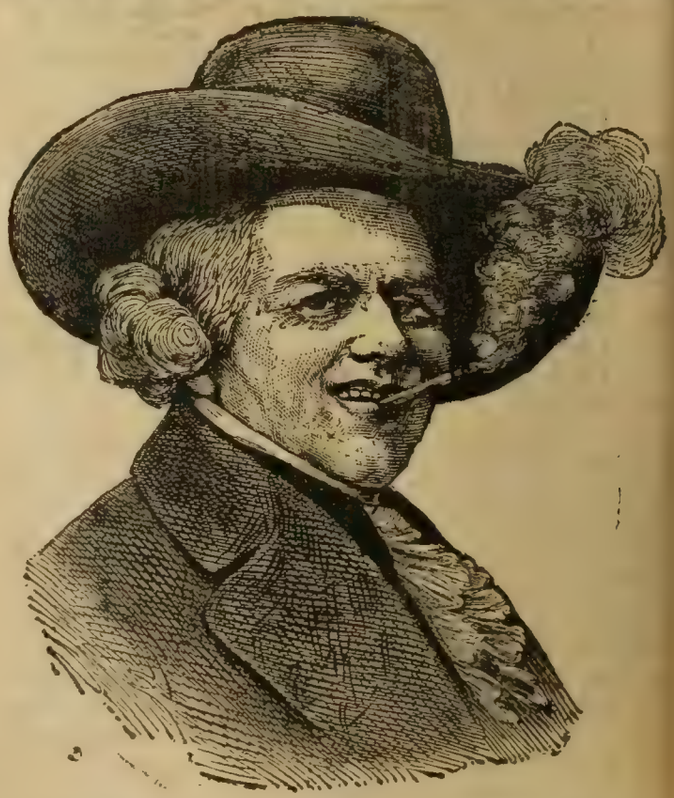
Sunderland, it seems to be the general opinion amongst those who have played against them, are by no means so good a side as they were last winter, yet on Saturday they succeeded in lowering the colours of the Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park—a task which Aston Villa failed to accomplish. Sunderland receive visits from Derby County and Aston Villa respectively on the first two Saturdays in November, and from Bolton Wanderers on the fourth, so, if they can maintain their form of last Saturday and defeat the three leading teams one after another, the League table will, at the end of November, present a very different appearance to what it does to-day.

Although the football of the clubs in the second division of the League may not be of equal merit to that displayed by the elevens belonging to the first division, the competition is producing quite a number of startling surprises. Only the other week Crewe Alexandra, who had previously met with nothing but disaster, ran up a big score against Notts County, and ten days ago Liverpool, the leaders surprised everybody by losing to Burslem Port Vale, but the upsets of form did not end there, for Woolwich Arsenal, after beating Rotherham decisively at Plumstead, travelled up north, and lost by three goals to the same club.

THE BRITISH HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.

The statutory meeting of the British Homes Investment Corporation, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate Street, under the presidency of Mr. T. Neville Stack, the chairman of the company. The chairman stated that the company was launched without a single penny of expense being incurred in its promotion, the necessary capital having been subscribed by the directors and the representative staff of the corporation. In July—the first month of the company's existence—the proposals received numbered 29, representing £8,158; in August the proposals numbered 54, and represented £13,283; in September the proposals were 82, the amount covered thereby being £18,967; and since the commencement of the current month the proposals received numbered 150, securing £34,784, or a grand total of 315 proposals, securing the magnificent sum of £75,192. The system on which the corporation was founded possessed the attributes without which lasting success could not be attained. Those attributes were, first, correct principles; secondly, supplying a want; thirdly, honest administration. Mr. M. Gregory (managing director) said that the British Homes Corporation was the pioneer corporation of a great movement, namely, that of enabling those who were not the fortunate possessors of a home to procure homes under conditions at once equitable, fair, and beneficial. Apart from house-purchase benefits, the certificates of the corporation, regarded from an investment standpoint, must necessarily take high rank in public appreciation for the reason that profit-sharing, and that in a liberal measure, was one of the salient features of the corporation. Secondly, the plan of the corporation was supported from an actuarial standpoint by one of the greatest and most eminent consulting actuaries of the day (Mr. Francis G. P. Nelson), whose certificate was given in the prospectus, and who had acquired the confidence of the investing public. Indeed, all the elements that went to make and strengthen a great and powerful and useful organisation were secured by the corporation. The success so far achieved encouraged him to believe that at the end of the first financial year they would be able to announce that new business had been received to the extent of at least £500,000. Mr. Dunlop proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding, and to the directors for the efficient manner in which they had conducted the business of the corporation. Mr. George McDowell seconded the motion, which was passed with acclamation.

RICHMOND GEM



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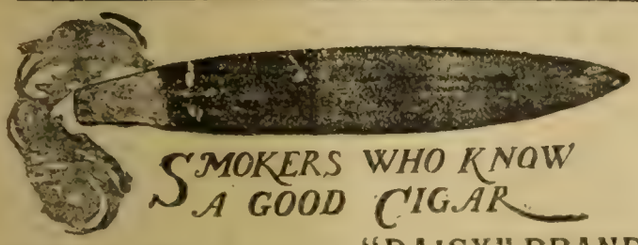

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I notice that my statement anent the retainers of Morny Cannon has just been confirmed. Cannon has agreed to be first jockey for Kingsclere, but he will also ride for Mr. M'Calmont and Captain Machell. One might search through the whole history of the Turf and fail to find a jockey of Cannon's age taking such high honours in the saddle.

John Porter once said that there was not the length of his walking-stick between the crack jockeys and an unknown stable-boy. Strange to say, however, Porter always endeavours to engage the most prominent horsemen, and, unlike Jewitt, Tom Cannon, and Jennings, has never brought out an apprentice who afterwards developed into a jockey of repute. Porter may be a trainer of horses, but he is evidently not a trainer of (horse) men.

Whilst writing of jockeys and their retainers, it will be remembered that I hinted last week that some startling changes might be expected. I now have every reason to believe that at least one well-known horseman has decided to be a "free-lance" next season—that is, should he get his license.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have had the handicapping question brought before them so persistently that they have recently made several new regulations. But they have not gone far enough. What is wanted is a board of handicappers. It is unfair to owners to entrust such laborious and important work as the making of a handicap for a big race to one man. Mistakes are bound to occur, as witness the weighting of the Polly Marden colt at Newmarket. Instead of being at the bottom of the handicap, the youngster should have had at least 7st. 7lb.

Should the Derby favourites steer clear of the ills that horseflesh is heir to, the Blue Riband of 1896 must be a sensational event. The defeat of Persimmon is being explained away, and whoever advised the Prince of Wales to run the colt in the Middle Park Plate must now regret his precipitancy. Persimmon was coughing a week before the race, whereas St. Frusquin has never known a day's illness. I am given to understand that Watts is certain Persimmon is the better colt of the two. This may be the case, but Regret's private reputation will keep him in the front rank of the Derby quotations.

Kingsclere rarely fails to supply a dangerous candidate for the classic events. One thing in Regret's favour is that he can act downhill, whereas St. Frusquin never seems to relish a declivity. This is a most important point, for the descent at Tattenham Corner has brought about the downfall of many an equine champion. A good wager, Persimmon, St. Frusquin, and Regret against the field, might be accepted—and result in a profit to the taker.

There is little doubt, I fancy, that Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, whose flight from England will remain famous in English criminal law, is at last dead, and that his body lies at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como. Even when, a month ago, the fact was authoritatively announced in a Continental journal, mysterious letters were published denying it, and hints of a coffin filled with stones were made. His death deprives England

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and will attend upon any gentleman on receipt of letter. Patterns and forms for for self-measurement sent on application. Moderate Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

of a sensational case. From the time of his flight he had devoted himself to accumulating evidence that he thought would exonerate him; but his health broke down under the strain, and he flickered out in Switzerland. An old friend of his, who saw him recently, told me that, in his own mind, he had no doubt that, had he lived, Hurlbert would have fought out the case.

One of the most striking and elegant things I have seen for ties for a long time is made in a delicate tinted silk, plaited in much the same way as a straw hat. Their appearance is remarkably effective.

It is, perhaps, because he was a friend, and because he was one of the gayest and most liberal-hearted of fellows, that I see with infinite satisfaction that tardy vengeance has been meted out to those who drove that brilliant Parisian composer, Raoul Touché, to his grave. Poor Touché fell into the hands of the money-lenders, and they squeezed him until he could stand it no longer, and he went out and killed himself. Then the law came in, and one usurer, who had been charging 80 per cent., was arrested, condemned to pay £200 fine, and spend three months in gaol.

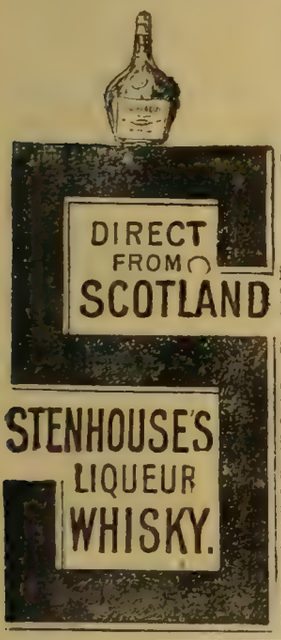
Why, I wonder, is there no such law as this in England? Usury kills more men in England to-day than any epidemic. But the authorities shrug their shoulders and mumble about their not being expected to protect fools, and so Shylock goes safely on his way. This is one of the few things they do manage better in France.

To the unfortunate traveller who finds himself in Paris in this bitter weather, it brings back homely thoughts to see the hawkers laden with mistletoe shouting their wares. The bough carries no delicate privilege, as it does in England, and is apparently exclusively used as an ornament for the winter decorations

---

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels were thirty-one years old last Thursday. The same statement does not apply to their programme, which is quite up to date. I dropped in on the occasion of their anniversary to wish them many happy returns, and found the house packed with merry people—in fact, it did me good to hear so much spontaneous laughter, and I'm going regularly now. Perhaps the funniest thing in the bill is "The Baby Elephant," which made the youngsters wild with delight. The tableaux of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by G. R. Sims and Ivan Caryll, were also quite to everybody's liking.

Whatever the absolute merits of the Cambridge Rugby fifteen, they have certainly shown themselves, so far, to be possessed of remarkable scoring powers, for, after running up quite a number of points, first against Guy's Hospital, and then against St. Thomas's, they on Saturday last defeated the Old Leysians by two goals and five tries to nothing. An accident robbed



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Book of Patterns of all kinds of Tweed, Cashmere, and other Waterproof Cloths post free for 6 stamps (returnable).

H. STATHAM & CO.,
11, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

the old boys of Leys School of the services of Jackson within a quarter of an hour of the start, but by that time the Light Blues had crossed their opponents' line twice, so it is only reasonable to conclude that, even if Jackson had not been hurt, Cambridge would still have won handsomely.

THE next production at the Savoy, after the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, will be from the pen of Mr. Adrian Ross. It is a little early yet to give particulars, but my readers must not be surprised if the story reminds them somewhat of Mr. Frank Stockton's "Lady and the Tiger."

THE MAJOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AJAX.—One of the best waterproof dressings for boots consists of beeswax and mutton suet warmed until the mixture becomes liquid. Thanks for your appreciative letter.

F. F.—I don't quite understand what you mean by a book on "card-etiquette." Have you read "Cavendish"?

H. M. B.—Yes, as the season advances I shall give further particulars. Meanwhile, you won't do wrong if you get a black waistcoat with small coloured spots.

N. D.—Thanks for your letter, which interested me greatly.

G. D. (Australia).—I quite agree with you that in this matter England would do well to copy Australia's example. Thanks for your very sensible letter.

S. S. G.—There were paragraphs referring to the matter you mention in Nos. 98 and 99 of TO-DAY.

IF you want something nice for afternoon tea, have a dish of shortbread—especially if you're a Scotchman in the house. The best shortbread comes "frae the land o' cakes," and I'm sure you won't get anything to beat Skinner's. You can obtain it by post from the works, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, securely packed in tins of various sizes.

LETTER FROM JOHN HICKEY.

I HAVE received the following interesting letter from John Hickey, an interview with whom we published the other week:—"Sir, a copy of your journal having come into my hands, I find there is an error—accidental and unintentional, of course—in the account of the interview with me which you will kindly permit me to correct. The horse I rode at Balaclava did not have 'one of his legs shot away,' as you represent me to have stated. He was only wounded through the thick part of the thigh of the hind leg. The shot went clean through. It broke no bone.

"I have no recollection either of having made any reference to having ridden a very wonderful horse. The fact is (and a thing not generally known), the horse I rode at Inkerman was one the rider of which was taken prisoner by the Russians. He broke loose and escaped from them, bringing with him twenty Russian horses, finding his way back also to his own regiment.

"My own horse being badly wounded and disabled, this escaped horse was given to me. He afterwards returned home with the regiment, and every annual 'Balaclava Day' he was saddled, bridled, and paraded—the men making a great fuss of him.

"I have only to add that after the battle of Inkerman my name was sent in for promotion, instead of which Major Low (now General Low) took me as his servant. I remained with him until he left the regiment, when he offered to promote me, and I, declining, went instead to Captain George as his servant. I left the regiment with him and remained with him for ten years. Since that I have served in some influential families, amongst whom were Lord George Paget and Baron Pollock, having left the latter through the effects of a paralytic stroke. —(Signed) JOHN HICKEY."

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[illegible] A Gentleman [illegible], post free, particulars of a [illegible] treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

ADVICE FREE.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions [illegible]

The Subscription List CLOSES on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1895.
Subscriptions for Debentures and Preference Shares have been already guaranteed for sums more than sufficient to pay so much of the purchase-money as is payable in cash, and provide £10,000 for working Capital. The Directors will, therefore, proceed to Allotment on Thursday next. All applications coming in will receive a *pro rata* allotment.
The whole of the £70,000 Ordinary Shares are taken by the vendors.
The profits are certified at £11,835, being more than double the amount required to pay Debenture Interest and Dividend at 8 per cent. on Preference Shares. Amount required only £5,500.
The Breweries are all freehold and free from mortgage.

HALIFAX BREWERIES, LIMITED (NOVA SCOTIA, DOMINION OF CANADA).

SHARE CAPITAL £110,000, divided into 4,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each, £40,000; and 7,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each, £70,000; the whole of the latter are issued to the vendors.

3,500 PREFERENCE SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION, payable 10s. per share on application, £3 10s. per share allotment, £3 in one month, £3 in two months. The Preference Shares will also rank for additional dividend rateably with the Ordinary Shares when 8 per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary Shares. The Preference Shares are preferential both as to capital and dividend.

In addition to the above shares there are OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION £45,000 SIX PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES, issued at par in multiples of £10. Payable 5 per cent. on application, 45 per cent. on allotment, and the balance two months after allotment.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
Philip S. Conron, Esq., The Old Hornchurch Brewery, Essex (Director of Rochdale Manor Brewery), Chairman.
Lord Henry Fitzgerald (Director L. Norman and Co., Limited, Brewers Merchants), 3, East India-avenue, E.C.
James Culverwell, Esq., Fountain-court, Aldermanbury, London.
John Howard, Esq., London, Agent-General for Nova Scotia.
BANKERS.—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112, Bishopsgate-street, and all Branches.
LOCAL BANKERS.—Bank of British North America, Halifax, N.S.
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SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Lumley and Lumley, 37, Conduit-street, W., and 15, Old Jewry Chambers, Bank, E.C.
SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—Mr. W. H. Parker, 65, New Broad-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to acquire and work five freehold Breweries, four of which are situated in Halifax, in the British Province of Nova Scotia, and one at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. The Breweries which will become the property of the Company are The Army and Navy Brewery, The Crystal Springs Brewery, The Foyle Brewery, The Brighton Brewery, and The Halifax Brewery.

Messrs. Hart Bros. and Tibbett, of Moorgate-street, London, and New York, the well-known firm of Chartered Accountants, have inspected the books of four of these Breweries, and their report is set forth below:—

30, Moorgate-street, London, E.C.
(And at 25, Pine-street, New York), 9th May, 1895.
To the Directors of The Halifax Breweries (Limited).

Gentlemen,—We have examined the Books and Accounts of the following Breweries for the periods stated below in each case:—

S. Oland, Sons, and Co., Army and Navy Brewery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, three years ending 31st December, 1894.
P. and J. O'Mullin, Foyle Brewery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, three years ending 31st December, 1894.
Morris and Hyndham, Brighton Brewery, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, three years ending 31st December, 1894.
C. W. Hayward, Crystal Springs Brewery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, one year ending 31st December, 1894.

The latter is a new Brewery, and has only been running during the one year covered by our examination.

We hereby certify that, after making proper provisions for bad debts and depreciation, the net profits have been as follows:—

Year ending 31st December,	1892	... ...	£8,826	13	8
do. do.	1893	... ...	9,321	16	6
do. do.	1894	... ...	11,835	7	4

The Exchange has been taken at 4·85 dols. for £1 sterling.

HART BROS., TIBBETTS and CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
London and New York.

The actual net profits certified last year were £11,835. Taking these actual figures for dividend, and disregarding the profits to arise from the expected growth of the business and the saving of expense by amalgamation, the following will be the result:—

Profits		£11,835
Debenture Interest at 6 per cent. on £45,000	£2,700	
Preference Shares at 8 per cent. on £35,000	£2,800	
		£5,500
Leaving ...		£6,335

The Directors, therefore, consider that the Company have made an advantageous purchase, as the profits are certified to be more than double the amount required to pay interest on the debentures and 8 per cent. on the Preference Shares offered by this issue.

Any increase on the present profits of £11,835 will tell in favour of the Preference Shareholders, as all Shares rank alike for further dividend in addition to their 8 per cent., when and so soon as the Vendors have received 8 per cent. on their Shares.

The price to be paid for the freehold Breweries and all buildings, machinery, and plant, together with the goodwill, has been fixed by the Vendors at £125,000, in part payment of which they take the whole of the Ordinary Shares, namely, £70,000, and, of the balance, £33,500 will be payable in cash, and £21,500 in Preference Shares, Debentures, or cash, at the option of the Directors.

SPECIAL POINT.

The issue to the public is only £80,000, of which the Directors retain for Working Capital, £10,000; for Loose Plant and Stock, £15,000=£25,000; leaving £55,000.

This is the only amount which is to be paid out of the proceeds of the issue, for or towards the transfer of the five Breweries and the businesses as a going concern, of which the profits are certified to be £11,835 per annum.

Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application for Shares and Debentures may be had from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Genial Dr. Conan Doyle is back in London for a little while, filling my musty old shop with fresh air and sunshine when he rushes in for a brief visit. I wish I could get as much exercise as he manages to do. Skipping up and down a Hampstead 'bus isn't the most cheerful way of reducing one's corpulence. Speaking of Dr. Doyle reminds me that now the "Stark Munro Letters" are out in book form the Reviewers find them delightful—when the story appeared as a serial they weren't nearly so complimentary. For my part I should like a little more Cullingworth in it, and a little less speculation as to one's religious belief. Every young man has to settle this question sooner or later; but he generally wrestles it out with himself, and goes to Sunday-schools or music-halls in accordance with the way he decides. I should also like to see a sequel to "The Stark Munro Letters," winding up with the death of Cullingworth. In Dr. Doyle's hands it might be made as dramatic as the death of Porthos.

* * * *

I understand that Chapman and Hall will publish early next year an interesting volume entitled "Cookery Up-To-Date," by Mrs. Humphry, the genial "Susie" of *To-Day* and "Madge" of *Truth*.

* * * *

Had a chat yesterday with Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban, who has written a good many books during the last few years. I am pretty bald myself, but I can't hold a candle to Mr. Cobban, whose cranium hasn't a vestige of hair. He is slight, thin, colourless, with refined, rather ascetic features, quiet, pleasant manner, and dry voice. He is shortly bringing out "The Tyrants of Koolsim," a boy's book with pictures, and "The King of Andaman; The Story of a Saviour of Society." The former is a sequel to "The White Kaid of the Atlas," which many boys delighted in last year. The latter is a story that Mr. Cobban first wrote when he was a young beginner in literature in 1879! He began to re-write it about five years ago, and all but the last few chapters have been done very slowly in the intervals of less congenial work.

* * * *

Have been stocking Miss Florence K. Upton's delightfully humorous children's book, "The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwogg" (Longman). The drawings are simply delightful; the dolls being stiff as wood can make them, and yet alive. Her Majesty has accepted a copy of the book, and is very pleased with it.

* * * *

Once upon a time a certain author wrote a book called "A Japanese Marriage," and this book had a very pretty design on the cover. And now another author arises with a book entitled "My Japanese Wife," which has also a very pretty design on the cover. Author Number One is angry with author Number Two for the alleged similarity of design and title. The question arises whether imitations, colourable or otherwise, should be sternly discouraged and the guilty parties "sent to Coventry." Man is an imitative animal, but he should not be too imitative. Of course it is possible that author Number Two never saw the book of author Number One, and that he will write me indignantly saying that "his attention has been called" (it is always the sympathising friend who calls an author's attention to these things; the author never has time to see such trifles for himself) to this paragraph. I shall be very glad indeed, to hear what Mr. Clive Holland has to say about the matter. Meantime, I shall continue to sell both books, so that people can judge for themselves.

* * * *

I hear from the editor of the *Studio* that the number of pages will be permanently increased in order to further enlarge the scope of the magazine.

Am skimming through "The Wizard Wing" (3s. 6d., W. and R. Chambers), by David Ker. It is an excellent story of the last Moslem invasion of Europe. The juggler's trick, when he produces a shining gold ducat from the old woman's bad eggs, and the old woman breaks the rest, only to be disappointed, is very amusing. The story of how John Sobieski saved Europe is particularly *à propos* at a time when the Turk is again in evidence.

* * * *

In the Shop.

"'Blue Balloon?' Yes, madam. It is by Reginald Horsley (Chambers)—a tale of the Shenandoah Valley, full of 'go' from beginning to end. 'Whispers from Fairyland'? (John Heywood). It's a good book for small children, madam, although the words are a little too long. I can recommend, if you want something really dainty in matter and illustration, Dent's 'Blue Beard,' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and 'The House That Jack Built,'—the illustrations are charming. Any of Fisher Unwin's books, sir? Oh, yes; here's (1s. 6d.) 'A Matter of Angles,' by Everard North—interesting story, though he does speak of a man's 'tum-tum' turning into his 'compound'; shouldn't allude to such parts of the human frame; it's rude. One moment, sir, please. New Adam and Charles Black 'Waverley Novels,' standard edition; two-and-six, please, less discount. No; I prefer 'Ivanhoe' myself; some people think 'Waverley' the worst novel ever written, especially if they have to wade through the preface. 'Curiosities in Cures'? Oh, yes, sir, I have a few copies left (Horace Cox). It's the experiences of a lady who tried water cures, cat-skin cures, the Mattei system, goat's milk, and about fifty others; she is still alive, I believe. Now, you boy there, bring Lady Troubridge's 'Bric-à-Brac.' Is it good? Heaven forbid, madam, that I should be guilty of the impertinence of criticising the verse of a lady of quality, but it is much better than the average. Now, this seems very pretty:

One day your soul will meet my soul,
The day on which we die,
And written in the angel's scroll,
Emblazoned is your lie.

Seems as if the gentleman hadn't been quite truthful, so to speak, madam. James, close up for the night."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lois" wants to know if she has any chance of getting poems like the subjoined printed. I'm afraid not. This seems to suggest our old friend Dagonet very strongly:—

"You ask how I come to be here, sir—well, you shall hear my tale;
You ask if I can remember you—Gad, sir, I can without fail."

Teetotallers please shun the next stanza—

"Beautiful liquid of clearest gold,
Refreshing the weary, warming the cold,
Crowned with a foam of dazzling white,
Welcome always—morn, noon, and night.
Sparkling with globules of crystal clear—
Beautiful! lovely! thirst-giving beer."

L. O. Powell.—My enthusiastic young friend, the book is called, "Sandow's System of Physical Training" (Gale and Polden.)

W. L.—My dear lady, your verses are nothing but simpers. As a record of your own feelings they are interesting to you, but not to the general public. I really couldn't stock them. Burn them, and try your hand at making puddings; a poetical pudding is a treat for the gods.

E. L. B.—Thanks for your epitaphs from St. Brelade churchyard. No, the technique isn't much, but they may amuse people. Here they are:—

"Think of a fisher lad, honest and sincere,
Not castaway but brought to anchor here.
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the consious (?) wave
Repented, and resigned him to his grave;
Sailed from this port on an eternal sea,
Refitted in a moment then shall be,
Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies—
In harbour safe from shipwreck now he lies."

"Engrave no flattery on my stone,
For man's by nature lost;
Salvation is by grace alone,
Then what has he to boast?"

HOW THE MAJOR KEPT HIS PROMISE.

BY

LOUIS TRACY.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

DERA ISMAIL KHAN is a frontier station on the cut-throat side of the Indus. Its name means that Ismail Khan—may his bones rest—once pitched his tent there, but a not too careful philology forgot to add some eloquent syllable which would signify that Ismail Khan—who lies with the Prophet—cleared out again as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately, the maintenance of the Pax Britannica in the Valley of the Indus requires the constant presence in that delectable spot of a squadron of horse and a battalion of foot belonging to those fine troops of the Punjab Frontier Force. In the middle of June it is often impossible to see the compound gate from the verandah at midday owing to the prevalence of a swirling dust-storm, and twelve hours later it may be necessary to pour water over the bed to render it sufficiently cool to be laid upon.

Yet the officers of the Piffers—so-called by Anglo-Indians as a phonetic way of expressing the initials P. F. F.—manage to live there, and what is still more marvellous, half-a-dozen Regent Street gowns may be seen there whenever the station foregathers at club or gymkhana. Not long ago the C.-O. at Dera Ismail Khan had as a daughter the prettiest girl that was to be set eyes upon along the whole two thousand miles of the Indus. Ethel Townsend was known far and wide as "the Pride of the Piffers," and I will tell you another time how she won the title. Just now I wish to place on record what Major Dalrymple did for her. Dalrymple did not know until Townsend married the only child of the Chief of the Indus flotilla that he would never care for any other woman. Mrs. Townsend never even guessed his secret, but it nearly broke his heart when she died in giving birth to the little one who afterwards bore her name.

THE HONOURABLE BOB WAS SEATED ON THE GROUND.

Ethel always called him uncle, and next to her love for her father she gave him the full warmth of her impulsive affections. But now that she had come back from a seven years' residence in France and Germany she found that there was yet another corner vacant in her heart, and this place was at once bestowed upon Captain the Honourable Robert McGregor Cameron, whom the natives had christened the Babadur-sahib, and who was known to his associates as the Honourable Bob.

Hence it was that when the Guides—to which distinguished section of the Punjab Frontier Force all these people belonged—were ordered to join an expedition against a particularly obnoxious tribe in the Bara Khel, Ethel betook herself to Major Dalrymple, and cried her pretty eyes out on the score that Bob would be sure to get himself killed.

"He won't be in any greater danger than your father or I, sweetheart," said the Major, at his wits' end for words of consolation, "and you have seen us return safely too often to feel alarmed now."

"Oh, dad and you have got sense, but Bob is such a mad thing—and he will do something ridiculous, and I shall never see him again, boohoo, boohoo"—the Pride of Piffers was but a woman.

"Ethel, my dear, listen to me," and the fine-looking soldier tenderly smoothed her golden-brown tresses back from her forehead. "You know how much I value your happiness and how glad I am you are going to marry a man like Cameron. I promise you now that I will look after him as though he were my own son, and bring him back safe and sound to you. Come, you have full trust in me?"

Dalrymple knew that his promise was of little avail in view of the chances of a border campaign, but it soothed the girl's heart, and her tears fell through a smile as she kissed him.

* * * * *

As a rule, a mountain battery, two companies of the Scottish Rifles, two native regiments, and a detachment of the Guides should be more than a match for any tribesmen that ever swept down from the hills on a marauding foray into the lowlands. But that day the Ghazis fought with demoniacal skill, and, just towards evening, they made a last wild rush that nearly settled matters. Indeed, the square bulged in rather unpleasantly on one side, and had it not been for the way

in which Cameron and a dozen of his sowars laid about them with their sabres it would have been all up with the expedition.

As it was everybody breathed hard for the next ten minutes, and the Scotsmen were just beginning to wipe out their rifles, the barrels having been fouled with drippings from the bayonets, when Dalrymple discovered that Cameron was missing. Someone had seen him get knocked off his horse, and he had evidently been carried away in the rush of the retreating enemy. A hasty search in the vicinity showed that his body, at any rate, was not to be found, and anything like pursuit in the growing darkness was quite out of the question.

Townsend and Dalrymple did not dare to speak their thoughts to each other, but a couple of hours later, when the wearied force was seeking rest from the turmoil of the day a *moullah* (priest) placed all doubts at rest as to Cameron's fate by shrieking out of the gloom

SWUNG HIM CROSSWAYS ON THE SADDLE IN FRONT OF HIM, AND STARTED FOR HOME.

that when the next day dawned the followers of the Prophet would first crucify the accursed Feringhi in their possession, and then wipe the British troops off the face of the earth.

"Jackals," he yelled, "will turn away gorged from your corpses," but that was his figurative Eastern way of putting it.

Then Dalrymple swore he would fulfil his promise to Ethel.

To obtain the permission of the Brigadier for his project was out of the question, so he consulted with no one, not even Colonel Townsend. With the aid of a *subadar* (native officer) he was soon dressed à la Ghazi, and he borrowed the tulwar of a dead tribesman who was lying, among plenty of his kin, in front of the zereba. This, with a couple of revolvers concealed beneath his flowing robes, constituted the whole of his appliances, and, indeed, of his plan also, as he had resolved that if he could not save Cameron he would endeavour to get near him, and give him the means of avoiding crucifixion.

The mountain village to which the tribesmen had retreated was distant some four miles. The road approaching the place was fairly free from obstacles, but it twisted and turned in all directions as it climbed up the side of a precipitous gorge, finally reaching a plateau about a thousand feet above the level of the small stream that dashed along beneath. The moon was trying to struggle through a great cloud-bank, but gave light enough to show the way, and to distinguish objects close at hand. Nearing the village—as no semblance of a guard was kept—he passed several scattered groups clustered round fires or huddled amongst bundles of fodder. Many of the men were groaning, and their women were bandaging their wounds. Dalrymple shuffled painfully along, finding the native sandals difficult to walk in, and he came upon Cameron suddenly. The Honourable Bob was seated on the ground, with his hands apparently tied behind his back, and resting against a low mud hut, inside and in front of which were some twenty of the tribesmen—a few smoking round a fire, the others asleep. Dalrymple walked straight up to him, spat at him, and growled "Sug!"

That is the Persian for all that we mean when we call a man a dog—and more. The action was natural in a tribesman, and evoked no comment; in Dalrymple's case it was a fine piece of art. He squatted on the ground close to the prisoner, and whispered,

"Steady, Bob, I've come to help you."

Cameron had nerves of steel, but the words tried them to their utmost tension. When he could trust his voice he only said,

"Thanks, old chap. It's no use. My left ankle is sprained, so I can't walk a yard, even if it were any good. Get back safely, and give my love to Ethel. As for you, God bless you!"

At that moment a horse neighed loudly at some little distance, and Dalrymple, in a second, had formed his plan. He whispered again: "Can you manage to stand straight up when you hear a horse coming this way?"

"Yes," said Cameron.

"Very well, be ready in five minutes."

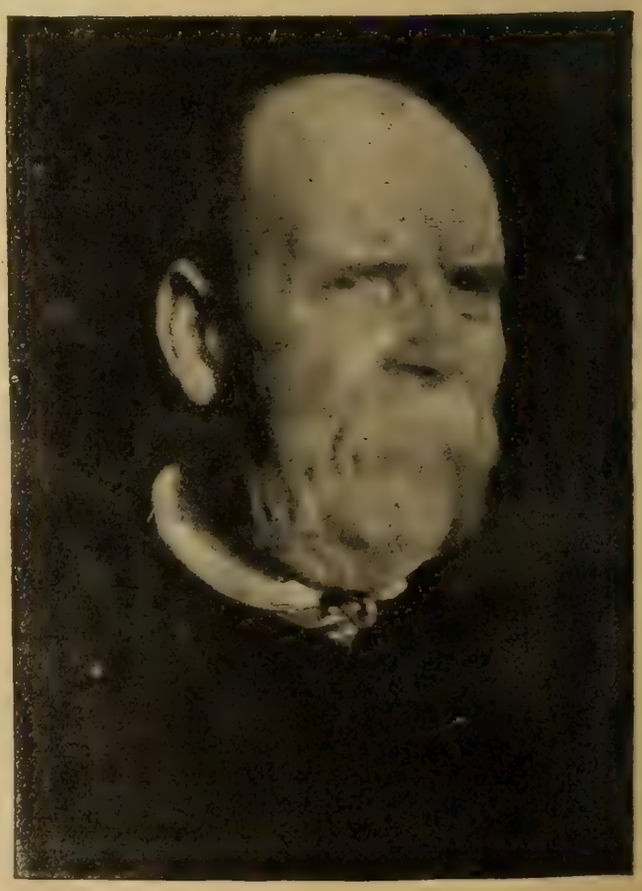
Then he rose, growled another Persian oath, expectorated again at the prisoner, and left the circle of light cast by the fire. He had little difficulty in finding the animal that had given voice. He was tied up in a rough shed, and seemed to be a strong beast. Ethel said afterwards that he was the best pony she ever laid eyes upon, but she was prejudiced in his favour. His saddle and headgear were hanging close at hand, and Dalrymple lost no time in getting him ready, although the queer Afghan bridle troubled him a little at first. Then he led him out and mounted him, but at the same moment a fellow sprang up from the rear of the shed, and wanted to know in the name of the Prophet, why a cursed thief was moving off with his master's *ghora*. There was no time for a long discourse, so Dalrymple gave him the weightiest reason at command by hitting him such a crack with the tulwar on his shaven crown that, like Bret Harte's orator, "He smiled a sickly kind of smile and curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Then the fun commenced. He rode up to the hut at a canter, found Cameron standing up, swung him crossways on the saddle in front of him, and started for home.

The excitement on that hillside during the next ten minutes was something remarkable. Jezails were fired, tom-toms beaten, gongs banged, and not a few Martini bullets whistled past them as they galloped down the pathway. Cameron and Dalrymple weighed twenty-three stone between them, but the little horse could have run away with two more like them. There were no other animals handy, to all appearance, so pursuit was out of the question after the first hundred yards, and in less than half-an-hour Cameron was in the hands of the doctors, Dalrymple was drinking some hot whisky and water with the Brigadier, and the Kabuli was being groomed by about six men, whilst, if he had not been a wise little beast, he could have burst himself with food. Next morning the village was shelled, and when the *moullah* was hit with shrapnel the tribesmen gave in, and promised to be good.

* * * * *

All this happened six years ago. Since then I have seen a fat youngster held on the back of a still fatter Kabuli pony, and the name of the youngster was Robert Dalrymple Cameron.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HICKEY,
A Balaclava Hero now lying in St. Pancras Workhouse.

Teddie Thoughtless—I think that Cholly Dimpleigh is weal wude. I have a notion to give him a piece of my mind, dontcherknow.

Miss Vanderwhack—Don't, Teddie. You've got none to spare.

AUNT FAN'S LETTERS.—I.

My dear Girls,—The more I think about these letters that you ask me to write to you, the more I wonder whether I shall find anything to say worth your learning. As for supposing that any advice I may give will influence your conduct, it is almost more than I dare to hope. "What," you will perhaps say to yourselves, "can an old lady living quietly in the country know about girls of to-day? What, indeed, can she remember about the girls of her own time?"

Well, she does remember a few things, and she does keep her old eyes open, and it seems to her that one or two trifles which have come under her notice in the course of a long life may be worth remarking upon to her dear nieces now that they stand on the threshold of the world. In all humility, therefore, in all affection, modestly hoping that my words may save you from a few mistakes—may spare you a few heart-pangs—I begin my task.

And in the first place I am going to treat you to a string of "don'ts."

Don't pass all your time in a state of terror lest you should not be doing "the right thing." I remember that, having begun life without a mother at my side to help me over the social stubble-field, I suffered agonies of self-conscious shyness from this cause. But you have only to remember that you carry your youth in your face, that your ignorance, your inexperience are taken for granted, and you will be relieved from awkward embarrassment. Whether to rise or to retain one's seat; whether to bow or to shake hands; whether to take off one's gloves or to keep them on; all such matters as these are the veriest trifles, the doing or the leaving undone of which would not in the slightest degree affect the opinion any person of mature age or of mature sense might entertain of you. On all such points a very little experience will give you all the information you want; and in the meantime don't, oh, *don't* write to a lady's paper, asking for "the rule" in such matters. Ask privately the advice of a friend of your own sex; or, better still, ask your own common-sense. But to expect to acquire good manners, and good "tone" through a set of answers to a set of questions supplied through a periodical is about as intelligent as it would be for a blind man to get lessons in painting by post.

Good manners are the result of the early training you have received, of the natural feelings of your heart; above all, of the right use of the brains you have in your head. And your "tone" will be that of the class among whom you live; not a thing to be consciously acquired at all.

Don't be rude to your social inferiors.

How it comes to pass in these days of a universal striving for enlightenment that such a warning should still be necessary is a phenomenon I do not pretend to understand. But that the warning is necessary is unfortunately as true as it ever was. One form of rudeness—incivility to servants, is happily obsolete. Experience proved the indulgence to be too costly. An ill-bred servant used to return insolence with insolence; a well-bred one took his or her revenge in neglect or in cleverly-veiled dislike and contempt. But rudeness to the people who serve in shops is as rampant as ever. We have all of us seen "ladies," who would turn from the counter by which they were sitting to greet with effusive smiles and handshakes an acquaintance for whom they did not care a straw, and then turn back again to speak to the girl who was serving them, in a voice that seemed to come from the top of the head, and with a supercilious raising of the eyebrows and droop of the eyelids.

Why do they do it?

Do they realise that insolence to the hard-working, patient, well-mannered girl who is serving them, who is probably their equal in birth, as she is certainly their superior in manners and in education, is as degrading as cruelty to a dumb animal. For the girl behind the counter is dumb, by reason of her position, and cannot give back insolence to the complacent idiot on the other side of the counter.

Don't be rude to a stranger because he is a stranger, or to a man because he is a man.

I know it is a common belief that the persons to whom one has not been introduced are all malefactors, and undoubtedly it is undesirable for a young girl to make acquaintances without the knowledge and sanction of her parents or friends. But even this fact, and a girl's natural shyness, are not sufficient excuse for the discourtesy of receiving a small civility, a helping hand on leaving a train, the offer of a man's seat in a carriage in which there is "Standing room only," without acknowledgment.

And these small sins against good breeding are committed daily, not by washerwomen only, though they are great offenders, as those who go down to the shops in omnibuses know, but by those large and varied sections of the female population who are supposed to come in the category of "ladies."

Remember that to say "Thank you," with a slight bend of the head to a man who has risen from his seat at a concert or theatre to enable you to pass with more comfort, is really as much a necessary courtesy as if he were your acquaintance; and that a little attention to such trifles will tend to stop the masculine cry which is beginning to make itself heard, that women take all and give nothing, and that it is time to teach them the almost-forgotten truth that they are men's superiors by convention only, and not in fact.

While you are young, you will be encouraged to ignore this last great truth, so that you will run the danger of making yourself ridiculous when you are older by insisting upon privileges which are yours by man's good pleasure only, and not by right.

For shriek as we women may, and as some of us do, it cannot be denied that our position in every community which has ever existed has been just that which the men thought fit to assign to us. In savage countries, woman is a beast of burden; in Mahomedan lands she is a slave; Christianity and the chivalry born of it have placed her on a throne, which, however, she only occupies on good behaviour. While in a country with a tendency to free-thought she threatens to become an unmitigated nuisance. When, however, man is at last tired of her antics, he will arise in his wrath, or in his laughter, and teach her the lost art of decency.

And in this connection, let me mention another "don't."

Some of you are clever, and more of you think you are. In either case, don't, if you get an idea into your head, be induced to give it forth to the world from a platform. The tendency of the talker on platforms is always to go on talking until he talks nonsense; this tendency becomes acute in the case of a woman, who, more exciteable than a man, with less command of facts and less respect for them, is generally endowed with a terrible gift of words.

Follow the careers of the preaching and lecturing women, whose eloquence fills the newspapers. Do they give one so much the impression of great power as of great versatility and volubility?

Believe me, my dear girls, the women who have wielded most power in the world were those who contented themselves with the womanly task of influencing men, inspiring men. If you have anything to say worth the hearing, get some man to say it for you; then, if he makes himself ridiculous over it, he will bear the blame: while if the utterance should cover him with glory, the chances are ten to one that you, the modest Egeria, will get your share.

And now, my dears, I am, like a woman, letting my pen run away with me. I had meant to give you only a short letter, and behold, I have inflicted upon you a long one.—Ever, my dear girls, your affectionate

Aunt Fan.

CHARACTER-READING FROM THE FACE.

By Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, B.P.A.

XI.—THE HAIR.

The hair, as I previously informed you, is more indicative of temperament than character—by character I mean mentality. Temperament takes in the physical capacities of the individual, such as his sensibilities and animal propensities. The hair is really composed of follicles, or tubes, which hold fluids or secretions which emanate from the body. These fluids vary in shade from the palest yellow to the darkest brown, the colour being indicative of the temperament or physical constitution of the individual. I have heard it asserted that no hair is black, but that which has the appearance, and is called black, is the darkest of brown, the blue electric shade causing the hair to appear black. Were the fluid in any shade of hair to be dissolved in spirit it would become the palest flax-colour, the darkness being due merely to the condensation of the pigment, or colouring matter. That explains why, the darker the hair, the more powerful or intense the nature of its possessor. Curly hair indicates exuberant vitality, the curl being caused by the heat or electricity which pervades the system. Straight hair denotes more evenness of character. Coarse hair mostly accompanies large muscles, and would thus suggest physical strength, whilst fine hair denotes refinement, sensitiveness, and effeminate tastes and feelings. Very sensitive people have excessively fine hair, and their eyelashes always correspond. Red hair generally indicates vanity and sensuality, but this latter is often contradicted by thin, delicately-formed lips. Red-haired people are hasty and hot-tempered, but not, as a rule, so vindictive and revengeful as those with dark hair; their nature not being so deep, there is less intensity in their love and in their hate. You will never find red-haired persons otherwise than vain and eager for admiration, but if possessed of a full under-lip they are generous and impulsive. People with red hair have warm and sympathetic natures. Golden hair denotes caprice and physical nervousness, but then the former is generally the consequence of the latter. By the hair you can generally tell the state of health of the individual, for when a person is well the hair is brighter, crisper, and more abundant. Ill-health causes the hair to be limp and dull in colour. People who exercise their brains very much either lose their hair, or it turns white, which means that the fluid or pigment in the tubes dies or secedes. This is due to heat of the action, or throbbing of the nerves, caused by the blood rushing to the brain when the individual is deep in thought. This rule does not apply to people whose hair falls off through disease or physical weakness.

THE SPORTSMAN.

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VERY HIGH PLAY.

By Barry Pain.

"What I like about poker," said Gorrosmith, "is its pagan quality. It is beautifully barbaric. It awakens the thirst for blood, or its cash equivalent. I would bluff my own grandmother out of her last halfpenny, and walk away pleased and not ashamed."

"So would I," said Barrobrown. "Your principles are my own. I would win my only sister's scalp, and see that she paid it. I am thankful to say that I play the game—merely the game—entirely without mercy."

"But, however," observed Gorrosmith, "as we are both of us far from being rich men, shall we say a penny ante and twopence to come in?"

"Quite so," said Barrobrown, "with a five shilling limit."

"Half-a-crown would be enough," replied Gorrosmith, drawing his chair to the table, "but call it five shillings."

"Jack-pots," said a third man.

"And no joker, of course," remarked a fourth.

"Of course not," said Gorrosmith. "None of those suburban variations for me—the real game, or I don't care about it."

Now there came a time when there was money in the pot, and Gorrosmith opened it for one penny. All came in, Barrobrown remarking hesitatingly that he supposed he must. Gorrosmith took no cards, no more did Barrobrown. Gorrosmith bet one penny, the other men went out, and Barrobrown raised it five shillings.

"This is a sporting game," remarked Gorrosmith, putting up his eyeglass. "Very well, and five."

"And five again," said Barrobrown.

"And another five," said Gorrosmith.

"And five," said Barrobrown.

"Look here," said Gorrosmith, "I'll keep an account of the bet on a bit of paper, and you can do the same. It's simpler. And five."

"And five," said Barrobrown.

"And five," said Gorrosmith.

This sort of conversation went on for ten minutes. "I'm not altogether sorry that I am out of this," remarked the third man. "It's a bit monotonous," said the other.

"For the sake of variety," said Gorrosmith, "shall we dispense with the limit in this particular emergency?"

"By all means," said Barrobrown.

"I say," said the third man, "hadn't you men better go a bit steady?"

"Possibly," Barrobrown replied; "or, on the other hand, possibly not. One hundred pounds, Gorrosmith."

"Yes, that's quicker. And a thousand."

"A thousand? And a million."

"If you must, you must," observed Gorrosmith, as he lit a cigarette. "And a billion."

"And five billions more," said Barrobrown.

"Look here," said the fourth man, "this is absolutely farcical."

"Think so?" asked Gorrosmith. "So far I have not bet a penny more than I will pay if I lose—*if*, mark you."

"Neither have I," said Barrobrown. "I have no choice but to play the game, and if I leave Gorrosmith a ruined and dishonoured man, I can't help it."

"In the meantime," observed Gorrosmith, "I will raise you the difference between the sum already betted (which, as I am no mathematician, I will not add up) and the Entire Universe."

"You can't possibly afford it," said the third man, with brutal frankness.

"Hold your tongue," said Gorrosmith, snappishly.

"It's discussions like these," remarked Barrobrown, "that absolutely ruin a game at cards. What business can this be of anybody except Gorrosmith and myself?"

"Oh, very well," said the third man. "If your father likes to pay your gambling debts, it's no concern of mine. I myself never will bet more than I can lose without missing, and I think you are beginning to go beyond that. However, as you say, it's your own affair."

"Barrobrown," said Gorrosmith, with a great and unnatural self-restraint, "would you kindly remember that it's your turn to speak?"

"Certainly. I object to these interruptions as much as you do. You bet the Entire Universe, I think. Very well. I see you, and raise you the Hereafter."

Gorrosmith reflected for a moment. "No," he said, "I don't mean to raise you; it isn't from scruples—it's merely because I can't think of anything else. I see you."

"Best straight flush, diamonds," said Barrobrown.

"Same, spades," said Gorrosmith.

They threw their hands down. Each took back what he had put in the pool, and they divided the rest. It came to three shillings each. "I never saw such cards in my life before," exclaimed the third man. "I've never seen one such hand, and as for two of them turning up together—it's incredible, phenomenal!"

"And," said Gorrosmith, "the betting was also phenomenal. That is poker as it should be—cards and betting in due agreement and harmony, broken only at long intervals by the magnificent discord of some great and inspired bluff. There was no bluffing here. I have bet just the value of my cards, and no more. Perhaps it is almost a pity that Barrobrown did not hold four aces; then he wouldn't have come up so far, of course, but I should have won more. However, I am satisfied."

"And I am not," said Barrobrown. "The betting ought not to have stopped where it did."

"I don't know," remarked Gorrosmith, "if you're trying to imply that I stopped betting because I was afraid, but perhaps you'll tell me what else there was to bet?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. That's what I complain of. All's too little. All's too small. Think what the betting might be between two men each holding a certainty—onward and upward in a mad and monstrous progression, each separate bet transcending the wildest imaginings of the drunkard mathematician! I despise time. I have a contempt for space. Language is no good, and splits as soon as you try to make it fit the unusually large. My eyes are looking toward largeness—towards the conditions under which the perfect betting on the perfect cards would be possible. I am filled with the exaltation of its atmosphere, though my eyes cannot penetrate its distance, nor could any speech describe it. Slowly I lose my sense of smaller things; they cease to have meaning. Was it I who betted five billion pounds just now? What paltriness! A despicable number of stupid tinkling tokens, wherewith to try to satisfy a need that takes all infinity!"

"When you've finished," said Gorrosmith, severely, "we may as well get on with the usual game."

"My ante," said the third man. "I say, Barrobrown, lend me another sixpence to be going on with."

"Very well," said Barrobrown, pushing the coin across the table. "But remember that makes eighteenpence you owe me."

(Published by arrangement with *The Granta*.)

MARY'S LITTLE RING.

Mary had a little ring,
'Twas given by her beau.
And everywhere that Mary went
That ring was sure to go.

She took the ring with her one day
Off to the seashore, where
She might display it to the girls,
Who were all clustered there.

And when the girls all saw that ring
They made a great ado,
Exclaiming with one voice, "Has it
Just got around to you?"

THE ATHLETE.

He: "There goes that Strapper girl. They say she's athletic. She don't look like it."
She: "No? Well, she threw over three men this summer."

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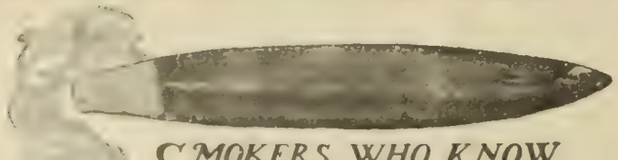

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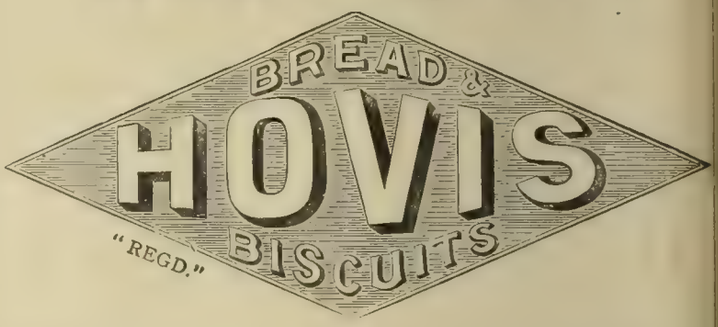

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE HAPPINESS OF STEPHEN THE SMITH 5
By ANTHONY HOPE.
Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

THE OLD TIME 18
By MAX COWPER.

MRS. WYMAN 19
By JAMES DE CRI.
Illustrated by W. Dewar.

THE CITY OF THE SEA 29
By JEROME K. JEROME.
Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

PAX ET PURITAS 32
By FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.
Illustrated by R. Sauber.

AN ELECTRIC DUEL 34
By DÖES.

AMARYLLIS 35
By MAX COWPER.

PAGE

THE LONG SNAKE; OR, THE EVILS OF EXCESS 36
By BARRY PAIN.

THE TELEGRAM 37
By DÖES.

A LOWLAND KINGDOM 38
By ANNIE S. SWAN.

A LOVE GAME 39
By ERNEST GOODWIN.

AT THE BAR 40
By W. PETT RIDGE.

IN THE STUDIO 42
By LEWIS BAUMER.

ECHOES 44
By HAL HURST.

TOM SCAIFE'S HOMECOMING 45
By J. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

ONE OF THE KING'S OWN GIRLS ... 52
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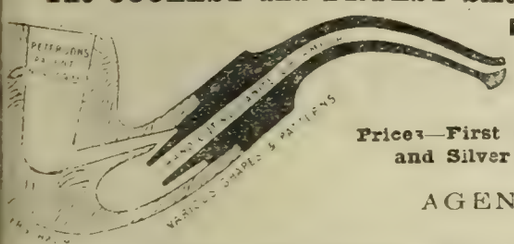

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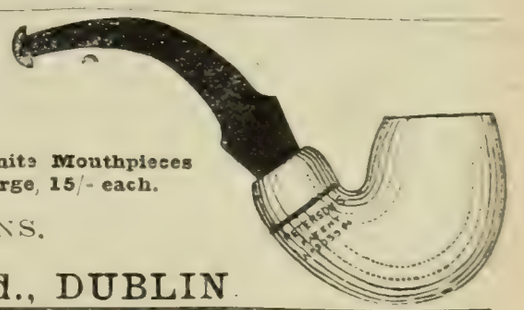

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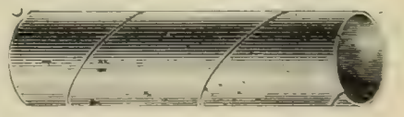

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By ANTHONY HOPE.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

I.

"Stephen! Stephen! Stephen!"

The impatient cry was heard all through the narrow gloomy street, where the old richly-carved house-fronts bowed to meet one another and left for the eye's comfort only a bare glimpse of blue. It was, men said, the oldest street in Strelsau, even as the sign of the "Silver Ship" was the oldest sign known to exist in the city. For when Aaron Lazarus the Jew came there, seventy years before, he had been the tenth man in unbroken line that took up the business; and now Stephen Nados, his apprentice and successor, was the eleventh. Old Lazarus had made a great business of it, and had spent his savings in buying up the better part of the street; but since Jews might then hold no property in Strelsau, he had taken all the deeds in the name of Stephen Nados, and when he came to die, being unable to carry his houses or his money with him, having no kindred and caring not a straw for any man or woman alive, save Stephen, he bade Stephen let the deeds be, and, with a last curse against the Christians (of whom Stephen was one, and a devout one), he kissed the young man, and turned his face to the wall and died. Therefore Stephen was a rich man, and had no need to carry on the business—though it never entered his mind to do anything else; and half the people who raised their heads at the sound of the cry were Stephen's

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tenants, and paid him rent when he asked for it, a thing he did when he chanced to remember, and could tear himself away from chasing a goblet or fashioning a little silver saint; for Stephen loved his craft more than his rents; therefore, again, he was well liked in the quarter.

"Stephen! Stephen!" cried Prince Henry, impatiently hammering on the closed door with his whip. "Plague take the man! Is he dead?"

The men in the quarter went on with their work; the women moved idly to the doors; the girls came out into the street, and clustered here and there looking at the Prince. For, although he was not so handsome as that scamp Rudolf, his brother, who had just come back from his travels with half-a-dozen wild stories spurring after him, yet Henry was a comely youth, as he sat on his chestnut mare, with his blue eyes full of impatience, and his chestnut curls fringing his shoulders. So the girls clustered and looked. Moreover Stephen the Smith must come soon, and the sight of him was worth a moment's waiting; for he buried himself all day in his workshop, and no laughing challenge could lure him out.

"Though, in truth," said one of the girls, tossing her head, "it's thankless work to spend a glance on either, for they do not return it. Now, when Rudolf comes——"

She broke off with a laugh, and her comrades joined in it. Rudolf left no debts of that sort unpaid, however deep he might be in the books of Stephen Nados and others who furnished his daily needs.

Presently Stephen came, unbolting his door with much deliberation, and greeting Prince Henry with a restrained courtesy. He was not very well-pleased to see his guest, for it was a ticklish moment with the nose of Saint Peter, and Stephen would have liked to finish the job uninterrupted. Still the Prince was a Prince, a gentleman, and a friend, and Stephen would not be uncivil to him.

"You ride early to-day, sir," he observed, patting the chestnut mare.

"I have a good reason," answered Henry. "The Lion rages to-day."

Stephen put up his hand to shelter his eyes from a ray of sunshine that had evaded the nodding walls and crept in; it lit up his flaxen hair, which he wore long and in thick waves, and played in his yellow beard; and he looked very grave. For when the Lion raged, strange and alarming things might happen in the city of Strelsau. The stories of his last fit of passion were hardly yet old.

"What has vexed the King?" he asked; for he knew that Prince Henry spoke of his father, Henry surnamed the Lion, now an old man, yet as fierce as when he had been young.

"Is it your brother again?"

"For a marvel, no. It is myself, Stephen. And he is more furious with me than he has ever been with Rudolf—aye, even more than he was at all the stories that followed my brother home."

"And what is the cause of it all, sir, and how is it in my power to help?"

"That you will find out very soon," said the Prince, with a bitter laugh. "You will be sent for to the palace in an hour, Stephen."

"If it is about the King's ring, the ring is not finished," said Stephen.

"It is not about the ring. Yet indeed it is, in a way, about a ring. For you are to be married, Stephen. This very day you are to be married."

"I think not, sir," said Stephen mildly. "For it is a thing that a man himself hears about if it be true."

"But the King thinks so; Stephen, have you remarked among my sister Osra's ladies, a certain dark lady, with black hair and eyes. I cannot describe her eyes!"

"But you can tell me her name, sir," suggested Stephen, who was a practical man.

"Her name? Oh, her name is Hilda—Hilda von Lauengram."

"Aye, I know the Countess Hilda. I have made a bracelet for her."

"She is the most beautiful creature alive!" cried Prince Henry, in a sudden rapture, and so loudly (being carried away by his passion) that the girls heard him and wondered of whom he spoke with so great an enthusiasm.

"To those to whom she seems such," observed Stephen. "But, pray, how am I concerned in all this, sir?"

The Prince's smile grew more bitter as he answered—

"Why, you are to marry her. It was an idle suggestion of Osra's, made in jest; my father is pleased to approve of it in earnest."

Then he bent in his saddle and went on in a hurried urgent whisper: "I love her better than my life, Stephen—better than heaven; and my faith and word are pledged to her; and last night I was to have fled with her—for I knew better than to face the old Lion—but Osra found her making preparations and we were discovered. Then Osra was scornful, and the King mad, and Rudolf laughed; and when they talked of what was to be done to her, Osra came in with her laughing suggestion. It caught the King's angry fancy, and he swore that it should be so. And since the Archbishop is away, he has bidden the Bishop of Modenstein be at the palace at twelve to-day, and you will be brought there also, and you will be married to her. And, by heavens, I'll have your blood if you are!" And with this sudden outbreak of fury the Prince ended. Yet a moment later, he put out his hand to the smith, saying: "It's not your fault, man."

"That is true enough," said the smith; "for I have no desire to marry her; and it is not fitting that a lady of her birth should mate with a smith; for she

is of a great house, and she would hate and despise me."

Prince Henry was about to assent when his eye chanced to fall on Stephen the Smith. Now the smith was a very handsome man—handsomer, many said, than Prince Rudolf himself, whom no lady could look on without admiration. He stood six feet and two inches in his flat working-shoes; he was very broad, and could leap higher and hurl a stone farther than any man in Strelsau. Moreover, he looked kind and gentle, yet was known to grow angry at times, and then to be very dangerous. Therefore Prince Henry, knowing (or thinking that he knew) the caprices of women, and how they are caught by this and that, was suddenly seized with a terrible fear that the Countess Hilda might not despise Stephen the Smith. Yet he did not express his fear, but said that it was an impossible thing that a lady of the Countess's birth (for the House of Lauengram was very noble) should wed a silversmith, even though he were as fine a fellow as his good friend Stephen, to which gracious speech Stephen made no reply, but stood very thoughtful, with his hand on the neck of the chestnut mare. But at last he said: "In any case it cannot be, for I am bound already."

"A wife? Have you a wife?" cried the Prince eagerly.

"No, but my heart is bound," said Stephen the Smith.

"The King will make little of that. Yet who is she? Is she any of these girls who stand looking at us?"

"No, she is none of these," answered Stephen, smiling as though such an idea were very ludicrous.

"And are you pledged to her?"

"I to her, but not she to me."

"But does she love you?"

"I think it most unlikely," said Stephen the Smith.

"The Lion will care nothing for this," groaned the Prince despondently. "They will send for you in half-an-hour. For Heaven's sake spare her, Stephen!"

"Spare her, sir?"

"Do not consent to marry her, however urgently the King may command you."

The smith shook his head, smiling still. Prince Henry rode sorrowfully away, spending not a glance on the bevy of girls who watched him go; and Stephen, turning into his house, shut the door, and with one great sigh set to work again on the nose of St. Peter.

"For anyhow," said he, "a man can work." And after a long pause he added: "I never thought to tell anyone, but if I must, I must."

Now, sure enough, when the clock on the Cathedral wanted a quarter of an hour of noon, two of the King's guard came and bade Stephen follow them with all haste to the palace; and since they were very urgent, and no time was to be lost, he followed them as he was, in his apron, without washing his hands or getting rid of the dust that hung about him from his work. However he had finished St. Peter's nose, and all had gone well with it, so that he went in a contented frame of mind, determined to tell the whole truth to King Henry the Lion, sooner than be forced into a marriage with the Countess Hilda von Lauengram.

The Lion sat in his great chair; he was a very thin old man, with a face haggard and deeply lined; his eyes, set far back in his head, glowed and glowered, and his fingers pulled his sparse white beard. On his right Prince Rudolf lolled on a low seat, smiling at the play; on his left sat that wonderfully fair lady, the Princess Osra, then in the first bloom of her young beauty; and she was smiling scornfully. Prince Henry stood before his father, and some yards from him was the Countess Hilda, trembling and tearful, supported by one of her companions; and finally, since the Archbishop was gone to Rome to get himself a Scarlet Hat, the Bishop of Modenstein, a young man of noble family, was there, most richly arrayed in choicest lace and handsomest vestments, ready to perform the ceremony. Prince Rudolf had beckoned the Bishop near him, and was jesting with him in an undertone. The Bishop laughed as a man laughs who knows he should not laugh, but cannot well help himself; for Rudolf owned a pretty wit, although it was sadly unrestrained.

The King's fury had had a night and a morning to grow cool in, and it had now settled into a cold ironical mood, that argued no less resolution than his first fierce wrath. There was a grim smile on his face as he addressed the smith, who, having bowed to the company, was standing between the Countess and Prince Henry.

"The house of Elphberg," said the King, with mocking graciousness, "well recognises your worth, Stephen, my friend. We are indebted to you——"

"It's a thousand crowns or more from Prince Rudolf alone, sire," interrupted Stephen, with a bow to the Prince he named.

"For much faithful service," pursued the King, while Rudolf laughed again. "I have therefore determined to reward you with the hand of a lady who is, it may be, above your station, but in no way above your worth. Behold her! Is she not handsome? On my word, I envy you, smith. She is beautiful, young, high-born. You are lucky, smith. Nay, no thanks. It is but what you deserve—and no more than she deserves. Take her and be happy," and he ended with a snarling laugh, as he waved his lean veined hand towards the unhappy Countess, and fixed his sneering eyes on the face of his son Henry, who had turned pale as death, but neither spoke nor moved.

The Bishop of Modenstein—he was of the house of Hentzau, many of which have been famous in history—lifted up his hands in horror at Rudolf's last whispered jest and then, advancing with a bow to the King, asked if he were now to perform his sacred duties.

"Aye, get on with it," growled the Lion, not heeding the Countess's sobs or the entreaty in his son's face. And the Princess Osra sat unmoved, the scornful smile still on her lips; it seemed as though she had no pity for a brother who could stoop, or for a girl who had dared to soar too high.

"Wait, wait!" said Stephen the Smith. "Does this lady love me, sire?"

"Aye, she loves you enough for the purpose, smith," grinned the King. "Do not be uneasy."

"May I ask her if she loves me, sire?"

"Why, no, smith. Your King's word must be enough for you."

"And your Majesty says that she loves me?"

"I do say so, smith."

"Then," said Stephen, "I am very sorry for her; for as there's a Heaven above us, sire, I do not love her."

Prince Rudolf laughed; Osra's smile broadened in greater scorn; the Countess hid her face in her companion's bosom. The old King roared out a gruff burst. "Good, good," he chuckled. "But it will come with marriage, smith; for with marriage love either comes or goes—eh, son Rudolf?—and since in this case it cannot go, you must not doubt, friend Stephen, that it will come." And he threw himself back in his chair, greatly amused that a smith, when offered the hand of a Countess, should hesitate to take it. He had not thought of so fine a humiliation as this for the presumptuous girl.

"That might well be, sire," admitted Stephen, "were it not that I most passionately love another."

"Our affections," said the King, "are unruly things, smith, and must be kept in repression; is it not so, son Rudolf?"

"It should be so, sire," answered the merry Prince.

But the Princess Osra, whose eyes had been scanning Stephen's figure, here broke suddenly into the conversation.

"And are you pledged to her whom you love so passionately?" she asked.

"I have not ventured to tell her of my love, madame," answered he, bowing low.

"Then there is no harm done," observed Prince Rudolf. "The harm lies in the telling, not in the loving."

"Tell us something about her," demanded the Princess; and the King, who loved sport most when it hurt others, chimed in: "Aye, let's hear about her whom you prefer to this lady. In what shop does she work, smith? Or does she sell flowers? Or is she a serving-girl? Come, listen, Countess, and hear about your rival."

Prince Henry took one step forward in uncontrolled anger; but he could not meet the savage mirth in the old man's eyes, and, sinking into a chair, spread his hand across his face. But Stephen, regarding the King with placid good-humour, began to speak of her whom he loved so passionately. And his voice was soft as he spoke.

"She works in no shop, sire," said he, "nor does she sell flowers, nor is she a serving-girl; though I would not care if she were. But one day, when the clouds hung dark over our street, she came riding down it, and another girl with her. The two stopped before my door, and, seeing them, I came out——"

"It is more than you do for me," remarked Prince Rudolf.

Stephen smiled, but continued his story. "I came out; and she whom I love gave me a bracelet to mend. And I, looking at her rather than at the bracelet, said, 'But already it is perfect.' But she did not hear, for, when she had given me the bracelet, she rode on again at once and took no more notice of me than of the flies that were crawling up my wall. And that was the first and is the last time that I have spoken to her until this day. But she was so beautiful that there and then I swore that, until I had found means and courage to tell her my love, and until she had thrice refused it, I would marry no other maiden nor speak a word of love."

"It seems to me," said Prince Rudolf, "that the oath has some prudence in it; for if she prove obdurate, friend Stephen, you will then be able to go elsewhere; many lovers swear more intemperately."

"But they do not keep their oaths," said Stephen, with a shrewd look at the Prince.

"You had best let him alone, my son," said the old King. "He knows what all the country knows of its future King."

"Then he may go and hang with all the country," said the Prince peevishly.

But the Princess Osra leant a little forward towards Stephen, and the Countess Hilda also looked covertly out from the folds of her friend's dress at Stephen. And the Princess said,

"Was she then so beautiful, this girl?"

"As the sun in heaven, madame," said the smith.

"As beautiful as my pretty sister?" asked Rudolf, in careless joke.

"Yes, as beautiful, sir," answered Stephen.

"Then," said the cruel old King, "very much more beautiful than this Countess?"

"Of that you must ask your son Henry, sire," said Stephen, discreetly.

"Nevertheless," said the King, "you must put up with the Countess. We cannot all have what we want in this world, can we, son Henry?" and he chuckled again most maliciously.

"Not, sire, till my lady has thrice refused me," the smith reminded the King.

"Then she must be quick about it. For we all, and my lord Bishop here, are waiting. Send for her, Stephen—by Heaven, I have a curiosity to see her!"

"And by Heaven so have I," added Prince Rudolf, with a merry smile. "And poor Henry here may be cured by the sight."

"SHE WORKS IN NO SHOP, SIRE."

The Princess Osra leant a little further forward, and said gently:

"Tell us her name, and we will send for her. Indeed, I also would like to see her."

"But if she refuses, I shall be worse off than I am now; and if she says yes, still I must marry the Countess," objected the smith.

"Nay," said the King, "if she does not refuse you three times, you shall not marry the Countess, but shall be free to try your fortune with the girl;" for the smith had put the old Lion in better temper, and he thought he was to witness more sport.

"Since your Majesty is so good, I must tell her name," said Stephen, "though I had rather have declared my love to herself alone."

"It is the pleasantest way," said Prince Rudolf, "but the thing can be done in the presence of others also."

"You must tell us her name that we may send for her," said the Princess, her eyes wandering now from the Countess to the smith, and back to the Countess again.

"Well, then," said Stephen sturdily, "the lady who came riding down the street and took away my heart with her was called Osra, and her father is named Henry."

A moment or two passed before they understood what the smith had said. Then the old King fell into a fit of laughter, half choked by coughing. Prince Rudolf clapped his hands in merry mockery, and a deep flush spread over the face of the Princess, while the Countess, her companion, and the younger Prince seemed too astonished to do anything but stare. As for Stephen, having said what he had to say, he held his peace—a thing in him which many men, and women also, would do well to imitate, and, if they cannot, let them pray for the grace that is needful. Heaven is omnipotent.

The old King, having recovered from his fit of laughing, looked round on the smith with infinite amusement, and, turning to his daughter, he said, "Come, Osra, you have heard the declaration. It remains only for you to satisfy our good friend's conscience by refusing him three times. For then he will be free to do our pleasure and make the Countess Hilda happy."

The heart of woman is, as it would seem, a strange thing; for the Princess Osra, hearing what the smith had said and learning that he had fallen passionately in love with her on the mere sight of her beauty, suddenly felt a tenderness for him and a greater admiration than she had entertained before; and although she harboured no absurd idea of listening to his madness, or of doing anything in the world but laugh at it as it deserved, yet there came on her a strange dislike of the project that she had herself, in sport, suggested, namely, that the smith should be married immediately to the Countess Hilda by the Lord Bishop

of Modenstein. The fellow, this smith, had an eye for true beauty, it seemed. It would be hard to tie him down to this dusky black-maned girl; for so the Princess described the lady whom her brother loved, she herself being, like most of the Elphbergs, rather red than black in colour. Accordingly, when the King spoke to her, she said fretfully:

"Am I to be put to refuse the hand of such a fellow as this? Why, to refuse him is a stain on my dignity!" And she looked most haughty.

"Yet you must grant him so much because of his oath," said the King.

"Well, then, I refuse him," said she tartly, and she turned her eyes away from him.

"That is once," said Stephen the Smith calmly, and he fixed his eyes on the Princess's face. She felt his gaze, her eyes were drawn back to his, and she exclaimed angrily,

"Yes, I refuse him," and again she looked away. But he looked still more intently at her, waiting for the third refusal.

"It is as easy to say no three times as twice," said the King.

"For a man, sire," murmured Prince Rudolf, for he was very learned in the perilous knowledge of a woman's whims, and, maybe, read something of what was passing in his sister's heart. Certainly he looked at her and laughed, and said to the King:

"Sire, I think this smith is a clever man, for what he really desires is to wed the Countess, and to do it without disobliging my brother. Therefore he professes this ridiculous passion, knowing well that Osra will refuse him, and that he will enjoy the great good fortune of marrying the Countess against his will. Thus he will obey you and be free from my brother's anger. In truth you're a crafty fellow, Master Stephen!"

"There is no craft, sir," said Stephen. "I have told nothing but the truth."

But the King swore a loud oath, crying: "Aye, that there is! Rudolf has hit the mark. Yet I do not grudge him his good luck. Refuse him, Osra, and make him happy."

But the dark flush came again on the Princess's face, for now she did not know whether the smith really loved her or whether he had been making a jest of her in order to save himself in the eyes of her brother Henry, and it became very intolerable to her to suppose that the smith desired the Countess, and had lied in what he said about herself, making a tool of her. Again, it was hardly more tolerable to give him to the Countess, in case he truly loved herself, so that her mind was very greatly disturbed, and she was devoured with eagerness to know the reality of the smith's feelings towards her; for, although he was only a smith, yet he was a wonderfully handsome man—in truth, it was curious that she had not paid attention to his looks before. Thus she was reluctant to refuse him a third time, when the Bishop of Modenstein stood there, waiting only for her word to marry him to the Countess; and she rose suddenly from her seat and walked towards the door of the room, and, when she had almost reached the door, she turned her head over her shoulder and cast one smile at Stephen the Smith. As she glanced, the blush again mounted to her face, making her so lovely that her father wondered, and she said in arch-softness: "I'll refuse him the third time some other day; two denials are enough for one day," and with that she passed through the door and vanished from their sight.

The King and Rudolf, who had seen the glance that she cast at Stephen, fell to laughing again, swearing to one another that a woman was a woman all the world over, whereat the lips of the Bishop twitched.

"But the marriage can't go on," cried Rudolf, at last.

"Let it rest for to day," said the King, whose anger was past. "Let it rest. The Countess shall be guarded; and, since this young fool (and he pointed to his son Henry) will not wander while she is caged, let him go where he will. Then as soon as Osra has refused the smith a third time, we will send for the Bishop."

'And what am I to do, sire?' asked Stephen the Smith.

"Why, my son-in-law that would be," chuckled the King, "you may go back to where you came from till I send for you again."

So Stephen, having thanked the King, went back home, and, sitting down to the chasing of a cup, became very thoughtful; for it seemed to him that the Countess had been hardly treated, and that the Prince deserved happiness, and that the Princess was yet more lovely than she had seemed to him before.

Thus, in his work and his meditations, the afternoon wore away fast. So goes time when hand and head are busy.

* * * *

II.

The Princess Osra walked restlessly up and down the length of her bed-chamber. Dinner was done and it was eight o'clock, and, the season being late October, it had grown dark. She had come thither to be alone; yet, now that she was alone, she could not rest. He was an absurd fellow—that smith! Yes, she thought him fully as handsome as her brother Rudolf. But what did Henry find to love in the black-brown Hilda? She could not understand a man caring for such a colour; a blackamoor would serve as well! Ah, what had that silly smith meant? It must have been a trick, as Rudolf said. Yet when he spoke first of her riding down the street, there was a look in his eyes that a man can hardly put there of his own will. Did the silly fellow then really—? Nay, that was absurd; she prayed that

might not be true, for she would not have the poor fool unhappy. Nay, he was no fool. It was a trick, then! How dared the insolent knave use her for his tricks? Was there no other maiden in Strelsau whose name would have served? Must he lay his tongue to the name of a daughter of the Elphbergs? The fellow deserved flogging, if it were a trick. Ah, was it a trick? Or was it the truth? Oh, in Heaven's name, which was it? And the Princess tore the delicate silk of her ivory fan to shreds, and flung the naked sticks with a clatter on the floor.

"I can't rest till I know," she cried, as she came to a stand before a long mirror let into the panel of the wall, and saw herself at full length in it. As she looked a smile came, parting her lips, and she threw her head back as she said, "I will go and ask the smith what he meant." And she smiled again at her own face in triumphant daring; for when she looked, she thought, "I know what he meant! Yet I will hear from himself what he meant."

Stephen the Smith sat alone in his house; his apprentices were gone, and he himself neither worked nor supped, but sat still and idle by his hearth. The street was silent also, for it rained and nobody was about. Then suddenly came a light timid rap at the door; so light was it that the smith doubted if he had really heard, but it came again, and he rose leisurely and opened the door. Even as he did so, a slight tall figure slipped by him, an arm pulled him back, the door was pushed close again; and he was alone inside the house with a lady wrapped in a long riding-cloak, and so veiled that nothing of her face could be seen.

"Welcome, madame," said Stephen the Smith; and he drew a chair forward and bowed to his visitor. He was not wearing his apron now, but was dressed in a well-cut suit of brown cloth, and had put on a pair of silk stockings. He might have been expecting visitors, so carefully had he arrayed himself.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the veiled lady.

"Since I was a baby, madame," answered the smith. "I have known the sun when I saw it, even though clouds dimmed its face."

A corner of the veil was drawn down, and one eye gleamed in frightened mirth.

"Nobody knows I have come," said Osra. "And you do not know why I have come."

"Is it to answer me for the third time?" asked he, drawing a step nearer, yet observing great deference in his manner.

"It is not to answer at all, but to ask. But I am very silly to have come. What is it to me what you meant?"

"I cannot conceive that it could be anything, madame," said Stephen, smiling.

"Yet some think her beautiful—my brother Henry, for example."

"We must respect the opinions of Princes," observed the smith.

"Must we share them?" she asked, drawing the veil yet a little more aside.

"We can share nothing—we humble folk—with Princes or Princesses, madame."

"Yet we can make free with their names, though humbler ones would serve as well!"

"No other would have served at all, madame."

"Then you meant it?" she cried, in sudden half-serious eagerness.

"Nay, but what, madame?"

"I don't care whether you meant it or not."

"Alas, I knew that so well, that I marvel that you have come to tell it me!"

The Princess rose, and began to walk up and down as she had in her own chamber. Stephen stood regarding her, as though God had made his eyes for that one purpose.

"The thing is nothing," she declared, petulantly, "but I have a fancy to ask it. Stephen, was it a trick, or—or was it really so? Come, answer me! I can't spend much time on it."

"It is not worth a thought to you. If you say no a third time, all will be well."

"You will marry the Countess?"

"Can I disobey the King, madame?"

"I am very sorry for her," said the Princess. "A lady of her rank should not be forced to marry a silversmith."

"Indeed, I thought so all along. Therefore——"

"You played the trick!" she cried, in unmistakable anger.

Stephen made no answer for a time, then he said softly, "If she loves the Prince and he her, why should they not marry?"

"Because his birth is above hers."

"I am glad, then, that I am of no birth, for I can marry whom I will."

"Are you so happy and so free, Stephen?" sighed the Princess; and there was no more of the veil left than served to frame the picture of her face.

"So soon as you have refused me the third time, madame," bowed the smith.

"Will you not answer me?" cried the Princess; and she smiled no more, but was as eager as though she were asking some important question.

"Bring the Countess here to-morrow at this time," said Stephen, "and I will answer."

"You wish, perhaps, to make a comparison of us?" she asked haughtily.

"I cannot be compelled to answer except on my own terms," said the smith. "Yet, if you will refuse me once again, the thing will be finished."

"I will refuse you," she cried, "when I please."

"And you will bring the Countess, madame?"

"I am very sorry for her. I have behaved ill to her, Stephen, though I meant only to jest."

"There is room for amends, madame," said he.

The Princess looked long and curiously in his face, but he met her glance with a quiet smile.

"It grows late," said he, "and you should not be longer here, madame. Shall I escort you to the palace?"

"And have everyone asking with whom Stephen the Smith walks? No, I will go as I came. You have not answered me, Stephen."

"And you have not refused me, madame."

"Will you answer me to-morrow, when I come with the Countess?"

"Yes, I will answer then."

The Princess had drawn near to the door, and now Stephen opened it for her to pass out; and, as she crossed the threshold, she said,

"And I will refuse you then, perhaps," with which she darted swiftly down the dark, silent, shining street, and was gone; and Stephen, having closed the door, passed his hand twice over his brow, sighed thrice, smiled once, and set about the preparation of his supper.

On the next night, as the Cathedral clock struck nine, there arose a sudden tumult and commotion in the Palace. King Henry the Lion was in such a rage as no man had ever seen him in before; even Rudolf, his son, did not dare to laugh at him; courtiers, guards, attendants, lackeys, ran wildly to and fro in immense fear and trepidation. A little later, and a large company of the King's Guard filed out, and, under the command of various officers, scattered themselves through the whole of Strelsau, while five mounted men rode at a gallop to each of the five gates of the city, bearing commands that the gates should be closed, and no man, woman or child be allowed to pass out without an order under the hand of the King's Marshal. And the King swore by heaven, and by much else, that he would lay them—that is to say, the persons whose disappearance caused all this hubbub—by the heels, and that they should know that there was life in the Lion yet; whereat Prince Rudolf looked as serious as he could contrive to look—for he was wonderfully amused—and called for more wine. And the reason of the whole thing was no other than this, that the room of the Princess Osra was empty, and the room of the Countess Hilda was also empty, and nobody had set eyes on Henry, the King's son, for the last two hours or more. Now these facts were, under the circumstances of the case, enough to upset a man of a temper far more equable than was old King Henry the Lion.

Through all the city went the Guards, knocking at every door, disturbing some at their suppers, some from their beds, some in the midst of revelry, some who toiled late for a scanty livelihood. When the doors were not opened briskly, the Guard without ceremony broke them in; they ransacked every crevice and cranny of every house, and displayed the utmost zeal imaginable; and one old lady they so terrified that she had a fit there where she lay in bed, and did not recover for the best part of a month. And thus, having traversed all the city and set the whole place in tumult and commotion, they came at last to the street where Stephen lived, and to the sign of the "Silver Ship," where he carried on the business bequeathed to him by Aaron Lazarus, the Jew.

"Rat, tat, tat!" came thundering on the door from the sword-hilt of the Sergeant in command of the party.

There was no answer; no light shone from the house, for the window was closely shuttered. Again the Sergeant hammered on the door.

"This pestilent smith is gone to bed," he cried in vexation. "But we must leave no house unsearched. Come, we must break in the door!" and he began to examine the door, and found that it was a fine solid door, of good oak and clamped with iron.

"Phew, we shall have a job with this door!" he sighed. "Why, in the Devil's name, doesn't the fellow answer? Stephen, Stephen! Ho, there! Stephen!"

Yet no answer came from the inside of the house.

But at this moment another sound came smiting on the ear of the Sergeant and his men. It was the sound of flames crackling; from the house next to Stephen's (which belonged to him, but was inhabited by a fruit-seller) there welled out smoke in volumes from every window; and the fruit-seller and his family appeared at the windows calling for aid. Seeing this, the Sergeant blew very loudly the whistle that he carried and cried "Fire," and bade his men run and procure a ladder; for plainly the fruit-seller's house was on fire, and it was a more urgent matter to rescue men and women from burning, than to find the Countess and the Prince. Presently, the ladder came, and a great crowd of people, roused by the whistle and the cries of fire, came also; and then the door of Stephen's house was opened, and Stephen himself, looking out, asked what was the matter. Being told that the next house was on fire, he looked very grave—for the house was his—and waited for a moment to watch the fruit-seller and his family being brought down the ladder, which task was safely and prosperously accomplished. But the Sergeant said to him, "The fire may well spread, and if there is anyone in your house, it would be prudent to get them out."

"That is well thought of," said Stephen, approvingly. "I was working late with three apprentices, and they are still in the house." And he put his head in at his door and called, "You had better come out, lads, the fire may spread." And the Sergeant turned away again, and busied himself in putting the fire out.

Then three lads, one being very tall, came out of Stephen's house, clad in their leather breeches, their aprons, and the close-fitting caps that apprentices wore; and for a moment they stood watching the fire at the fruit-seller's. Then, seeing that the fire was burning down—which it did very quickly—they did not stay till the attention of the Sergeant was released from it, but, accompanied by Stephen, turned down the street, and, going along at a brisk rate, turned the corner, and came into the open space in front of the Cathedral.

"The gates will be shut, I fear," said the tallest apprentice. "How came the fire, Stephen?"

"It was three or four trusses of hay, sir, and a

few crowns to repair his scorched paint. Shall we go to the gate?"

"Yes, we must try the gate," said Prince Henry, gathering the hand of the Countess into his; and the third apprentice walked silently by Stephen's side. Yet once as she went, she said softly,

"So it was no trick, Stephen?"

"No trick, but the truth, madame," said Stephen.

"I do not know," said Osra, "how I am to return to the palace in these clothes."

"Let us get your brother and the Countess away first," counselled the smith.

Now when they came to the nearest gate it was shut; but at the moment a troop of mounted men rode up, having been sent by the King to scour the country round, in case the fugitives should have escaped already from the city. And the Commandant of the company bore an order from the King's Marshal for the opening of the gate. Seeing this, Stephen the Smith went up to him and began to talk to him, the three apprentices standing close by. The Commandant knew Stephen well, and was pleased to talk with him while the gates were opened and the troopers filed through. Stephen kept close by him till the troopers were all through. Then he turned and spoke to the apprentices, and they nodded assent. The Commandant checked his horse for an instant when he was half-way through the gate, and bent down and took Stephen's hand to shake it in farewell. And Stephen took his hand with marvellous friendliness, and held it, and would not let him go. And the apprentices edged cautiously nearer and nearer the gate.

"Enough, man, enough!" laughed the Commandant. "We are not parting for ever."

"I trust not, sir, I trust not," said Stephen earnestly, still holding his hand.

"Come, let me go. See, the gate-keeper wants to shut the gate!"

"True," said Stephen. "Good-bye then, sir. Hallo, hallo! Stop, stop! Oh, the young rascals!"

For even as Stephen spoke, two of the apprentices had darted through the half-closed gate, and run swiftly forward into the gloom of the night. And Stephen swore an oath.

"The rogues!" he cried. "They were to have worked all night to finish an image of Our Lady! And now I shall see no more of them till to-morrow! They shall pay for their prank then, by Heaven they shall!" But the Commandant laughed.

"I am sorry I can't catch them for you, friend Stephen," said he, "but I have other fish to fry. Well, boys will be boys. Don't be too hard on them when they return."

"They must answer for what they do," said Stephen; and the Commandant rode on and the gates were shut.

Then the Princess Osra said:

"Will they escape, Stephen?"

"They have money in their purses, love in their hearts, and an angry King behind them. I should travel quickly, madame, if I were so placed."

The Princess looked through the grating of the gate.

"Yes," she said, "they have all those. How happy they must be, Stephen! But what am I to do?"

Stephen made no answer and they walked back in silence to his house. It may be that they were wondering whether Prince Henry and the Countess would escape. Yet it may be that they thought of something else. When they reached the house, Stephen bade the Princess go into the inner room and resume her own dress that she might return to the palace, and that it might not be known where she had been nor how she had aided her brother to evade the King's prohibition; and when she, still strangely silent, went in as he bade her, he took his great staff in his hand, and stood on the threshold of the house, his head nearly touching the lintel and his shoulders filling almost all the space between door-post and door-post.

Now when he had stood there a little while, the same Sergeant of the Guard, recollecting (now that the fire at the fruit-seller's was out) that he had never searched the house of the smith, came again with his four men, and told Stephen to stand aside and allow him to enter the house.

"For I must search it," he said, "or my orders will not be performed."

"Those whom you seek are not here," said Stephen.

"That I must see for myself," answered the Sergeant. "Come, smith, stand aside."

When the Princess heard the voices outside, she put her head round the door of the inner room, and cried in great alarm to Stephen:

"They must not come in, Stephen. At any cost they must not come in!"

"Do not be afraid, madame, they shall not come in," said he.

"I heard a voice in the house," cried the Sergeant.

"It is nothing uncommon to hear in a house," said Stephen, and he grasped more firmly his great staff.

"Will you make way for us?" demanded the Sergeant. "For the last time, will you make way?"

Stephen's eyes kindled; for though he was a man of peace, yet his strength was great and he loved sometimes to use it; and above all, he loved to use it now at the bidding and in protection of his dear Princess. So he answered the Sergeant from between set teeth:

"Over my dead body you can come in."

Then the Sergeant drew his sword and his men set their halberds in rest, and the Sergeant, crying "In the King's name!" came at Stephen with drawn sword and struck fiercely at him. But Stephen let the great staff drop on the Sergeant's shoulder, and the Sergeant's arm fell powerless by his side. Thereupon the Guards cried aloud, and people began to come out of their houses, seeing that there was a fight at Stephen's door. And Stephen's eyes gleamed,

and when the Guards thrust at him, he struck at them, and two of them he stretched senseless on the ground; for his height and reach were such that he struck them before they could come near enough to touch him, and having no firearms, they could not bring him down. And the Princess, now fully dressed in her own garments, came out into the outer room, and stood there, looking at Stephen. Her bosom rose and fell, and her eyes grew dim as she looked; and growing very eager, and being very much moved, she kept murmuring to herself, "I have not said no thrice!" And she spent no thought on the Countess or her brother, nor on how she was to return undetected to the palace, but saw only the figure of Stephen on the threshold, and heard only the cries of the Guards who assaulted him. And it seemed to her a brave thing to have such a man to fight for her, and to offer his life to hide her shame.

Now old King Henry was not a patient man, and when he had waited two hours without news of son, daughter, or Countess, he flew into a mighty passion and sent one for his horse, and another for Rudolf's horse, and a third for Rudolf himself; and he drank a draught of wine, and called to Rudolf to accompany him, that they might see for themselves what the lazy hounds of Guards were doing, that they had not yet come up with the quarry. And Prince Rudolf laughed and yawned and wished his brother at the Devil, but mounted his horse and rode with the King. Thus they traversed the city, riding swiftly, the old King furiously upbraiding every officer and soldier whom he met; and then they rode to the gate; and all the gate-keepers said that nobody had gone out, save that one gate-keeper admitted that two apprentices of Stephen the Silversmith had contrived to slip out when the gates were open to let the troopers pass. But the King made nothing of it, and, turning with his son, rode up the street where Stephen lived. And here they came suddenly into the midst of a crowd, that filled all the roadway, and would hardly let the horses move even at a foot's pace. The King cried out, angrily, "What is this tumult?"

Then the people knew him, and, since common folk are always anxious to serve and commend themselves to the great, a score began all at once to tell him what had happened, some starting with the fire, some going straight to the fight; and the King could not make head nor tail of the babel of voices and different stories. And Prince Rudolf dropped his reins and sat on his horse laughing. But the King, his patience being clean gone, drew his sword and cried fiercely, "Make way," and set his spurs to his horse, not recking whether he hurt any man in life or limb. Thus he gained a passage through the crowd, and came near to Stephen's house, Prince Rudolf following in his wake, still greatly amused at all that was happening.

But the sight they saw there arrested even Prince Rudolf's smiles, and he raised himself in his stirrups with a sudden cry of wonder. For four more of the Guard had come, and there were now six standing round the doorway, and three lay stretched on the ground; and Stephen the Smith still stood on the threshold, with his staff in his hand. Blood flowed from a wound in his head, but he twirled the staff to and fro, and was not weary, and none of the Guard dared to rush in and close with him. Thus he had held the threshold for an hour; yet the Princess Osra could not escape unless he could drive off the Guard for a few moments, and this he hoped to do, thinking that they might draw off and wait for reinforcements; but in any case he had sworn that they should not pass. And Osra did not pray him to let them pass, but stood motionless in the middle of the room behind him, her hands clasped, her face rigid, and her eyes all aflame with admiration of his strength and his courage.

And thus matters stood when the old King and Prince Rudolf broke through the crowd that ringed the house round, and the King cried out, asking what was the meaning of all that he saw.

But when the King heard that Stephen the Smith resisted the officers, would not suffer his house to be searched, had stretched three of the Guards senseless on the ground, and still more than held his own, he fell into a great rage, and he roared out on them all, calling them cowards, and, before his son or anyone else could stop him, he drew his sword, and dug his spurs into his horse; the horse bounded forward, and knocked down one of the Guards who stood round Stephen. Then the King, neither challenging Stephen to yield nor giving him time to stand aside, being carried away by passion, raised his sword and rode full at him. And the Princess from within caught sight of his face, and she fell on her knees with a moan and hid her face. Then Stephen saw that it was the King and none other who rode against him; and even had the King given him time, it may be that he would not have yielded, for he was a very resolute man, and he had pledged his promise to Osra, the Princess. But he had no time for thought, for the King was on him in the space of a second, and he could do nothing but drop the staff that he held, and stand defenceless in the doorway; for he would neither strike the King nor yield the passage. But the King, not heeding in his fury that Stephen had dropped his staff, drew back his arm and lunged with his sword, and thrust the smith through the chest; and Stephen reeled and fell on one knee, and his blood flowed out on the stone of the doorstep. Then the King reined in his horse, and sat looking down on Stephen; but Rudolf leapt to the ground, and came and caught hold of Stephen, supporting him, and asking, "What does it mean, man, what does it mean?"

Then Stephen, being very faint with his wound, said with difficulty, "Come in alone—you and the King alone."

Prince Rudolf looked at the King, who sheathed his sword and dismounted from his horse; and the

SHE GATHERED STEPHEN'S HEAD INTO HER LAP.

Prince supported Stephen inside the house, and the King followed them, and shut the door on all the people outside.

Then King Henry saw his daughter, crouching now in the middle of the room, her face hidden in her hands. Surprise and wonder banished his rage and he could not do more than gasp her name, while the Prince, who knelt supporting Stephen, cried to her, asking how she came there; but she answered nothing. She took her hands from her face and looked at Stephen; and when she saw that he was hurt and bleeding, she fell to sobbing and hid her face again. And she did not know whether she would have him live or die; for if he lived he could not be hers, and if he died her heart would ache sorely for him. Then Stephen, being supported by the arms of Prince Rudolf, made shift to speak, and he told the King how, at his persuasion, the Princess had brought the Countess thither; how he himself had contrived the presence of the Prince at the same time, how again the Princess had been prevailed upon to aid the lovers; how they assumed the disguise of apprentices; and how, hearing the arrival of the Guard, they had escaped out into the street; and lastly, how that the Prince and the Countess had got out of the city. But he said nothing of the fire at the fruit-seller's, nor of how he himself had bribed the fruit-seller to set the hay on fire, speaking to him from the back windows of the house, and flinging a purse of gold pieces across to him; nor did this ever become known to the King. And when Stephen had said his say, he fell back very faint in the arms of the Prince; and the Prince tore a scarf from his waist, and tried to staunch the blood from Stephen's wound. But the old King, who was a hard man, smiled grimly.

"Indeed, he has tricked us finely, this smith, and he is a clever fellow," said he; "but unless he would rather hang than bleed to death, let his wound be, Rudolf. For by Heaven, if you cure him, I will hang him."

"Do not be afraid, sire," said Stephen; "the Prince cannot cure me. You still strike straight, though you are hard on seventy."

"Straight enough for a rascal like you," said the King, well pleased; and he added, "Hold the fellow easily, Rudolf, I would not have him suffer." And this was, they say, the only time in all his life that Henry the Lion showed a sign of pity to any man.

But Stephen was now very faint, and he cast his eyes towards the Princess; and Rudolf followed his eyes. Now Rudolf had an affection for Stephen, and he loved his sister, and was a man of soft heart; and he cried gently to Osra, "Come, sister, and help me with him." And she arose, and came and sat down by the wall, and gathered Stephen's head into her lap; and there he lay, looking up at her, with a smile on his lips. But still he bled, and his blood stained the white cloak that she wore over her robe; and her tears dropped on his face. But Rudolf took his father by the arm, and led him a little way off, saying,

"What matter, sire? The girl is young, and the man is dying. Let them be."

And the old King, grumbling, let himself be led away; and perhaps even he was moved, for he forgot Prince Henry and the Countess, and did not think of sending men in pursuit of them, for which reason they obtained a fair and long start in their flight.

Then Stephen, looking up at Osra, said,

"Do not weep, madame. They will escape now, and they will be happy."

"I was not weeping for them," said the Princess.

Stephen was silent for a little, and then he said:

"In very truth it was no trick, madame; it was even as I said, from the first day that you rode along the street here; and it was always the same in my heart, and would always have been so, however long I had lived."

"I do not doubt it, Stephen; and it is not for doubt of it that I weep," said she.

Then, after a little while, he said,

"Do you weep, madame, because I am dying?"

"Yes, I weep for that."

"Would you have me live, madame?" he asked.

"No, I would not—no—but I do not know," she said.

Then Stephen the Smith smiled, and his smile was happy.

"Yet," said he, "it would make small difference to the Princess Osra whether Stephen the Smith lived or died."

At this, although he lay there a dying man, yet a sudden flush of red spread all over her cheeks, and she turned her eyes away from his, and would not meet his glance; and she made him no answer, and he said again,

"What can it concern the Princess whether I live or die?"

Still the blush burnt on her cheek, and still she had no answer to give to Stephen, as he lay dying with his head on her lap. And a bright gleam came into his eyes, and he tried to move a hand towards her hand; and she, seeing the effort, put out her hand and held his; and he whispered very low, for he could hardly speak:

"You have not yet refused me three times, madame."

At that her eyes came back to his, and their eyes dwelt long on one another. And for a moment it seemed to them that all things became possible, life and joy and love. Yet since all could not be, they were content that none should be.

Then the Princess bent low over his head, and she whispered to him:

"No, I have not refused you thrice, Stephen."

His lips just moved once again, and, being very near him, she heard:

"And you will not?" he said.

"No," said she, and she kissed his lips, and he smiled and turned on his side; and he nestled his head, as it were cosily, on her lap, and he said no more.

Thus died Stephen the Silversmith of Strelsau, happy in his death because Osra, the Princess, had not refused him thrice. And she laid him gently on the ground, and rose, and went across to where the King sat with Rudolf. And she said,

"Sire, he is dead."

"It is well," said the King. And he bade Rudolf go and cause all the people to leave the streets, and return to their houses; and when all the streets were cleared, the Princess veiled herself, and her brother mounted her on his horse, and thus she rode back to the Palace; and none knew that she had been in the house of Stephen the Silversmith.

And after many months, Prince Henry, who had made good his escape and married the lady whom he loved, was reconciled to his father and returned to the city of Strelsau. And when he heard how Stephen had died, he raised a stately monument over him, and had carved on it his name, and the day and the year in which he had died; and underneath he caused to be engraved the words, "From a Friend to a Friend." And when this monument had stood three days in its place, there came thither a lady closely veiled, and she prayed on her knees by the monument for a long while, and then rose and stood regarding it; and her eyes rested on the last words that Prince Henry had written on the stone. And she came nearer, and kissed the words, and, when she had kissed them, she whispered softly, "From a Lover to a Lover"; and, having whispered this, she turned away and went back to the Palace, and came no more to the tomb, for fear that the people should remark her coming. Yet, often in the days that followed, she would open the window of her bedchamber by night, and she would whisper to the silent trusty darkness, that holds secrets and comforts sore hearts:

"Not thrice, Stephen, not thrice!"

Therefore it may be that there had been a sweet madness in her heart, and that Stephen the Silversmith had done a great thing, a thing that would appear impossible, before he died. And, as Prince Rudolf said, what matter? For the girl was young, and the dream was sweet, and the man was dead, and in death at last are all men equal.

"The Happiness of Stephen the Smith" is the first of a series of short stories by Mr. Anthony Hope, dealing with the many adventures of the Princess Osra. They will be continued in the ordinary weekly editions of "TO-DAY."

THE OLD TIME. *Drawn by Max Cowper.*

GONE is the old time glory—the passion and pain of love,
When the world heard the wondrous story, and smiled to the skies above;
When the rivers rippled and glistened, and music thrilled from the birds,
And the roses blushed as they listened, and the winds and the waves had words.

FRANK L. STANTON.

MRS. WYMAN.

By JAMES DE CRI.

Illustrations by W. Dewar.

It is nearly ten years since the following events occurred in my life. I have often thought of putting them upon paper, but have never had the courage; firstly, because Mr. Wyman was still living, and I did not care to run the risk of offending such a wealthy and grateful patient; and secondly, never having studied the art of writing, I feared my capabilities were not equal to the task. But death has cleared the path for me, and I am now the only living actor in the story, with the exception, perhaps, of one whose name and fate have never transpired; and although I still doubt my ability to express myself, I will now, whilst making free use of my notes on the case, try to place before you the story, or rather the events—for as a story they are worthless—as they have occurred to me.

For many reasons I will give fictitious names to the characters. To the neighbourhood there is no need of disguise; time, and the destroying hand of the speculative builder, have done that for me; and on the site where Mr. Wyman's house then stood, are now rows of red-brick villas; even the pond has been filled in and built upon.

In those days I was labouring under the ban of being "the new doctor," for but six months previous to the commencement of this narrative, I had set up in the neighbourhood full of hope and energy. But during those six months my day-dreams of success had gradually faded, and left me only the bitterness of waiting.

It was early in December, and a bitterly cold evening, for the thermometer was down nearly as low as my spirits; outside, the wind, in great gusts, was blowing sleet and rain against my red lamp, as if to mock at its very newness. I was huddled up over a small and economic fire trying to keep warm, when my housekeeper came to tell me that a man waiting below wished to see me at once. In my consulting-room I found a groom, very much out of breath from running. He gasped out that Mr. Wyman, of "The Cedars," had fallen down and cut his head; would I go at once and see him. It did not take me long to put some lint bandages and my pocket-case into a bag and start off, for the name of "The Cedars" made me very energetic, as I had often noticed the corpulent stucco house, and thought it would give forth large fees.

Whilst hurrying along, the groom informed me that Mr. Wyman was found lying in the garden at the bottom of the terrace steps, which he must have slipped down, although, what he was doing out in the garden on such a night was not known. He also told me that he himself, about two years ago, was thrown from a trap, had his head cut open, and had been taken to St. Catherine's Hospital, where he stayed for nine weeks. On hearing this, I looked more closely at the man and recognised him as John Collins, an old patient of mine whilst I was House-Surgeon at that Institution. The recognition being mutual, he [illegible] on shaking me by the hand, to again thank me for what I had done for him.

By this time we had arrived at "The Cedars," where at first I was shown into a large dismal drawing room, at the end of which, perched on a white marble mantelpiece, was a plethoric-looking clock that seemed to tick at me in a most superior and patronising manner, and to remind me that I was a very young and a very new doctor, and that I must feel highly honoured by being shown into its presence. Besides the clock, the furniture was of that stiff and aggressively wealthy kind that makes one feel an apology is necessary to it for the liberty one takes in sitting down. Whilst mentally summing up what it all must have cost, the butler came to show me the way to my patient.

I was quickly upstairs examining Mr. Wyman, whom I found to be a very tall man, about fifty-five years of age. He was apparently unconscious, and taking no heed of what was passing around. He lay curled up on his left side, his head and body bent forward; his legs bent and drawn up till his knees nearly touched his chin; his arms were also flexed, and his hands closed. His skin was pale, cold, and clammy. His pulse I found to be small and feeble, and beating sixty-six to the minute; on letting go of his wrist he at once drew his arm back into its old flexed position. His eyelids were firmly closed, and he tried to resist my opening them to see his pupils, which were contracted. When I spoke loudly into his ear, he muttered incoherently, ground his teeth, and irritably turned over on his other side, again assuming his curled-up position.

In turning, he disclosed a contused wound about two inches in length, situated on his left temple; above and behind the outer angle of his orbit. This wound I carefully dressed, and was unable to diagnose a fracture. Having satisfied myself that there were no other injuries beyond a few bruises, and having done all necessary treatment, I wrote down my instructions for the old housekeeper—who was going to sit up with her master until the arrival of the nurses—telling her what symptoms to look out for, and when she should send for me.

On going downstairs I was met by a maid servant, who told me that Mrs. Wyman wished to see me; and, on following her, I was shown into a small room that was evidently Mrs. Wyman's boudoir. As I crossed the threshold the whole atmosphere of the house seemed to me to change, for here were no dismal neutral tints, no ugly and formal-looking furniture; all was brightness, luxury, and beauty. It was like a ray of sunshine on a cold, cloudy day. But the most beautiful of all, I thought, was Mrs. Wyman,

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as she rose to meet me. Beyond that she was wearing some loose-flowing costume of a chestnut hue, I noticed nothing more of how she was dressed, all my attention being arrested by the brilliancy of her large dark blue eyes, which looked almost spectre-like against her rich brown hair, and pale clear-cut features, and which, as they flashed upon me, filled me with that uncomfortable sensation of being looked through. I could not help but look away as I felt the colour mounting to my cheeks. Her first question though—which somehow seemed to jar upon me—quickly brought me to myself.

"Will he live?"

"That is impossible to say at present. He has sustained very grave injuries, and is now in a critical condition; but no head injuries can be looked upon as hopeless."

"By that you mean he may recover?"

"Yes; he might recover."

Again her eyes seemed to look through me. "You say *might* recover. You think he will not?"

"To-night it is absolutely impossible to say one way or the other. Perhaps, in a few days' time, I shall be able to say differently; at present we must have patience."

She looked away from me, and, for quite a minute, remained silent, as if she had forgotten my presence. Then, suddenly rousing herself, she asked me to sit down, motioning me to a chair in front of the fire—which was the only light in the room—and seating herself to one side facing me; she, with the aid of a hand-screen, carefully intercepted the rays of light, till of her features I could see nothing but the eyes.

"Is he conscious?" she asked.

"Not in the generally-accepted sense of the term. He knows nothing of things occurring in the room, nor would he recognise any one."

"From what you said just now, you expect it will be several days before there is a change. You don't think, then, he will die to-night?"

"I shall be very surprised if he dies either to-night or to-morrow."

"In the event of his dying before he regains consciousness, will there be an inquest?"

"Most probably; though we must not think of his dying, but hope for recovery."

"Has he any other injuries beyond those of the head?"

"He is wonderfully free from bruising about his body; though, oddly enough, the knuckles of his right hand are bruised and torn, as if he had not opened it to save himself as he fell."

Was it my fancy, or did she again seem to look through me? Then, in a slow, measured voice, she said:

"He had a stick in his hand."

I somehow felt I had offended her, and quickly remarking, "That, of course, would account for it," rose to take my leave, when she requested me to come early on the morrow.

When I got outside my spirits rose in spite of the driving sleet and rain. I felt at last I had got my foot upon the ladder, even if it was only the bottom round. At last I had a paying patient, and my imagination was already building castles again. But when I got back to my fireside, my thoughts again

I FOUND A GROOM.

turned to the case, and from that to the beautiful Mrs. Wyman, and, out of the fire, again her eyes seemed to look at me. How calmly she spoke, although full of suppressed excitement, almost of alarm. How that woman would be the toy of her passions! I could not help thinking that I would sooner be her friend than her enemy. But, in spite of all this, I went to bed that night, thinking more of her beauty than perhaps was good for me.

The next morning I was true to my appointment, and went to see my patient early. I found him in precisely the same state, without the slightest change. The day nurse had arrived, and, after giving her my instructions, I again was shown to Mrs. Wyman's boudoir.

I entered the room before she was aware of my presence, and I thought her beautiful face was marred by acute mental agitation; but the next moment she turned to me with a smile, and extended her hand.

"Thank you very much for coming so early. I am delighted to see you; for, beyond my anxiety about

my husband, I wished to apologise to you; for I felt, after you left last night, that you had gone away with the idea of my being a very disagreeable person. I hope you will make allowances for me."

"Really, I know no cause for your saying that; besides, I am too accustomed to seeing suffering to take any offence on such an occasion, even if it is given, which, I assure you, last night was not the case."

She simply said "Thank you," but I was surprised to see the sudden look of relief that her face showed; for to me, as a doctor, the occasion did not seem to warrant it. Having told her that there was no change in her husband's condition from the previous night, I, with a few words of attempted comfort, left, promising to call again in the evening.

Whilst passing the lodge, I was stopped by John Collins, who wished to inquire after his master. It did me good to see the sincere sorrow on his honest face, and the anxious way in which he hung on my words. As I walked home, I could not help but compare the conduct of the two: Collins, with his obvious grief, and Mrs. Wyman with her few concise questions, almost cold in their clearness, yet with that occasional look on her face that showed she was suffering mental agony. The former I put down to nature; whilst the latter I thought, though probably feeling the more, culture had taught her self-control. And I envied my patient the sympathy bestowed upon him.

For ten days my patient lay in this unconscious, yet irritable, condition, neither worse nor better; swallowing his food automatically when put into his mouth.

Those days are still stamped vividly on my memory, for they nearly became a crisis in my life; and, I believe, I must have approached the borderland of love. I know it sounds a very shocking thing for a doctor to say, that he nearly fell in love with the wife of a patient; still, even now, when I can laugh over it, I think that if those men who may judge me harshly had been in my position—thrown as I was for several hours each day into the society of a most beautiful and accomplished woman—their consciences might be even less clear than mine is at the present time. For, beyond her beauty, she had that sympathetic and indescribable charm of manner which gives the happy possessors an influence over others, and makes them the recipient of unasked confidences. She was not a flirt; for to attempt to make love in jest, or to pay idle compliments to such a woman, would seem sacrilege. When I was in her presence, instinctively I seemed to be at ease and at rest from the pettinesses of everyday life; I talked, not for the sake of saying something, but, because my innermost thoughts seemed to rise to my lips and demand utterance.

I do not think that what I have written about her was unreal, a phantom created by the distorted eyes of love; for all who knew her were under her influence, both men and women; even her servants worshipped her. Besides, even in those days, my profession had shaken my belief in an absorbing passion; I criticised her and my feelings towards her, but could find nothing in myself beyond a real friendship. I said just now I approached the borderland of love; for all my sympathies were awakened, and I delighted in being with her; and, if events had not suddenly altered the tide, I might have drifted into I know not what. But I certainly was not—what is called—"In love;" for, if such a thing really exists, I believe it to be a monomania which would unfit one for the daily routine of a doctor's life, and leave one incapable of concentrating one's thoughts with interest on other things; yet that I could do with ease; and the more my sympathies for Mrs. Wyman were aroused, the keener—if possible—became my interest in her husband's case, and the more I sought to detect the first symptom of a change.

During those days I had several times suggested a consultation, but had always been put off by the clear, concise refusal of Mrs. Wyman, which usually also conveyed a compliment.

"Could the best surgeon in London relieve my husband sooner from his present condition?"

I was bound with honesty to answer: "I do not think he could. Yet," I said, "two heads are always better than one."

"You said the other day that it was a matter of time. If another surgeon suggested anything else but waiting, would you sanction it?"

Again I had to answer "No."

"Then, doctor, we will wait; though I thank you for the suggestion, which I know you make for my benefit; for I have perfect confidence in your opinion."

One evening—it was the ninth—she asked me:

"What will be the first symptoms that indicate a change? or, rather, when the change comes what will it be?"

"It is impossible to say for certain. He may never get beyond his present stage; but I trust, and even think, he will; then reaction will supervene, and he will slowly pass on to recovery, without any ulterior consequences. But his symptoms may only change into a completer unconsciousness, a general paralysis, and so he may pass away."

"A completer unconsciousness, and so he may pass away," she repeated after me, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, but the latter I don't think will be the case, for I am unable to detect a fracture of the skull."

She paid no heed to my last remark, but said: "You mention ulterior consequences. Please tell me what they may be, and do not disguise or keep back anything, for that would not be kindness, but cruelty."

She gave me a keen, searching look, as on our first interview; but I had no desire to keep anything back,

SHE STRUCK A FEW CHORDS, AND SANG A SPANISH LOVE-SONG.

for her self-control was astonishing in one who had such a passionate character, and to speak out I also thought was the kindest.

"That depends on the amount of injury the brain has received, and the situation of any lesions that may be present, and may embrace from some local paralysis up to insanity."

After another quick glance at me, she became absorbed in thought, her lips moved, and, I believe, repeated the words "a completer unconsciousness, and so he may pass away," and "insanity."

Fearing I had said too much, I spoke to try and reassure her, reminding her of the brighter side; but she did not heed me, and for a minute or two remained motionless and silent. Then, suddenly, there was a change in her features; she gave a slight shiver, and, with a smile, turned to me, saying: "Pray forgive me for being so absorbed with my troubles. For a time let us try to forget them. Please ring the bell. Have you anything specially to do for the next hour, for if not, will you spend it here, as I should like you to see my husband again to-night, and it is cruel to ask you to come again on such a cold night as this, for I see that you are tired. Oh, Walter," to the man-servant as he opened the door, "please bring the cigarettes, some biscuits, and the whiskey, or," turning to me, "would you prefer anything else?"

In vain I protested that I did not wish for anything; she insisted, and I shortly found myself with a glass of whiskey and potash at my side, enjoying a cigarette that could only have been bought by a connoisseur.

Mrs. Wyman talked brilliantly to me that night, touching lightly, yet firmly, as one who reflects, upon books, religion, poetry, and art, until I seemed to be carried away from my surroundings into a land of ideals. Then, taking up a guitar, she struck a few chords, and, in a soft contralto voice that would not be heard beyond the room, sang a Spanish love-song. Her touch was almost too light for perfection; and her voice, though sweet in tone, had occasionally a slight tremor in it, which would mar it from a musical point of view, but which seemed in her case only to add to its sympathy and her wonderful gift of expression. In spite of the softness of her singing, so low and quiet that it might have been a child's lullaby, harmony seemed to flood the room and carry me with it into a sea of ecstasy. Even now, as I write, the echo of that song seems to vibrate within me, and memories crowd back till all else grows dim and fades away, and again I live those days.

After once more seeing my patient, I left the house, only leaving a message for Mrs. Wyman; so much did I feel under her influence, that I dared not see her again that night.

It was the tenth day of my attendance on Mr. Wyman, and the evening after the events just recorded, that, directly upon entering the sick-room, I noticed a change in him. His position in the bed was less cramped, less curled-up than formerly. On examining him, I found that his surface had lost its cold clamminess, he was less irritable, his pupils were not quite so contracted, and his pulse beat rather faster. Recognising these symptoms as reaction taking place, I altered my treatment to suit the occasion.

The next morning my patient was awake and conscious. On asking him how he felt, he, with difficulty, answered in a thick voice, like a drunken man, "Awright." Beyond this, I could get but a few disconnected syllables from him; and I recognised the condition called by doctors "aphasia," or loss of speech. I also found that he had slight paralysis in his right arm.

In the evening, on entering the room, to my astonishment, I found the nurse fast asleep in the chair, whilst my patient, dressed only in a night-shirt, was pacing backwards and forwards across the room. When Mr. Wyman saw me, he started back towards the nurse, as if for protection, and, with a look of terror, cried:

"Go—go! I won't! I——"

Taking no notice of what he said, and walking towards him—trying to look as unconcerned as possible as if to find him so was quite expected—I held out my hand, saying:

"Good evening, Mr. Wyman. I am glad to see you're better."

With his eyes still fixed upon me, he grasped the nurse by the shoulder, gave her a shake, and said:

"Who—who—who is?"

"Who am I? Oh, I'm the doctor!"

He still looked at me suspiciously, but was relieved when the nurse, awake, though still with heavy eyes, called me by the name of doctor, and apologised for having been asleep.

Then he became excited, again tramping about the room, wildly gesticulating to me with his left arm and trying to speak, but could say nothing beyond a meaningless jargon, out of which I caught a few words: "A—a man—an wi—wine—to blur!" Then, burying his face in his hands, he sat down on a chair and sobbed like a child.

"Come, come," I said. "This won't do at all. You have had a severe accident, and must get back into bed and keep quiet, or else you will do yourself some injury."

"When?" he asked, quite naturally.

"A day or two ago. You fell down the terrace steps and injured yourself, but——"

"No, no! Blur—blur!" he cried, starting up. Then again bursting into tears, he struck his forehead with his closed fist, saying: "Fool, fool! I'm fool! I'm fool!"

After some difficulty I got him to bed and into a quieter condition. Then, turning to the nurse, I drew her aside and spoke sharply to her about going to sleep and neglecting her patient, for I was very angry, and naturally so, at the time.

The nurse implored me to forgive her and not report her to the Nursing Institution, from which

she came, as it would mean losing her character as a nurse. There was such a ring of sorrow and truth in her voice, and, as she had always shown herself to be an intelligent and conscientious woman, I promised, as no harm had happened to my patient, to keep it to myself.

All she could tell me about my patient was that, after my morning visit, he slept quite naturally until four o'clock, when he awoke at the slight noise made by Mrs. Wyman, as she left the room after bringing him a glass of milk. He, on trying to speak, became very excited, and refused to take any nourishment, except two teaspoonfuls of Brand's Essence, and only that after a fresh tin had been opened. When he was offered the milk he took but one sip, then, violently pushing the nurse's hand away, spilled most of it. After a short time he appeared to go to sleep again, and the nurse, taking advantage of his quietness, had her tea, and, drawing her chair up to the fire, started to read a book, when she must have dropped asleep, for she knew nothing more till aroused after my arrival.

Promising to look after Mr. Wyman whilst she went to get her supper and call the night nurse, I sat down beside my patient, and again carefully examined him. Beyond the slight paralysis in his arm and the "aphasia," he apparently was in perfect bodily health. Whilst doing so, Mrs. Wyman walked into the room, carrying with her another glass of milk. She started when she saw me, as if my being there was unexpected. My first instinct was to relieve her of her burden, but before I could do so my attention was drawn to my patient, who had sprung up into a sitting position, one leg already out of bed, his left arm stretched out towards the table as he quickly seized a knife that lay there. The expression on his face was absolutely fiendish, a combination of rage and fear.

I snatched the knife from his hand and ran to Mrs. Wyman, who, standing motionless, had turned ghostly pale, whilst beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. I feared she would faint, but she waived me back, and quietly placing the glass on a chair, walked from the room.

Mr. Wyman was terribly excited, and before I could prevent him, had sprung from his bed and locked the door, then, seizing the glass of milk, he ran to the window, opened the sash, and cast it out, and I heard it fall with a crash on the hard frozen turf below. Then again he tramped up and down the room, talking incoherently and excitedly, frequently using the words "boy" and "blur." He continued like this but a short time, then again striking his closed fist against his forehead, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and muttering "I'm fool, I'm fool!" got back to bed, and, covering himself with the clothes, sobbed till the bed shook with the violence of his sobs.

It was a long time before I could again calm my patient—the arrival of the night nurse renewed his alarms. Once more he sat up, nor would he lay down till he had seen the door securely fastened. Finally, by the aid of a hypodermic injection, I forced him to sleep.

Whilst he was dozing off I sat by his bedside, turning his case over in my mind, wondering why he got those attacks of anger, apparently without a cause, and then the sudden breaks down into tears. These symptoms looked more like cerebral softening than anything else. What possible cause could he have for anger with such a charming woman as his wife? Obviously, that also was only a system. Yet why did there seem so much method in his madness? I wondered what he meant by "boy" and "blur." Evidently he intended them to convey to me some special meaning. Often his one-syllable words were spoken freely, as when he said "fool." They must have been only the first syllables of longer words. But what was the good of trying to follow the workings of a probably unhinged brain; so I turned to thoughts of treatment, and decided that I would insist on having a second opinion, as I thought an operation was probably the only chance of relief, and to do that on my own responsibility was out of the question.

Whilst I was thinking over these things, Mr. Wyman had dropped into a sound sleep, and his deep and regular breathing told me that I could leave him. So, whispering to the nurse to humour him should he awake, by keeping the door carefully locked, and on no account to let anyone enter the room, and to give him nothing in the way of nourishment beyond plain water and a few spoonfuls of Brand's Essence, and if she wanted assistance to ring the bell—I softly left the room, feeling rather ashamed of myself for taking these special precautions; for, in spite of my reasoning, I did not feel quite happy in my mind that all was as straightforward as it should be. On my way downstairs I met the valet, of whom I inquired where the bell from his master's room rang, and on his saying in the kitchen, I told him to make up his bed there for the night, and be prepared, in the event of a ring, to at once go to the sick-room.

I then sought Mrs. Wyman in her boudoir. She was seated gazing at the fire, an open letter in her hand. Her beauty seemed almost marred by a haggard, careworn look; her eyes showed signs of recent tears. On a small table in the room was a tray containing a plate of sandwiches, whiskey, wine, and a syphon of aërated water, for which I inwardly thanked her, as the hour was very late. She rose as I entered, crushing the letter in her hand; but she could barely stand, and, swaying to and fro, had to clutch the mantelpiece for support. After making her sit down again and drink a glass of wine, she was better, and asked me about her husband. I told her that he was now asleep, and insisted that on the morrow I should meet another surgeon in consultation, as I considered an operation was now the only chance to save his reason, perhaps his life.

She listened to me till I had finished speaking, then quietly consented to follow my advice. After a few moments of silence, I again saw tears fill her eyes; she rose, hurriedly brushing them away, and threw the crumpled letter into the fire. Then, with a smile, she handed me the sandwiches and a glass of whiskey, saying:

"The other evening, doctor, you said: 'In our lives, sometimes there comes an appalling trouble, the talking of, or thinking about which, only adds to its misery. In such cases flight or distraction is our only safeguard till time softens it down.' Have pity on me to-night, and, just for one short half-hour, stay and talk to me. Tell me stories of your student days."

Then she offered me the cigarettes, as I declined to eat any more sandwiches, for, although I made no remark, I found the latter had a curious bitter taste which I did not like, and which I thought was due to the cress, of which they were made, not being as fresh as it might be.

To talk at first was a different matter; my thoughts kept straying, and I found myself wondering again what Mr. Wyman meant by "boy" and "blur." This did not last long, for, shortly afterwards, my spirits began to rise, and I talked rapidly. The more I spoke, the quicker thoughts and ideas came to me. Faster and faster they came, till they got beyond my control, and I could not give utterance to them. My tongue hesitated to pronounce the words, and I felt my speech becoming thick. Mrs. Wyman's eyes seemed fixed upon me with a peculiar penetrating, yet sad, look, and I thought I detected tears. "Good heavens!" I mentally exclaimed. "There is something wrong with me to-night, or else the whiskey was mixed very strong."

I hurriedly rose to go, although the promised half-hour was not completed; only muttering "Good-night," for I was afraid to trust my speech to say more.

Mrs. Wyman, instead of ringing for a servant, walked to the front door with me herself. Directly I breathed the frosty night air I felt myself again, and once more held out my hand, saying:

"I must apologise for leaving you so hurriedly, but somehow the whiskey seemed to fly to my head, and for the moment I felt quite dazed. I hope you will forgive me?"

She made no answer, but held my hand in a close firm grasp for a few seconds. I was right, there were tears in her eyes, for I saw one glitter in the moonlight as it trickled down her cheek. Her lips moved as if to speak; but, instead of doing so, she cast my hand from her, and shut the door in my face.

I was surprised at her manner, yet oddly enough I felt so strangely happy, for reasons I could not then explain, that I strode off down the drive; my footsteps awakening echoes in the crisp frosty air; and my thoughts flying away with me, away from the depressing scenes of a doctor's life, to the golden land of imagination.

Whistling and singing I went, my spirits were so high. The very street-lamps in the distance seemed to twinkle merrily at me; even the smoke over London appeared full of happy spirits echoing back my laugh.

This exuberance of spirits quickly passed away, and before I was half-way home, a feeling of drowsiness came over me, which made me step out the faster, for I wished to get to bed, knowing that on the morrow I should want all my wits about me for a probable operation.

That led my thoughts back to my patient, and again I wondered what he meant by "boy" and "blur," "Boy-blur! boy-blur!" My feet seemed to answer as they struck upon the hard road. Clearly they were the commencement of some other words. "Poi-da! poi-da!" came the short ringing reply of my steps as I walked close to the fence on the asphalte path. "Poi-da! poi-da! poi——" crash went my right foot through the ice on a frozen puddle—I wondered what those words were. "Poi-da! On-ice!" rang back the answer. "I'm getting fearfully sleepy," I muttered, with a yawn. "On-ice! Poi-da! Poison!"—"Good God! Poison!" I shouted, and as I stood still, a cold shiver seemed to run through me. "Boy-poison! Blur-murder!" I saw it all then. He wished to tell me that it was no accident, but the blow from a would-be murderer caused his injuries. He feared poison. Good God! it had already been tried; he only took one sip of the milk, then pushed it away—he must have tasted it! The nurse's sleep! she must have put what was not spilt in her tea. I myself had said "a complete unconsciousness, and so may pass away." My very words have been turned against my patient, and suggested a narcotic poison.

"What shall I do?" I remember thinking. "Can I go at once to the police and give information? What proof have I so far? None! Nothing beyond suspicion; why, if Mr. Wyman dies to-night, who without a postmortem, could say that his death was not caused by injuries produced from a fall and striking his head? No, I will wait till to-morrow, when my old friend and teacher, Mr. Dalton, must see him and give me advice. Yes, he must operate, too, on the chance of restoring Mr. Wyman's speech; for, unless poison is again used, how can we find out anything? Thank God he is safe for to-night through my happy inspiration of keeping all food and everybody from him. Yes, I will go home and get a few hours' rest, leaving a line for my housekeeper to call me at six o'clock, so that I can see Mr. Dalton directly he is up." In spite of my excitement, I was getting more and more drowsy.

More and more tired I became, till I could not help sitting on one of the seats beside the road; my eyelids gradually dropped; my thoughts wandered from the present and I fell asleep. How long I slept there I don't know; but, I am thankful to say, it could not have been more than a very few minutes when a gust of wind blew my hat off and awakened me.

"This won't do at all!" I said, "I must get home

as fast as I can. What an odd, blurred, red look those lights have; I never noticed them like that before!" Then rising, I once more started on my way, but found myself so weary that I could hardly drag one foot after the other. "I never felt so tired in my life before!" I muttered; "I wonder what causes it?" Again I stopped dead; again a cold shiver ran through me; again I cried: "Good God! Poison! Firstly the excitement, now the drowsiness, of—morphine!' What can I do? If I stay here I shall be dead before morning!"

Suddenly I thought of John Collins, and, collecting all my forces together, I took to my heels and ran; exerting myself to the utmost, for I felt speed was my only chance of life.

On and on I ran; blundering through gates and against trees as I took a short cut across the fields. At last I found myself clinging to those well-known gates and the lodge dancing before my eyes. With another effort I reached the door where I must have sunk down, for I remember nothing further, till, receiving a vigorous shake, I opened my eyes, and saw Collins standing over me.

"I'M 'ANGED IF IT AIN'T THE DOCTOR."

"I'm 'anged if it ain't the doctor!" he shouted to his wife.

"Collins! I'm poisoned. Give me the strongest tea or coffee you can make. Quick!"

"'Ere, take a pull o' this!" he said, offering me a bottle of whiskey; "for you've been as sick as you know 'ow; it'll do you good!"

"No! no! Do as I say, and be quick or else it will be too late. Then walk me down to this address," I said, tearing a page from my pocket-book and scrawling Mr. Dalton's address upon it. "Walk mind, not ride, and at all costs keep me awake, however much I ask you to let me sleep. Show Mr. Dalton this!" and once more turning to the paper I wrote, "I'm poisoned—morphia? For God's sake see Mr. Wyman as early as possible in the morning for me—aphasia, trephine, trust no one—notes of case in my consulting——" Then my surroundings faded away and I was in the land of dreams.

It seemed a beautiful summer morning, and, from the hills, I was looking down upon an undulating valley, listening to the chimes of the church bells in the village far beneath. Louder and louder sounded the bells, till, with a final crash, they awoke me, only to find it was the clang of the closing gates and I was out in the road.

"'Ere, take a swig at this!" said Collins, who had thoughtfully brought a milk-can full of strong coffee.

Again the scene changed; trees, houses, lamps, all faded, and in their place appeared a beautiful tropical sunset. I felt the gentle rise and fall of the ocean, and heard the monotonous swish of the water along the ship's side. Monotonous no more, but full of music. Then a voice singing. Yes! it was Mrs. Wyman's voice; I was in her boudoir straining my ears to catch the melody. How her eyes looked at me. Nearer and nearer came the singing till it ended in a discord.

"Keep awake, will you!" and I felt a rough shake.

Once more in dreamland. A sound of laughter. I was in a ball-room lit by the flash of jewels on the necks of beautiful women. The jewels turned to eyes; her eyes! The laughter changed to the chatter of natives, and I was watching Hindoos bathe.

Then, out of the muddy river, again those eyes appeared; I ran towards them, to find, not eyes, but a snake. I recoiled in horror, but too late; it struck, and I felt a sting in my arm. Then a hazy vision of a room and something being done to me; voices far away in the distance talking about me, yet what they said I did not know. Dreams again! Dreams now bereft of any beauty. One moment I was high up in the clouds, the next tearing through a tunnel in a train. Wherever I was there were those eyes; sometimes staring at me from the strange forms of unknown animals, at other times encircled with red and yellow rings of light. Yet through all there ran a confused vision of houses and people; but separate from my dreams.

At last the dreams faded. The houses and people got more distinct, and I found myself in the garden of my old hospital. Two students were walking me up and down, round and round. Oh, how weary I was! I prayed them to let me rest; but no! on and on they kept me going. The sun went down, lights gleamed from the hospital windows, and at last I had a vague idea of being put to bed.

For two days I slept. I was taken to the hospital early Tuesday morning and allowed to rest late that evening, when I slept till Thursday afternoon.

I awoke and recognised a special ward in the hospital, and gradually all the scenes came back to me. I started up in bed, but only to fall back on the pillows again, with an aching, throbbing head, as the room spun round. I inquired for Mr. Dalton, and was told he had left a message for me, saying he had successfully performed the operation. Hearing this relieved my mind, and, after drinking something the nurse gave me, I once more fell asleep, and did not awake till the following morning, when I found Mr. Dalton in the room. After congratulating me upon my recovery, he told me that if I felt well enough he would drive me home at once.

It did not take me long to dress, in spite of the way in which my head still ached, for I was anxious to hear about the operation and its result upon both my patient and his wife.

As we drove along I told Mr. Dalton my story. He listened in silence till I had finished speaking; then, turning to me, said:

"She is dead."

"Who—Mrs.——?"

"Yes, drowned. But, as we are just at your door, I will put off the telling till we get inside the house."

When we were seated over the fire, Mr. Dalton, in his precise language, commenced:

"When you were my dresser, Dundas, you were always calm and self-possessed, nor were you in the habit of exaggerating statements. Therefore, I knew there must be something seriously wrong before you would write such a wild letter as that presented to me by the man Collins, in which you practically ordered me to perform a major operation upon a patient I had never seen, and whose friends had not sent for me. Taking these things into consideration, I went to "The Cedars" early Wednesday morning, accompanied by Jackson, my house-surgeon, armed with trephining instruments and your notes of the case.

"At first we saw Mrs. Wyman, who looked very unwell and as if she had been spending the night in anything but sleep. She appeared very surprised at our arrival, and, on my informing her that you were in the hospital recovering from morphia poisoning, became hysterical, alternating between fits of crying and laughing. I gained her consent to perform an operation if I should consider it necessary, and went to see her husband. After examining him, I decided to trephine at once, and operated over the seat of injury. I found a small fracture of the bone, beneath which was a clot of blood, about the size of a small bean, pressing upon Brocca's convolution, and that I removed.

"Having completed the operation, I left Jackson with the patient, as I had an appointment to keep. Before leaving, I informed Mrs. Wyman of the result, and expressed a hope that by the evening her husband would be able to speak plainly again. She had recovered from her hysterical attack, was perfectly calm, and dressed for walking.

"When I returned to the house in the evening, I found all the servants in a great state of excitement, owing to the arrival of a policeman, who came to say that during the afternoon a woman had jumped off Westminster Bridge, and was drowned, and who, the police concluded, was Mrs. Wyman, from an envelope found upon her bearing her name and address. The supposition of the police was correct, for the butler identified the body, and yesterday the inquest was held, at which I was called to give evidence.

"After my mentioning the hysterical condition in which I found the deceased upon my first visit, the jury returned a verdict of 'Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind, produced through anxiety at her husband's condition.' The verdict, I thought at the time, was weak; but now, since I have heard your story, I think there was a great deal more truth in it than even the jury thought.

"I have nothing more to tell you, I think, except when you visit Mr. Wyman this evening—who, by the way, expresses a great wish to see you—you will find his speech remarkably improved, although he still occasionally misuses his words; but that I hope will improve with time."

"I wonder," I said, "what Mrs. Wyman was doing between the time she left the house in the morning and when she committed suicide?"

"The question never cropped up at the inquest, and I fear will always remain a mystery. To my mind, she did not look like suicide when I saw her, so we can only draw our own conclusions, and those, we will keep to ourselves."

Whilst Mr. Dalton was speaking, I had been idly turning over some letters, which had accumulated

"I INFORMED MRS. WYMAN OF THE RESULT."

during my absence, when my attention was arrested by one the writing on which I did not recognise. Tearing it open and glancing at the contents, I gave a cry of surprise, and, after reading, handed it to Mr. Dalton to look at.

The letter bore the crest of one of the large hotels. It was undated, unsigned, and without any formal address. It ran thus:—

"When you get this I shall be dead. But I feel I dare not face the mystery of death as I am, utterly alone with my sins, spurned by all who know me. Have pity then—pity even on me—and try to remember me at my best; and in the days to come you may learn to look less harshly upon me for what I tried to do. You may—you *will*—learn; for I know, however much my deeds may revolt you, you have a sympathetic nature, and it is this knowledge that gives me strength, for once, to do my duty, and die. Die as an outcast; an outcast indeed, for he who first taught me love, he for whom, in my madness, I struck a felon's blow and tried by poison to complete my work, even to poison you when I saw you crossing my path; he, for whom I bartered my very soul, has turned from me and cast me from him as a murderess. The coward! I hate him! I loathe him! No, no! alas! I love him still, and for that love will die with his name my secret. Forgive, forgive."

After reading this there was a silence between us, till Mr. Dalton, as he rose and prepared to leave, gave it back to me and said:

"It is wonderful to what extremes a neurotic woman may go. I congratulate you again, Dundas, upon a double escape."

* * * *

My narrative is done; but, before laying down my pen, I must apologise to my readers, as I fear in the telling I have made use of technical terms and spoken too much of symptoms. My profession must be my excuse, for to me, as a doctor, the medical aspect of the "case" is always of interest.

Mr. Wyman made an excellent recovery, and lived for seven years after the operation, when he died from a totally different cause. He was always very reticent about his illness, nor would he allow any measures to be taken for the identification of his wife's lover, so, to this day, nothing is known of him.

Ten years have come and gone, and the days when I chafed under the stigma of being the new doctor are no more. Time, I am thankful to say, has brought me success, even more than I anticipated, until now it is hard for me to realise the old trials of waiting.

THE CITY OF THE SEA.

By JEROME K. JEROME.

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR.

THEY say, the chroniclers, who have written the history of that low-lying, wind-swept coast, that years ago the foam fringe of the ocean lay further to the east; so that where now the North Sea creeps among the treacherous sand-reefs, it was once dry land. In those days, between the Abbey and the sea, there stood a town of seven towers and four rich churches, surrounded by a wall of twelve stones' thickness, making it, as men reckoned then, a place of strength and much import; and the monks, glancing their eyes downward from the Abbey garden on the hill, saw beneath their feet its narrow streets, gay with the ever-passing of rich merchandise, saw its many wharves and waterways, ever noisy with the babel of strange tongues; saw its many painted masts, wagging their grave heads above the dormer roofs and quaintly-carved oak gables.

Thus the town prospered till there came a night when it did evil in the sight of God and man. Those were troublous times to Saxon dwellers by the sea, for the Danish water-rats swarmed round each river mouth, scenting treasure from afar; and by none was the white flash of their sharp, strong teeth more often seen than by the men of Eastern Anglia, and by none in Eastern Anglia more often than by the watchers on the walls of the town of seven towers that once stood upon the dry land, but which now lies twenty fathom deep below the waters. Many a bloody fight raged now without and now within its wall of twelve stones' thickness. Many a groan of dying man, many a shriek of murdered woman, many a wail of mangled child, knocked at the Abbey door upon its way to Heaven, calling the trembling monks from their beds, to pray for the souls that were passing by.

But at length peace came to the long-troubled land; Dane and Saxon agreeing to dwell in friendship side by side, East Anglia being wide, and there being room for both. And all men rejoiced greatly, for all were weary of a strife in which little had been gained on either side beyond hard blows, and their thoughts were of the ingle-nook. So the long-bearded Danes, their thirsty axes harmless on their backs, passed to-and-fro in straggling bands, seeking where undisturbed and undisturbing they might build their homes; and thus it came about that Haarfager and his company, as the sun was going down, drew near to the town of seven towers, that in those days stood on dry land between the Abbey and the sea.

And the men of the town seeing the Danes, opened wide their gates, saying:

"We have fought, but now there is peace. Enter, and make merry with us, and to-morrow go your way."

But Haarfager made answer:

"I am an old man, I pray you do not take my words amiss. There is peace between us, as you say; and we thank you for your courtesy, but the stains are still fresh upon our swords. Let us camp here without your walls; and a little later, when the grass has grown upon the fields where we have striven, and our young men have had time to forget, we will make merry together, as men should who dwell side by side in the same land."

But the men of the town still urged Haarfager, calling his people neighbours; and the Abbot, who had hastened down fearing there might be strife, added his word to theirs, saying:

"Pass in, my children. Let there, indeed, be peace between you, that the blessing of God may be upon the land, and upon both Dane and Saxon;" for the Abbot saw that the townsmen were well disposed towards the Danes, and knew that men, when they had feasted and drunk together, think kinder of one another.

Then answered Haarfager, who knew the Abbot for a holy man:

"Hold up your staff, my father, that the shadow of the cross your people worship may fall upon our path, so we will pass into the town and there shall be peace between us; for though your gods are not our gods, faith between man and man is of all temples."

And the Abbot held his staff aloft between Haarfager's people and the sun, it being fashioned in the form of a cross, and under its shadow the Danes passed by into the town of seven towers, there being of them, with the women and the little children, nearly two thousand souls, and the gates were made fast behind them.

So they who had fought face to face, feasted side by side, pledging one another in the wine cup, as was the custom; and Haarfager's men, knowing themselves amongst friends, had cast aside their arms; and when the feast was done, being weary, they lay down to sleep.

Then an evil voice arose in the town, and said: "Who are these that have come among us to share our land? Are not the stones of our streets red with the blood of wife and child that they have slain? Do men let the wolf go free when they have trapped him with meat? Let us fall upon them now that they are heavy with food and wine, so that not one among them shall escape. Thus no further harm shall come to us from them nor from their children."

And the voice of evil prevailed; and the men of the town of seven towers fell upon the Danes with whom they had broken meat, even to the women and

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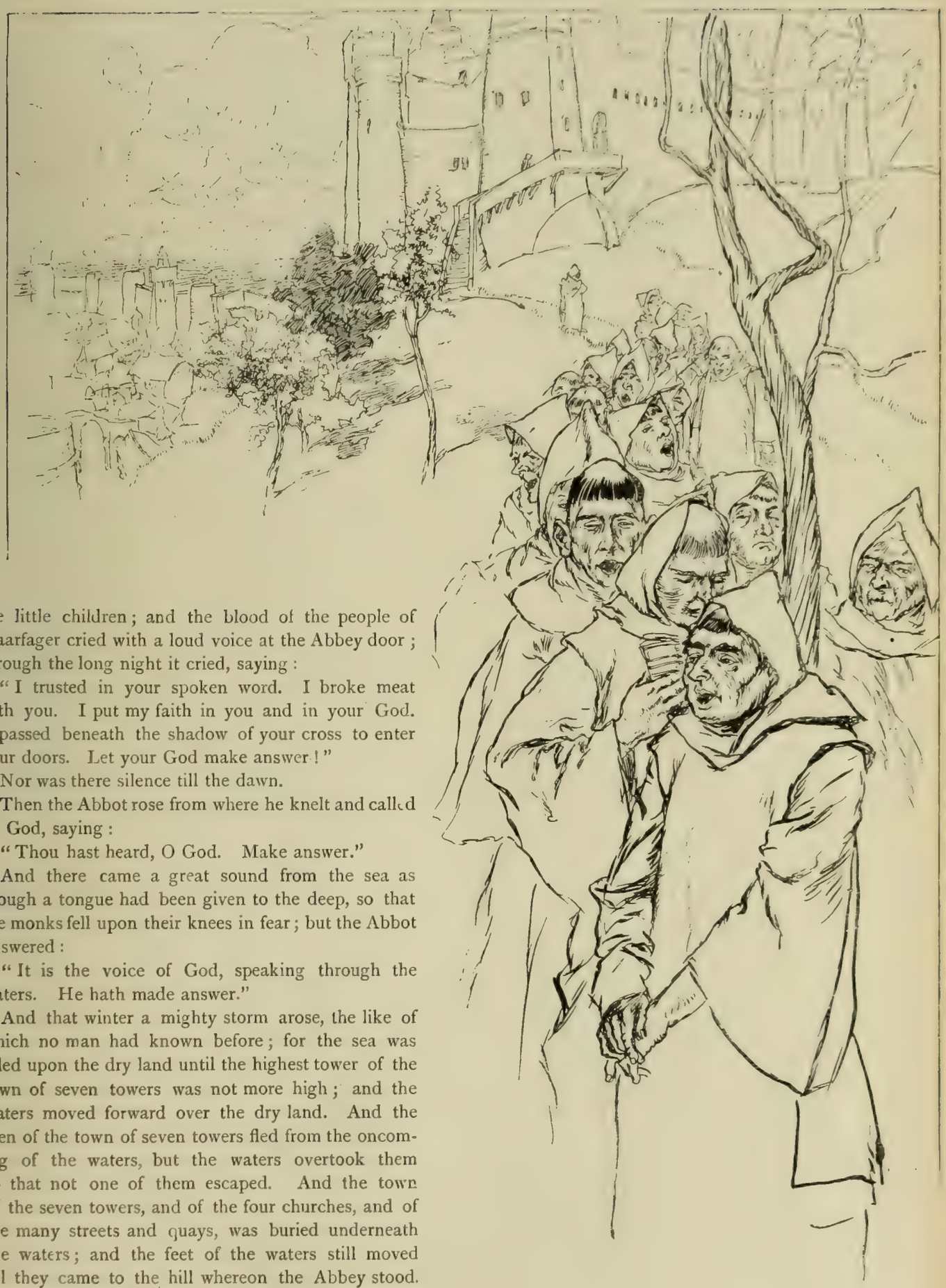
THE ABBOT HELD HIS STAFF ALOFT.



the little children; and the blood of the people of Haarfager cried with a loud voice at the Abbey door; through the long night it cried, saying:

"I trusted in your spoken word. I broke meat with you. I put my faith in you and in your God. I passed beneath the shadow of your cross to enter your doors. Let your God make answer!"

Nor was there silence till the dawn.

Then the Abbot rose from where he knelt and called to God, saying:

"Thou hast heard, O God. Make answer."

And there came a great sound from the sea as though a tongue had been given to the deep, so that the monks fell upon their knees in fear; but the Abbot answered:

"It is the voice of God, speaking through the waters. He hath made answer."

And that winter a mighty storm arose, the like of which no man had known before; for the sea was piled upon the dry land until the highest tower of the town of seven towers was not more high; and the waters moved forward over the dry land. And the men of the town of seven towers fled from the oncoming of the waters, but the waters overtook them so that not one of them escaped. And the town of the seven towers, and of the four churches, and of the many streets and quays, was buried underneath the waters; and the feet of the waters still moved till they came to the hill whereon the Abbey stood. Then the Abbot prayed to God that the waters might be stayed, and God heard, and the sea came no farther.

And that this tale is true, and not a fable made by the weavers of words, he who doubts may know from the fisher-folk, who to-day ply their calling amongst the reefs and sandbanks of that lonely coast. For there are those among them who, peering from the

bows of their small craft, have seen far down beneath their keels a city of strange streets and many quays. But as to this, I, who repeat these things to you, cannot speak of my own knowledge, for this city of the sea is only visible when a rare wind, blowing from the north, sweeps the shadows from the waves; and though on many a sunny day I have drifted where its seven towers should once have stood, yet for me that wind has never blown, pushing back the curtains of the sea, and, therefore, I have strained my eyes in vain.

But this I do know, that the crumbling stones of that ancient Abbey, between which and the foam fringe of the ocean the town of seven towers once lay, now stand upon a wave-washed cliff, and that he who looks forth from its shattered mullions to-day sees only the marshland and the wrinkled waters, hears only the plaint of the circling gulls and the weary crying of the sea.

And that God's anger is not everlasting, and that the evil that there is in men shall be blotted out, he who doubts may also learn from the wisdom of the simple fisher-folk, who dwell about the borders of the marshland; for they will tell him that on stormy nights there speaks a deep voice from the sea, calling the dead monks to rise from their forgotten graves, and chant a mass for the souls of the men of the town of seven towers. Clothed in long glittering white, they move with slowly pacing feet around the Abbey's grass-grown aisles, and the music of their prayers is heard above the screaming of the storm. And to this I also can bear witness, for I have seen the passing of their shrouded forms behind the blackness of the shattered shafts; I have heard their sweet, sad singing above the wailing of the wind.

Thus for many ages have the dead monks prayed that the men of the town of seven towers may be forgiven. Thus, for many ages yet shall they so pray till the day come when of their once-fair Abbey not a single stone shall stand upon its fellow; and in that day it shall be known that the anger of God against the men of the town of seven towers has passed away; and in that day the feet of the waters shall move back, and the town of seven towers shall stand again upon the dry land.

There be some, I know, who say that this is but a legend; who will tell you that the shadowy shapes that you may see with your own eyes on stormy nights, waving their gleaming arms behind the ruined buttresses, are but of phosphorescent foam, tossed by the raging waves above the cliffs; and that the sweet, sad harmony, cleaving the trouble of the night, is but the æolian music of the wind.

But such are of the blind, who see only with their eyes. For myself I see the white-robed monks, and hear the chanting of their mass for the souls of the sinful men of the town of seven towers. For it has been said that when an evil deed is done, a prayer is born to follow it through time into eternity, and plead for it. Thus is the whole world clasped around with folded hands both of the dead and of the living, as with a shield, lest the shafts of God's anger should consume it.

Therefore, I know that the good monks of this nameless Abbey still are praying that the sin of those they loved may be forgiven.

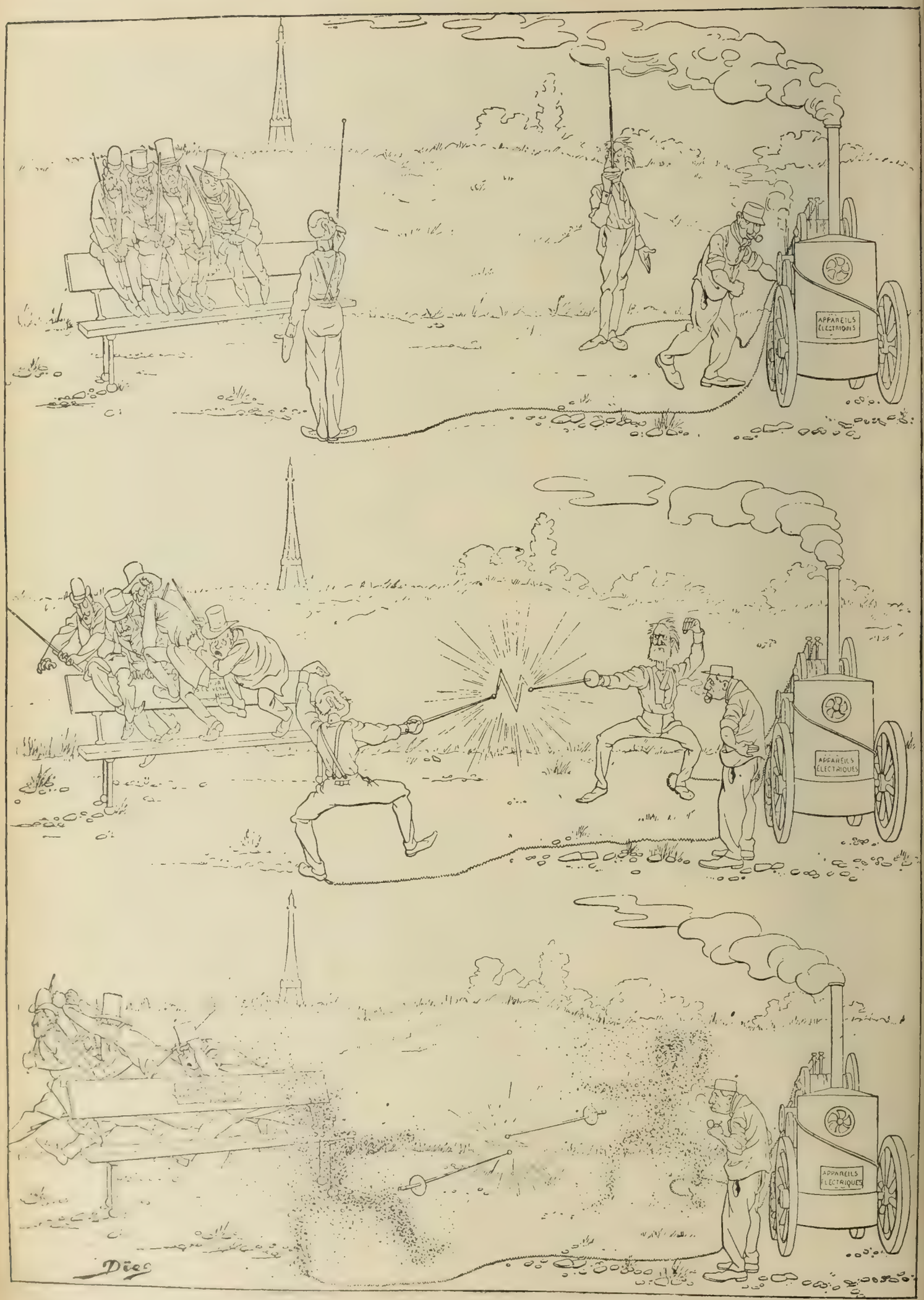
God grant good men may say a mass for us.

PAX ET PURITAS.

WHENE'ER my sad gaze lingers in thine eyes
  That glow with all the idyllic warmth of Greece.
  I find from care a lovable release,
My heart throbs faster in a charmed surprise.
Floods of strange fancy wake, and I surmise,
  While subtle pleasures, vaguely known, increase,
  That the calm spirit of delicious Peace,
Candid and beautiful, within them lies.
Then, as I look again, with whims and dreams,
  Another shape appears in stainless white,
  Smiling upon me radiant and fair;
And, to my rapt and ravished mind, it seems
  As if sweet Purity, in robes of light,
  Had come to take eternal refuge there.

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

PAX ET PURITAS. *Drawn by R. Sauber.*



AN ELECTRIC DUEL.

By Döes.

AMARYLLIS. *Drawn by Max Cowper.*

THE LONG SNAKE;

OR, THE EVILS OF EXCESS.

By BARRY PAIN.

There was once—in a time before history and a place before geography—a certain snake. Displeased with the smallness of his size, and urged by the perpetual sting of ambition, he requested that he might become longer than any snake in the world. By means of black magic, sacrifices, and importunity he succeeded in obtaining his petition. He was assured that he should in very truth become longer than any snake that ever had been or would be. How much longer, was not said. The snake had not at the time thought about that: the other party to the contract had.

Forthwith, he began to grow, and not, in the first instance, with that slow process by which the animal or vegetable is normally prolonged. During the few hours that followed the granting of the petition he came out less rapidly than a rocket, but more rapidly than a telescope. So quickly did he grow that he passed his own mother in a garden, and she never recognised her son. After that the rate decreased slightly, but growth was still continuous. Admired and envied, he at last reached the goal of his ambition.

Yes, he was satisfied. He lay out over the greater part of a two-acre field. The sun shone, and his beautiful chromatic scales flashed brilliantly in the light. An impartial critic would have said that he was very long, but would have been compelled, in common fairness, to add that he was never, for one moment, dull. As he lay there, and surveyed the splendour of his colouring and the magnificence of his size, he said to himself: "This has now gone about far enough, I am the longest snake in the world, and fully prepared to stop growing."

We are fully prepared for many things that never happen. Continuously, night and day, the snake went on growing. In a few months he had become so long that he could pay a call on three different friends simultaneously, though they lived at a distance of a mile from each other. The friends would say, smilingly, that they would like to see more of him, but under this mask of civility the snake—sensitive as the ambitious always are—detected the beginnings of derision. He realised that he was passing from fineness into monstrosity, and he began to shun society. He was still invited to the hospitable board—still urged to come often and stay as long as he liked. Alas! it was the curse of that answered petition that he was totally unable to stay as long as he liked. It was just there that the other party to the contract, so to speak, had him. Besides, there was so much of him that he required an unusual amount of sustenance. What was a banquet to his host was but a snack to him, and only constant self-repression prevented him from eating the other guests—a solecism that he would have been reluctant to commit. So when he was pressed to remain for dinner, he would answer that he was afraid he couldn't stop. Yes, that was the trouble.

Things went to such a length—that is, the snake did—that, for the sake of convenience, some arrangement had to be made. A big reel was constructed, and the snake was kept wound round it, after the manner of a fire-hose, so as to make his huge volume handier for purposes of reference. This arrangement did not last long. He had no wife or family; he felt almost as if he had, because he cost as much to keep as an ordinary domestic establishment, but he was solitary. He grew wearied, too, of what was, after all, a sedentary life—or rather, what was, in a snake, the equivalent of a sedentary life in a man. And he had eaten the neighbourhood, and it was necessary to explore further. So he uncoiled himself.

After a year's wandering, he found, one day, an object in his path that seemed to him strangely familiar. He had a vague idea that he had seen it somewhere before, long ago. What could it be? Gradually light dawned. Experiment further established its identity. He found that when he wagged the tip of his tail, he wagged the object. He bit it gently, and found that he was biting himself. "Yes," he said, "this is the tip of my tail—and the beginning of the end." That, after all, was only what the most normal snake would have expected the tip of its tail to be. Yet, as he turned away, he thought, bitterly: "It has come to this—that I am a stranger to myself."

Needless to say, his satisfied ambition brought him no longer the least feeling of pride. Pity and ridicule were his portion now. And he cost so much to keep up that sometimes he almost despaired. He was toiling hard to support a snake, the greater part of whom he had never even seen; and though he did not wish to shirk his responsibilities to himself or any part of himself, he did feel at times that the magnitude of the task rendered it more a matter for national subscription than for the benevolence of a private individual. Had he lived in this enlightened country and time, humanitarians would have tried to get him into an almshouse. Even so, the very small proportion of him that could have been got into one almshouse would have afforded him but slight relief. As it was, he had no friends. Nobody could have got the whole of that snake on to his visiting list, much less included him in his intimate circle. His lot, speaking generally, was an unhappy one.

One day, a porcupine happened to observe the snake's tail in a field, he saw that it was continued

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in the next, and became very eager to see how it would end. For this reason he ascended an eminence, from which a fair view of the surrounding country was to be obtained. He could trace the body of the snake stretching far down a valley, passing out of sight, and then reappearing on the further side of a hill. Further than this his unassisted vision would not take him, but he concluded that the snake's head was quite far enough away to make it a safe thing to bite the tip of the snake's tail, and this, descending from the eminence, he forthwith did. He bit it hard—less from cruelty than from a natural curiosity—and to prevent the snake from being in any uncertainty as to what precisely was happening, he bit it twice. He then ran away. Had he known exactly how long the snake was, he would have known that there was no need to hurry. Along the path from the part affected to the snake's brain sensation travelled with its usual and inconceivable rapidity. Nevertheless, it was a matter of hours before the snake received the information of his senses that his tail had been bitten. He then felt not only pained but surprised. One of the few advantages that he had reaped from his excessive prolongation was an immunity from overt acts of hostility. It was the work of a moment for the snake to dash off at full speed to capture and chastise the aggressor; but with all his speed it was the work of months for his head to reach the spot where his tail was. By this time the porcupine had reached a distant country, started housekeeping, and was doing well. The snake felt all the poignant and serious displeasure of one who has answered a runaway knock.

It was late in the day; in the course of his journey he had got hopelessly entangled with a virgin forest, and saw no way to put an end to the intrigue; tired and humiliated he fell asleep.

He laid the blame for his failure upon a totally wrong cause. This tendency to blame the wrong thing is not uncommon. For instance, a piece of orange-peel, lying on the pavement, trips you up. You fall and hurt yourself. What happens then? You say, in a few well-chosen words, how much you dislike incidents of the kind, get up again, and brush yourself. But after that you blame the wrong thing—you blame the man who threw the orange-peel. It is almost certain that the man had no intention in the matter, right or wrong; it was merely an act of carelessness. But, on the other hand, the man who put the pavement there did so intentionally, well knowing that people would walk upon it, and meaning them to walk upon it. Had the orange-peel been there but the pavement elsewhere, you would never have slipped up. The right person to blame is, obviously, the man who laid the pavement. So, now, the snake was wrong in blaming centralisation. He considered that it was a mistake that the whole business of his body was under the control of one head; if he had had an indefinite number of heads, ranged at distances of half a mile down his back, the

The Telegram. By Döes.

head which was nearest to his tail-end would infallibly have caught that porcupine. He should, in reality, have blamed his own excessiveness; he had asked to become excessive, and he had been made so excessively excessive that he should, by this time, have seen the error of his petition.

He had made up his mind before he fell asleep that he would get himself disentangled from that forest before he had breakfast. One often makes such resolutions. One says that one will do a thing on the morrow—a little thing, perhaps—some irksome task—some trivial duty. It is so easy to make resolutions. And then when the morrow has come and gone, you ask yourself, "Have I done what I intended to do?" And you find that you have, and it surprises you a good deal. This is what happened to the snake. He actually did get himself disentangled before breakfast, though he was tied in some peculiarly complicated knots round some peculiarly gigantic trees. But the task was a tedious one. Long, long before he had finished it he grew very hungry. He refused, however, to eat. He had said that he would unravel himself before breakfast, and he was too firm and too tidy to break his word. The result was tragic.

When at last he found himself free to eat, it was too late. Before the first rabbit that he swallowed could reach his digestive apparatus (which was far away on the horizon) he had died—died of starvation. He died, moreover, in so very many different parishes that there were grave doubts as to which were really responsible for his burial. The matter was compromised. He was not buried at all, but a syndicate was formed to cut him into lengths and throw him into the sea. Hence the stories of the sea-serpent. It was an inglorious end. He had hoped in his lifetime that when he came to die he might be put round the world to mark the position of the equator.

His lot was, as I have said, an unhappy one; but if he had known that it might be the means of enforcing upon the young mind one simple moral lesson, he would have been no better contented with it.

A LOWLAND KINGDOM.

By ANNIE S. SWAN.

There is, far north from the city where these lines are penned, a kingdom by the sea, of no mean importance in its own estimation, and in the estimation of those who love it, yet it may possibly be unknown to some, even by name. It cannot offer much save perfect rest and change to such as crave for it, being yet unspoiled for all who love quiet and natural surroundings, and for whom wood and field and sea have still a message. It has a long, bare, windswept sea-board, stretching from the mighty structure which spans the Forth beyond Edinburgh to St. Andrews, "the little city, worn and grey," facing the billows of the North Sea.

This sea-board, I would venture to say, offers more healthy variety than any other in our isles.

If you chance to be partial to cliffs, you have them here in plenty—rugged, frowning, fierce, yawning into chasms, where the wild waves have moaned the requiem of many a gallant ship. Then you have miles upon miles of sands, gleaming firm and golden in the sun, and fringed by green links where the bluebells and the pink sea-daisies blow, making a musical carpet for the feet. Oh, that I could people these grand stretches with little children, whose faces haunt me, that I could watch the slow wonder gather in eyes that have seen such things in dreams alone! Links are the natural accompaniment of golf, and the many, daily increasing, who take delight in that king of games, are here recommended to the greens fringing the Forth, where all and sundry may play without money and without price, untrammelled by the restrictions which south of the Tweed make it only possible to the favoured few. Fife is a royal county, full of kingly lore, and hoary with associations fraught with Scotland's glory. The place names suggest the splendour of a by-gone day, and you have only to wander through the tortuous byways of the villages which dot the coast-line, perched high on the cliffs, or nestling at their base, to find many old-world nooks and corners, innocent of any modern touch whatsoever.

It is of this old-world and quiet nook where I have spent my summer that I should like more particularly to write, being grateful for the rest and healthful change it has afforded me and mine. Kinghorn, as its name indicates (from the Gaelic *kin*, or *ceann*, headland, and *gorn*, green), means the green headland, which rises from the sea behind the old ferry of Pettycur, a little to the west of the town. It is one of the oldest of the royal burghs, its charter having been granted by Alexander III., the best of Scotland's kings, in 1285. Shortly thereafter, riding from Inverkeithing to his castle of Glammis, at Kinghorn, he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, now marked by the beautiful monument on the high road between Kinghorn and Burntisland. Not a vestige of the royal castle of Glammis now remains, and I suppose that even its site is a matter of conjecture. It does not appear that Kinghorn had any special industry save fishing, in the old days; now there is a shipbuilding yard, which employs a large number of men, chiefly incomers, however, whose habits and characteristics

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A LOVE GAME.

Drawn by Ernest Goodwin.

differ materially from those of the old residents. Kinghorn was one of the few chief ferries on the Forth, and was used by all travellers east of the burgh. Thus, in the household book of Archbishop Sharp, we have such entries as these:—"My Lorde's dinner at Kinghorne in Fyve, flesch, aill, bread, &c., 18s.; to poor at Kinghorne at various times, 3s."

About 1760 a new pier was built at Pettycur, and the old ferry at Kinghorn has been discontinued. About a century later Pettycur was superseded by the fine ferry service between Granton and Burntisland, which, in its turn, is being set aside by the continuous traffic of the Forth Bridge.

It does not appear that Fifeshire, so rich in Reformation heroes and martyrs, much distinguished itself in Covenanting times, though Hackstone, of Rathillet, is still held in reverent memory, and some of the old ministers of Kinghorn were not lacking in the Covenanting spirit, as, when Mr. John Moncrieffe, in 1647, was apprised by the Commissioners of the General Assembly to pronounce in the great kirk of Edinburgh sentence of excommunication against several landowners and other persons who had been "active and instrumental in killing, burning, destroying, robbing and spoiling, and were notable enemies to the cause of religion and the covenants."

My sojourn in that quaint village by the sea has brought home to me, with a new force, the characteristics of my race. Undemonstrative, self-contained, blunt of speech, though true of heart, I have always known them to be, but these qualities seem to be here emphasised. They are, indeed, without polish, and are marked by a lofty independence, which occasionally reveals itself in a somewhat amusing fashion. Even those whose business it is to serve the public will not too hastily commit themselves, seldom going further than a cautious, "Micht," or "I'll see about it." One is tempted, coming from the stress and strain of the great world, to regard their placid ease with a vague envy. It almost seems as if old time, relentless to most, had passed them by. Nothing vexes the souls of them, save, mayhap, the dearth of fish in the net, or the lack of sun to ripen the crops, and that not unduly, because they have read and still believe that "seedtime and harvest shall not fail." How refreshing to find here a simple folk who do not trouble themselves about questions that will never be answered this side the grave, whose womenfolk still sweep in the hearth and mend the clothes, and love their men after their own undemonstrative fashion, untroubled by any of the qualms that vex the souls of the "New Woman." Their faces do you good. There is a grave strength writ upon them, a fine indifference to all outside or beyond the little town where their lot is cast. The sea shuts them in, and though their lives must of necessity be circumscribed, yet the wideness of the sea touches them, and the graciousness of clear skies is above them always, imparting a great content. No such question as equality of sex or of class troubles them, and they dwell together fraternally, each content with his own place. A good old baillie in the town, now dead, had many curious experiences on the bench, and it was no uncommon thing for the delinquents to tackle him afterwards regarding the severity of the sentence he had passed on them. The favourite protest was: "Noo, Baillie, wad ye like it yoursel'?"

There are few places still preserving such freedom of speech and behaviour; which, however, seldom exceeds the bounds of a proper respect. It takes one back to a simpler time, and even raises the question whether in some respects the old days were not better than these.

It does one good to sojourn here awhile, and to all who can be content with simpler pleasures, and who find in the ever-changing sea some measure of soul-satisfying companionship, I would recommend my kingdom by the sea.

AT THE BAR.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Railway Refreshment Room. Six o'clock p.m. Stately damsels in black, behind glass stands of tired buns, and sandwiches, and eggs, are calmly serving excited customers. At intervals bells ring without and engines whistle a tune in order to flurry customers.

Scarlet-Faced Lady Superior (*severely to Barmaid*).—Now, Miss Frazer, if you've *quite* done talking to that customer, perhaps you'll kindly rinse your glasses out. Don't let me have to speak of it again, if *you* please.

Miss Frazer (*with much astonishment*).—I *really* thought I'd done them, Miss Barker. I'm sure I *beg* your pardon. (*Smiles agreeably.*) One of the young ladies was saying only just now how nice you do look to be sure, Miss Barker, in those white collars and cuffs this evening. As I said to her, "Ah," I said, "I only wish," I said, "I'd got Miss Barker's complexion. Sets anything off, that does."

Lady Superior (*pacified*).—How absurd of you to say a thing like that. (*To Boy at end.*) James!

James.—Yes 'um.

Lady Superior.—Come here and wash up Miss Frazer's glasses for her this minute.

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JAMES.—Well, but ain't I a-doing——

LADY SUPERIOR.—Never mind what you're doing. Come here this minute.

JAMES (*sotto voce, misanthropically*).—I wish to 'Eaven all the woming folk in this world was drahnd, I do. Drahnd and buried arterwards.

STOUT PATRONESS (*to Barmaid with cold*).—The rush I've 'ad to catch this train, my dear, you wouldn't believe. (*Barmaid lifts eyebrows with polite interest.*) You know how it is yourself, my dear, when you want to go out anywheres, don't you? Every *thing* seems somehow to go wrong, you know; everybody seems to set their minds to work to see 'ow they can put what *I* call obsticles—nothing more or less—in your way.

BARMAID (*with cold, rubbing nose*).—Very tiresobe, dow doubt.

STOUT LADY (*hysterically*).—Oh, tiresome isn't the word for it! There's me scrambling and 'urrying, and I don't know what all, to get away, and the children—well, you know, my dear, what children are, don't you? I'll never forgive my young Nell for the trick she played me just as I was coming away. (*With gesture of despair.*) Went and broke one of her shoe laces right before my *very* eyes! There's a nice daughter for you, if you like.

BARMAID (*hiding yawn*).—Oh, well, accidedts will happed.

STOUT LADY.—And now I've got 'ere there's a 'alf a hour to wait for the train! It is *so* annoying. Of course, as I say, I might just as well 'ave 'ad that half hour at 'ome putting the children to rights a bit. Oh, and could you oblige me with one more lump of sugar, please, my dear? Thank you. (*Looks at Barmaid.*) 'Ow you do remind me of what I was when I was a girl of your age, to be sure.

BARMAID (*displeased*).—Fadcy!

STOUT LADY (*with enthusiasm*).—Oh, the very picture! (*Sniffs thoughtfully.*) Ah, you've got all your trouble before you, my dear. I'm sure I've had *my* tidy share in my time. Nobody knows what I've 'ad to enjure one way and another. I'm sure about eighteen year ago—no, it wasn't, it was nineteen year ago come Michaelmas, and (*confidentially across glass dish of boiled eggs*) you'll scarcely believe *me* when I tell you——

CHEERFUL YOUTH (*interrupting*).—How d' you do, Miss Pearce? (*Lifts his hat.*) How are you, this evening?

BARMAID (*escaping from Stout Lady*).—Oh, fadcy you're cobing roud agaid. Oh, I'm pretty boderate, thadks. (*Skittishly.*) As well as I deserve to be, I suppose. Got a dasty cold in the head, though.

CHEERFUL YOUTH (*agreeably*).—Oh, well, you *look* as charming as ever.

BARMAID (*archly*).—Doad't you go ad begid your dodsedse agaid, dow.

CHEERFUL YOUTH (*with curiosity*).—I wonder whether you've such a thing as a brandy and soda in the place.

BARMAID (*humorously*).—Well, I'll see if we cad badage it for you. Will you take it in a pail, or how?

(*Enter* HURRIED PATRON *loaded with bags and rugs.*)

HURRIED PATRON (*to Leisurely Damsel*).—Scotch cold, quick, please, Miss. Hurry up, because I want to be off to see a man sharp. Look alive now, there's a good girl.

LEISURELY DAMSEL (*distantly*).—I beg pardon?

HURRIED PATRON.—Scotch whisky I asked for.

LEISURELY DAMSEL (*with calm*).—Cold or—hem—warm.

HURRIED PATRON.—Cold, please, and do, for *goodness'* sake, make haste.

(LEISURELY BARMAID *turns away, and hums a tune, and plays chess with some spoons. Then turns again to* HURRIED PATRON.)

LEISURELY DAMSEL.—Did you say Scotch or Irish?

HURRIED PATRON (*explosively*).—For goodness' sake, my good girl, *do* hurry up and——

LEISURELY DAMSEL (*hurt*).—Well, you've only to say what you want, and I'm sure—hem—I'm quite willing to serve you, but, of course, if you won't say what you want, why——

HURRIED PATRON (*controlling himself*).—A (*pause*) Scotch (*pause*) whisky (*pause*) cold.

LEISURELY DAMSEL (*agreeably*).—Ah, well, *now* we understand one another. Of course, if you said so at first my time wouldn't have been wasted. I've got plenty of things to do, and, I'm sure, what with one and the other——

(*Enter* FACETIOUS YOUTH.)

FACETIOUS YOUTH.—I say, Miss! Touching these sandwiches. (*Holds them up.*) Come over with William the Conqueror, I s'pose?

MISS (*coldly*).—I'm afraid I can't give you any definite information.

FACETIOUS YOUTH.—Well, can you give me a bitter?

MISS (*continuing conversation with* COLLEAGUE, *with hand on beer-engine*).—Yes, it was rather absurd of him to go and take tickets for the dance without asking me first, because, of course, a hundred thousand things might have happened, and——

YOUTH (*insistently*).—I say, miss, don't forget my bitter, please.

MISS (*looking round absently and affecting not to see him*).—And so you must know we took a cab *from* the station, and when we got to the hall, lo! and and behold!——

YOUTH.—'Ere, I *say*, Miss (*appealingly*), can't I 'ave that bitter?

MISS (*serving him abstractedly*).—*Who* should we find there but (*mysteriously*) Mr. B. *You* know who I mean, don't you? (*To* YOUTH.) Fivepence altogether.

YOUTH (*with restored humour*).—Don't take cheques, I 'spose, Miss? (MISS *drums the counter impatiently.*) 'Aven't such a thing as a match about you, I s'pose?

MISS (*distantly*).—Matches other end. (*To*

IN THE
STUDIO.

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.

GOLDSTEIN (*excited*):—Jakey, Jakey! Run and fetch dot acid. I dinks I haf a goldfish caught.

COLLEAGUE.) Mr. B. in *full* evening dress, bless you, and looking—well, looking *quite* the swell; and he comes straight up to me, and *he* says, "Ah!" he says, "There you are." And *I*——(*To new customer.*) Two bath buns, ma'am? Will you take them, please? And one milk? And could I oblige the little boy with a glass of water? Well (*doubtfully*), I *could*, of course, but—(*obliges reluctantly*).

STAID BARMAID (*to* COLLEAGUE).—Oh, it's turning out really a capital story. I *must* lend it to you when I've finished it. So exciting it all is, you wouldn't believe.

COLLEAGUE.—I shouldn't mind having a glance through it. (*To* CUSTOMER.) Cup of coffee, sir? Well, it isn't exactly ready, but it won't take many minutes. Can't stop? (*Sotto voce repartee.*) Do the other thing, then. (*Turning to* STAID BARMAID.) And the girl hasn't married the young artist chap yet, I suppose, in this tale you're speaking of?

STAID BARMAID (*with relish*).—Well, she hasn't exactly accepted him yet, but I rather think she will. In the chapter I'm reading of just now he's just got his picture 'ung at the Academy, and you know what *that* means. He's a made man, as you may say, for life. And *she* 'ears about it just as she's going on to sing one evening, and of course it knocks her all of a heap.

COLLEAGUE.—Oh, well, that's only natural. (*With curiosity.*) Arn't your hands red this evening?

STAID BARMAID.—And she says to 'erself, she says, "Oh, Sidney," she says—*his* name's Sidney, you know—"Oh, Sidney," she says—— (*To* NEW CUSTOMER.) A cigar, sir? Three, four, or six?

NEW CUSTOMER.—I'll take a threepenny. Are these good, do you think?

STAID BARMAID.—I've heard them spoke very highly of by the gentleman who calls round with them.

NEW CUSTOMER (*buoyantly*).—I suppose you smoke cigarettes yourself.

STAID BARMAID (*shivering with rectitude*).—I think it becomes us all to draw the line somewhere, and I'd no more think of doing such a thing than—than I'd fly. (*Severely*). Ninepence change, sir. (*With increased severity*). Thank you.

NEW CUSTOMER (*protestingly*).—Here, I say, don't lay it on too thick, miss. Shall you be out next Sunday morning with the Army?

STAID BARMAID (*austerely*).—We might all of us do worse than try to do good unto others, as others would that—I mean to say——

PORTER (*putting head in at door*).—Any *more* for the main line trine!

(*Bell rings insistently without.*)

OMNES.—Oh, goo' gracious! Here, I say, wait for me.

(*Exeunt all.*)

LADY SUPERIOR.—Now, whose turn is it to see to the marble tables. (*Damsels much absorbed, do not answer.*) Well, somebody must rub them clean. They won't clean themselves, that's a very sure thing. (*Calls to boy.*) Ja—ames!

JAMES (*appearing reluctantly*).—Goo' Law!

ECHOES.

Drawn by Hal Hurst.

TOM SCAIFE'S HOMECOMING.

A Country Doctor's Tale.

By J. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

BINNIE—that is, Benjamin—Driver, from whose lips I had the major part of the testimony which has been built up into this narrative, was the most absolutely pious man I have known. Master of the only weaving-shed in Cragside, he was also the father of that Yorkshire village, stern, benevolent, and wise in a degree which has impressed me as remarkable. In a long experience of rural life, I have met no other man who so perfectly realised the old ideal of an employer's place and duty in the community of his workpeople. He told me of his own part in the history, in the course of a winter evening's talk, which had turned upon the superstitions of the villagers, a topic I was disposed to treat rather lightly. What he had to tell interested me not only by its peculiar sadness and singularity, but because I had known something of it already.

All of us in Cragside had a kindness for Bess o' Doad's, the young wife of wild Tom Scaife. She was pretty, simple, and still in her teens; he, a wastrel past hoping for, who, with a good farm and "a nice bit o' money" waiting for him till his father should die, had got himself enlisted as a soldier three months after his marriage. There was no fear of her lacking a livelihood. Tom's laborious and close-fisted father, while resisting all solicitations to buy the lad out, was fond enough of her to keep their little home going, though he thought she ought to have given it up and gone to live with his old wife. But she suffered so meekly the calamity of Tom's enlistment—an accidental effect of spiced ale—and wilted under it so pitiably, that everybody took her grief to heart.

How she loved the scapegrace! She used to talk about his "goodness." I knew her well; and when the rascal had been gone four or five months, I was asked by her father-in-law to see her and report upon the state of her health, which had alarmed him. Well, it angered me furiously to hear her praise the young fool whose rashness had brought her to this pass, and I gave some impatient exclamation.

Bessie started and flushed. "Aw wish ye wo'dn't talk like that," she said, timorously.

"Well, well," I replied. "I'm an old man, and crusty, no doubt. But I'm old enough to know that if you worry about this—this husband of yours—you'll be in your grave before you see him again."

She smiled. "Oh, but he's coming home two month frae now," she said, brightly. "He'll be here in a fortnit, just i' time for——" She dropped her eyes, and did not finish the sentence. There is more delicacy in some of these country-folk than in many a fine lady.

"Coming home, is he?" said I, and I was conscious of my unsympathetic tone only when she winced again.

"Yo' think he doesn't mich care," said Bessie, unbuttoning the bosom of her dress. "Wo'd ye read that for me?" and she produced a crumpled letter. "Aw cannot justly mak' it all out mysen."

The letter has since come into my possession, and indeed the finding of it among some old papers reminded me of this queer story. I give it *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Dearist wife i rite these fu lines hopping you are wel as I am coming Home on firlow for a fortnite May 2 dearist wife I am allwais thinking off you wy did I list it is miserable not enuf to eat and that poor but when we turn in i mean to too bed your sweet loving Face i see your luving face often in my dreems and Wish you were by mi cide I am feard you wil not no me wen I cume in my riggmentlals i hop you are no wise changed the worst is from what you sed you will Be in bed cant you get it Over and don with i shall feel kuere bein a Father but if it is a Boy i shall none cair i have stopt riting twict for Dril and must now close with Best luve and kisses for my beutifull Besie from your loving husband Tom."

As I read, I reproached myself sharply—not for misjudging Tom, whose selfishness, to my mind, was sufficiently attested by the letter, couched though it was in crude terms of affection which doubtless failed to convey all his meaning; but for gibing at Bessie's fond illusion. After all, she had nothing else to live for.

"Yes, my dear," I said, and patted her on the shoulder, "I was wrong. Forgive me. We doctors are sometimes hard-hearted, but it's only when we don't think. Good-day. I'll send you some medi-

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"COMING HOME, IS HE?" SAID I.

cine; but mind what I say about worrying, or you might as well not take it."

"Oh, Aw s'll nut worry now he's comin'," she replied, and I saw in her bright eyes that she was grateful.

But Bessie was not to see her husband any more. She died three days after the baby was born, in spite of all I could do for her. She died of mere weakness, and though her end was hastened by the effort of child-bearing, I do not think she could have lasted long in any case. There were certain circumstances connected with her death which, touching enough in themselves, I am careful to state, in view especially of what afterwards befell. I heard them from the lips of the women who nursed her, and whom I found sitting round the fire in a tearful silence, and drinking bettony tea.

I glanced at the shut-up bed in the corner where she lay, and saw the wasted form covered with a linen sheet. "It's all over, then," I said, or some such words. "When did the poor wench get her release?"

"Let's see," answered Peg o' Amos's, the midwife. "It 're just efter t' clock hed strucken two. Bud eh! we thowt mony a time it 'ud come afore that; didn't we, Ailse? Ye see shoo're set on seein' her man come home. Aye, shoo didn't want to dee. Shoo made us shift bed a bit, so's shoo could see t' road, an' we teuk t' curtain down for her, an' raised her up.

Shoo deed just like ye see her, wi' her head o' one side an' her een leukin' out o' t' window. Aye, t' last words shoo'd said wor 'at shoo s'ouldn't dee till shoo'd seen 'im; an' then shoo deed."

There was some talk in an undertone between the two other old bodies, and then one of them said deferentially to the midwife, "We thowt ye mud happen ax him about cloisin' her een, Peg."

"Niver fash yo'rsen!" said Peg, with an impatient gesture. "They'll come all reight."

The woman thus discouraged folded her arms and shook her head, looking stonily into the fire.

"We cannot get her een to cloise," explained the other, glancing nervously at the bed.

"Well," I responded. "Does it very much matter?"

"Eh, bud we cannot bury her wi' her een oppen!" cried the woman.

I walked over to the corpse, pressed the eyelids down, and held them for some minutes while I talked; but as soon as they were released they contracted again, exposing the eyeballs, which were unusually large and prominent. Some days later, the woman who had shown most concern at this not uncommon phenomenon stopped me in the road to say that Bessie had, after all, been coffined with "her een oppen" and "her heead o' one side."

"It's a fearful pity her man didn't come," she said. And presently she added: "Aw wish aw'd niver seen 't!"

* * * *

Kindly village folk were a good deal distressed by this girl-wife's tragic end; and, in the course of the talk which it caused, somebody thought of Tom Scaife coming home to an empty house. The sad news must be broken to him before he reached Cragside, if possible. Bessie's people, who lived in Colne parish, would have been the proper persons to undertake the task, but after the funeral they had locked up Tom's house and gone away to their distant farm. For a time nobody offered to be the bearer of such evil tidings; but at last an intermediary was found in a young stone-mason named Israel Holmes, who had been a friend of Tom's. The postman, a sensible little man from Cross Hills, let Israel break the seal of a letter which arrived a week or so after Bessie's death, to announce that Tom would be home that day; and when the emergency had thus been provided for, people breathed more freely, and awaited the homecoming with a less-painful curiosity.

Israel was hurriedly called from his loom in Binnie Driver's weaving-shed just after dinner. Some boys whom he had sent down the road as scouts had come back at a run, shouting to everybody they met that Tom Scaife was coming—they had seen his red coat. The soldier followed them so rapidly that Israel almost missed him, for, though he made haste, it was only when Tom had his home in sight that they met.

Tom's jaunty bearing and eager salutation brought his heart into his mouth, and he put out his hand with a feeling that all he could do was to seize his mate and keep him back by main force.

Tom was waving a salute towards the cottage. "Eh! I'm glad to see ye!" he cried, gaily, to Israel: "Is everybody weel? I'll come round to-neet"—and, without waiting for a reply, pushed past him, and continued his rapid walk.

Israel tried to call after him, but his voice would not come. He began to run, and shouted as he ran. But Tom had reached the corner of the lane in which his cottage stood, and cried back:

"I'll see tha directly!"

"Now! Aw've summat to tell tha!" cried Israel, hoarsely; and this time Tom stopped, making a half angry motion of the head, and a cut at a bed of nettles with his cane.

Israel ran up. "It's a—a message frae thi wife," he gulped. "Tha's run me out o' breath, Tom." And then he stood gaping, with a white face. They were within ten yards of the cottage.

"Ne'er heed now; shoo'll tell me hersen," said Tom, after a wondering glance. But his friend took him by the arm and began to drag him away.

"It's all reight," insisted the young soldier, as he shook himself free. "Cannot yo' see her beckoning me?" And with a laugh and a cry of "Home again!" he darted up the garden.

Israel Holmes clambered over the wall by the lane-side, and hid himself. There he crouched for half a minute or so, in the sight of sundry onlookers in neighbouring cottages, and then crept away on all fours. Once in the road, he gave a quick glance at the cottage and ran like a hare. I suppose he was the craziest person they could have deputed to prevent the misadventure that his blundering brought about.

"He says he can see her!" was all that he could say when he reached the weaving-shed. The other weavers beset him with questions, and when at length they understood what had happened, they left their looms and went out into the village. Meantime the neighbours had been puzzled rather than touched by what seemed eccentric behaviour on the part of poor Tom. He had found the front door locked, had gone round to the back, after scrutinising the interior through the window, and then, reappearing, he had burst in the front door with his shoulder. He had presently come out at the back, and walked round the house with a hesitating step and a chapfallen face. Now he was inside again.

A scared crowd of them gathered in the road, and heard from the weavers with fresh concern their report of the matter. When he came out of the cottage, and began to walk eagerly towards them, they scattered.

He caught Peg o' Amos's on her threshold. Being stout, and lame with the rheumatics, she could not get away. "Hollo, mother Peggy!" he cried. "Ye've nut thrown your stick away yet!" And when

he got near enough to speak in a lower tone, he said to her confidentially, "Hev yo' seen my wife? Shoo's up to her owd tricks, I reckon."

Peg said "No," and shut her door. She saw that he was "loony"—he laughed so strangely while he was speaking.

tremble in her hand. "Eh, bless tha, lad!" she gasped, "when I saw thy wife last——"

But his glance falling on the cottage, he started before she could finish the sentence, and left her suddenly with a cry of "Wha, theer shoo is, efter all!"

"Lord in Heaven help us," said the old woman,

"WHEN DID THE POOR WENCH GET HER RELEASE?"

He shook the door, and called out "Peg! What *is* ther'? Are ye out wi' me?" When he heard her push the bolt into the staple, he stood dumbfoundered a minute; but he ran to the window to peer in, and cried out to Peggy with a kind of gaiety:

"Aw'll finnd out, if ye've gitten her theer."

"Go hoam!" she shouted. "Ye're offald."

He moved away slowly, not seeming to know what he should do next; and while he hesitated, his glance lighted on a bent and aged woman whom he knew very well, and who was coming up the road into the village with a basket on her arm. She hawked oat-cake—"haver bread" as they call it—and used to buy her meal from his father. He sauntered towards her, and asked if she had met his wife in the road anywhere.

She looked at him keenly, and her staff began to presently. "T' lad'll go daft." And she stood gazing after him, her toothless mouth open.

A kind of panic spread before him when he began to go from house to house among his wife's friends and his own, to ask them if they knew where she was hiding. I don't know how long his quest continued, but he would never have learned the truth from these people. Assuming that he knew it, they shared Peggy's opinion that it had turned his brain; and his pitiful attempts to appear at ease—to take his wife's joke in good part—confirmed them in this cruel misconception. He must have begun to think they were keeping something shameful from him. He sought Israel Holmes, but could not find him among the weavers, and then he walked into the office of Binnie Driver, and without greeting of any sort—his face blenched and his voice altered—

"Mr. Driver," he said, "*ye're* a honest man. What's wrang wi' my missis?"

The white-haired little man looked up quickly from an invoice he was checking, and his hard features took an expression of pity and dismay.

"Speyk out," cried the young fellow. "Aw'm stalled (tired) o' this shilly-shallyin'."

Binnie Driver walked slowly over to where he stood by the door, looking at him squarely, no doubt, as his way was, and probably with gathering tears in his kindly old eyes.

"My lad," he said, gravely, as he grasped the young soldier's hand, and laid a hand on his shoulder, "thou's a heavy trial to bear, but thou mun think 'at it's God's will. We dunnot understand His ways, Thomas, but He knaws all about us. Last week"—his voice would sink very low as he said this, and break a little—"we buried her beside thy sister, lad. She wanted—wanted sorely to live to see tha agean, but the Almighty and All-wise God took her to Himself—took her to a happier and better world, lad; a happier and a better world."

As he spoke, he was indescribably touched by the look in the lad's eyes. It seemed, he said afterwards, so forlorn. There was probably an element of superstitious fear and wonder in it.

"Then ye think," said Tom, after a pause, "'at Aw dunnot need to look for her no more?"

The pious old man raised his hand, to point upwards.

"Aw mun git back home," groaned Tom; but with his hand on the door-latch, he paused. "Well, thank yo'," he said quietly, and still waited.

"Is there owt 'at—owt ye'd like me to do?" asked the mill-owner.

"Nay," answered Tom, and his hand fell from the latch. "But Aw'm a bit flaed [afraid], Aw think"—and he looked at his friend fixedly.

"Flaed? Flaed o' what?"

"Aw've kept seein' on her." His voice was husky, and he gulped down a lump in the throat. "Nut like a sperrit, but donned just as shoo wor. That's what Aw comed to ye for. Ye see, Aw thowt shoo're

BINNIE DRIVER WALKED DOWN THE VILLAGE WITH HIM.

livin'; but shoo's deead an' buried, ye said. . . . It's—a queer affair. Shoo waved her arm to me thro' t' window. Ye look, but Aw knaw Aw seed her. An' t' door were locked, so Aw brast it oppen, an'—shoo worn't theer."

He was shaking heavily. "Aw seed her at efter that," he went on; "once i' t' house, an' another time i' t' door-hoil. It come to me 'at Aw're happen wrang i' my head efter a bit, when Aw couldn't finnd her; an' then Aw sought all ower t' house till Aw fun' t' gown 'at Aw'd seen her wearin', or one like it. An' when Aw looked round, theer shoo wor i' t' door-hoil, smilin' at me, like Aw've seen her i' my dreams. So Aw ran tul her, an' it seemed 'at shoo'd slipped away round th' house, an' Aw lost her agean. . . . Can yo' gie me—a soop o' watter?"

The mill-owner got him some water in a mug, and he drank two or three big gulps.

"That's reight," said the old man, heartily. "But ye munnot go back to th' house. Ye're nut weel, my lad. Aw can finnd ye a bed."

The soldier looked at him anxiously. "Aw fancy," he said, "'at Aw'st like to see her agean. It's a different comin' hoam to what——" He paused, and, after being silent awhile, he made a different suggestion. "Happen ye'll come in to-neet, an' pray a piece? It mud do her gooid, if ye think 'at——" His eyes fell, and he flushed a little.

Binnie Driver put away his books and walked down the village with him. By this time the strange story seems to have been in every mouth—Bess o' Doad's was "walking!" The population, silent and appalled, now stood out in the road, exchanging whispers or standing apart and open-mouthed; and when the loom master strode through them with a set face, forgetting his accustomed nods of recognition, and when they divined the errand on which he was bent, there were some who murmured audibly, "Lord save us!" and some who would have stayed him with superstitious warnings, and some who cried out and ran indoors, covering their faces with their aprons.

Darkness was fast coming on, and when they entered the house they could at first distinguish but very dimly the more familiar household objects. A stray gleam of pale reflected light shone from the little wall-clock, whose pendulum no longer wagged. Their feet made a loud, unwonted noise on the stone floor, and there was a sudden scurry of mice behind the wainscot in one corner. Already the chill air smelled musty, as if the place had been long deserted.

At once they fell on their knees, leaning upon two of the wooden chairs, and, after a pause, Binnie Driver began to pray, his voice resonant and tremulous in the stillness.

"Oh, God!" he said, "who knoweth all things, and despisest not the sighing of such as be sorrowful, we bow before Thee in fear and trembling. Have mercy upon us weak and foolish creatures, and teach us to ask of Thee aright, for we are sore dismayed. Thou hast said, O Lord, that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, there wilt Thou be in the midst of them. Be with us this night, and show us Thy peace."

He felt a touch on his arm, and broke off with an unfinished sentence on his lips. Tom Scaife was gazing fixedly at something beyond him, his face an ashen grey in the darkness, and the chair rattling under his hands.

The pious old man covered his face, and uttered a strong cry of supplication. "Help him, O Lord!—in the hour of sore trouble!" Then, yielding to the fascination of another's terror, he looked round towards the point on which his gaze had been directed. To his own infinite relief, he saw nothing that he had feared to see. But, as he was about to resume the prayer, he perceived, with a shock that strung his nerves and made the scalp tighten, that he was gazing at the wall through the apparition itself, which almost touched him. It was Bess, just as he had been accustomed to see her. Her form and features became distinct as he looked, and then he saw that her eyes were bent upon her husband with an expression of tenderness and entreaty.

By a powerful effort of self-domination, he turned his mind again to prayer; but the organs of speech were as if paralysed, and he was stiffened and shaken by an icy cold. Presently words broke from him, and never had he prayed with such conviction and fervour. Yet his petition was strange, and never to be remembered by him without quaking and contrition. Undeterred by his fixed beliefs, for, indeed, his passionate sincerity forbade reflection, he prayed for the dead woman.

"O Thou," he cried out, in a voice that was not like his own, "who made man out of a little clay and the breath of Thy nostrils—great Spirit, maker of Heaven and earth—hear us when we cry! We are come together in Thy presence, the living and the dead, and we know that Thou art in the very midst of us. If it be Thy will, show us why we are here and what we should do. We pray Thee to comfort our dear sister who is present with us out of due season. Give ear, O heavenly Father, and hide not Thy face from us. Strengthen our faith. Oh! strengthen our faith; for we are feeble creatures, groping in the dark."

He ceased. In that solicitous moment his trust forsook him, and his mind staggered. He dared not raise his eyes, and he found himself listening with an indescribable distress to the weeping of the stricken man who knelt by his side. Involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, he began to repeat the Lord's Prayer; and as he recited that hallowed formula a sense of calmness and of strong security came back upon him like a benediction.

When he had said the "Amen" he paused awhile, as his custom was, before rising from his knees. It never occurred to him to look round, and satisfy himself that the apparition was gone. He just put out his hand in the darkness to lay it

IT WAS BESS, JUST AS HE HAD BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO SEE HER.

on the lad's shoulder, and say to him, "Come, lad. Thou mun come home wi' me now. God'll tak' care of his awn. He knaws best, lad — He knaws best."

As he spoke he rose from his knees; but the young soldier did not raise his head. So Binnie Driver waited, unwilling to trespass on his unspoken prayer. A bolt of light from one of the cottages opposite shot into the room, and the sounds of life fell on his ear again. He wiped from his face the tears that had been falling, and presently moved to the door and stood looking out upon the twilight. His heart just then, I do not doubt, was very full of tenderness, and not all men look up at the pale stars with the pure emotion which stirred within him.

He heard a movement in the house, and turned round to grasp the lad by the hand as he rose. But when his eyes became accustomed to the dimmer light again, he saw that Tom Scaife lay huddled by the chair, and at length satisfied himself that he was dead. Somewhere, far away perhaps from Cragside, Bessie's scapegrace had come home.

ONE OF THE KING'S OWN GIRLS.

So fair and fleet are her dancing feet
  In the music's waves and whirls,
My heart keeps time with a rhythmic beat—
  She is one of the king's own girls!

The king is great in his robes of state—
  In his purple robes and white,
And I crouch low down at his palace gate—
  Where her white feet flash to-night.

And I kiss a rose, and its warm breath goes
  Through the portals, wild and sweet:
And it sighs and dies 'neath her splendid eyes
  In the flash of her fairy feet.

It sighs and dies like the heart that lies
  In the warmth of her winsome breath;
For I kissed her lips and I kissed her eyes
  With my soul, and to kiss means death!

But so fair and fleet were her dancing feet
  In the music's waves and whirls,
My heart died gladly with one wild beat
  For one of the king's own girls.

FRANK L. STANTON.

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LEAVES FROM THE CALVERT PAPERS.

I.

"The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," and thus the tale of our inheritance is but half told, for with evil cometh good, and we humanities are participating heirs in virtue as well as vice; in robust and burly bodies as well as attenuated strength and feeble forms. Fortunately justice is tempered with mercy, and the inheritor of physical weakness frequently forgets to anathematise his forefathers while rejoicing in an abnormal development of brain power and its measure of pleasure, whilst the giant, with his brawny limbs and muscles of steel, finds sufficient relaxation in their use without a thought of the dim and distant past, or a passing regret that his progenitors have materially discounted his guerdon by a lack of intellectuality.

Instincts and individualities descend, types of feature, even peculiarities of stature and countenance, malevolence, and beauty are recurring. You may know a man by the company he keeps; you may also surmise his personality by the traditions of his elders, and a study of his genealogical history. It may be a somewhat tedious process unless the ancestors are interesting, but what the idea lacks in method it gains in originality and, as the ancestors in this instance are distinctly and emphatically interesting—well! let us try the experiment!

Once upon a time, in the days of King Richard of the Lion Heart, a warrior knight of the name of Van Cal Verte went forth to fight. It was a favourable moment, for King Richard wanted brave and valiant men to wage war against the Saracens. That Van Cal Verte did deeds of daring and "derring do" there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, for upon returning from the Crusade he was presented by his monarch with a seal in the form of a shield, on which was engraved three escallop shells; nor was this all, for accompanying this handsome present was a deed duly executed on a piece of prepared skin, making him a generous grant of land; and although the land is no longer in the possession of the Calverts, the seal and the deed are still handed down from generation to generation as treasured heirlooms, and as faithfully transmitted to the descendants of this doughty warrior as his daring and indomitable blood, a quantity of which was spilt in Eastern lands by the antagonists of this Knight of the Red Cross.

During the latter end of the 12th century and in the reign of Elizabeth, the Calverts played a prominent part in the history of Flanders, and under James the First, Sir George Calvert received the office of Secretary of State. He it was who conceived the idea of founding a Roman Catholic colony in Newfoundland; and drawing his first batch of emigrants from the districts of Baltimore in Ireland, was created by James the First Baron of Baltimore and a peer of the United Kingdom. He was also granted a Charter of Avalon, the aforesaid Roman Catholic colony. He sailed with two vessels crowded with emigrants to take possession of his territory, but meeting tiresome enemies, and in spite of his letters of mark to seize all French vessels, they (the French) outnumbered him in men and ships and defeated his small fleet in battle, consequently he found it necessary to find a more peaceable land, and was eventually successful in doing so. He established a settlement in Chesapeake Bay, and returning to England obtained a new charter through the intercession of Queen Henrietta Maria. Unfortunately, he died before taking formal possession of his territory, and it remained for his son, Cecilius Calvert, to utilise the charter applied for by his father, and to have the privilege of naming the settlement Maryland in honour of the Queen. It is curious to note that a rental was demanded for these possessions by the Crown, payable each year in the form of two Indian arrows at Windsor Castle—a tax easily collected in those troublous times in Maryland.

The second Lord Baltimore, whose portrait I am enabled to reproduce was considered one of the handsomest men in his day; yet I have little doubt when we have succeeded in running through the leaves of the Calvert family we shall find that the present representative has by no means discounted the type. It was Cecilius Calvert who struck a new coinage for Maryland, bearing his own effigy on the one side, and the Calvert arms on the other, and these arms are still retained by the colony. Frequent troubles with the Indians and the bellicose temperament of Penn of Pennsylvania eventually reduced the area of the settlement. I must not forget to note that it was the good wife of this gentleman who initiated the Calvert library and museum, now famous throughout the world.

And now Cromwell comes on the scene, and Lord Baltimore has troublesome times, for we hear he had to retreat to his palace at Altona on the outskirts of Hamburg. Some idea of his wealth may be imagined from the fact that his many voyages between Harwich and Altona were effected in his own private gallery, the Greyhound, a floating dream of gold, being elaborately gilded from stem to stern, and furnished with lacquered sweeps in addition to its sails, a vessel fully armed, and boasting not only a bodyguard but a band of musicians, and reckoned the fastest craft of its kind.

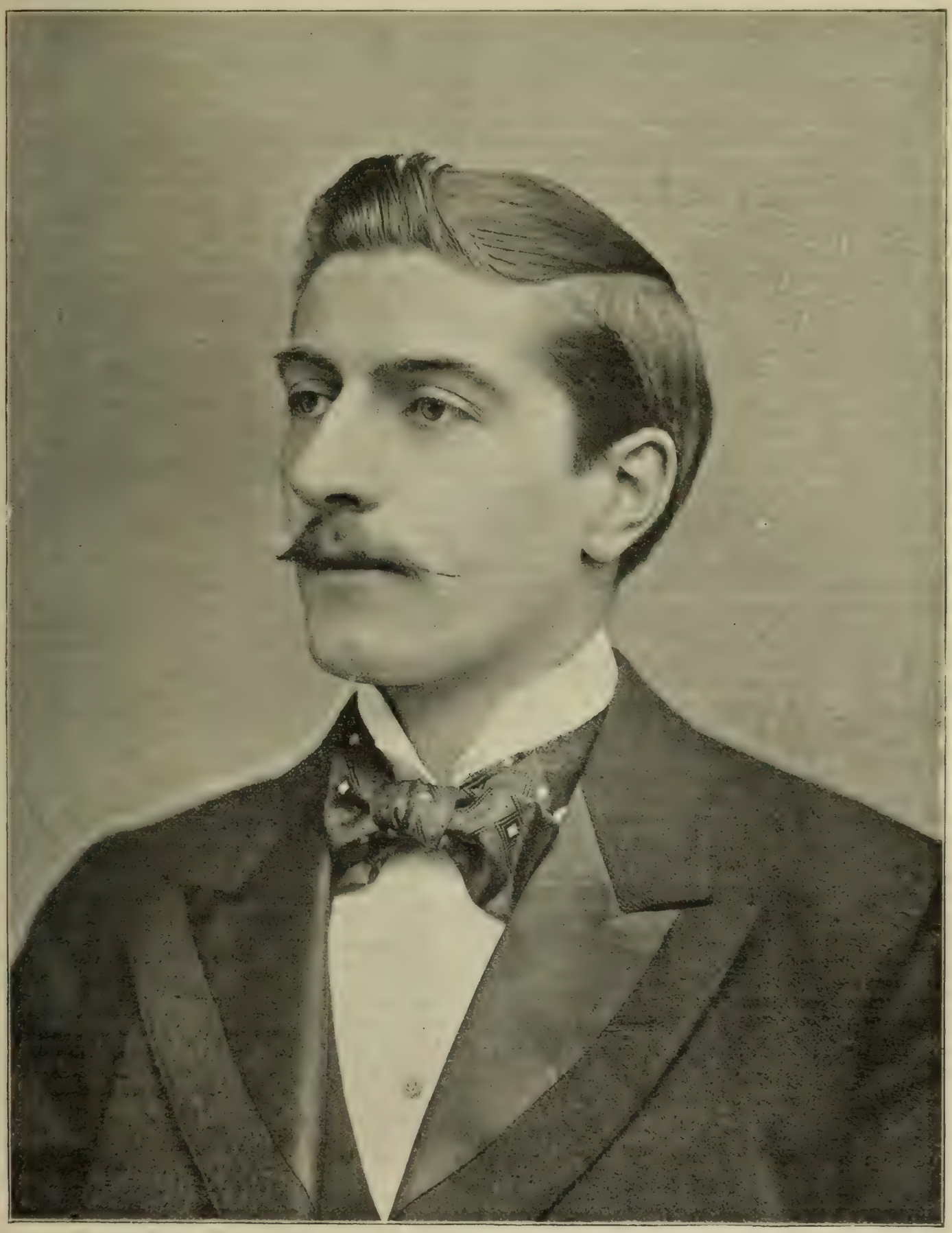
For eight generations the title and American possessions descended from father to son, and only terminated upon the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

Frederick, the last Lord Baltimore, was twice married. By his first wife, Lady Diana Egerton, sister of the Earl of Bridgwater, he had no issue. His second wife, however, presented him with a son. Lord Baltimore was an untiring art collector, and spent the greater part of his time and money in adding to the exquisite collection of curios, books, pictures, and works of art, which I have already mentioned. The second marriage, however, was a very unhappy one. He returned to England whilst his wife resided in the palace at Altona, and it is a curious fact that, on account of the dissipations of her husband, she obtained an order that her son, Roland Edward Calvert, should never assume the title of Baron Baltimore. We are told that Lord Baltimore died at Naples, and his son, Roland Edward, was provided by George the Third with a suite of apartments at St. James's Palace. He, in turn, took to wife one Catherine Rider, a granddaughter of old William Grey, who was master-builder of Woolwich and Chatham Dockyards, and built frigates and men-of-war for George the Third. These good people lived for a time in Cornwall, where the son Edward Calvert was born to them. Roland Calvert died in 1813, and Edward, after serving as midshipman in three vessels, was engaged in the bombardment of Algiers under Lord Exmouth in the *Albion*, and wounded and invalided home. In 1817, following in the footsteps of his ancestors, he fell in love at the early age of twenty, and married a very young wife. This marriage was not approved of by Calvert's relations, and they prevailed upon him to leave his wife and go to sea. This he did, but tiring of his life he returned to Cornwall after the birth of his son, John Calvert, and devoted himself to the study of art, being intimately associated during the last years of his life with William Blake. His work has since been purchased by the nation, and exhibited in the British Museum. He left the inheritance of a great name, and he might have written ere he died, in the words of Horace, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," I have built a monument more lasting than brass.

II.

To-day we now come to a descendant of the Calvert family, who is worthy of an entire article to himself. You may remember in my last article I mentioned that Edward Calvert had a son whose name was John. John Calvert was born at St. Winnows, on the banks of the Fowey, in Cornwall. His earliest recollections were the stories of the sea that he heard from his father, and the boy's mind was fired with ambition to seek for himself the strange new things of which he had heard, and it is a matter of history that, when only five years of age, he made his way to the water, scrambled into a boat, hoisted the painter, and drifted seawards on the receding tide. Being missed, a search party was instituted, and the loss of the boat discovered. His father, full of anxiety and distress, offered a handsome reward for the recovery of the derelict. A fleet of pilchard boats were soon engaged in the pursuit, and, seven hours later, the young rascal, discomfited but undismayed, was picked up and brought back to his father's house in safety. In order to avoid any recurrence of his juvenile exploits, an old Cornish tin miner named "Honest Joe" was deputed to watch his movements, and it was under the capable hands of this rugged delver after metals that the boy had the first opportunity of a practical study of mining and metallurgy. He was to the manner born, and wandering far afield with his ancient guide

iscovered more than Honest Joe could teach him of the geological formaon of the districts they frequented. Upon a memorable occasion, in deivering one of his papers before the British Association in 1853, he made se of the quaint expression "that he had never worn 'college blinkers,' ut had observed Nature as she really was"; and doubtless in making such



MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT.

remark he remembered his happy and early days when wandering afield with the old miner, and rejoicing in the bright lexicon of his youthful perception. Sir Phillip Rashleigh, a geologist and collector of some note, was deeply impressed with the boy's knowledge and wondrous perception, and introduced him to John Williams, of Scorier. A few years later he made the acquaintance of Henry Heuland, a distinguished mineralogist, and together they accomplished several mining tours. During these trips John Calvert collected many valuable mineral specimens in crystalline condition, and these being added to the museum commenced by the wife of Lord Cecilus Baltimore, augmented an already valuable collection. During his Continental tours John Calvert became acquainted with many scientific and chemical facts, which he embodied in his book, "The Solvent of Matter and Motion," and it is interesting to note that for some reason the clergy were so offended with his treatise that they not only destroyed all the copies they could secure; but made strenuous

efforts to entirely suppress it. Next, we find him still in company with Henry Heuland, prospecting for gold in various parts of North and South Wales, and we are told with every success. At this time the mineral riches of Peru and Bolivia began to excite a perfect furore of public attention in England, and he forthwith resolved to visit the Silver Mountains of Potosi. Locating himself at Attacama, in Peru, he mined the auriferous pyrites, and discovered his chlorination and bromine methods of treatment.

In 1837 he voyaged to Australia to verify, by personal investigation, the deductions he had arrived at in his work on "The Universal Distribution of the Metal Gold over every part of the Globe." This book had created a vast amount of discussion, and he considered his statements required further proof, and so determined to demonstrate the truth of his deductions and substantiate the words of a number of old explorers. He landed in New South Wales, and soon after discovered gold in the neighbourhood of Bathurst. Without loss of time he made his way to New Zealand, and the success of his journey proclaimed him *the first explorer and discoverer of gold in both these colonies.* But it is impossible to go into detail. The many discoveries of this wonderful man would not only fill the space at my disposal, but several copies of the paper for which I have the honour to write. So I must be content to enumerate a few of the most important made in the lifetime of a man who was never idle, and who commenced, as I have already told you, his practical training in this direction at a very early age. He demonstrated that auriferous quartz was plentiful in Australia. He exploited the Kapunga and Burra-Burra Mines. He lived with the Pool Perithky-Merra Tribe, or "the men whose land has no water," and learning to speak their language thoroughly studied their habits and peculiarities, and retains a host of strange and interesting stories which flow like water from his lips. During his North-West tour from Adelaide he reached the twentieth parallel, and discovered a rich silver deposit. He came upon a crater of an extinct volcano, which proved to be a diamond mine. He also found gold in South Australia. In 1844 he sent home to Sir Roderick Murchison a letter verifying the statements he had set forth in his works, accompanied with a piece of veritable gold quartz. He then proceeded to Sydney and made an unsuccessful attempt to induce the Government to take the matter up. The indifference of the leading officials may be gathered from a letter written to him by Sir Thomas Mitchell in which he says, "We are a pastoral and agricultural community and do not desire inducements held out for people to dig holes for our sheep and cattle to tumble into." Neither could he induce the wealthy colonists to exploit, so realising upon a portion of the gold he had procured he purchased and fitted out the yacht *Scout* in 1847 for the purpose of making a more scientific exploration. In Tasmania he found enormous masses of chlorides and other silver ores, and discovered rich gold in ironstone. He sailed for West Australia and anchored in Exmouth Gulf, landed his horses and followed up the Ashburton for a considerable distance and ascended the range dividing the waters of the Upper Ashburton and Upper Murchison. There he came upon a quartz blow, which he considered the richest surface out-crop of gold quartz he had ever seen. Then proceeding northward, and putting into Roebuck Bay upon an inland excursion, he discovered a coal basin, which must some day prove of great value. From Australian waters the *Scout* made her way to New Guinea, and from thence to the Indian Archipelago and Islands of the Pacific. After visiting the scene of his gold discoveries in New Zealand he headed towards New Caledonia, off the west coast of which the *Scout* was wrecked and much of her valuable cargo lost. Fortunately a passing whaler discovered him, and took him back to New South Wales, and in 1849 he returned to England, but met with the same difficulty in convincing capitalists of the mineral wealth of the colonies. Many men would have lost heart, but the brave blood of Crusader Van Cal Verte discovered itself, and his indomitable will and unswerving disposition rose to the occasion. He lectured in this country on the "Genesis of Gold," and was instrumental in inaugurating a new colony at Port Littleton and Christchurch in New Zealand, but he met with no support when he endeavoured to form an association to work the gold deposits of New South Wales. By way of satisfying the incredulous capitalists he made a heavy wager that he would return from that colony in three years with a ton of gold. The money was deposited in the bank and John Calvert returned to Australia to win his bet. His efforts were crowned with success. On 21st March, 1853, the good ship *Falcon* arrived at Liverpool with a ton of pure gold, and so he won the wager and established the truth of his assertions. And now the public, who in 1849 had held aloof, rallied round him. The *Times* and the Press boomed the discovery, and the mining community besieged him for advice and information. The late Prince Consort was especially interested in Mr. Calvert and his work, and not only visited him on several occasions, but entertained him to dinner at Buckingham Palace. But I must be content to close my sketch. Mr. Calvert defeated both Prof. Sidgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison. He has written a perfect library of books and papers on his pet subject. He has travelled here, there, and everywhere, and been a welcome guest of the King of Sweden, and England he has shown himself a perfect master of his art. Let me co clude with the following laughable anecdote. It occurred on one occasic when asked by Messrs. York and Company the great railway contractor who had invested several thousands in a copper mine without any resul to go to Devon to inspect their location. On arriving at Okehampton I found the shaft being put down in the middle of the town. At this I demurred, telling them not only that there was no copper there, bu that they were two miles out of the way. To this Mr. Bird, a man of lav objected. However, Mr. Calvert, not to be beaten, ordered a trap t take him southward, and when he had proceeded a little over two mile indicated a position to sink a shaft, which happened to be in th centre of a highly cultivated turnip field. Capt. James Richard of the Devon Great Consols, did all in his power to persuade Mr. Yor that no copper could be found on the spot, declaring that it was bla phemous in the eyes of God for anyone to say that he could se what was under the ground without first exploiting the same, and h offered to eat all the copper that should be found there. To cut a lon story short Mr. Calvert set to work. The shaft was commenced an called the Calvert Shaft. In six months' time the driving had cut int rich copper ore. A lump of about 3cwt. was placed on the table at th White Hart Hotel in Okehampton, and a cover was made for it. Mr York invited a few friends to dine with him, not forgetting Capt. Jame Richards. At the right moment the cover was removed, and Mr. Yorl invited Capt. Richards to swallow his pill. "Oh!" said Mr. James "Mr. Calvert is either a very clever man or a very lucky one."

Let them make a magic-lantern slide of that.

III.

I have now almost completed the self-imposed task, or perhaps I should write recreation, of surmising the personality of a man of to-day, through glancing at the lives of his ancestors, for there is but one more person to take into consideration ere we arrive at the individuality of Mr. Albert F. Calvert himself, which has, as you will find, already been very fairly foreshadowed.

My last article was practically devoted to recording a bird's-eye view o the life of John Calvert, a life, as you will remember, full of interest and excitement; and John Calvert, being the grandfather of Albert F. Calvert, leaves but one intervening personality—the personality of his father.

Frederick Calvert was born in New South Wales in 1846, and may be said to be the connecting link between the old Australian pioneer, and his son, the youngest and most popular of Australian explorers. He was an individual of daring and dexterity, a magnificent horseman and a dead shot with the rifle; a man possessed of a capable knowledge of mining and minerals, and imbued with a love for the exploration of fresh woods and pastures new; and I need tell you little more, for the fates ordained he should settle down early in life to the management of his father's gold works on the Amazon; and since this profitable and extensive property has been assigned to him, nearly the whole of his time has been spent there, with the exception of an occasional visit to England, and one to New South Wales in 1890.

In making a mental retrospect of the individual characters of the genealogical tree of this nineteenth century Westralian paragon we find that by the right of inheritance he may claim a large proportion of strongly-developed characteristics. In the chronicles of his ancestors the love of adventure is written in bold letters, and we have no record of cowardice or indecision, whether we take the typical knight of the Red Cross, or that of the first finder of gold, so faithfully guarded in youth by the old Cornish miner. We find lives full of dash and enterprise, strongly imbued with the love of the natural; and, on looking for their recurrence in the life of our youngest auriferous discoverer, we are not disappointed. Albert Calvert is equally a worthy descendant of the old Dutch navigator bearing his name who was the first man to draw a map of the north-west corner of the Australian continent, and the man who provided Maryland with a coat of arms. He was born in New South Wales in 1869, and as soon as he could walk he learnt to straddle a horse and handle a gun. His days were spent entirely in the open air, and through the long evenings he listened with childish interest to the conversations of his father and grandfather upon the subjects of mining, geology, and adventure, and such words as "specimens," "gold quartz," "leads," "native gold," "nuggets," and "parallel belts" were the first to convey any real meaning to the young geologist; and the very toys of his childhood consisted of mineral specimens that he found in his homeland wanderings. No youngster could have been more intimately associated with all that pertains to mining, geology, and travel than this one was. To quote his grandfather's words of his love of minerals: "As a child he played with them, as a youth he studied them," and to-day he bears the proud position of being one of the

very few men who can analyse a quartz specimen at sight, and name the minerals of which it is composed.

When his father went to South America to take charge of the gold mines there, young Calvert was brought to England to be educated, and from that time he and his grandfather have been almost inseparable. When quite a stripling he was taken with a number of his companions to Epping Forest, and it was not long ere he was found missing. A long search was instituted without success, but he finally turned up calm and collected, and laden with natural curiosities, and a thick coating of red mud. At school he was a triton amongst minnows, and the leader in every sport and piece of mischief, yet he held a high position and kept at the top of his class, whilst indulging in his favourite hobby of collecting, classifying, and arranging his assortment of minerals, which he presented to his master for the use of the school before he had reached his twelfth birthday. With a marvellous memory and the continued help of his grandfather he became an expert in practical geology. Together they visited North Wales and interested themselves in the older strata. They also inspected the celebrated Roman gold mines of Gogofau in Carmarthenshire, and traversed the exquisitely-chiselled galleries which the Imperial Nation had left behind them as a lasting and unchanging monument of their enterprise and industry. Here he discovered a block of very hard green stone, upon which the ancient miners had pulverised their burnt quartz—a specimen of the earliest mining machinery that was ever used in Great Britain. He then paid a visit to the celebrated copper mines at Belstone, near Okehampton, which, under the management of Mr. John Calvert, had produced the highest record of ticketing either in Devon or Cornwall. In the intervals between these trips he attended a course of lectures on mining, but finding the practical knowledge of his preceptor limited, he preferred to draw upon the overwhelming store of experience in the bank of his grandfather's memory. Then, after a journey through Scotland and a visit to the wild sierras of Spain, he left England in 1890 for the land of the Southern Cross, making a brief stay in South Africa on the way. The directors of the National Bank of Australia made overtures to him to inspect and report upon the Extended and Great Extended on the Hustler's line of reef at Sandhurst. He spent some time in the district, but was unable to endorse their valuation of the property. After leaving Victoria he journeyed to New South Wales, and then visited the spot where his grandfather first discovered Australian gold. It is situated in Blackman's Swamp, within sight of the noble Canoblas; here he found the gold mine in full working order, and the opinion he formed of this latest of Australian gold mines was that, in spite of the huge quantities of gold already extracted, it was still the richest property he had up to that time inspected.

After visiting several other mining properties in Victoria he sailed for Western Australia, which was rendered doubly attractive by reason of the general ignorance which prevailed about the Cinderella of the Australian Colonies. He called at Perth, a town which he is about to revisit and present with a collection of life-size portraits of those men who have placed their talents, their courage, and knowledge at the disposal of the people, and which will form the nucleus of what I trust will prove a National Gallery. The presentation of this collection of Australian heroes will, doubtless, prove a red-letter day, both in the annals of the man who gives and those who receive. From Perth he made an expedition into the interior, and was astonished to find the vast mineral wealth that was waiting until the miner and digger should grasp the opportunity of collecting it. Whilst on this trip he found quantities of gold quartz, and not a little alluvial gold in the form of nuggets. Staying long enough to satisfy himself as to the richness of the mineral formations, he hastened back to Perth, and reached London in January, 1891.

In April, 1891, he sailed to Adelaide in the *Carthage*, but his second expedition was delayed for want of camels. The details of this expedition are full of delays, dangers, and difficulties, and it was made in the face of calamitous obstacles which required great enthusiasm and knowledge to overcome. The expedition which started from Roeburne on the afternoon of 18th September, 1891, consisted of a few white men, some black boys, pack, saddle, and harness horses, together with a buggy containing three months' provisions. At the same time, under his orders, a trustworthy man started up the Ashburton. The outcome of this venture was the constant discovery of rich traces of gold, silver and other metals, and a most valuable confirmation of his contention that this district is rich in fortunes for people who set about it in the right way. Between Roeburne and Mallina they traversed several waterless river beds, and experienced a terrific dust storm. At Mallina they rested, and Mr. Calvert investigated what he believes to be the richest association of gold and antimony in the world. The expedition crossed the bed of the Yule River where it is five miles wide, and travelled for miles without seeing anything but the prickly spinifex. Here he [illegible] an ornithological prize, the [illegible] paroquet. This bird had been originally discovered by Mr. John Calvert, but it remained to Mr. Albert to name it and bring it to Europe. The skeleton of a poor wretch who died for want of water, and the occasional sight of a native, were the only signs of population which presented themselves. Near Cunicasina Pool Mr. Calvert found crystals of ruby, sapphire, and tourmaline, as well as portions of a rich tin lode more or less crystalised, and further south a splendid leader of gold and quartz occasionally interspersed with lead. During this journey he came to plains literally covered [illegible] oxide of manganese (pyrolusite), and after leaving Wild Dog Creek he [illegible] attracted by a mound, which was found to be so wonderfully rich that every panful of earth washed gave excellent results—a veritable hill of conglomerate and gold. And now the progress of the expedition became tiresome beyond expression. They had literally to drag themselves over a wearying waste, sometimes only traversing two or three miles between sunrise and sunset, and at most ten. The weather became hotter and hotter, and the scarcity of water made terrible ravages on both men and horses, whilst the troublesome spinifex lacerated their flesh at every step by day, and the never-resting ants made sleep impossible by night. It became not a question of gold but a question of water, so he reluctantly gave the order to return, and not a day too soon, else none of them would have returned at all. So they wended their way back from water-hole to water-hole until the coast was regained, and the record made of a magnificent journey of discovery.

After completing this second expedition, he determined to circumnavigate Australia, and visit the pearling grounds of the north-west coast. From thence he proceeded north-west to Derby on King Sound. Here he made a short excursion inland, and was struck with the growth and variety of the tropical vegetation. From thence he sailed to Wyndham, which is on the north coast of the colony, and is the port of the Kimberley goldfields, and here he made a large addition to his collection of minerals. Then he took passage to Port Darwin, where he remained a considerable time, acquainting himself with the mineral developments of the country south of Palmerston. The tin ground in this district is very extensive, and he obtained some marvellous specimens of tin in huge crystals, and discovered a plentiful combination of gold. He lost no opportunity of studying the aborigines, and made several excursions amongst the natives who still hold their own on the Alligator River, near Port Essington. From here he again sailed to Port Darwin, and secured a passage on a vessel bound from China to Melbourne. They called at Thursday Island, Cooktown, Rockhampton, Townsville, Brisbane, and Sydney, and he thus completed his long and expensive tour of the island continent—a voyage which few men have ever accomplished; and, in spite of the expenditure of time and money, was fully satisfied with his trip, for he had not only acquired an idea of the magnitude of this continent, but had sampled the wealth of its resources. He had realised all that was necessary to make the most of its hidden treasures—population and enterprise.

From thence he sailed to New Zealand, and after a brief stay in the North Island he journeyed to Samoa, where he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the never-to-be-forgotten Robert Louis Stevenson. From New Zealand he proceeded to Honolulu, and then a hurried journey to London, broken by a brief stay at San Francisco, and the inspection of the incomplete exhibition at Chicago. From thence to Niagara and New York. He arrived in England in February, 1892, having successfully crossed the herring-pond in the Cunard liner *Etruria*.

Mr. Calvert did not, however, remain long in the old country. In December of the same year he again sailed for the north-west of Australia, and, landing in Roebourne, he organised and conducted his third expedition into the interior. He travelled over some of his former tracks, and made some deviations into new territory. He revisited Mallina, Egina, Marble Bar, and the neighbouring goldfields, returning to England by the *Oroya* in April, 1893. But the rest of the acts of this brave explorer and all that he did, are they not written in his numerous books, in themselves a small and complete library, to which I am reluctantly compelled to refer you in so few words. The most recent occasion on which Mr. Albert Calvert has come before the British public was on his being presented at the Imperial Institute with a valuable service of plate, and receiving a farewell banquet previous to his departure to Westralia for the third time.

Here, surrounded by some of our most prominent cosmopolitans, headed by Sir Malcolm Fraser, he was thanked for all that he had done and encouraged to go ahead and do still more, and I cannot conclude this all too abrupt series better than by bearing my own testimony to the courteous kindliness of this gentleman and his delightful personality. So with a hearty clasp of the hand I wish him, as I am sure every reader of these articles must, "God speed!"

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